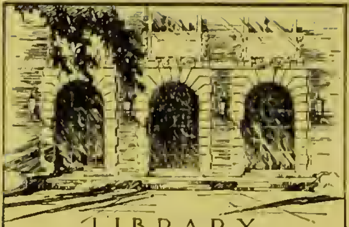

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ENEMIES WITHIN THE GATE

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 26.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] JANUARY 1, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE JEW WORLD MENACE IS EXPOSED in the subjoined publications, which may be ordered of all booksellers or be obtained direct from **THE BRITONS, 62, Oxford Street, W.1.**

(1.) "THE JEWS' WHO'S WHO." New popular edition, 10s. net. Postage 6d.

No library is complete without this valuable work of reference. It puts the salient facts of the Jew Menace to Britain in concrete form, and bears out in every respect the plans laid down by the Elders of Zion in their PROTOCOLS.

It shows that the Jew is always an Alien, and always an enemy to every nationality—except his own.

(2.) "THE PROTOCOLS of the Elders of Zion": the Jewish Peril.

Third edition, 3s. net. Postage 2d. Rumours have been put about that this "inhuman document" is no longer to be obtained. This is false. It is available everywhere, and should be studied carefully along with THE JEWS' WHO'S WHO. These works were compiled entirely independently of each other.

The Elders of Zion explain that as "people with corrupt instincts are more numerous than those of noble instincts, therefore, in governing, the best results are obtained by means of violence and intimidation." In Russia, and in Ireland, the "best results" for Jewry are being obtained in this way. As Dr. Oscar Levy says: "*We (Jews) are to-day the world's seducers, its destroyers, its incendiaries, its executioners.*" The Elders of Zion explain this plan of action in all details, one of which is to cultivate all the basest animal instincts of the Goys, and so gain money and dominion from their defilement. The *Jewish Guardian* says this book "*is pitch which defiles.*" It is something much less clean than pitch, and its defilement is of the kind which cannot be washed off, since it comes from the heart of Jewry. The PROTOCOLS provide the only key which fits the puzzle of the *World Unrest.*

(3.) "WHITE LABOUR VERSUS RED." (Price 2d.) A splendid pamphlet for all interested in the labour problem. It contains a short synopsis of THE PROTOCOLS, and should be in the hands of all workers and all who are honestly interested in Labour Problems.

(4.) "ENGLAND UNDER THE HEEL OF THE JEW." 2s. 6d. Postage 2d.
(5.) "DEMOCRACY OR SHYLOCRACY," by H. S. Spencer. 2s. Postage 2d.
(6.) "THE CALL OF THE SWORD," by J. H. Clarke. 1s. Postage 2d.
(7.) "THE CODE OF THE JEW." Elegant Extracts from the Talmud. 2s. 6d. per 100.
(8.) "THE HIDDEN HAND; or, JEWRY UEBER ALLES." (Price 1s. monthly).

Don't miss the Christmas number. It has a splendid cartoon by GOY of *The King of Zion Enthroned*—illustrating the PROTOCOLS.

RULES AND OATHS

OF

SINN FEIN MURDER GANG.

In "*Plain English*" for December 4th, 1920, we reproduced what is certainly the most important document relating to Ireland that has seen the light for fifty years.

No other London journal had even the courage to quote extracts from this document. It was supplied to us at our request, and upon our guaranteeing to reproduce it in full, by the Irish Office. This document *The Constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood*, an octavo printed pamphlet, was captured by the police last March, and it contains the rules by which the youth of Ireland is drawn into the most bloodthirsty of all secret societies.

This document convicts out of their own mouths those members of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy who have maintained that no secret society is behind Sinn Fein. And the result of its publication will be to force the Bishops to excommunicate those persons who retain membership of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The Constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood contains the machinery for the carrying out of murders.

To meet the large demand we printed a special edition of "*Plain English*" for that week, and copies will be sent (post free) to any address on receipt of 10d.

Remittances should be sent to the Manager of

"PLAIN ENGLISH,"

38, Great Ormond Street, W.C. 1.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life and Letters	3
Enemies within the Gates	6
More Jutland Revelations	7
The Road to Ruin	8
Finance and Stock Markets	9
Paris Notes	10
A Comedy of Errors	10
A Searchlight on the Peace Conference	11
The Hythe Report	12
El Greco	13
Reviews	13
Novels	15
Correspondence	16
Books Received	18

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

Sir George Lewis and "A Great Person."

It appears that the "great person" whose solicitor, the notorious Sir George Lewis, appeared the other day before Mr. Graham Campbell at Bow Street and informed his Worship that a certain lady who had annoyed the aforesaid "great person" had been certified insane and "put away" in a lunatic asylum, was none other than Mr. Ian Macpherson, the Minister of Pensions. We have taken the trouble to look into the matter and we find that some two years ago the same lady annoyed the same "great person" in precisely the same way and with the same result, *i.e.*, she was "certified insane," and locked up in a lunatic asylum. Now what we want to know is this (and Mr. Ian Macpherson and his solicitor may make up their minds that we intend to have an answer): If the lady in question, a Miss Ethel Crozier, was certified insane two years ago how comes it that she was out and about a few weeks ago and able to annoy Mr. Macpherson by "using insulting words," and what evidence, other than the fact that she used insulting words to Mr. Macpherson, is there that she is insane? The mere use of insulting words even to so great a person as Mr. Ian Macpherson is very far from constituting evidence of insanity. It is quite possible that Miss Crozier may have a very considerable grievance against Mr. Ian Macpherson (who, by the way, we observe, has left England for the South of France), and in that event it would appear to be conformable to justice that the case against her should be proceeded with in open court so that the question of her sanity or insanity may be definitely settled. Our information goes to show (1) that Miss Crozier *is* suffering under a legitimate grievance against Mr. Macpherson which may be susceptible of being held a justification of the "insulting" language she has admittedly used; (2) that she is not insane now any more than she was two years ago. Unless Miss Crozier is immediately released we shall make public the whole facts in our possession.

F. E. Smith on "Law Reform."

F. E. Smith, Lord Birkenhead, has been giving his views of "Law Reform" in *The Times*. His views, as might be expected, are of little or no value, because Lord Birkenhead carefully ignores the real grievances and covers up the well-known deficiencies of our Courts with platitudinous phrases. On the question of the County Courts, for instance, he has the following:—

> I have no doubt that the result (*i.e.*, of the County Court Judges Act) will be to maintain the present high level of efficiency on the County Court Bench and to confer thereby an advantage upon litigants.

To talk about "the present high level of efficiency" of the County Courts is simply to make a fool of the public. A lawyer writing to *The Times* in reply to the Lord Chancellor's inanities makes the appended criticism:—

> Now, if these excerpts connote anything, they are intended to imply that the County Court Bench is at present on a high level of efficiency, well informed, and expeditious. I do not hesitate to express the opinion, after a wide experience for several years, that not one of these statements will withstand examination as a general proposition, if expedition be excluded, so far as it relates to the petty debt collecting side of that Court's activities. It is unnecessary to traverse a wide area for those desirous of testing my assertions. Take the London County Courts, and begin, if you will, with the more important ones. Will the body of well-informed opinion support the contention that the Judges possess the attributes claimed for them? Personally, I have little doubt. I am aware of more than one London County Court where "the advantage conferred by the present high level of the Judge's efficiency" is regarded as so doubtful an asset by intending litigants that they resort to any possible expedient to escape his jurisdiction.
>
> The County Court is suffering at the present time from the fact that the best available men are not appointed to its Bench.

We may add that in some County Courts it is notorious that the judges go to sleep while cases are being tried before them. On the real crying scandal of the Law Courts, namely, that cases in Chancery are heard by judges without juries, and that, in consequence, the most wicked frauds and injustices are daily perpetrated in the interests of rich men who can afford "big counsel," the Lord Chancellor is careful to say nothing at all. F. E. Smith is and always has been a mere advocate (and a very poor advocate at that). He is utterly devoid of the judicial faculty. In his capacity of Lord Chancellor he merely holds a brief for a continuance of the system which permits unscrupulous counsel who are prepared to do "dirty work" for a consideration, to rise to the highest legal positions. He is himself a standing example of the rottenness of the system which at present regulates the distribution of these positions. The law itself is the finest thing in the world. It is the epitome of justice, common sense and equity. Alas! that its misuse and abuse for the most sordid ends should be so frequent a practice of our modern Law Courts. There are men now on the Judicial Bench in this country who, if they had their deserts would be in gaol.

The Beggar's Opera.

We paid another visit (our fifth) to *The Beggar's Opera* the other day. The piece continues to draw crowded and enthusiastic houses, and to justify the appreciation of it which appeared in PLAIN ENGLISH two or three months ago, wherein we declared that it was the best all round performance that had been seen in London for twenty years. An attempt to analyse the causes of the popularity of *The Beggar's Opera* has led us to the conclusion that (apart from the exquisite music) the attraction of the play lies in the fact that it is a very great piece of satire, and that the vices it satirises are now just as much in need of satirising as they were in Gay's day. "The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction," according to Dryden, and having now seen the play several times we feel that we did Gay less than justice in our former notice. The wit and finish of the dialogue are truly remarkable, and when one realises that the play is a fierce satire it ceases to be an immoral play. All the characters in the play are thieves, scoundrels and harlots, but their "morality" is nevertheless very much the "morality" of modern "Smart Society." We have met in our own private experience the very counterparts in a "high social station" of Polly Peachum's father and mother. And the "fair ladies" (especially those over sixty) of Colonel Repington's diaries would undoubtedly have found themselves thoroughly at home in the company of Mrs. Coaxer, Mrs. Vixen, Mrs. Diver and the rest of the "cheery crowd" which gathers round Captain MacHeath, who again would undoubtedly have found much in common with the evergreen "Charlie." The manners and "breeding" of Mrs. Vixen and company were certainly better than are those of the Jew-American-Rasta section of present day "Smart Society," but this is after all a mere matter of date. We hope they will all go and see *The Beggar's Opera*, but we fear that if they did see it they would not appreciate the satire, and, on the other hand, we feel sure they would weep copious tears over the "cruel treatment" meted out to MacHeath, and rejoice unfeignedly at his eleventh hour reprieve.

No "Reprisals" Have Taken Place in Ireland.

Here at last is some plain speaking on the side of Truth and Justice from an Irish Bishop :—

> Commenting on the murder of a policeman, Dr. Finnigan, Bishop of Kilmore, in a special pastoral, asks the young men of the diocese :—
>
> "What devil's doctrine has gripped your minds, darkened your consciences and steeled your hearts, that at the bidding of anyone you should pour out the blood of one of God's human beings ?
>
> "You are told you are engaged in a just war of defence and that you may kill in any way you can a member of the constabulary as a member of a hostile force.
>
> "As your bishop I tell you no such thing. Any war, even a defensive one, to be just and lawful, must have well-grounded hope of success. What hope of success have you in any form of warfare against the mighty forces of the British Empire ?
>
> "None. That is one of the reasons why the war you are told you are engaged in is unlawful. Every life taken in pursuance of it is murder."

Here at last is an Irish Bishop (all honour to him) who has managed to summon up enough pluck to rebuke the Sinn Fein murderers without "hedging" by talking about the equal wickedness of the so-called "reprisals" on the part of the forces of the Crown. The question of the actual non-existence of such "reprisals" is fairly settled by the report issued by the self-constituted "Labour Commission of Inquiry."

After spending weeks in an attempt to collect evidence of the reprisals, the "Labour Commission" has issued a poisonous and lying manifesto in which it fails to bring forward the slightest grain of reliable evidence for any single one of the charges it has made. The whole charge against the forces of the Crown rests on the bare statement of a body of men whose credibility would not stand five minutes' cross-examination in the witness box. We once more point out that the way to deal with these persons is to put them on their trial for criminal libel, and once more we call on loyal Conservative members of Parliament to attack Mr. Lloyd George and to force from him a definite avowal of the fact that he is, for reasons best known to himself, unwilling to authorise proceedings against these wholesale traducers of the fair name of Great Britain.

Some time ago we commented on these alleged reprisals, and our comments took the form of pointing out that if the forces of the Crown had been driven in certain cases to commit illegal acts there would be much to excuse them, even though complete justification might be lacking in a moral sense. Since then we have gone carefully into the matter and we have arrived at the conclusion that there is no evidence at all of the alleged reprisals. They have not taken place. If there had been the slightest evidence of them it would have been published broadcast by the Labour Commission. The fact that this Commsision is utterly unable to brign forward definite evidence of one single case of illegal "reprisals" is conclusive. There have been no illegal reprisals. There has been wanton and wicked lying on the part of our own home-grown Bolsheviks and their supporters, among whom we must include the Bishop of Southwark. We challenge the latter to produce the evidence of any single case of illegitimate reprisals. If he will do so we will publish the evidence in full. If he does not do so, he must be content to be branded as a malignant liar.

Who is He ?

For a considerable time we have had reason to protest against the disloyal attitude adopted by *The Times* on almost any subject which involves the honour of the Empire. Especially on the matter of Ireland the conduct of *The Times* has been disgraceful. From the latest effort of this paper we quote the following :—

> We have frequently urged upon the Government that even the undisputed record of their rule in Ireland during the past few months demanded an impartial inquiry. This inquiry has been stubbornly refused, with the result that, unless they can shake the credit of the Labour representatives—at best an unsatisfactory form of argument—the case must go against them by default. General Strickland's inquiry into the origin of the fires in Cork may vindicate the highest traditions of military justice, and General Strickland's own reputation for fearless honesty stands high ; but no military investigation can avail to dispel the atmosphere of suspicion which the charges made in the Labour Report must intensify not only in this country, but far beyond it.

The Times takes care to make no mention of the interesting fact that the Lord Mayor of Cork and those who signed the lying "appeal" accusing our soldiers of burning the loyalist shops of the city, flatly refuse to offer any evidence before the Court of Inquiry set up by General Strickland. If these persons had possessed the slightest evidence which would have seemed to connect our soldiers with the burnings in Cork, they would long ago have offered that evidence to the public. In place of doing this they published a number of unsupported statements, but have offered no proof of any kind that their statements are true.

Fortunately we were in a position at the time to give their utterances the lie, and to carry the war into the enemy's camp, as it were, by proving that the burnings were the work of a gang of Sinn Feiners who had taken care to warn all their friends to absent themselves from the area devoted to destruction, even after curfew hour.

Many people are anxious to know why *The Times* has conducted itself in the abominable manner which it has adopted within the past two years; and perhaps it may interest the public to know that this change of front coincides with the appearance as a director of the Harmsworth press of a mysterious individual calling himself Sir Stuart Campbell.

This person has secured a grip on no less an individual than Lord Northcliffe, and he has asserted himself so vigorously in Fleet Street that foolish people connected with the press have actually spent two guineas each on dinners in his honour.

We hope at a later date to say something about this Sir Stuart Campbell, which will enlighten those guardians of the Realm who are at present engaged in research as to his origin and motives.

His motives are clear enough. His antecedents and origin, however, when disclosed will make interesting and startling reading; and the disclosure of them will serve to explain why he can maintain so firm a grip on the Jew, Lord Northcliffe.

D'Annunzio and the Bolshevists.

In an early issue of Plain English we disclosed the fact that in the Bolshevist programme Italy came next to Russia, and that plans were being developed for the overthrow of the Italian Monarchy and the destruction incidentially, of the Vatican. That our information was accurate has been proved by the Communist attempts to capture factories and subvert the authority of the State. The Italian electors, however, placed a comparatively conservative government in power, and that Government is now in grips with an individual who, for over a year, has been playing the part assigned to him by his masters, the Bolshevist Jews. These potential world-destroyers realised three things:—

> (1) That Italy, as a friend of Greece, would support Constantine as Emperor of the East, and would naturally be a powerful force in restoring peace to Eastern and Southern Europe.
>
> (2) That Italy would keep the "young Turks"—who are Jews—in their proper place.
>
> (3) That a contented and peaceful Italy, on good terms with her neighbours, would spell security for the Vatican.

D'Annunzio, therefore, was entrusted with the task of keeping the flame of international and social unrest alive; and he naturally chose the restoration of Fiume to Italy as a campaign which would be certain of patriotic support. So long as he held Fiume for Italy there could be little cause of complaint; but only those who had in their hands the delicate business of adjusting matters in the Adriatic knew how grave was the international disturbance caused by D'Annunzio's conduct.

As time passed, however, D'Annunzio's sincerity as a patriot was tested, and the real man as a tool of international Bolshevists was revealed. Fiume was restored to Italy; but the man who had pretended that his object was restoration, finding himself deprived of his excuse for causing trouble, was compelled to disclose his real motives, and emerges as an enemy of peace and a friend of anarchy.

So the Italian Government, having unmasked this ag of the Bolshevists, is now engaged in dislodging him w the approval of the Italian nation.

Elsewhere, under the title of *A Sidelight on the Pe Conference*, we print an article by one who possesses unus qualifications for the discussion of the D'Annunzio probl

The Pope and William III.

The repeated attempts of unscrupulous persons to d the Catholic Church at the tail of the Irish Question ceived a check by our insistence on the fact that the P took the side of William of Orange at the Battle of Boyne.

Probably the Pope was influenced indirectly by admonition addressed to one of his predecessors by Bernard, a saint who spared no strong language in denunciation of the Sinn Feiners of his day.

We are glad to print elsewhere a letter from the British Ambassador to Madrid, Sir Arthur Hardinge, offers additional historical support for our case that Pope was in league with William.

Shakespeare on the London Stage.

In a recent notice of Mr. Fagan's production of *A M summer Night's Dream*, we predicted that it would e considerable success because the actors were guided Shakespeare's superior knowledge, and uttered their l as Shakespeare wrote them. It is pleasant to know our prediction has been more than fulfilled, as the cro which fill the Court Theatre prove.

We regret, however, that at a performance of *Haml* the Savoy Theatre considerable liberties were taken the play. Nothing is to be gained by actors who set th selves up as being superior to Shakespeare. What of these foolish persons seem to forget is that Shakesp was a master of stagecraft and was all the time clo connected with a theatre. The fallacy which exists in public mind that one must be clever to enjoy Shakesp is the outcome of the tampering with plays in which a managers within the past thirty years indulged.

Fine actor though he was, Irving never permitte audience to forget that he was Irving, and never permi himself to be absorbed in the scheme of the plays whic produced. The same magnifying of the individual a at the expense of the play became the habit of man Irving's successors. But we are glad to say that dramatic heresy is dying rapidly.

We understand that Mr. James Hackett intend appear in a play by Shakespeare in the near future. sincerely trust that he will produce *Henry IV*, as he c take the part of Falstaff to perfection, and this al unknown masterpiece of humour would come as a re tion to the public.

Another play which is hardly ever staged is *All's that Ends Well.* Why producers have failed to stage splendid comedy we cannot imagine. It treats ce facts of life boldly; but it is a highly moral play, like e other play by Shakespeare, and it contains incompa fine humour.

It is good news that the "Old Vic." will produce *Merchant of Venice*, *Julius Cæsar*, *A Midsummer N Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Tempest*, *Hamlet*, *The Ta of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night* and *Richard the Third* i first four months of 1921.

ENEMIES WITHIN THE GATES.

T is with deep regret that we feel compelled to draw attention to the lapse from its high ideals which has ely been painfully manifest in the columns of *The iverse* (which is, *pace The Tablet*, the leading English tholic newspaper). Let not those of our readers who not Catholics (and, as a fact, we number among our ders and supporters a considerable majority of non-tholics) imagine that the attitude of a purely religious per such as *The Universe* does not in any way affect them. the Irish question the attitude of English Catholics, ich *The Universe* is supposed to represent, is of supreme portance to all loyal Britons of whatsoever creed. A sperate and wicked attempt has been made by the lshevist Sinn Feiners to mix up their disreputable cause th the cause of Catholicism. In this attempt they have en supported by some (we are glad to say by no means) of the Irish Catholic Bishops and by two or three glish Bishops. It is far easier to find excuses for the sh Bishops than for the English Bishops. The latter whom we shall only name two, the Bishops of uthwark and Northampton), by insisting as they have making public their disloyal sentiments, have placed intolerable burden on their own flocks who are loyal glish Catholics in ninety cases out of a hundred. The shop of Southwark, as we have already pointed out, not ntent with handing over the Cathedral of his diocese to friends of the suicide MacSwiney for the express purpose engineering an anti-British agitation, actually embodied a "Pastoral" a deliberate *suggestio falsi*, as well as the en expression of his disloyal and uncharitable sentiments. *e Universe*, by way of emphasising the "impartiality and tire abstinence from politics" which, according to its n oft-repeated assurances, is the guiding star of its licy, has now published the aforesaid "Pastoral" in l, while on another page it gives prominence to a letter m his lordship in which he violently attacks the Catholic ion for its attitude on the Irish question, and for having ntured by means of the letter from Lord Walter Kerr, m which we quoted in our issue of December 18th, to int out to Cardinal Mercier and the Belgian Catholic erarchy that they had been wilfully deceived as to the l position as between Ireland and the forces of the wn. The Bishop concludes his letter to *The Universe* follows :—

> This is not the first time that the Catholic Union has taken upon itself—to quote the words of the Bishop of Northampton—"to pass grave censure upon the Irish Bishops, who are infinitely better informed upon the facts of the case than their self-constituted critics."
>
> The action of the Union on the first occasion was widely repudiated by bishops, clergy, and laity, and one would have thought that its members would not have wished to incur the renewed resentment which its present officious action has provoked.

which we reply, that what the Bishop writes does not resent the whole truth or anything like it, any more n his statement (made in the same letter) that the tholic Union does not represent English Catholic lay inion, is the whole truth or anything like it. The fact that the Catholic Union *does* represent English Catholic opinion (loyal Catholic lay opinion, that is to say), and that the "resentment," which according to the Bishop it has incurred, is confined to disloyal English Catholic lay opinion, which partly proceeds from Irish disloyalists in England and, for the rest, comes from the small gang of disloyal English Catholics represented by the Bishops of Southwark and Northampton and one or two others who may be safely relied on to "howl the roof down" with disloyal sentiments whenever they get the chance, and to write ten letters to the Press for every one that loyal English Catholics will write or get printed.

The Universe has the following blatant paragraph on the subject :—

> Of the letters which we have received on the subject all, so far, have been in condemnation of the position assumed by the Union, and we print a representative selection on page 3. Many, however, do not raise any new point, nor, in our opinion, help to elucidate the difficulties of the situation, so we are not publishing them. Complaint and criticism which do not make for the removal of misunderstandings or the drawing together of opposing parties will only complicate the tangle. We prefer to have recourse to that which seems more and more to be the most practical way of bringing help—prayer—and print a letter from Father J. Mulcahy urging the formation of a league devoted to that purpose.

The "representative" selection of letters which *The Universe* prints consists of letters signed by the Bishops of Southwark and Northampton, a letter to Cardinal Logue from the Catholic Federation of the diocese of Salford, signed by Mgr. Canon O'Kelly (an Irishman), Canon Sharrock (an Irishman), and the Secretary whose name, Burns, may be Irish or Scotch, and a letter signed by a gentleman called Goldie, who says he is an Englishman, but whose name is obviously Irish, and the quality of whose "English" sentiments may be correctly gauged by the following piece of disingenuous impudence, which we quote from his letter :—

> Would this gallant admiral as an Englishman be prepared to submit to the rule of a foreign power ? I do not suggest that Ireland is under foreign rule, but I do submit that English Catholics should in their charity and purity of faith recognise the fact that a Protestant government, however just, is foreign to the deep-rooted longings of a truly Catholic nation.

If Mr. Goldie does not suggest that Ireland is "under foreign rule" what earthly point is there in his question to the English Admiral ? As to the "deep-rooted longings" of Ireland, we are all entitled to have "deep-rooted longings," for instance, Mr. Goldie, for all we know to the contrary, may be inspired by deep-rooted longings to possess an income of twenty thousand pounds a year, but his longings, however deep-rooted, would not entitle him to commit cowardly murder and then try to justify that murder by falsifying Catholic theology in an attempt to prove that murder was justifiable homicide. The letters, in short, which *The Universe* prints on the subject in question are not representative of English Catholic opinion, and the fact that *The Universe*, as it says, only received letters from persons who adopt the anti-British view merely shows that *The Universe's* anti-British and pro-Sinn Fein attitude has become so marked that loyal English Catholics no longer accept its protestation of "impartiality" and "non-political principles," and avoid its correspondence columns accordingly. *The Universe*, in a few short weeks, has turned itself from an impartial religious paper into a political hanger-on of Sinn Fein.

Also it has (naturally enough and as a direct result of its fall from grace) taken to printing cant. Under the heading " The Truce of Bethlehem " and as a prelude to its pro-Sinn Fein disingenuousness it has the following :—

> Christmas-time proclaims the truce of Bethlehem. It calls for a truce to criticism, to judgment of motives, to the dignified art of admonishing (there was more spiritual meaning in the reign of the " Lord of Misrule " in mediæval times than is generally supposed) ; all the virtue of the Christmas spirit is contained in this effort to see with the other man's eyes. To take the other's view-point—to understand, and to forgive. It is the season for waiving differences, stretching points, tolerating, it may even be, that at which, at other times, one would feel compelled to tilt a lance ; for taking and accepting, learning from, benefiting from unlikely and unexpected quarters.

Which, with all respect, seems to us to be so much fudge, even if it be nothing worse. *The Universe* tells us, forsooth, that the " Christian spirit " bids us " tolerate even that at which, at other times, one would feel compelled to tilt a lance." In plain English, *The Universe* proclaims the message of Christmas as : Peace on earth to men of ill will. We know all about that kind of " peace," having heard it proclaimed *ad nauseam* during the war by pro-Germans and Pacifists. It has no more to do with the spirit of Christmas than Sir Alfred Mond (of *The English Review*) has to do with the Spirit of England. Our advice to *The Universe* is to seek out a few loyal English Catholic Bishops (there are plenty about) and turn them loose in its columns. The disloyal Irish and pro-Irish element will howl loudly, of course, but the disloyal Irish and pro-Irish element is numerically contemptible in England, and absolutely contemptible in every other sense all over the inhabited globe. We also recommend *The Universe,* with or without the co-operation of Father Mulcahy and his league, to get to work and pray hard that it may be delivered from a tendency to think more about its circulation among disloyal Irish and Irish-American Catholics than its plain duty to its loyal English readers and its own avowed principles.

MORE JUTLAND REVELATIONS.

Last week the Press was deep in a discussion about the Battle of Jutland, a discussion which promised to last for several weeks. On Friday last, however, PLAIN ENGLISH appeared, and contained the following statements :—

> We hear much from the Government about the British wireless messages. Why has the Government nothing to tell us about the German wireless messages during the battle ?
>
> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages ?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment ? If not, who has destroyed them ?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of t safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to st something which the Government cannot deny—name that the translation of the German naval code reveal the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle Jutland, that Germany was in communication wi some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and t plans for the escape of the German Fleet were bei devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot denied by the Government.
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their nav code had been translated, and they changed that co the next day.**

Now we venture to suggest that no more startling important revelation than the foregoing in connection wi the war has been made by any British journal. But wh has resulted from the revelations ? An instant and cor plete suppression by the entire Press of all reference to tl Battle of Jutland, and absolute silence on the part of tl Government.

We venture to suggest that this conspiracy of silenc by reason of its comprehensive nature, is as remarkable some ways as the revelation which produced it.

Nothing less than abject terror on the part of the Coalitic could have forced it to take the steps which it obvious took to save itself from popular indignation by orderir the Press through its Jewish masters to remain silent.

Editors are common mortals, and your average edit requires a lot of intimidation before he will stifle his instin to grab at valuable copy.

Under normal conditions, not a paper in Britain woul have failed to make our disclosures its most prominer item of news.

As no denial of the accuracy of our disclosures has bee made by the Government, the public can judge for then selves whether or not we have laid our finger on the wea point in the Government's Jutland Battle case.

For the honour of this Kingdom and its people we fe it our duty to disclose the amazing facts which had com into our possession ; and if any journal in this countr cares to suggest that our statement of the case is inaccurat we shall be only too pleased to convince the editor there that in this matter the source of our information is uniqu and unquestionable.

If those who have conspired not only to suppress th truth about Jutland but to ignore the publication of th truth when disclosed by us imagine that the matter i going to be dropped, they are quite mistaken.

Now that by their silence the Government has admitte that our Navy was actually under partial control of an agent Germany, who was in wireless communication with German during the Battle of Jutland, and that the movement of part of our fleet was actually arranged between this ma and Germany, to permit of the escape of the Hun fleet nothing less than a disclosure by the Government of th German naval messages, and the arrest and trial of Ger many's agent in the Admiralty for High Treason wil suffice.

A scandal of such magnitude involves the safety of th Realm and the honour of our sailors cannot be passed ove in silence.

hough the daily press has been intimidated into silence shall certainly not be intimidated.

Ve assure our readers that the abomination which we e disclosed is by no means the whole of the scandal, l we may say that one of the reasons why the Govern- nt has not attempted to deny our statements is that ind the manipulation of our navy by Germany during Battle of Jutland there lies a financial plot of the first gnitude.

For the present it will be sufficient to indicate truly the ture of this financial plot.

The people of this country will remember the pain and tress which they felt when the first official report of the ttle of Jutland was published. The world was informed the Government that many of our capital ships had been nk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to e Government, were suppressed.

As a result the impression was created that Britain had stained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock America fell; but within a week the truth was well own and British stock in America rose again.

It may be of interest to the public to know that as a sult of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.

It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland hich produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end ith one of the most powerful members of the financial oup, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's use to publish his report, the report which led the world r a week to believe that the British navy had been de- ated by Germany.

We leave the public to digest this fact; and we leave the litors of our silent press to consider whether they are ting wisely in obeying this powerful financial group by ppressing the amazing news which we have providen- ally been able to lay before the public.

Let us assure them that this is no hole-and-corner matter. et us assure them that though the press of Britain is lmost entirely owned by Jews, the British public is still ne British public, and it will have the truth or know the ason why.

Our admirals are engaged in a discussion about the value battleships. Would they not be better engaged in giving xpression to the indignation which they feel? The truth bout the Battle of Jutland has been fairly accurately nown by officers of the navy ever since the fight took place; nd these honourable men have expressed themselves as est they could. Some of them have tried to disclose the cts as they knew them, but they have been faced by a ress which was compelled to boycott the truth. Most of em have suspected many things; but because the German ode at Jutland was discovered and translated by the Army ey have so far been unable to deal with the scandal at rst hand. The Government has all the German messages Jutland in its possession, that is if it has not destroyed hem.

If it still has them we demand their publication. If it as not got them, we demand to know why and by whom hey were destroyed.

If the Government admits that it cannot produce these essages, perhaps we shall be able to supply them from the me source from which we got the facts that have already een made public.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

AS an example of something more than editorial stupidity, we quote the following from the *Daily Express*:—

> For some weeks past we have advised our readers to buy in order to reap the benefit of reduced and reasonable prices. That advice was well taken. We repeat it in connection with the forthcoming sales. Go on buying; provide yourselves with all those necessary things that you have done without so long because they cost too much Clear the shelves and the counters, get rid of the glut of commodities that has brought manufactures to a standstill and intensified the evil of unemployment? With the wheels of industry moving again prosperity will return. With production mounting up, prices will keep down.

Economically considered this advice is almost criminal at the present time. The demand for high wages, begun by the coal miners and railwaymen, and continued with success by the textile workers has reduced the purchaser to impotence. He cannot afford to pay the prices which have almost ruined him; and so he does not buy. As a consequence unemployment in skilled trades is teaching skilled workers that even they cannot ignore the purchaser in their calculations, and if ever there is to be a reduction of prices to a figure which the average purchaser can afford, the reduction must be brought about by a boycott of high prices. That is why the advice given by the *Daily Express* is just the advice which an enemy of this country would naturally give.

For years the purchaser has groaned under a burden which threatens to crush him; and the only persons who can relieve him of that burden are those who placed it upon him, *i.e.*, the wage-earners of this country. Until the wage-earners are prepared, at a temporary sacrifice, to work for lower wages, there can be no hope of improvement in the lot of the purchaser.

This old world has a way of setting things right, and trade stagnation, though an unpleasant cure, is the natural antidote to a disturbance of the social equilibrium.

The only way in which to grasp social problems is to reduce them to their lowest terms, as it were, and observe them in the smallest community. For example, the village of X contains ten families, the heads of whom trade as follows:—A is a tailor, B a laundress, C a joiner, D a dairyman, E a butcher, F a greengrocer, G a grocer, H a coal-merchant, and so on. Let us assume that a typical villager Y deals with all these tradesmen, and is crushed by high prices. He naturally looks over the list, and cuts down his orders as low as possible. He begins with the laundress, strikes her off his list, and does his own washing. The laundress at once reduces her soap and coal account, so two other traders are directly affected; and because of her reduced income she purchases less from A, C, D, E, and F. But, on thinking matters over, the laundress visits Y and informs him that she will wash his linen for a reasonable price, which she can naturally afford to do seeing that she deals with dirty clothes in large quantities. And matters set themselves right in due course.

What is taking place in this country is just what might be expected to take place in the typical village. And if the public avoid the road to ruin which such Jew-owned and Jew-edited newspapers as the *Daily Express* point out to them, the wage-grabbers will learn the lesson which the purchaser is compelled to teach them, and we shall be able to buy commodities and locomotion at a reasonable price.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 116s. 10d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	$97\frac{1}{2}$	$97\frac{1}{4}$ to $97\frac{3}{4}$
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12.1	11.20 to 11.22
BERLIN	Marks	20.43	257 to 258
BRUSSELS	Francs	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	57.35 to 57.40
CALCUTTA	Rupee	1s. 4d.	$1/5\frac{3}{16}$ to $1/5\frac{7}{16}$
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18.15	22.40 to 22.50
ITALY	Lire	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	$105\frac{3}{4}$ to $106\frac{1}{4}$
MADRID	Pesetas	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	26.80 to 26.83
MONTREAL	Dollars	4.86	4.10 to 4.12
NEW YORK	Dollars	4.86	$3.50\frac{1}{2}$ to $3.50\frac{3}{4}$
PARIS	Francs	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	60.40 to 60.45
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	$2/3\frac{21}{32}$ to $2/3\frac{31}{32}$
SWITZERLAND	Francs	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	23.10 to 23.15
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25.48d.	$2/8\frac{1}{8}$ to $2/8\frac{3}{4}$

CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S DEBENTURE ISSUE.

The issue which is contemplated by the above Company will take the form of £4,000,000 Mortgage Debentures bearing 7 per cent. interest and redeemable in twenty years at par. The issue price is 90 per cent., and the Debentures will be underwritten. Holders of existing $4\frac{1}{2}$ and $5\frac{1}{2}$ Debenture Stocks of the Company will be paid off or given the right of subscribing for the new issue. The issuing houses are expected to be able to make a public announcement with regard to the new stock immediately after the holidays. The Company is quite correct in issuing Debentures instead of short term notes which, unless specially secured, simply are promises to pay. The company that issues notes saddles itself with a short term liability which might cause some difficulty to meet at maturity.

Anglo-Persian Oil.

The speech of the Chairman, Sir Charles Greenway, at the meeting of the shareholders last week should be read by everyone interested in oil. It is a complete history of progress; probably the main feature of the speech was the reference to the efforts made by America to secure a position in the developments of the oil-fields of the East, and the following extract from the speech will be useful to record :—

> "There is no question here of the 'closed door' to America, but quite the contrary. If the Standard Oil Company's rights in Palestine are to be recognised—and I have seen no indication that they have any desire to abandon them—our rights and the rights of other nationals other than enemy in the late Turkish Empire must equally be recognised. To act otherwise would be to adopt the policy of the 'closed door' in favour of American and against British and other national interests. This object is no doubt the one that the supporters of the agitation have in view in the strong opposition which they have, in this and other directions, set up against the attempts of this country to make itself less dependent upon foreign controlled concerns for its supplies of oil. But it is difficult to believe that the monopolictic aims which are at the back of this opposition can receive support from the American nation as a whole, or that these aims should for a moment be allowed to disturb the friendly relations between the two countries." . . . .
>
> "No one can reasonably object to American producers claiming a fair share of the world's supplies. But every other country in the world is entitled to object to their demanding a permanent 80 to 85 per cent. of the world's supplies, and to resent most strongly their opposition to the attempts of Great Britain and other countries to secure their fair share of these supplies, and one more nearly corresponding to their own requirements. To bring forward the mandatory principle in support of monopoly and of confiscation of acquired rights is to travesty all that the mandatory principle means, and the principles which, through the League of Nations, the rest of the world is endeavouring to establish."

Mexican Eagle Oil.

The report of this important Company, just issued, more than confirms all estimates given of its progress for the past year, ending June last, and the dividends announced are up to the limit of anticipations.

The profit on trading for the year is (Mexican gold) 57,272,046 dols., and after the usual allocations a net profit for the year of 54,659,217 dols. is shown.

After meeting the preference dividends and the interim dividend of 5 per cent. on Ordinary shares in December, 1919, it is proposed that the unappropriated balance of 46,090,061 dols. shall be divided as follows :—

Final dividend of 49 per cent. on Preference share capital, making 60 per cent. for the year, 4,165,000 dols., final dividend of 49 per cent. on Ordinary share capital, making 60 per cent. for the year, 38,110,872 dols., carry forward to next year 3,814,189 dols.

Resolutions were passed on December 22, 1920, to authorise an increase of the share capital to 160,000,000 pesos Mexican by the creation of 4,488,642 Ordinary shares of 10 pesos Mexican each, and to offer to the shareholders one new Ordinary share at par for every two shares, either Preference or Ordinary.

For each new share the sum of £1 8s. (being the exchange equivalent of 10 pesos Mexican gold) is payable at the time of lodgment of the coupons and for this purpose separate application forms for the use of holders of Preference and Ordinary shares will be supplied. The application for the new shares must be made not later than January 31, 1921. Coupons must be lodged personally or through a banker. The new shares will rank *pari passu* with the existing Ordinary shares but will not participate in any dividend that may be declared payable on December 31, 1920.

Dividends and Reports.

Wm. Bayliss.—Interim dividend on Ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, less tax.

Royal Bank of Canada.—Usual dividend of 12 per cent. and an additional bonus of 2 per cent.

Bertrams.—Dividend 10 per cent. actual, less tax.

Rhondda Merthyr Shipping.—Interim dividend of 5 per cent. (actual), free of tax.

Britain Steamship.—Interim dividend of 5 per cent. (10s. per share), free of tax on Ordinary shares.

Crown Mines.—Dividend 50 per cent. payable to shareholders registered 21st December and to holders of Coupon No. 39.

Rose Deep.—Dividend $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. payable to shareholders registered 31st December, and to holders of Coupon No. 39.

Knight Central.—Dividend $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., payable to shareholders registered 31st December and to holders of Coupon No. 2.

Rand Mines.—Interim dividend of 85 per cent., payable to shareholders registered 31st December and to holders of Coupon No. 35.

Meyer & Charlton Gold Mining Company.—Dividend 70 per cent. (14s. per share), making 120 per cent. for 1920, payable to shareholders registered 31st December and to holders of Coupon No. 62.

Curzon Hotel (London).—Dividend of 8 per cent., less tax, on Preference shares for half year ending December 31st.

C. A. Vandervell & Co.—Dividend on Preferred Ordinary shares of 10 per cent.

C. & E. Morton, Ltd.—Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. on Cumulative Participating Preference shares for half-year ending 31st December.

Assam Co. (Tea).—Interim dividend of 7½ per cent., or £1 10s. per share, less tax.

Boardmans United Breweries.—Dividend of 3 per cent. (6s. per share), less tax, on Preference shares on account of arrears payable 1st January.

PARIS NOTES.

XVI.

During the last week political feelings ran very high and a great general interest was displayed towards the debates in the Chamber of Deputies.

M. André Lefèvre—in the course of these debates—developed and emphasised his pessimistic views concerning the safety of the country. The Government and the parties of the left declared that M. Lefèvre's pessimism was exaggerated and, moreover, that it was unjustifiable to alarm and stir up the country which was just beginning to settle down to normal conditions. So far the Government has not been actually defeated in the Chamber. Nevertheless, it came out of the crisis considerably weakened. Also considerable dissensions manifested themselves inside the Bloc National.

Were a change of Government to take place soon, would it mean a fundamental change in French politics ? It seems that it would not. Whatever ministerial changes were to take place the policy would remain more or less the same. "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" The situation so ably and vividly analysed by M. Lefèvre arises out of circumstances of world-wide importance and outside the scope of politics of any single nation. The attitude of the present French Government in front of such a situation is, also, quite natural for it is the outcome of the "inherent weaknesses of the régime."

It is one thing to agree with M. Lefèvre's views as to the imminence of the Germano-Bolshevik peril and another to be able to cope with that peril in an effective way. If France were to take M. Lefèvre's warnings to heart and to act accordingly it would mean the indefinite prolongation of a bitter and ruthless struggle against Germany. This would entail the occupation of the Ruhr Cassin, the unswerving enforcement of the treaty clauses, the increased activity of the "*Commission de reparations,*" systematic efforts tending to the dismemberment of Germany, fostering of the autonomy of the of the Rhineland (and, for that matter, of every budding automony and every separatistic tendency within the Reich). It would mean a serious and systematic support of Poland, both by financial means and military force, not only in this coming spring but for ever in the future. It would mean an increase in military armaments and financial liabilities far in excess of what the depleted and underpopulated country can stand.

Such a policy would call for a strenuous, enthusiastic patriotic effort, the more so because in carrying it out France would be alone. A heroic task, but not impossible for a heroic nation.

In order to achieve it the idea of nationalism, patriotism, consciousness of and pride in its national genius must be brought in a country to the highest possible pitch, and all the moral force of the nation once more aroused. Stern necessity demands that France should rally round a central political idea and fan its spirit to new moral victories. "*Sursum corda.*" It is here that the necessity of a political and religious reaction reveals itself. This patriotism at high pressure, this moral fervour require a symbol, a King and a Church. The Third Republic cannot arouse these forces. As to a Restoration in France, it is not a practical possibility.

Royalism in France is, so far, only journalism. It is more a conventional form of political opposition—most patriotic and very ably led—than a tangible possibility of the near future.

Republican France cannot stand alone. It will go with the tide, and the tide goes towards a gradual revision of the treaty of Versailles and a compromise with Germany. As a proof of this general tendency the news has just arrived that Belgium has cancelled the clause of the Treaty giving her the right of seizure of German goods and securities in Belgium as a means of enforcing the execution of the Treaty. The immediate needs of her markets and the competition which Rotterdam put up against Antwerp proved to be more urgent than considerations of general policy.

Some time ago the same step taken by England created a considerable amount of excitement in France. Commenting now on the action of her neighbour and ally the French press merely points out that France does not need to take such a step as the inter-dependence of capital and raw material in France and Germany is different.

Paris, ENGO.
December 26th, 1920.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

In *The Comedy of Errors* Shakespeare seems to have spent his powers upon a complex plot rather than upon the drawing of characters or the writing of high poetry. Here we have him in his lightest mood : and yet in this mood he cannot forget what he knows of the mystery which lies behind the superficialities of life. He knew the world only too well ; he knew that behind laughter there often lurks a tragedy ; and to make his comedy artistically perfect he opens the play with the condemnation of an innocent man to death, and closes it with a pardon for this man on the way to execution. Knowing what we do of the complexity of Shakespeare's mind, we cannot suppose that he did this without reason ; nor can we suppose that he made this man the father of his twin heroes, who provide the basis of the comedy, for nothing.

It would be safe to assert that in *The Comedy of Errors* Shakespeare wrote something which he knew a thoughtful reader would examine, and by examining would understand the infinite care which he bestowed upon plot and background. For in this play the very absence of strong characters enables us to devote our attention without distraction to the subtle weaving of the drama itself. As who should say, I shall write a play so that all men may perceive my method. It is well to remember that this was the third play written by Shakespeare ; and that it was written in 1592, the year in which he finished *Romeo and Juliet.*

The Comedy of Errors may not be described as one of the great comedies, but it is a piece of incomparably fine fooling, a thing to make an audience roar with laughter. And at the "Old Vic" on Monday last the audience literally roared. The twin masters and their twin servants were so perfectly "made up" that they were respectively indistinguishable ; and this greatly assisted the progress of the comedy, and a fine effect was produced when at last they all appeared on the stage together.

As we have said there is no really great poetry in *The Comedy of Errors*, but only a great poet could have written the delicate speech which Antipholus of Syracuse, who has been mistaken for his namesake of Ephesus, addresses to his supposed wife's sister :—

> Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
> Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
> Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
> Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.
> Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
> Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
> Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
> The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
> Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
> To make it wander in an unknown field ?
> Are you a god ? Would you create me new ?
> Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
> But if that I am I, then well I know
> Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
> Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;
> Far more, far more to you do I decline.
> O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
> To drown me in they sister's flood of tears :
> Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :
> Spread o'er the silver waves they golden hairs,
> And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie :
> And in that glorious supposition, think
> He gains by death that hath such means to die :
> Yet love, being light, be drowned if she sink !

The Comedy of Errors is perhaps Shakespeare's shortest play ; that is probably why a trifling piece by Barrie was added to complete the evening's entertainment at the " Old Vic." But Barrie was very small beer after the rich wine of Shakespeare.

A SEARCHLIGHT ON THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

The announcement in the Sunday press that a portion of the Italian fleet sent to blockade (" blockade " ?) Fiume has gone over to the " mad " poet brings back in all its vividness one of the most sordid chapters of the " Kosher Conference " (see quotation from Mgr. Dubois' pastoral letter in PLAIN ENGLISH, December 11, p. 535), that great gathering at which every Power, save the power of God, was invoked, and which behaved and succeeded accordingly. I fancy that in this country Gabriele d'Annunzio—whose real name is Gaetano Rapagnetta, which does not sound nearly so inspired nor inspiring as his *nom de plume* and *de guerre*—is looked upon as a sort of Pirate of Penzance, and his conduct as rather amusing. We see photographs in the *Daily Mail*, showing a bandy-legged poet standing on tiptoe to " decorate the colours of one of his battalions " ; but we hear nothing of the protests of the wretched citizens of the ancient and gallant city of Fiume, which he has ruined. What happens to such protests now, provided there is still anybody brave enough to utter them ? I don't know what happened to those that were got through to Paris, often at considerable personal risk, during the Peace Conference ; I can only surmise. I fancy the presiding genius of the Conference dematerialised them, for fear they should attain publicity, and the Man in the Street, who is an honest enough creature all the world over, should discover that this was not a case of comic opera, but of an international crime, and, moreover, one that concerned him more directly than he was allowed to suppose.

For the Peace Conference had a presiding genius, invisible and potent, who decided who was to be helped, who abandoned, what pledges were to be kept, and which explained away—plain folk would say " broken." He resembled the Great Bojg in *Peer Gynt*, the viewless, clammy, soft, ubiquitous Thing, with which Peer found himself shut up in the lonely dark, the Thing which never fights, but simply obstruc The only way of guessing at his identity lay in watching who he protected and whom he persecuted, and then drawing yo own conclusions—" *Ce sont les Juifs*," said the man in t street, meaning thereby not necessarily every son of Isra but that non-national Brotherhood of the Golden Calf, t *Haute Finance*, which is naturally not responsible for t honourable pledges between Allies, and whose protégés a victims were to be found equally in both camps.

Who profits by the mess that was made of Adriatic co ditions ? And who loses ?

I daresay Mr. Gabriele d'Annunzio is having quite a go time ; but, all the same, he is only the cat's paw of the poli of Sidney Sonnino, of Jewish blood, tenacity and astuteness.

And who loses ?

Our most sturdy and loyal Ally throughout the war— Ally of whom we were not allowed to learn half enough, a the story of whose merits lies buried in a few books which fou still fewer readers, and is recorded by the bones of the b trayed Jugoslav legions which lie bleaching in the Dobrud and up and down Bolshevik Russia, or " enjoy profoun repose " in forgotten corners of English–French churchyard There is not a sector of the battle-front of the Great War, n a country involved on either side, where this Uriah of t conflict was not sent to destruction and laid down his li believing to the last that Great Britain, France and Ameri would yet stand by him in the end. No, I don't mean Serbi proper—Serbia, much misjudged, sorely tempted and tried- I mean her sister peoples, the Catholic Christian Croats an Slovenes, more often jointly referred to as the Jugoslav whose special representative at the Peace Conference was th truly gallant Christian gentleman Dr. Ante Trumbitch, t whose Homeric single-handed struggle to obtain justice an recognition for his people it is almost impossible to do justic Nor will it ever be possible, until the whole of the inner histor of the Conference comes to be written and the *inner histor* of the disintegration of Austria is known, not only to a handful but to the many. For my part, I believe that one key at leas to the maze is this : that the Jugoslav lands are (or were almost a second Scotland as regards their immunity from Jew and Jewish finance. The Dalmatian shippers, Slovene banker and Croatian nationalist leaders are Catholic Christian, an (until recently, at least) have been able to hold their ow against Jewish financiers and demagogues alike—plutocrat of Vienna and Budapest or Russian Bolsheviks. And thi people believed in us as though we were God's executors upo earth. " Be wholesome as bread and just as an Englishman,' says a Jugoslav proverb, and perhaps herein lay their sin Put not your trust in—politicians. And so they found themselves forsaken at the Paris Conference, which was not ruled by Christian charity, or even Christian commonsense and honesty, but by a secret and anonymous monster with ubiquitous interests, the Great Bojg of our civilisation, the doors of whose Unholy of Unholies were guarded by soulless opportunism, while before the world the presidential chair was filled by a dictatorial idealist revelling for a while in quasi-divine honours. And he actually did challenge the monster in his famous *coup de foudre*, launched at Easter-time, 1919—challenged him, and won out fairly in the first round, in the name of the one force that could have sustained him to the end. Wilson's Easter manifesto brushed aside all factitious complications and revealed the Adriatic situation as a test case and plain issue—Right *versus* Wrong. And that he was within an ace of winning shows that the peoples were waiting with their tongues out for somebody who would dare to lead them back to the heights of Ideal they had found during the war. That he did come within an ace of winning is proved by the fact that a d'Annunzio was needed to checkmate him—a " mad " poet, whom nobody would take seriously enough to press effectually for his elimination.

What is the result ? A block on one of Europe's arteries, a valuable source of food supply cut off from the West, and a olly friendly nation blockaded into distrust, disgust and atever may be born of these sentiments.

" But," you ask me, " *were* they friendly ? Were they not iginally enemy subjects, &c., and was not their case parallel that of the Irish Republican Brotherhood ? " Well, the ost expansive generosity of this paper cannot afford me ace to recapitulate the history of the Jugoslavs in these lumns, and that alone would provide a conclusive reply. will just say that, legally, the position of the Triune Kingdom Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia had a status comparable to that Scotland as regards England, not to that of Ireland and ales. But as for the helpfulness of the Jugoslavs during the ar—" here's the hand I have to show," as Bluebeard's bride ys in one version of the old tale—and the true story of the llapse of the German-Austrian front is explained by de- atches of the Austrian G.H.Q., as collected and published French and English translations) by Father Franjo Barac uring the Peace Conference. The originals of the documents ere duly on view for a while, and the translations made from tested copies.

And who scored and still scores by the present muddle ? hy, just those who can fish gold out of troubled waters, the eculators in the bread of the poor, the traffickers in the onour and treasure of peoples, under whatever name they ay masquerade.

THE HYTHE REPORT.

II.

The letter written to Sir Denison Ross by Captain X. ontinues :—

> " The guard outside the door came in at the noise. ' Sit on his feet,' he said, ' and I'll sit on his chest. He always gets like this before three.'
>
> " I asked why they were shooting him. ' Shooting him ? Of course not,' said the guard, ' Can't you see he's balmy ? '
>
> So I helped to hold the madman down until a doctor came with the hypodermic. Then I asked the doctor why I was locked in the hut. The doctor replied that I had come from the 31st Field Ambulance as a ' mental case . . . . through the usual channels.' I had reached the ' observation ward ' of the 42nd General Hospital. He would look up my papers : he would see the registrar : he would see the Colonel because, perhaps, it was all a mistake.
>
> " In about three hours he came back with the Registrar and the Colonel in charge. They went into my case. They told me I was suffering from hallucinations, and as evidence they had the letters covering the report made to Lord Hythe which I had written to General Corry. Then the notes of my case also said that the patient was an excessive drinker (I had not had a drink in nine months), used violent language and had eccentric habits. When I told them that my political information undoubtedly sounded eccentric to the R.A.M.C., but that I had not had anything to drink for almost a year and could do without a drink for several years, they decided to move me to the basement of the main building. There I was guarded by a sergeant and four orderlies. For the first few days everything went well : then every insult, every indignity, even violence, was used in the attempt to make me lose my reason and in that way bear out the charge of insanity brought against me by the German-Jew clique."

To give in detail the treatment received by Captain X. would be too much like taking a leaf out of Sein Fein's account of British treatment of Irish prisoners. In fact Captain X., who had been ordered with his battalion to Dublin soon after Easter Week, 1916, and who had not witnessed any cruelty to Irish prisoners began to wonder if he had really seen all that had taken place. When a Jew N.C.O. who had taken shelter from conscription in the R.A.M.C. knocked Captain X. out of a chair because, as he declared : " The Colonel told me how to treat you," then Captain X. finally saw that all which takes place in the name of Britain is not British. There was a secret group working in British organisation which was not British in the least, and which was working in reality against Britain for ends of their own.

It was his duty considered Captain X. to try to ignore the provocations to become " violent," and to remain a " harmless " case, because if he fought his Jew keeper it would be just what was wanted. How to get his information to England was the thing really necessary. Although he was allowed no exercise, a small barred window of his basement room opened upon tennis courts, about fifty yards distant, where convalescent officers often played. Captain X. could not call loud enough to attract the attention of the officers on the courts without, also, attracting his guards. Besides the officers as a rule played with Red Cross nurses who had been forbidden to come near Captain X.'s window because " his language was too obscene."

However, it happened that chance one day drove a ball to under his window. The officer who came to recover the ball was Lieut. Galbraith, of the Royal Scots. This honest, discreet and very brave subaltern had been with Captain X. when they, together were ordered to take up the re-enforcements to the 27th Division, during the crossing of the Struma.

Friends made in battle are fast friends. A means of communication with the outside world was now established, without the knowledge of the guards. First of all a note was sent to the Foreign Office to an official concerned with Captain X.'s former activities. This said in part :—

> " Sir Rennell was afraid to use the information I gave him. He was completely in the power of Z., who has taken up his perch at the Grand Hotel, and whose telegram[*] I received by accident. . . . Most of the work was done when I was in Rome without Sir Rennell Rodd's knowledge. He was afraid to see me after the first day. I had two long talks in Contarini's office and just before leaving I gave a typed memorandum to Fara Forni. This has been followed by Ferrero.
>
> " Out here, of course, the German-Jew system has all our people under their control. General Milne is a good soldier, but he is dying of cirosis of the liver, while Granard and Sassoon (backed by Rothschild's Mr. Cohen) are on his staff, and they run the show. The ' dark forces ' have a wonderful grip on Granard. During the landing at Suvla Bay he funked going ashore with the battalion he raised, and took refuge on the staff ship. From that moment they had him, and he re-appeared as a military secretary, and since has been in their power.
>
> " *Of Sassoon you know more than I can tell you.* But rotten as the show is out here, I can't help but feel that a change is coming. Asquith and all he meant have fallen in London, and his gang will fall in Salonika. The poor blackmailed sodomites and lesbians will be free of their Jew masters in spite of themselves."

Because of establishing communication again with the outside world Captain X. was, as we now see, too optimistic in his report to the Foreign Office. Plans to escape were made as well. The hospital orderly had a bicycle which was kept under the steps of the main entrance. Civilian clothes or a different uniform must be obtained. These Lieut. Galbraith was to try to find.

(*To be continued.*)

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[*] This telegram appears in Part I., published December 25.

EL GRECO.

ARE you by any chance like those friends of mine I mention in the next sentence? They went to the exhibition of Spanish pictures at Burlington House. The first two of them—it was an ex-officer and his wife—reported that they went but "could not rise to them," the third admitted that he had been, and added, "Yes, depressing, are they not?"

If this is the case, you may console yourself for a moment by recalling that William Hazlitt at one time said much the same of himself:—

> "One afternoon I was reading *The Provoked Husband* with the highest relish, with a green, woody landscape of Ruysdael or Hobbema just before me, at which I looked off the book now and then, and wondered what there could be in that sort of work to satisfy or delight the mind—at the same time asking myself, as a speculative question, whether I should ever feel an interest in it like what I took in reading Vanbrugh and Cibber."

But, on the other hand, the same William Hazlitt says of himself at a later period something very different:—

> "I was staggered when I saw the works there collected" (at the Orleans Gallery), "and looked at them with wondering and with longing eyes. A mist passed away from my sight: the scales fell off. A new sense came upon me, a new heaven and a new earth stood before me."

Well, to come down from art in general to the one particular artist I am writing of, El Greco, I will set before you two views of him, one written in what we may call the former Hazlitt manner, and one in the latter Hazlitt manner, and then I will proceed to engage in the direct object of this article, which is not written from the connoisseur's point of view, with which I have no concern, but as a sort of personal propaganda to get somebody to take up an intelligent interest in art matters generally, by starting independently on a particular point and investigating for himself.

The treatment of El Greco in something of the former Hazlitt manner is to be found in a recent number of *Punch*:—

> "For years I have been rather tickled by his manner of depicting Popes and Saints as if they were reflected in elongating mirrors labelled, 'Before Dining at the Toreador Restaurant.' But until quite lately I hardly ever met anyone who had even noticed him, so I felt quite bucked up on the old chap's account when I heard that he was considered one of the most distinguished of the Spanish painters, past and present, who are on view just now at Burlington House."

It is the art critics who adopt the latter Hazlitt manner and give vent to such utterances as the following:—

> "Once El Greco has enveloped us in his luminous shadows, in his lurid air rent by lightnings, we are his. We may prove his art decadent and unnatural, he subjugates us all the same, not only by the surprising beauty of his colour and design at their best, but by his unique power to create a no-man's land, in which we are his slaves, powerless to escape from the glamour cast by his genius."

Now the temptation of the multitude, when they are confronted by an allusion to El Greco is either to assume an attitude of ignorance, scepticism or "can't-rise-to-him" or else, having read the art critics, talk like *Punch's* foolish "Mrs. Bletherwood," who said:—

> "Don't you *love* those quaint 'El Grecos'? He's quite a discovery, don't you think? My daughter Muriel, who hopes to get into the Slade School soon now, says she doesn't see how anybody *can* see people differently from the way 'El Greco' saw people. And yet, I don't know that I *quite* like the idea of Muriel seeing *me* like that, although she's so clever. . . ."

Then the ex-officer and his wife say to me—and I am not writing for the connoisseur—"All this talk about art is so vague. Give us a fact or two that we can get hold of, to go on with."

Well, here is a fact or two. In the first place, "El Greco" is not the artist's real name at all. It is a nickname given him by the Spaniards among whom he lived. His real name is Domenico Theotocopuli. And, in order to pronounce his surname properly, you should accent the first and fourth syllables. Then, he was called "El Greco" because he was born in Candia, or Crete, and was not himself a Spaniard at all, although his art is purely Spanish. Then, to assign him his dates in relation to English history, he was born in the reign of Edward VI. (1548 is said to have been the actual year), and lived through the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth and James I., dying in the same year that James died. Then, though nothing is known of his private life, it is known that he studied under the greatest art-masters at Venice before he came to Spain and found and matured his own individual genius in Castille. There is nothing vague or aesthetic about this information. He lived at Toledo, and one of his most celebrated pictures, the *Burial of Gonzales Ruis, Count of Orgáz*, is still to be seen there in the Church of St. Thomas. This picture was painted by El Greco in his house which stood near by, and in which he died. It was the Marquis de la Vega-Inclan who saved the artist's abode from ruin and decay. Not so very long ago he purchased it and restored it, reproducing in it, so far as was possible, the actual appearance it presented in the last years of the artist's life. The house itself has an interesting history, being part of the palace built for himself by Simuel Levy, the grasping Jewish favourite of Pedro the Cruel.

Now, to invite the investigation of the ex-officer, or other person likely to be interested, let us come back for a moment to *Punch*. The humorous writer says: "What surprises me is not that old Theotocopuli should attract so much attention in Piccadilly, but that such lots of people seem never to have known that he has been exhibiting himself all this time in Trafalgar Square." Now if one is in London one can always get to Trafalgar Square. Let us go thither. But in order, on the one hand, to have a motive for "rising to" El Greco, and, on the other, to avoid the "Mrs. Bletherwood" affectation of what we do not feel, let us go and see what we think—we, that is, independently of critics—as the answer to this question. Selecting two examples of El Greco, placed in the National Gallery more or less side by side, *Christ Driving out the Dealers from the Temple* and *The Agony in the Garden*,—has the latter, by comparison with the former, been spoilt by the cleaners? That is a concrete query. Have they taken away the surface till we get a dirty, slate-coloured thing which is no longer moulded flesh? Have they robbed the picture in the draperies of all the fat, rich colour of the original? You may come to a decided opinion. The more decided it is, the more your interest will be aroused. You may, further, come to the conclusion that whatever his merits, El Greco really could not draw. But, whatever your conclusions, you are at least investigating for yourself. Why not confirm or revise your judgments by further study of El Greco at Burlington House?

H. M. Cross.

REVIEWS.

Occultists and Mystics of All Ages. By the Hon. Ralph Shirley. (William Rider & Son, Ltd. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is now the fashion to commit the sin of Saul and consult with familiar spirits. To be in the fashion, and to reach the purse of the once fashionable, Messrs. Rider & Son publish (in one volume, at 4s. 6d.) ten short studies by the Hon. Ralph Shirley. These are of six occult magicians: Apollonius of Tyana, Michael Scott, Paracelsus, Swedenborg, Cagliostro, Edward Maitland, and of two mystics, Anna Kingsford and —what a gulf!—Plotinus.

Mr. Shirley is mentioned as the author of "The New God and Other Essays," which places him among the brethren of

H. G. Wells who go whoring after strange gods of their own creation. It is among the demoniacal cult of the spiritists that Mr. Shirley wallows. He seems possessed of a psychic disorder which blinds him to the difference between mysticism and magic.

The Catholic Church has ever been the mother of mystics, while the Jews, since their rejection of Christ, have ever recruited the ranks of the Kabalist magicians. Needless to say, the magicians have been always anti-Catholic and generally anti-Christian. Mr. Shirley, ensnared by their devil's doctrines, takes great pains when writing of the Christ not to use capital letters in the personal pronouns. When the Catholic Church is mentioned, as it has to be in recording the fact that Anna Kingsford, who, being a Catholic, wished to die fortified by all the rites of the Church, Mr. Shirley says :—

" Perhaps in no single point does Roman Catholicism present a worse and more undesirable aspect than in the manner in which its missionaries besiege the last hours of the passing soul . . . in Anna Kingsford's case, the admission of a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy to tend her in her last illness [at her own earnest request] was productive of the worst results, troubling her last hours with an unseemly wrangle."

Mr. Shirley does not say that the " unseemly wrangle " was caused by the man Maitland, to whom the Catholic faith of his collaborator had ever been gall and wormwood. It is sad to think of the ignorance of Mr. Shirley in regard to the Catholic Church, which has produced the long line of great mystics. Had he even permitted himself to study the Anglican Evelyn Underhill's historical sketch of European mysticism he might have learned how the New Birth and the Spiritual Marriage were foreshadowed in the mysteries and he would not have followed the lead of the Devil's disciples in their terror of the Cross.

St. Clement of Alexandria early adapted the language of the pagan mysteries to the Christian theory of the spiritual life. The Church absorbed and transmuted the mystic element of Essene, Orphic, and Neoplatonic thought, and was enabled to eliminate through Christ's teachings the gross magic with which Mr. Shirley contents himself. Let him search again the work of Anna Kingsford until he finds the passage where she says, " One of the inevitable results of the soul's enslavement to matter is its liability to extinction." S.

Some Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate. By Capt. C. A. W. Monckton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I. (John Lane, The Bodley Head. 21s. net.)

Frank, fearless, dramatic, humorous, strong, are the qualities Capt. Monckton appears to us to possess in this narrative of his New Guinea experiences. No doubt, of the many excellent stories he gives there may be other versions ; but this book is Capt. Monckton's innings, and he is a rapid scorer. It will be time enough to hear other versions when others of the personages encountered in it go to the wicket and relate their story. Meanwhile, we candidly enjoy his presentment. It is the most appealing work of the kind we have come across for quite a long time. Taking the writer as his book presents him, he is an adventurous sportsman, of quick decision and cool judgment, a good organiser and administrator, a born leader with military instincts, a man reckless in action, graphic in description, and withal a humorous dog. There is not a dull page in the volume. It reads as candour itself, and does not attempt to whitewash either his own actions or those of others. Moreover, it has the value of conveying information of that tract of country, New Guinea, of which our knowledge is somewhat vague. Here in handy form we have picturesque description of the sort of life led by sturdy pioneers on our outposts of Empire ; we get an insight into the lives of British officials who deal with the difficulties and hardships involved in breaking down the cannibalism of natives, pacifying their country, introducing law and order, and administering a wholesome rule. We gain, therefore, much valuable information, which comes to us interlarded with the raciest humour. It is difficult to select passages for quotation in so readable a book, but perhaps one selected from the account of the expedition against the Doriri raiders will convey something of an impression of the author's style :—

> A halt, therefore, was made, and the Constabulary formed into two bodies, fronting two lanes in the tall grass, from either of which I now expected attack might develop, the carriers being packed between the two lines of police. The voices of Doriri calling and horns blowing could now be heard on our front, rear, and alternately on each side, which looked as if we were to receive an attack simultaneously on front, rear and flanks. A worse position to defend it was almost impossible to conceive : spearmen could approach unperceived, and launch their spears from the cover of the grass into our packed men ; while clubmen could get right on top of us before we could see to shoot with any degree of certainty of hitting what we were shooting at ; and, once amongst us, shooting would be out of the question for fear of killing our own carriers. In the event of our advancing toward a better position we should be forced to straggle in a long line of single file, which would expose our carriers to flank attack ; and, in the case of a Doriri rush, we should be in imminent danger of our line being cut in two. The prisoners told us that the Doriri were now shouting challenges, and explaining that they were about to make an end of the whole lot of us.

However, the little force was extricated from its awkward position, and then :—

> Crash went a volley. Two men fell, shot dead, while many others staggered into the surrounding long grass, more or less badly wounded. The Doriri, though apparently frightfully surprised at the effect of the rifle fire, still held their ground ; but as the steadily firing Constabulary line moved rapidly towards them they began an orderly retreat.

The Doriri came to learn there was a power dealing with them stronger than themselves. Their punishment was in its way a warning of what they must expect as a result of further raiding.

But the passage selected is by no means the most exciting of the book. The capture of the Chief Bogege, for instance, occurs to one out of many other exciting exploits ; and, indeed, the book is full of them. It is pleasant to know Capt. Monckton's opinion of the Missionary Fathers of the Sacred Heart stationed in his neighbourhood, as shown in the following conversation :—

" I did not know that you were a Roman Catholic," said Mr. Musgrave, when I had finished.

" I am not," I replied ; " I am a Churchman, and a Churchman I'll die ; but if all Roman Catholics were like the members of the Sacred Heart Mission there soon wouldn't be any other Church in the world."

At the same time, if you want to nearly die of laughing, read the author's description, from a sportsman's point of view, of a shooting expedition which he made in company with these same missionary Fathers.

William Bolts, Dutch Adventurer under John Company. By N. L. Hallward, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.) 15s. net.

Macaulay was of opinion that Lord Clive was justified in his contention that it was absurd to give men power and require them to live in penury.

This was an animadversion on the system which obtained in the eighteenth century under the East India Company, whose servants looked less to the bare emolument officially paid them, for their remuneration, than to the profits from private trade.

When we look back to the beginnings of the East India Company we find its first charter was granted in 1600, in the last days of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Its granting was contemporary with the coming of the great British commercial magnates, those merchants who, when the Stuart sovereigns claimed to be supreme governors by right divine, took up the challenge because they had begun to hold in their own hands the country's wealth. The old mediæval system of kings had passed away. Agricultural wealth was not the land's main support. It was the beginning of the era in which men acted as though in obedience to a command: "Go ye therefore into the whole world, and effect barter with every creature."

And the motive which animated men in the original work which resulted in the founding of our Indian Empire was the self-interested adventuring of a few, accomplished amid the apathy of the many. The apathy of the many became no negative quality, but took the form of active unpopularity when rumours returned to England of evil doings along with the wealth-laden Anglo-Indians. This unpopularity was widely reflected in English literature well into Victoria's reign. Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, is accused among other things, of receiving a bribe from the Nabob of Oude of £100,000. He is tried by the Peers of Great Britain for high crimes and misdemeanours, and though on April 25, 1795, the seven years' trial terminates in his acquittal, the same unpopularity and suspicion attends the servants of the vast commercial enterprise. Thus Lord Clive himself, who gained for the British the virtual sovereignity of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, the East India Company being constituted receivers of the revenues of those countries, has to explain in 1772 in the House of Commons his extensive purchases of diamonds. He is able to explain that in order to remit the proceeds (about Rs. 30,000 a year) of a landed estate, granted him for military services, he purchased diamonds as a means. It was a common practice in those days, and seems a reasonable explanation. But the incident gives occasion of acquaintance with Mr. William Bolts, the subject of the book under review. Mr. Bolts as revealed in the book is shown to be a man of great commercial capacity, but a self-seeker rather than a loyal servant of the Company. And we may introduce him to our readers in the words of the Directors in 1769:—

> We agree with you that the part Mr. Bolts has acted at Benares, as represented in your letter, is highly deserving of censure, and if his conduct in future is not perfectly to your satisfaction, we recommend it to you to suspend or dismiss him the service, as you shall judge his behaviour may deserve.

Mr. Bolts quitted Benares, but before doing so made an attempt to secure Lord Clive as his partner in a speculation in diamonds, and tells the story of his attempt subsequently, in his "Considerations on India Affairs" (a book inciting to odium against the Company) in such a way as to impute to Lord Clive bad faith and commercial greed.

> When Lord Clive was at Banaras, in the beginning of August, 1765, the writer communicated to him the plan he had formed for the bringing of diamonds direct from the mines, to which he had already sent an agent. His Lordship approved of the scheme, and verbally agreed to take a concern in it; but soon afterwards so far altered his mind as to quit his engagement, and undertake the engrossing of it himself; for which purpose he established Mr. John Chamier as his agent at Banaras.
>
> By a letter dated the 4th October his Lordship informed the writer that he had given over all thoughts of purchasing diamonds; but at the time that letter came to hand, the writer was shewn, by Mr. Chamier, other letters from his Lordship, in which he had given that gentleman, as his agent, orders to make very large purchases of them, while at the same time he cautioned him to beware of Bolts. This was sufficient information to the writer of what he had to expect. Dissembling, however, his real sentiments on the noble Lord's giving up his intended share, the writer kept on his own account the parcels purchased by the agent first employed, and relinquished the trade; which his Lordship, by his own agent, then engaged in, with the assistance of the very servants whom the writer had employed and by the track of correspondence that he had opened.

It is probable enough that Lord Clive at first intended to mploy Bolts as his agent, but changed his mind after learning ccurately his character. But when one bears in mind that Lord Clive satisfied the House of Commons as to the diamonds, nd that Bolts gives no proof of his allegation that Lord Clive riginally accepted his proposal, and does not produce the etter of the 4th October, in which he alleges Lord Clive withdrew from his verbal agreement—we begin to see something of Bolts' methods, and to gather what a dangerous dversary he could be.

William Bolts was a Dutchman by birth, but came to England when eleven years of age. He served an apprenticeship in a merchant's office, and then in a few years' time went to Lisbon, and in 1759, at the age of twenty-four, was appointed factor under the East India Company. In their employ he rapidly acquired wealth, and by his unscrupulousness and self-seeking gained the ill-will of all the members of the Indian Board. His persistent defiance of their orders led ultimately to his forcible ejection from India and return to England, where he spent some time in acrimonious litigation and propaganda against the Company. His capability and persistence had its due reward in the ruin of the former Governor (Verelst) by litigation, and in a great burst of popular sentiment against the Company. His talents were subsequently employed in waging commercial war against the East India Company under the Austrian flag.

Mr. Hallward has put together an interesting book which gives an insight into a period of great importance in our history, and gives the presentment of a somewhat remarkable character. If William Bolts' career is one which one must at many points condemn, it is not without redeeming points, witness his good offices to Captain Buncle in his escape from Mauritius, as related by the Captain in a letter to the Company.

This letter, by the by, is unfortunately introduced by the author into the narrative in the following words:—

> The old ship seems to have been in a bad way, for Mr. William Bolts, having passed Mauritius at a considerable distance to the eastward, "proving very leaky, was obliged to put in here to repair."

Another little passage of the author's we quarrel with is his statement that a worthless adventurer named William MacIntosh was "the half-caste son of a Scotsman and a French bride." We should like to know why "*half-caste*?"

NOVELS.

JOHN SENESCHAL'S MARGARET. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s. 6d. net.)

Thrown together on the banks of the Tigris, and sharing experiences at Kut-el-Amara, Ctesiphon and Kut, John Seneschal and John Tempest—Brown John and Black John, as they were nicknamed—were thrown into ever closer intimacy in Turkish prison and escape, and their comradeship and friendship was faithful to the death. Brown John succumbs to hardship and disease, and Black Jack buries him, and, at his dying request, assumes his battered uniform as safer than the Turkish clothes he has been wearing. John Tempest then struggles on alone. When he at length is safe in a London hospital, he has lost all memory save that John Seneschal was dead, and that he had buried him. This repeated utterance is regarded by doctors and friends alike as proof of the effect of the brain disturbance that had robbed his memory. John Tempest's extraordinary physical resemblance to his fallen comrade; his knowledge of his comrade's home, gained in many a pathetic talk in their prolonged Eastern misery; his very uniform all serve to place him in the false position of impersonating his lost comrade. Even John Seneschal's Margaret accepts him as her former lover, and the plot thickens when John Tempest finds himself, as he gradually recovers his health, more and more aware that Margaret has his heart. How this story of an involuntary deception works itself out, reaching its climax and trouble and its solution, may not be given away in a review. All that can be done is to assure the searcher for an excellent story, clearly and powerfully told with clever character sketching and dramatic interest, that in "John Seneschal's Margaret" he will find what he seeks. The very name of author and authoress give promise of a repetition of the good dishes served up before; and in this story the promise is well fulfilled.

A Poor Wise Man. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d. net.)

Probably owing to the high price of paper and binding, the stream of rubbish which reached the public in the form of fiction has been dried up; for the average novel now published is well worth reading. And among many good books which we have noticed, this volume deserves special mention. In the first place, it is deeply interesting; and the author convinces us that she is describing the doings of living persons in America. The hero is an industrious youth, the note of whose life is unselfishness. By this characteristic he draws to himself a number of persons, rich and poor, who at a critical moment look to him for guidance. And on his advice there is formed in an American city an association of the sane and conservative elements in the community whose object is the preservation of society. How this association meets and defeats a band of international anarchists who attempt a general strike to be followed by communism, the author relates in a most convincing and realistic manner. The leader of the anarchists, an Irishman, is well drawn. Indeed, all the characters in the book stand out with wonderful distinctness.

We have encountered no book which could be recommended as an antidote to social unrest with more reason than *A Poor Wise Man.*

Fire and Water. By Marwin Delcarol. (Duckworth. 9s. net.)

The heroine and hero of this book are respectively a princess and priest of ancient Egypt; and the story of their wanderings through the bodies of Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Norsemen, Normans, Italians and English serves to prove that the author has taken immense trouble to acquaint himself with the social life of ancient peoples. Though superficially disjointed, the continuity of the narrative is well sustained. Apparently the author is a believer in transmigration, and in this respect seems to be influenced by Plato, as he reveals his mind in the *Timaeous* and the *Phaedrus.* But at its best this doctrine is materialistic; and no properly instructed person could derive anything but harmless amusement by reading *Fire and Water.*

Having shown his power over so wide a field, the author might well engage himself upon a fine romance for which his style and knowledge fits him.

The Banshee. By Elliot O'Donnell. (Sands. 6s. net.)

The evidence which exists to support the belief in hauntings by Banshees may not be lightly put aside. The Banshee is sometimes a beautiful and sad woman, and sometimes an abominable fiend; but one thing all Banshees have in common, persistent association with ancient families. Mr. O'Donnell has apparently searched the ends of the earth for material with which to fill this rather valuable book. He has a fault, however, which is a grave one in a man who sets out to relate ghost stories: he fails to realise that the telling of a ghost story demands restraint. As he knows, and has told, many fine ghost stories, it is a pity that he has not resorted to a hint where a hint would be much more impressive than a deliberate explanation. Even the most terrifying ghost becomes a very mild creature when presented with the limelight full upon it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMEN IN OFFICES.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—The Civil Service was before the war a mystery, a world apart, with its own ways, which were not those of the world outside; civil servants were a small body, invisible outside London; and many families have never produced in all their ramifications, a single specimen. Though recognised by the public as a safe, gentlemanly profession for a young man with little capital or initiative, there is no doubt that there was no desire for the enlargement of the Civil Service in th public mind. Englishmen carelessly associated bureaucra with inefficiency, without often coming into contact with th thing itself; to-day there can be few who have not som knowledge of how bureaucracy works. The Burmese gover ment before the days of British annexation, supported a hor of high officials, but this *fainéant* administration did n interfere; it let the people alone, and therefore the peop tolerated it, though they did not love it.

In England during the war the new boards, controls an commissions did not let people alone; their forms and leafle and their influence penetrated into every home and ever workshop; what is more, the temporary civil servants, unlik the old and permanent indispensables, talked and wrote indi creetly, and what was done in the secret chambers of Whiteha was proclaimed on the housetop.

The *cadres* of the Civil Service were filled up, as is w known, by amateurs and women; and the English belief in t amateur was rudely tested. But the most drastic change w the recruitment of women. In the words of the War Cabin Report for 1917, the gap left by the recruitment of millions men, and by the withdrawal from the labour market of oth millions for the production of munitions of war, had been fill by various means. "Well over 1,000,000 women have co newly into employment," it continues, and "the unemploy and *even the unemployable* have found jobs." The old nucle of the Civil Service was overlaid by waves of women. An must be remembered that many of the younger, more adapta civil servants had left their offices, leaving a residuum who lived up to and beyond the retiring age in a purely mascul atmosphere. In Cornwall it is unlucky to see a woman i boat. Many men in Whitehall had the same feeling wh women stepped on board. Their attitude was like that of Buddha, when the question arose as to whether woman to be admitted to the Buddhist order on equal terms. first the Buddha hesitated, and only with reluctance did yield the point. "How shall we behave towards woman asked his disciple, Ananda. "Avoid the sight of her," repli the Buddha. "But if we see her, sir, what shall we do then "Not speak to her, Ananda." "And if she speaks to us, what then?" "Then be wary, Ananda!" A distinguis retired civil servant offered to return to his work, unpaid, the understanding that no woman should touch his pape or handle his letters. His mind, able and vigorous, was una to work in conditions that disturbed his Brahmin-like rit observances.

The enthusiastic feminists looked upon the war as an ear quake, which while razing some buildings, broke open loc doors. It was to be a tremendous opportunity. Mrs. Dagg an American journalist, on her own showing, rushed into office of the *Pictorial Review.* "Look," she exclaimed to editor at his desk, "see the message in the sky written letters of blood above the battlefields of Europe! There it the Promise of Freedom for Women." But the doors are c ing again, the greatest of war-time Government Departme are in dissolution, the hotels they long occupied are return to their owners, the "multitudes of unprofitable children" returning to their unprofitable leisure.

But, it will be said, all temporary women civil servants not unprofitable. That is true; but the number of wo who made a success of their work has been small. The fidential report upon X., an efficient worker, does not st alone. "She was not inefficient, and the only charge w can fairly be made against her is that she was not easy to on with; that she was impatient of control, and that entertained an exaggerated idea of the importance of position. The state of friction between her and Y., immediate superior, was acute."

[Y.'s unfavourable opinion of her was based partly upo stormy interview, at which she threatened to throw him of the window.]

Apart from work done by the typing and shorthand class, the occupations of other what were called " higher grade " clerks were of little value as training, they were practised in a blind alley. It is said, I do not know on what authority, that a business house advertised for women clerks, with the proviso that " no Government employee need apply." The habits of the new offices and the expansions of old offices ; the unofficial methods of disposing of inconvenient papers (many files were found beneath cushions that elevated the clerks in comfort above their office chairs), the monthly migrations of staffs from room to room, the lessons in waste of stationery and material of all kinds, the unnecessary telephonic communications, the deadening monotony of much of the routine work would not have been borne in a more business-like atmosphere. But as Mr. Shanks tells us in his *Old Indispensables*, " a Government office is not quite like a real office."

In one very material aspect, a government office differed from a " real " one. A real office is as small as it efficiently can be. The staff is tested ; and the unprofitable members dismissed. The new government offices, however, developed a curious corporate life of their own; and it would seem that a rivalry in size existed among them. They budded into extensions ; the extension was, perhaps, in another postal district, and the controller of Abyssinian eggs, let us say, was not closely in touch with the controller of supplies. As a result, very few women employees were sent packing, for as the head of one department said of one incompetent employee whose dismissal was recommended, " Ought we to dismiss her when she will be no use to anyone else ? "

The author of the *Old Indispensables* has a sympathy with the old regular civil servant, who complained that now " we get through in a day what we would have made last for weeks in the old times." In some offices, the pace was tremendous ; in others, especially in the sub-branches, " backwaters in a quiet bay," very little was done by correspondence between the sub-sub-sections. In nearly all there was too little use of direct communication and the telephone, too much use of correspondence. Mr. Shanks' picture of a new office is done from the life :—

> " Each desk was covered with a litter of papers in billowing confusion, and the two remaining occupants of the room seemed to be flapping hopelessly among them like men under a landslide. One of the two . . . . was almost overwhelmed. His fingers were covered with ink, his hair fell wildly about his forehead, and every three or four minutes he was obliged to pause to search for his inkpot, which, as persistently, he hid again under a mass of documents. The other . . . . was working with greater regularity and method. At precise intervals he selected unerringly a paper from the confusion, hastily ran through it, scribbled something at the end and pitched it at a tray on the table beside him. As he did not watch it after it left his hand, and as he consistently misjudged the distance, these papers were gradually accumulating on the floor . . . . Neither of the two secretaries addressed a word to him, but occasionally the more frenzied of the two, when he could not find his inkpot or when he upset it, looked up and ejaculated passionately, ' My God ! ' "

A card game, called " Slippery Anne " is played by children ; and was played with files by officials. The rules are the same ; the person who is finally left with the file or minute has to answer it, and loses the game. In one sub-branch, soon after the Armistice, there was nothing doing ; and a return of correspondence dealt with was swollen by a discussion between two officials, apropos of the loss of a letter attached to file F. 120, as to whether clips or paper fasteners were the safest method of attaching papers. This controversy, which ran to *twenty-four minutes*, was known as the battle of the tags and clips.

A bad element was the development in the mass of offici correspondence of jargon. Any of the books that comb jargon, such as the *King's English*, will supply a receipt f official correspondence. " Have you begun to detect the t main vices of jargon," writes one authority. " The first that it uses circumlocution rather than short straight spee The second vice is that it habitually chooses vague wool abstract nouns rather than concrete ones." The cler modelled themselves, in style, upon sentences as absurd " instances of premature mortality are more frequent in t case of men than in the case of women " ; direct and cle instructions were returned to be re-drafted as " too abrupt In many cases confused writing followed hard on confus thinking. The interpretation of certain hurried-drafted gover ment orders were part of the work of one small branch of t Board of Trade. It is probable that the orders were n quite clear to those who framed them ; those who had explain them to the confused public (which will never willing read small print) took refuge, like professional sophists, the padding of sentences into something acceptable an spacious. Ambiguity was sought after like hidden treasur and the satisfaction with which a skilful manipulator of formul discovered " something that will cover us," cannot soon forgotten. The printed or typed leaflets of instructions fro the establishment department were as nerveless and incoher as the model letters. " It has come to my notice," began on " that the male members of the staff dispose carelessly their cigarette-ends, matches, ash, &c. If lighted matche or glowing cigarette-ends are thrown on to the carpet, into waste-paper baskets, a conflagration may probabl result." The conflagration was, however, postponed until t Armistice,

I am, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
M. Jourdain.

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Dear Sir : That is a very beautiful legend in Plain Englis of the taking of St. Sophia in 1453. I was told it in 189 when in Constantinople, though not quite as you have it.

After the ramparts were won the Christians fought stubborn groups, and in one of the ways leading up to th cathedral a band of these, headed by a tall priest, made desperate resistance, driving back the Infidels, until at la they were pushed back near to a door in the cathedral. Her they turned again and drove back the Turks, killing them great numbers, but at last fresh reinforcements came u Then the Christians darted through the door, and slammed in the faces of the Turks. The Turks strove to break in th door, but could not, and the Christians fired at them fro inside.

The Infidels ran round to another door, burst in, and, comin upon the priest and his band, slew them all. As the priest la dying, he said that the door through which the Christians ha darted would never again open until the time came when Constantinople was again taken by the Cross and the Christian entered St. Sophia to sing " Te Deum." There is still an ol door pointed out, and apart from the legend this much is tru that that door was never opened, although the Turks knew al about the dying priest's prophecy, and have at a number o dates tried to get it opened. One Sultan 200 years ago ordere the door to be forced, but some delay occurred, and the following day he died. The last Sultan to order the door to be opene was that Sultan who was deposed and murdered during th Russo-Turk war 42 years ago. When the Russians came t Adrianople, and it was thought they would enter Constantinople, the legend was well known to them, and it is said tha they were making preparations to march to St. Sophia to sin " Te Deum " with bayonets fixed, trumpets sounding an lours flying, when the door would then open to them of its own cord. It was not to be.

Even to a man making little pretence to be religious, the ght of the interior of St. Sophia is melancholy. It is a orrid thing to see where the tops of the crosses are cut off. he reason this letter is unsigned is because I wanted to express ympathy with you as from one man unknown to another. hat a miserable thing it seems that even after taking Jeru-alem with Christian blood we were not able to keep it, but ad only to take the Holy City from one set of pagans and hand over to another set, infinitely less worthy of its keeping.

In Veritate Religionis Confido.

THE POPE AND WILLIAM III.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: You are quite correct in saying that the news of the attle of the Boyne was received with satisfaction at Rome. acaulay, who as a decided Whig and Protestant, had no eason for congratulating himself on the sympathies of the apal Court, describes, in the XVIth Chapter in his History, he contrast between the joy at Paris and the dismay at ome with which the first reports of the battle, depicting it s a victory for King James, were received. "At Rome," e says (after mentioning the delight of the French), "the ews from Ireland produced a sensation of a very different ind. There, too, the report of William's death was, during a hort time, credited. At the French Embassy all was joy nd triumph, but the Ambassadors of the House of Austria vere in despair, and the aspect of the Pontifical Court by no eans indicated exultation." . . . . "After the lapse of some nxious hours, a messenger bearing later and more authentic ntelligence alighted at the palace occupied by the representa-ive of the Catholic King. In a moment all was changed. he enemies of France—and all the population, except Frenchnen and British Jacobites, were her enemies—eagerly felicitated ne another. All the clerks of the Spanish Legation were too few to make transcripts of the despatches for the Cardinals and Bishops, who were impatient to know the details of the victory. The first copy was sent to the Pope and was doubtless welcome to him." And he quotes in a footnote the comment of the Spanish Minister to the Vatican on the first report of William's death. "Me tiene," he wrote of this report, "en sumo cuidado y desconsuelo, pues isto seria la ultima ruina de la cunsa comun." Apart from his other disputes with Louis the Fourteenth, Innocent the Eleventh had the best reasons for dreading the effects on his own sovereignty and on the balance of power in Italy, if that ambitious prince could have carried out all his designs, and while he maintained his neutrality, it was one of marked benevolence towards the Courts of London, Vienna and Madrid.

I am, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
A. H. Hardinge.

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Cambridge Poets, 1914-1920: An Anthology. (Heffer. 7s. 6d. net.)

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Adventures in Wars of the Republic and Consulate. By A. Mareau de Jonnès. (Murray. 18s. net.)

Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate. By Capt. C. A. W. Monckton. (Lane. 21s. net.)

BIOGRAPHY.

William Bolts. By H. L. Hallward. (Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.)

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Labour as an International Problem. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)

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The Trusty Servant. By G. V. McFadden. (Lane. 10s. net.)

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Cambridge Readings in Spanish Literature. Edited by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)

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RULES AND OATHS

OF

SINN FEIN MURDER GANG.

In "*Plain English*" for December 4th, 1920, we reproduced what is certainly the most important document relating to Ireland that has seen the light for fifty years.

No other London journal had even the courage to quote extracts from this document. It was supplied to us at our request, and upon our guaranteeing to reproduce it in full, by the Irish Office. This document *The Constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood*, an octavo printed pamphlet, was captured by the police last March, and it contains the rules by which the youth of Ireland is drawn into the most bloodthirsty of all secret societies.

This document convicts out of their own mouths those members of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy who have maintained that no secret society is behind Sinn Fein. And the result of its publication will be to force the Bishops to excommunicate those persons who retain membership of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The Constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood contains the machinery for the carrying out of murders.

To meet the large demand we printed a special edition of "*Plain English*" for that week, and copies will be sent (post free) to any address on receipt of 10d.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 23
A Bishop Out of His Province 26
Jutland Treachery 27
Finance and Stock Markets... 29
Paris Notes...................... 30
The Merchant of Venice 30
The Hythe Report 32
Trusts and Trust-Mongering. 34
PAGE
Our Yellow Press Mis-Presents "William Hard" of U.S.A. 33
Blatant Notes 35
A Report to His Majesty King Hussein I. 36
A Pacifist Tailor 36
Reviews 37
Correspondence 38

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

The Plot to Lose India.

As we go to press the question of whether or not Rufus Isaacs, Lord Reading, is to be made Viceroy of India remains unsettled. We take it that the rumours which have appeared in the Press are in the nature of a kite-flying expedient. Lloyd George and his Jewish masters wish to test public opinion and to find out, if possible, whether it would be safe to risk the outburst of popular anger which this latest and most abominable attempt to Judaise the Government of the Empire may be expected to produce. Unfortunately, with the Press in its present disgraceful condition there is scarcely any outlet for real English opinion. All the daily papers with the exception of the *Morning Post* are directly or indirectly controlled by Jews, and even the *Morning Post* is by no means entirely free from Jewish influence. But to give credit where credit is due, we are glad to say that Lady Bathurst's organ has come out with the only English expression of opinion on Lord Reading's projected appointment which has been allowed to appear. In its issue of January 3rd the *Morning Post* had an admirable leading article on the subject. There is really little use in piling up words about the matter. To appoint Lord Reading Viceroy of India would be a piece of cynical impudence on the part of the long-haired Communist who is presiding over the ruin of the Empire. The result, in view of the tremendously strong feeling against Jews which exists in the Mahomedan population of India, would be disastrous and fatal. But, on the other hand, Lloyd George will certainly make the appointment unless the average Briton manages somehow or other to make his opinion felt. What he is to do, we hardly know. The average Briton has the Press he deserves, and until he can reform that Press or create a new one, his views and aspirations will continue to be ignored and misrepresented. If the average Briton is content to sit down with folded hands while the Empire is carved out and handed over to Jews, we can only say "his blood be on his own head." We take it that nothing will stop the present Judaising process but a violent explosion of rage and indignation on the part of the country, and we have evidence that there is a great deal of disquiet and anxiety among the Jewish gang and their agents. The impending disclosures over the Jutland affair have "put the fear of God" into them, and now, if ever, is the time for the average decent Briton to make his influence felt. Sir Alfred Mond, we note, has gone to Palestine, and Sir Philip Sassoon has also left the country. It may well be that Lord Reading feels that India is a "nice comfortable way" off from England in the event of trouble, in case the Jews as a consequence of these inevitable disclosures become even more unpopular than they are at present.

To Complete Montagu's Work.

Those who had any knowledge of the conditions of affairs in our Indian Empire were not surprised at the proposal that the Jew, Rufus Isaacs, should be Viceroy of India, for it was evident that the Government were determined to create an all-Jewish Executive for India. Were Isaacs to be made Viceroy, the three most important posts in the Indian Empire would be held by Jews.

Montagu, as Secretary for India, as we disclosed some months ago, has been engaged in a deliberate attempt to make the life of civil servants, representing the tradition of English governance, impossible. No device was too abominable for employment in this unholy and Empire-wrecking game, which, briefly put, consists of an attempt to degrade the white man. Under the control of Montagu the following devices were employed to that end :—

> (1) An order that Eurasians should be legally known as Anglo-Indians.
>
> (2) An order that a white man might not carry even a shot gun in a railway train, or use one without a licence, while the native might have as many guns as he liked.
>
> (3) Systematic demands for apology by white Government officials to natives. We cited a case where a district officer was ordered to apologise to a man who entered his office at night with the plain intention of spying.
>
> (4) An attempt to prevent British people from settling in India.
>
> (5) The announcement that the King would not expect to receive formal tribute or a *nazar*, a point the importance of which only Anglo-Indians can appreciate.
>
> (6) The systematic appointment of bounders to positions from which they can make the life of any gentleman in the Indian service impossible, and an encouragement of every kind of meanness and tale-telling.

The process as summarised above was so subtle that it could only have been devised by a Jew. As a result of the process, India is on the verge of being lost to the Empire. But to make sure of the definite loss of India, the ejection of a gentleman from the position of Viceroy, and the substitution of a Jew, was necessary.

So we have the proposal that Rufus Isaacs should rule India.

The condition to which India has been reduced by the Jew, Montagu, is disclosed in *The Globe* by Lord Sydenham; and we congratulate *The Globe* on having given publicity to Lord Sydenham's statements.

His Lordship reveals the fact that had it not been for the vigorous action of General Dyer, India might now be counted as lost :—

> Among the turbulent populations of the great towns, and even in the 250,000 tranquil country villages of India, they have implanted the seeds of race hatred which must endure for generations and may never be sterilised, unless the paramount authority of Government is quickly restored.
>
> The present absence of violence on a large scale is plainly due to the remembrance of the stern measures which it was unfortunately necessary to take in the Punjab, where the authorities were faced with a far-reaching conspiracy much better organised than that which produced the Mutiny.
>
> There is another aspect of the Indian agitation which must not be ignored. There have been deliberate and successful attempts, not without Bolshevik assistance, to create Labour unrest in all industrial centres. In some cases the results have been ludicrous.
>
> Mill workers have been induced by political agitators to quit their work and demonstrate in the streets without having formulated any grievances which the employers could redress.
>
> In Madras the only British-managed mill, which has long been distinguished for the generous treatment of its workers, has been singled out for special attacks.

And further on he points out that the Indian trouble is part of the Bolshevist movement. The Bolshevist movement is the work of international Jews, and is directed by the foremost Jewish financiers; so Lord Sydenham's statements deserve careful attention by all loyal subjects of the King :—

> Where unquestioned authority does not exist anarchy is inevitable. It is our earnest wish to associate the most capable Indians with our Government; but the idea that democratic institutions can be forced on the 320,000,000 inhabitants of India, split into fragments by rigid caste systems, speaking at least 50 different languages, and with racial differentiations far more marked than those of Europe, is wholly impracticable. This Lord Morley clearly saw; but Mr. Montagu proved inaccessible to warnings.
>
> The question is whether or not the authority of Government, which is the only safeguard of India against the anarchy from which we have rescued her, can and will be restored. The time has come when we must either govern or go.
>
> I believe that all the stable elements in India have no doubt as to their choice.
>
> ATTEMPT TO WRECK EMPIRE.
>
> The attempt now being made to render our rule in India impossible is only part of a far-reaching movement to wreck the British Empire, which is receiving support from Moscow.
>
> Lenin (Cederbaum) and Trotsky (Bronstein) are seeking to strengthen and turn to account all forces hostile to our Empire wherever they can be discovered.
>
> In Ireland, India, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, and here at home, every possibility for our undoing is being sedulously exploited.

Anything in this incredible world is possible. The Jew, Isaacs, may be appointed Viceroy, or he may not. But if the people of this country refrain from expressing their indignation at the suggestion that we should allow India to be ruled by the Jews, they certainly deserve the fate which awaits any people which has become decadent.

Wells, Gorki and Harris.

Since we exposed the conduct of Mr. H. G. Wells in our issue of November 27th, in connection with his cowardly attack on a crippled newspaper seller who had the misfortune to incur his wrath because he was selling copies of PLAIN ENGLISH to members of the "National Liberal Club," the world's greatest writer-up of Bolshevism has suffered a serious eclipse. Even the *Sunday Express* has ceased to boom him, and he is reported to be suffering from a "nervous break-down," and to have "gone abroad for his health." Meanwhile his bosom friend, Mr. Maxim Gorki, is also "up against it" in Russia. The Soviet Government, whose beneficent rule Gorki did so much to bring about, has developed such a fondness for him that it refuses to allow him to go out of the country, even for the laudable purpose of taking a cup of kindness with Mr. Wells at the National Liberal Club. With Mr. Gorki's other great friend and admirer, Mr. Frank Harris, "the world's greatest wearer of rabbit-skin coats," also in exile in America and faced with the refusal of the French authorities to allow him to land in France, the outlook for the three "comrides of the revolution" seems to be gloomy in the extreme, and in consequence the widows of Asher, or reviewers in *The Athenæum* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, are "loud in their wail."

The Carmelite House Wolf and the Children.

The latest Harmsworth abomination in the direction of exploiting the children of Great Britain in the interest of its circulation is provided by the *Daily Mirror*, which is now running a "Beauty Competition" for children. In consequence, the pages of the Harmsworth publication are covered with the photographs of little schoolgirls, some of them not older than six years, who are competing for a money prize, which is to be awarded by vote to the winner of the competition. Of the widespread injury to the character of these children, and of the ignoble nature of the sentiments which the *Daily Mirror* is seeking to awake in them, Lord Northcliffe and his gang, of course, take no account. But it seems to us monstrous that such a competition should be permitted, and we make our protest accordingly.

Pretty Pictures.

Last Sunday Sir Edward Hulton's journal, *The Sunday Herald*, came out with its outside illustrated page almost entirely covered with pictures of the Monds. On the top of the page we were treated to portraits of Lady Mond with her second daughter, Miss Mary Angela Mond, and Miss Mond's fiancé, Mr. Charles Morgan. In the middle of the page we have Lady Mond, Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh (Lord Reading's son and daughter-in-law) and Miss Megan Lloyd George, while the bottom of the page is embellished with a counterfeit presentment of Sir Alfred Mond and his "shooting party," which includes Lord Reading. The only thing lacking is a portrait of Sir Alfred Mond reading selections from his journal, *The English Review* (*vide* article in PLAIN ENGLISH of August 14th entitled "Blasphemy, Bolshevism and Bestiality"), to his family circle and the Lord Chief Justice of England over the "Yule Log" on Christmas Eve.

More Jewish Impudence.

We are promised two new treats: A Yiddish edition of the *Daily Herald* and a West-End theatre devoted entirely to the production of Yiddish plays. The first of these plays is to be produced next month. Thus month by month and week by week does the impudence of our Jewish taskmasters increase, and while the foolish Englishman occupies himself with "Christmas fare" and the "cricket news" from Australia, the Judaising of his country goes on unchecked and almost unnoticed under his nose. It is significant in this connection that Yiddish is simply a dialect of German written in Hebrew characters. At the rate things are going now, and as the boldness of the Jews increases and their grip on Lloyd George grows stronger, it cannot be long before the compulsory learning of Yiddish is made part of the curriculum of our National Schools. We suggest to Lord Northcliffe that in view of the present policy of *The Times* and its unashamed appearance in its latest *rôle* of a Jewish newspaper, an edition of the paper in Yiddish would ensure a large increase in its circulation. The policy of *The Times* now so nearly approaches to that of the *Daily Herald*, and such a strong feeling of *camaraderie* exists between the editors and staffs of the two papers, that the suggested edition could not but be productive of gratifying results. We quote from a recent issue of the *Herald :*

> At the opening of the new Labour Hall, Whitechapel, built by the members of the United Ladies' Tailors' Union, Mr. J. L. Fine, the general secretary of the union, said that it was up to all the workers to support the *Daily Herald*, and suggested that an edition in Yiddish would meet with a great success. "Don't you think we ought to have such an edition—if only once a week ?" he asked, and a great shout of approval went up from the audience.

We feel convinced that "a great shout of approval," quite equal in volume to that which greeted the proposal referred to, would come from a large percentage of the readers of *The Times* if a similar proposition were submitted to them in the case of Lord Northcliffe's journal.

"The Times" and Ireland.

Our recent disclosures about the new force behind *The Times*, namely, the individual calling himself Sir Stuart Campbell, has apparently produced some desirable scratchings of journalistic heads in Printing House Square. Your disguised Bolshevist is a timid person, by reason of the fact that he is disguised. And our polite hint that the guardians of the Realm were interested in the mysterious person who has gained ascendancy over the Jew, Harmsworth, was not offered without the very best possible reason.

So *The Times* is trying to save its face, and a leading article on Ireland in its issue of 5th inst. closely resembled a recent article in PLAIN ENGLISH. So close was the resemblance that at first one almost suspected that some "copy" intended for us had gone astray.

Here is what *The Times* has to say :—

> Political crime on the scale which it has attained in Ireland could scarcely have been possible had the Roman Catholic Church unanimously used against it the weapon of excommunication. Many of the misguided young men who are prepared to risk their lives in the ranks of the Irish Volunteers would hesitate also to risk their souls. Yet there is little doubt that some of the secular and many of the regular Irish clergy maintain the terrible doctrine that the murder of soldiers and policemen is legitimate warfare. We do not discuss the merits of a theological dispute, which we should once have believed impossible. There may conceivably be authority for the views of those ecclesiastics who disagree with the Bishop of Cork ; but, if the Church of Rome in Ireland be, in reality, divided on this point, its position is exceedingly grave. It cannot fail adversely to affect the interests of the Roman Catholic Church elsewhere. It is, indeed, already a stumbling-block to many of her adherents in this country, who, mystified by a policy foreign to all their beliefs, are forced into the dilemma of open disagreement or uncomfortable silence. The time has come when the Irish Bishops must openly array themselves as a body against these forces of evil which are abroad in their country, or make themselves answerable for the consequences of a discreditable neutrality towards a fundamental question of Christian principle.

We commend these remarks to the notice of *The Universe* and those Bishops and clergy in this country who consider that they can carry on a flirtation with blood-stained murderers and continue their spiritual work among loyal British people.

So far as Sir Stuart Campbell is concerned, we suggest that this change of heart may save him considerable inconvenience, which otherwise would have been inevitable.

How to Strengthen Britain.

Among the recommendations recently made by Major-General Count A. Cherep-Spiridovitch in PLAIN ENGLISH towards a "way of salvation for Britain," was one the importance of which might easily be overlooked, namely :—

> England ought to ask Prince Habib Lotfallah, the Envoy of H.M. King Hussein of Hedjaz, on what conditions the last would send the Arabs against the Kemalists and the Bolshevists united.

In an interview with the Prince, the Editor of this paper received some valuable information. Prince Habib Lotfallah is a Christian, and through the death of his father he came into possession of the Ghesireh Palace at Cairo, and is, moreover, one of the richest men in Egypt. He was appointed by King Hussein to represent him in Europe, and was in London some little time ago carrying on negotiations with the Government. The King of Hedjaz has an army of a million men, and he and his people have the most friendly feelings towards Britain.

We reproduce elsewhere the text of the report laid before the British Government by Prince Habib Lotfallah. If the recommendations are adopted we shall have an ally in Arabia and Syria whose assistance in keeping our potential enemies the Jews, Kemalists and Bolshevists at bay, may prove of supreme importance to the Empire in the near future.

Indirectly, the Jewish plot whereby India is to be lost may be countered ; and the strengthening of our position in the Near East assured.

It will be observed by the text of the Report that there has been something worse than trickery in the dealings of the Government (as represented by Lord Curzon) with King Hussein. The area granted to the King by treaty between the Hashemitic Kingdom and Britain in 1905 included part of Palestine. But Jewish influence at the Peace Conference secured the suppression of the details of this treaty. Britain is not too rich in friends that she can afford to ignore the admitted claims of one of her most valued allies.

Irish-Catholicism.

This new brand of religion has led Mr. Kensit, with some apparent justification, to place a big poster over his shop in the City, on which is printed these words :—

ROME BEHIND SINN FEIN.

That "Rome" is no more behind Sinn Fein than it is behind Mr. Kensit, is for all decent Catholics a self-evident fact. But that Mr. Kensit could apparently justify his statement is also a self-evident fact.

Catholics had been witnessing a wonderful change in the attitude of the British people towards the Church. All good Catholics have striven and prayed for the conversion of England; and their efforts and prayers were just beginning to be rewarded by a phenomenal transformation of British sentiment and a general movement in this country towards the Church. But in the path over which the people of Britain were moving has arisen the spectre of Irish-Catholicism.

Some Bishops and priests have loved Sinn Fein more dearly than the souls of men for whose salvation they were bound to strive. Fearful scandal has been caused by such episodes as the suicide-reception in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark; and we have had occasion to reprove even such a definitely religious journal as the *Universe* for permitting itself to adopt the tenets of Irish-Catholicism.

If a desperate effort is not made Irish-Catholicism will wreck the work of the Catholic Church in this country. Indeed, humanly speaking, the wrecking seems to have been completed.

That matters are as bad in America, is proved by the conduct of a typical Catholic paper in that country.

Here is a reproduction of the title heading of the paper in question :—

In hoc signo vinces.
THE MONITOR.
The Family Catholic Weekly of New Jersey.

This well-titled religious journal contains little or nothing about religion. It seems to be entirely devoted to attacks upon Britain.

In big type across the whole of the front page we have the words : "The Man of Truth *versus* the Beast of Prey." The "Man of Truth" in this case is the notorious Archbishop Mannix, and the "Beast of Prey" is Britain.

The next article is entitled, "The Irish Cause in American Villages." In three leading articles there is no word about religion; but they are devoted to attacks on England.

Right across the principal news page we have the following : "Britain's Pirates seize Archbishop."

And across the back page we have : "What British Militarism means in Ireland."

Incidentally two issues of the *Monitor* contain nine columns devoted to abuse of the assistant Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH, about whom the vile suggestion is made that he has abandoned the Catholic Church.

Apparently, in the minds of some persons, it is necessary to be a Sinn Feiner if one is to be regarded as a Catholic.

This is the note of Irish-Catholicism, the newest heresy.

A BISHOP OUT OF HIS PROVINCE.

WE have received the appended letter from the Bishop of Northampton :—

Bishop's House,
Northampton,
January 2, 1921.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH :

The Bishop of Northampton calls the attention of Lord Alfred Douglas to an article in this week's issue of PLAIN ENGLISH in which "disloyal sentiments" are imputed to him, and demands the immediate and unequivocal withdrawal of that libellous imputation, for which the writer of the article has, and can have, no justification whatsoever.

✠ F. W., BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON.

To this communication we have replied in the following terms :—

"PLAIN ENGLISH,"
38, Great Ormond Street,
London, W.C.1.,
January 4, 1921.

MY LORD BISHOP :

In reply to your letter, I have to say that I have nothing to withdraw and that I am ready and willing to justify the charges of disloyalty which were brought against you in the article in last week's PLAIN ENGLISH, "Enemies Within The Gates," which I wrote myself.

You are supporting the Irish Sinn Feiners who are attempting to set up a Bolshevik Republic in Ireland and who have made themselves responsible for a campaign of murder, outrage and wholesale lying. You have written to *The Universe*, censuring the English Catholic Union because they ventured, through the intermediary of Lord Walter Kerr, to put before the Belgian Hierarchy the real truth about the issue between Ireland and the forces of the Crown. In your letter to *The Universe* you characterised Lord Walter's letter as "a purely ex parte statement—neither better nor worse than the claptrap of the secular party Press." Yet you have never made the slightest protest against the wholesale newspaper campaign of lying and slandering which is being carried on on behalf of "the cause of Ireland" all over the world. Thus while complacently acquiescing in this wicked campaign of abuse and lying directed against your own Sovereign and your own country, you feel called upon to rush into print the moment representative English Catholics endeavour to make their voices heard in defence of their own position as loyal supporters of the present policy in Ireland of His Majesty's Government. By so doing you have descended into the region of party (or rather I should say international) politics, and have forfeited your episcopal immunity from criticism. As a Bishop, and in your episcopal capacity, I have for you the greatest reverence and respect, but as a supporter of the enemies of our country, I have no hesitation in characterising you as disloyal. I consider that your own public words and actions constitute a full justification of what I have said concerning you, and I shall withdraw nothing.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,
ALFRED DOUGLAS.

The Lord Bishop of Northampton.

In replying in this way to the Bishop of Northampton, who has been a subscriber to PLAIN ENGLISH almost from our first number, we are carrying out a programme which the very title of our paper connotes and implies. It is the very essence of the policy of Plain English to criticise quite freely, frankly and fearlessly everything and everybody which appears to us to call for criticism. The average newspaper reader of the present day has become so accustomed to associate private interests and private axe-grinding with the Press, that he is in danger of forgetting that a paper which is not devoted to the Public Interest is not, and cannot be, an honest paper. As far as we know there is no paper in England, other than Plain English, which is so devoted to the *Public Interest* as to be willing to make no exceptions to the implied rule of honest journalism. And if anyone replies to us: "That amounts to a statement that Plain English is the only entirely honest paper in England," we reply: "Exactly so."

We are personally unacquainted with the Bishop of Northampton, but if he were our own brother, our criticism of his actions and words would not be affected or diverted by so much as a hair's breadth from its line. When we see a man picking pockets we call him a pickpocket, and when we see a man supporting and encouraging the enemies of his country we call him a disloyal man, and should call him so whoever he was.

If this sort of plain speaking (or common honesty) as applied to a Bishop offends any of our readers we regret that it should be so, but we are unable to alter our method, because that method is an essential and elementary principle of our system of conducting a paper. Once we were to make the smallest deviation from the principle aforesaid we should put ourselves on the level of the rest of the Press, which we will never consent to do. For example, if we were to argue as follows: "Here is a Catholic Bishop doing something which in the case of a Protestant layman we should characterise as disloyal, but as it is a question of 'attacking' a Catholic Bishop we will say nothing about it, because for a Catholic layman to attack a Bishop is unedifying," we should be putting outselves on the level of any of the journals in London, whose methods of conducting their business it is one of our duties to expose and denounce.

The long and short of it is that there is only one way to escape criticism in Plain English, and that is to be above criticism. Consequently, if the Bishop of Northampton objects to having "disloyal sentiments" imputed to him, his course is quite plain. Let him refrain from giving vent to such sentiments, or, better still, let him acquire the state of mind which would make it impossible for him to cherish such sentiments even in his secret heart. The latter alternative may be impossible of achievement for him. His sympathy with the "wrongs of Ireland" may be so deep-rooted and so sincere that he cannot find it in his heart to condemn the Irish even when they resort to murder, suicide, robbery, arson and wholesale lying and calumny. In that case he has our sincere sympathy. But whether or not he can achieve the state of mind implied by the latter of the two alternatives we have suggested, it is quite certain that the former alternative is not beyond his reach. Unlike ourselves, he can always keep silence. A weekly newspaper conducted in the public interest cannot keep silence about the controversial subjects of the day; a Bishop, on the other hand, can very well do so if he will. If, however, he finds himself, for any reason, unable to keep silence, he must be prepared to be answered and criticised on precisely the same lines and in precisely the same way as anyone else. It will not do for him to say or to think: "I can say or write what I choose, and as I am a Catholic Bishop no Catholic will venture to criticise my utterances." The Bishop of Northampton will, we feel sure, be the first to admit that the consequences of conceding such a licence to Bishops might be fraught with the most terrible dangers. One has only to think what would have happened to Catholicism if nobody had ventured to contradict Arius because he was a Bishop, or Luther because he was a learned monk, to see that no ecclesiastic, however highly placed, can safely be considered immune from honest criticism.

JUTLAND TREACHERY.

The Harmsworth Press for some time past has been making considerable capital out of what it has been pleased to call the "dumb press," *i.e.*, those newspapers which do not publish statements of their circulation.

But the Harmsworth press now finds that the shoe is on the other foot in a matter much more vital than circulations.

Two weeks have gone by since we made our first disclosure about the battle of Jutland. This disclosure appeared at a moment when the press was engaged in giving the utmost publicity to the Government's reports of the battle. But as we pointed out last week, the immediate effect of our disclosures was instantaneous silence on the part of every daily newspaper. The press dropped Jutland like the proverbial hot potato. It may seem remarkable that the Government could control the entire press so effectively as to cut short a discussion which promised to last for weeks, simply because Plain English published the truth about the Battle of Jutland. The *Daily Mail* and *The Times*, not to mention the *Daily Herald*, may in future be known as the "Dumb Press." And why they are dumb, we shall proceed to show.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," says Keats; and this poet also declared that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." So, in the interests of beauty and truth we shall reproduce the sentences in Plain English which reduced the Harmsworth Press, not to mention the *Daily Herald* and the *Morning Post*, to terrified silence.

Here is the original disclosure as made by Plain English:

> We hear much from the Government about the British wireless messages. Why has the Government nothing to tell us about the German wireless messages during the battle?
>
> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**

To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:

> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**

And here is a subsequent revelation as printed in our last issue :—

> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> We assure our readers that the abomination which we have disclosed is by no means the whole of the scandal, and we may say that one of the reasons why the Government has not attempted to deny our statements is that behind the manipulation of our navy by Germany during the Battle of Jutland there lies a financial plot of the first magnitude.
>
> For the present it will be sufficient to indicate truly the nature of this financial plot.
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk ; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell ; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.

The Press and the Government have met these statements with nothing better than terrified silence. Not a solitary word about Jutland has been printed in our British journals for two weeks.

But before we proceed further with the matter our readers may be interested to learn how the Government secured the silence of the press. The work was done by a Jew, a person of German origin, who is a member of the Carlton Club and is associated with one of the greatest banking concerns in the world. It was an easy matter for this man to secure the silence of the press. As a Jew he could secure the obedience of nearly every newspaper in London, because they are nearly all Jew-owned.

The Times, *Daily Mail*, *Evening News* and the rest of the Northcliffe papers belong to the Jew, Alfred Harmsworth. *The Daily Express* is owned by the Jew, Lord Beaverbrook ; the *Daily Telegraph* is owned by the Jew, Lord Burnham ; *The Daily News* and *Star* are under Jewish influence ; *The Westminster Gazette* belongs to the Jew, Sir Alfred Mond. *The Daily Chronicle* was purchased by a friend of Lloyd George, and is the Prime Minister's official organ. *The Evening Standard* owned by an individual who was engaged in working the oracle recently for Sir Alfred Mond.

So there you have them. It was a simple matter for the Government's emissary to silence the *Daily Herald* and the *Globe*. The former would naturally obey him because he was a Jew, and had up his sleeve the Government's threat of criminal proceedings ; and the *Globe* has not forgotten its suppression and the permission of the Government to continue publication if Mr. Palmer, the Editor, were dismissed.

There remains the *Morning Post*. The Jewish influence on this paper is so remarkable that it employs a Jew of German origin, Sir George Lewis, as its solicitor, and the German Jew, Morris Löwe, as its American correspondent, and the latter is able to force into its columns sentiments which are calculated to cause bad blood between Britain and America.

But this being said, it is a scandal of the first order that the *Morning Post*, the paper which, after all, represents the sane and honourable people of this country, should have yielded to Jew pressure, and the argument presented by the Government's agent, namely that it could help to hit Lord Alfred Douglas by ignoring the Jutland disclosures made in the paper which he edits.

The Government felt sure that if it secured an absolutely dumb press, the Jutland scandal, the worst scandal—we use the words deliberately—that ever occurred in British history, would be forgotten and die a natural death.

But in this the foes of truth are mistaken. They hoped that they would smother PLAIN ENGLISH under a blanket of silence. But they did not reckon with the fact that we knew more than we disclosed in our original statement.

Last week's issue of PLAIN ENGLISH fell like a bombshell into the Government camp. Government officials ran about with copies of PLAIN ENGLISH ; and the decorative value of PLAIN ENGLISH on the tables of certain persons at the Admiralty was remarkable.

Heated discussions took place, and a plan was decided upon about which we may have something to say at a later date.

In the meantime, we ask these simple questions :—

1. Why does the Government refuse to publish the German messages at Jutland ?

2. Why does the Government continue to gag the press ?

3. Why does the Government delude itself into the belief that the public will fail to insist on an answer to our charges ?

4. And—most important of all—why is the Government interested in shielding the person who negotiated for the escape of the German Fleet at the Battle of Jutland ?

Now that we are engaged in asking questions, we should really like to have some definite information about the persons who occupied the secret, locked, wireless rooms at the Admiralty during the Battle of Jutland ?

The good name of honourable and brave men is involved in this. Why should they be placed under a cloud merely to shield a traitor whose proper place is the Tower with a firing party before him ?

We know what men in the Navy feel about this scandal, and in the interests of the honourable and brave men of our Fleet we consider that some light should be shed upon the appointment of an individual, cast out of the Foreign Office, associated with Lansbury and the rest of our local Bolshivists, and left in charge of one of the most important wireless instruments in this country.

Perhaps the Government will now ungag the press, and allow this Jutland scandal to be discussed with freedom.

That will do for the present.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

Bank Rate 7%. Bankers' Deposit Rate 5%.

Price of Gold 115s. 10d. per fine oz.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
Alexandria	Piastres	97½	97¼ to 97¾
Amsterdam	Florins	12.1	11.27 to 11.29
Berlin	Marks;	20.43	269 to 269½
Brussels	Francs	25.22½	58.05 to 58.10
Calcutta	Rupee	1s. 4d.	1/5¾ to 1/6
Christiania	Kroner	18.15	22.40 to 22.45
Italy	Lire	25.22½	104½ to 104¾
Madrid	Pesetas	25.22½	27.15 to 27.20
Montreal	Dollars	4.86	4.16 to 4.18
New York	Dollars	4.86	3.54⅞ to 3.55⅛
Paris ;	Francs	25.22½	60.90 to 61.00
Singapore	Dollars	2s. 4d.	2/3$\frac{1}{32}$ to 2/3$\frac{3}{32}$
Switzerland	Francs	25.22½	23.27 to 23.30
Yokohama	Yen	25.48d.	2/8 to 2/8¼

SOUTH AFRICAN COAL.

THERE has been so much trouble in Europe over the coal question that any new source of supply is more than welcome, and we are glad to learn that South Africa is taking full advantage of her natural supplies and intends to develop them with a view to reaping some of the coal profits now obtainable. At the recent meeting of shareholders of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co., Ltd., held in Johannesburg, the chairman, Mr. J. M. Munro, after referring to the other assets of the Company, gave the following information regarding the Company's newly acquired coal interests, and from the details supplied it seems as if coal in the near future is likely to prove as profitable as the other mining interests of the Company :—

> " Your directors, ever alert to widening the field of the Company's operations, have recently acquired various coal interests in South Africa. The Collieries in the Transvaal are all producing, but on a small scale—it is intended to reorganise them and increase their output. South Africa has been coquetting with the coal export trade for many years, but has never in the past been able to compete on any large scale. The conditions which have arisen since the war have put an entirely new aspect on the position, and the very high price and shortage of coal in England and other countries have opened the door for South Africa to establish a very substantial and lucrative export trade. Our ports are crowded with ships hungering for coal, and the collieries are capable of producing it, but the weak link in the chain is our railway system, which is incapable of meeting the demands which are being made upon it, The position in Natal is worse than it is in the Transvaal, and it is simply heartbreaking to see a colliery like the Cambrian only being able to get trucks for about half the output for which it is equipped.
>
> " It should also be remembered that the presence of deposits of coal which can be worked comparatively cheaply must tend to the establishment of industries in this country. In fact, coal is the basis of all industrial development, and this is another reason why the railway administration should increase their facilities for handling the coal output of the country."

Small Depositors.

It usually needs a crisis or a disaster to revive obvious remedies for faults and errors repeated *ad nauseam*. The recent default of Farrow's Bank has brought again to the front the question of the protection of the small tradesman or householder who, lacking the courage to approach the gilded portals of the big Joint Stock Banks, has been compelled to take his surplus cash (usually something small but important to himself) to the custody of a smaller organisation where, as has happened in this case, the safety of the money has been imperilled. No redress is likely to come to the depositor other than in the ordinary course. Those who are inclined to blame the Government, the other Banking institutions or others, are exploding so much air. In this matter as in ordinary commerce the principle of *caveat emptor* must be applied. Whatever the reason is for the failure of the Bank (apart from fraud or misrepresentation) the depositors, customers and shareholders must take the consequences. The question whether the small tradesman or investor or depositor is properly catered for is another and a big matter on which a great deal can be said or written. Most of the Joint Stock Banks will accept deposits even of small amounts, but whether these institutions lay themselves out to attract this class of business is another problem. There are, of course, the usual Savings Bank channels where these surplus funds can be placed ; there are also the Post Office Savings Bank, Building Societies, Trade Union Funds, Co-operative Societies, and no doubt others less widely known in which sums aggregating large amounts annually are deposited. To keep pace with the all-important necessities of the democracy it seems likely that newer and better expedients for catching up the floating cash of the multitude are required, but these must not be left to the Government or its officials to inspire (even if they could), or to carry into effect. The cost of collection and handling would soon eat up the capital, judging from the past five or six years' experience. Whether late banking hours in certain districts by the bigger banks will meet the case is doubtful. The tendency in the evening after work is rather to spend money than to bank it. Some of the bigger industrial concerns might consider the deduction from wages weekly by agreement with employees of a defined sum for investment in the business or in Government securities or the like ; and in the case of small shopkeepers and tradesmen special invitation from the local bank managers to open an account, and at no cost, should be effective, if given generally and to every resident. There is no doubt the big figures on which banks work, and which are proudly printed in all their accounts and duly circulated, rather give the small man the impression that his £50 a week turnover or £100 a year saved are not wanted.

Markets.

The same views recur annually at this time of the year in whatever sphere—finance, commerce and the social aspects—a jolly good riddance to the old year and a pious hope for a better new one. Well, 1920 nearly ended up in disaster so far as Markets are concerned, and it seems a miracle we have got so clear out of it. We trust the worst is over, and with the turn of the year we shall see a turn of the tide of prosperity. The flush of prosperity in 1919 and in the early month of 1920 seemed to lure most of our politicians and administrators—experienced in spending but with no knowledge of how to earn the money—on the road to public ruin, and this has been their state of mind until the last few weeks, when conditions have so changed. Still, they have everything yet to learn in the way of economy. The Excess Profits Duty has so filled their minds with debauchery that the spendthrifts have to take time to get over the surfeit, and where money is being thrown about there are always the hangers on who take a big share. It would be a difficult task to define where the biggest losses have been in Stock Exchange securities. Heavy depreciation has taken place in all classes of investments—from our gilt-edged Consols, War Loans, Public Loans, down through industrial shares to the more speculative shares. In these losses the public have of course had a good lesson, but unfortunately the loser is in most cases the one least able to stand the loss. The small and large capitalist alike—if a possessor of any cash at all can be called a capitalist—has had to see a large part of his money go to support labour, and that not because it really has been earned, but because by continued agitation and threats the working men—the vote-owning majority—can hold up the nation and rob whatever section of it seems most likely to concede. Now, however, that the lessons are beginning to be learnt by which labour will acquire even a rudimentary idea of economic laws, it is to be expected that more work and less agitation will be the order of the day. The result of the latest award to the miners' claims showing that by putting forward better work the reward is better wages, should tell in all industries. That done we should soon see a revival of Stock Markets, for as the earning capacity is increased wealth will accumulate, and that in its many forms. The standard is not high wages so much as the cost of living, and every worker contributes to that in proportion as he does his duty as a member of the State.

It is likely 1921 will see improvements in all Stock Markets both here and throughout the world. New Exchange problems have arisen as a result of Peace, and will be tackled and solved. The world's necessities will be met by the creative power of the worker. The medium of exchange—gold—will gild everything as before in due course. It seems strange that though gold is so much sought after by individuals and States, very little is done—nothing at all really—by Governments to assist in its discovery. If Oil can tempt a Government to a partnership, why not the precious metal ?

Dividends and Reports.

Plowman Barrett.—Dividend of 20 per cent. (4s. per share) less tax on Preference shares for four years ended 30th September, 1918.

Scottish Motor Traction.—Dividend of 5 per cent. (1s. per share) free of tax for half-year, making 10 per cent. for year. £15,988 carried forward.

Jas. Milne & Son.—Dividend of 10 per cent. free of tax.

Kay's Atlas Brewery.—Interim dividend of 6 per cent. on Ordinary shares.

Western Australian Bank.—Net profit £32,056. Dividend of 10 per cent.

Wath Main Colliery.—Interim dividend of 1s. per share, free of tax.

Royal Bank of Australia.—Dividend of 10 per cent.

Moss Spinning.—Dividend of 5s. per share.

Scottish Motor Traction.—Net profit £26,998. Final dividend of 5 per cent., free of tax.

Land Bank of Egypt.—Dividend of 6s. 6d. per share, less tax on Ordinary shares, payable against Coupon 20.

PARIS NOTES.

XVII.

During the last fortnight of 1920 the French public was given an opportunity of seeing at a glance where it stands at home and abroad. The results of the Congress of the Socialist Party at Tours throws a new light on the internal conditions in France in the same way as a week before M. André Lefevre's warnings summed up France's position in foreign politics.

At Tours the French Socialist Party, by a majority of two-thirds voted its adherence to the Third International of Moscow and constituted the French Communist Party in accordance with the stipulations of Zinoviev's twenty-one points. One may—and many people do—call it politely a split of the Socialist Party. Candid people will call it purely and simply a triumph of Bolshevism. One can also say—and everybody repeats it—that the Communistic majority does not represent the opinion of the French workers. Revolutions never are made by the action of a majority.

Things in France have certainly not improved since September. The symptoms of a healthy reaction which were noticeable in the summer and ever since the general elections of November 16th 1919, and the victory of Millerand's Government over the revolutionary attempts of May 1st, 1920, are fading away very fast. From the point of view of the electors and of parliamentary practice the present Chamber of Deputies is doomed and a radical reaction inevitable. Political France once more seems to drift towards the radical party. The *Gaulois* sums up the views of the party, which " wants to reform society from top to bottom without touching any of its foundations, to establish the equality of men while respecting their position and their property, to maintain the spirit of a nation after abolishing everything nationality stands for, and to defend the country without risking the lives of its citizens."

" We depart in no way from our liberalism ! " exclaimed M. Steeg in the Chamber. " Whatever you do we will act exactly as we please," answered Cachin.

Drawing himself up with almost Wilsonian dignity, M. Steeg accepted the challenge.

What's the betting ?

The whole gist of the pitiful struggle of radical-liberalism against bolshevism lies in these two sentences.

M. Steeg had declared a little while ago that he was fully aware of Bolshevik propaganda, that he was watching it closely—although in no way departing from his liberalism—and that the common sense of the French people was going to triumph over Bolshevism.

While he was still speaking, Clara Zetkin, a German Jewess, member of the Reichstag and emissary of the Third International of Moscow, after having been officially refused passports by M. Steeg's police, crossed the frontier on foot, appeared at the Congress at Jours, delivered an inflammatory address, and disappeared. M. Steeg was sorry. The frontier is long, the police small, the Congress a private meeting upon which it would be indiscreet to intrude. When Mademoiselle Zetkin was leaving it was already dark. Very difficult to see in the dark, don't you know !

They say that Ledebour and Zinoviev himself were also expected at Tours, but, apparently, did not want to run the gauntlet of M. Steeg's argus-like vigilance. Being communistic stars of the first magnitude, the French police might have caught sight of them, even after dark. Meanwhile, while Steeg keeps his watch badly, Lenin keeps his well.

The socialist, Mistral, complained at the Congress that he had been reproved by some of his colleagues for not submitting the drafts of the resolutions he proposed to the preliminary approval of authorised—though secret—representatives of the Third International. André Renoult, " looking very pale," admitted to the assembly that there *were* representatives of the Third International present. Probably Lenin's secret agents, unlike M. Steeg's policemen, are endowed with a retentive memory and keen eyesight. Probably some day they will be able to recognise those who had gone against the dictates of Moscow—even in the dark. The " Extraordinary Commission " has begun its work in France at the Congress at Tours, and so businesslike were its methods that they made M. André Renoult—one of the faithful—" look very pale."

Paris, ENGO.
January 2nd, 1921.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shakespeare wrote *The Merchant of Venice* in the year 1594, when he was rising to the full stature of his genius. It is a sublime comedy in the classical sense ; and perhaps of all his plays it is the one which touches the heart most truly. By reason of this the characters take unto themselves life. But there are few plays of Shakespeare which have suffered so much at the hands of that egotistical being the Actor Manager as *The Merchant of Venice.* Upon the delicate beauty and subtle strength of this great comedy the Actor Manager has descended; and, to put it plainly, when we went to see *The Merchant of Venice* we saw instead—shall we say?—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. And what was the result? A dwarfing of every character except Shylock and Portia, and a magnifying of the actors' personality, so that we could not forget for a moment that Shylock was Irving and Portia, Terry. By this treatment many plays might be vastly improved; but by this treatment a play by Shakespeare is almost ruined. For example, in *The Merchant of Venice* the beautiful soul of Antonio is overshadowed. Surely, when Shakespeare created Antonio, he desired to show us that the goodness of a man may redeem an age and justify our humble acceptance of the woeful things which life holds for us all. Here is Antonio as a friend:—

> I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
> And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
> Within the eye of honour, be assured,
> My purse, my person, my extremest means,
> Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

And consider him when he faces the Jew's knife, expecting his end "with a good hope, in a patient and kindly mood," as Plato puts it, and with no word of reproach. Here was surely a man the conversation of whose life was pleasant and holy:—

> But little; I am arm'd and well prepared,
> Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
> Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
> For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
> Than is her custom; it is still her use
> To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
> To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
> An age of poverty . . . . .
> Commend me to your honourable wife;
> Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
> Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
> And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
> Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
> Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
> And he repents not that he pays your debt;
> For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
> I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

No wonder that Bassanio described Antonio to Portia in these perfect lines:—

> The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
> The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
> In doing courtesies; and one in whom
> The ancient Roman honour more appears
> That any that draws breath in Italy.

Therefore it is in the nature of things that Bassanio should speak thus to Antonio:—

> Antonio, I am married to a wife
> Which is as dear to me as life itself;
> But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
> Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
> I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
> Here to this devil, to deliver you.

That this speech was no matter of temporary emotion Shakespeare takes care to prove when he allows Bassanio to give his most precious ring, the gift of his wife, which she had pledged him to keep always for her sake, to the deliverer of Antonio, when Antonio bids him to give it.

That is a point which may escape many people; and yet it is a valuable point in the play, for it exhibits the tremendous sincerity of Bassanio, and it also reveals the wonderful subtlety of Shakespeare's dramatic construction.

In previous articles we have dealt with the pre-echoes by which Shakespeare indicates the development of some of his plays. We get one of these pre-echoes in the very first line of *The Merchant of Venice* when Antonio says:—

> In sooth I know not why I am so sad.

And then immediately after there comes a hint of the instability of fortune which may ruin Antonio, when Salanio utters these lovely lines:—

> Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
> There, where your argosies with portly sail,
> Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
> Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
> Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
> That curts'y to them, do them reverence,
> As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Everyone knows the famous passages from this play:—

> Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

. . . .

> That light we see is burning in my hall.
> How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

. . . .

> The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest:
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown;
> His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute of awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
> It is an attribute of God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.

But in this wonderful play there are beauties which reveal themselves to all lovers of beauty and truth. For example—but the play is so full of beauty that one is puzzled where to commence a selection from its loveliness—there is that passage which follows upon the pre-echo which reveals Portia's fitness to love Bassanio before she sees him, after she has looked upon him:—

> I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
> To eke it and to draw it out in length,
> To stay you from election.

And there are some splendid passages in the mouth of the Prince of Morocco:—

> From the four corners of the earth they come
> To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint;
> The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
> Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
> For princes to come view fair Portia;
> The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
> Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
> To stop the foreign spirits; but they come.
> As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

There is a delicate and wonderful beauty revealed in the scene between Bassanio and Portia when their fate is about to be decided. Portia says:—

> Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
> Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
> Fading in music; that the comparison
> May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
> And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
> And what is music then?

How true Shakespeare is in the drawing of a scene where great emotion is to be revealed, we can see when we examine the restraint which both Portia and Bassanio exhibit when they suddenly gain their heart's desire. For sudden and great good fortune leave one calm and beautifully secure. Bassanio's speech is so long in this case that we leave the reader to examine it for himself; but the spirit of happiness tempered by restraint is revealed in Portia's words:—

> You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
> Such as I am; though for myself alone
> I would not be ambitious in my wish,
> To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
> I would be trebled twenty times myself;
> A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
> More rich;
> That only to stand high in your account . . .

On Monday last the "Old Vic" was filled to overflowing with an eager audience All the boxes were filled; and one felt that Shakespeare's lovers, of high and low estate, had come to honour him. And they were rewarded for their devotion. The "Old Vic" has surely never known such a triumph. One passed into the street when all was over with an uncanny feeling that by some trick of the sublime poet, some deed of æsthetic alchemy, the Characters in *The Merchant of Venice* had come to life, or rather had come to London Town, that they might dwell among us. Shylock was surely trudging down the Waterloo Road in search of his friend Rothschild. Having seen this play acted by the best actors of the past thirty years we can say that in our opinion the part of Shylock was never more perfectly played than it was on Monday by Mr. Ernest Milton. This superlative praise may, with slight modification, be accorded to Rupert Harvey (Bassanio), Austin Trevor (Antonio), and Florence Saunders (Portia), and spread in rich measure over the rest of the actors. Surely Shakespeare has in this queer century come at last into the kingdom of his lovers.

H. M. P.

THE HYTHE REPORT.

III.

Just as Captain X.'s escape seemed possible Lieut. Galbraith, who was convalescent, had a relapse, and was forced to remain in bed. Consequently all plans had to be abandoned. No one was allowed to visit Captain X. The story was given out that his language and his habits were so disgusting that no visitors could be permitted; only male nurses were in charge of the case, as the patient at times became violent. This, of course, was done through the orders of the Military Intelligence section organised by the Jew, Col. Leopold Amery, and which was supposed to be under the command of Col. Cunliffe-Owen, but whose real head was a Captain Cohen, a relative of the Rothschilds.

One morning, when some American officers were visiting the hospital, the N.C.O. in charge of Captain X.'s guard, the same who once before had assaulted his "patient," came in and seizing Captain X. by the shoulder threw him against the stone-wall of the basement room. Instinct told him to choke the blind rage and the desire to fight his tormenter that first came to Captain X. The fact that a Jew N.C.O., acting as he had once said[*] under higher orders, could suddenly assault an officer holding His Majesty's commission and one supposed to be under medical treatment was so astounding that Captain X. at once saw the plan. It was to have him attack his keepers and then the American officers could witness how violent a case was that of the "poor mad officer."

Upon learning that among the visitors was Col. Ryan, of the American Red Cross, who had been through part of the Serbian Retreat with Captain X., the importance of British (?) Intelligence in trying to make out a good case was seen.

But as Captain X. failed to act the part expected, the visiting Americans were not shown the part of the basement where he was confined. The fact that Colonel Ryan was in Salonika, however, gave Captain X. reason to hope that if he could escape and reach American Red Cross Headquarters he would be safe. Colonel Ryan, unlike so many of the officers in the American Red Cross, was a Christian and a Catholic. He was widely travelled and had been in Russia. He had been through part of the Serbian Retreat, and before he was captured by the Austrians he had witnessed the thousands of Salonika Jews in Belgrade fall upon the deserted property of the fleeing Serbians, strangely unmolested by the Austrians. While a prisoner in Hungary he had seen the unkempt soldiers at the front and the sleek *schieber* at Buda-Pest. The weak part about Captain X.'s plan of escape was the uncertainty of reaching a place of safety. Not many men in June, 1917, upon reading Captain X.'s explanation of the telegram received in Rome[†], and hearing of his adventures since, but would be inclined to agree that it was all a hallucination. One of the few exceptions would be Colonel Ryan.

Then by great luck communication with the outside world was established. Captain X. asked to see a priest. This was refused by the Colonel in charge of the 42nd General Hospital, who sent back word by the Jew N.C.O. that he "would have no plotting." Finally a Church of England chaplain was permitted to visit the "patient." He came bearing gifts of sweets and cigarettes. He said that Captain X. was very fortunate not to be in the trenches. It was beastly in the trenches—heat and flies. Was there anything he could do for the dear boy?

There was. Could the kind padre get some books? Something light, like "Spud Samson," which was a book owned by a Lieut. Galbraith, now in bed in a ward upstairs. The padre was only too pleased, and next day the book arrived with the note pencilled on a page to put any letters for printing in the place cut in the back cover. What a foresight had the intelligent young Scot, Galbraith.

As it was a question whether Lord Hythe had ever received the report left in Rome for him, which Captain X. had left upon receipt of the suggestion from Mr. Philip Kerr, another copy was prepared. The carbon copy of the original had not been discovered hidden away as it was in an emergency dressing, which was sewn, according to regulation, under the tunic of Captain X.

A copy was made and put in a sheet of paper addressed to Lord Hythe with a covering sheet to the Countess ——, Park Lane. The whole was then put in an envelope addressed to Miss ——, Connaught Square, London, and a most harmless letter it must have appeared. Lieut. Galbraith received it in the returned book and used his prerogative to censor and post the only copy of the Hythe report which Lord Hythe ever received.

British secret service in Rome under the watchful eye of Col. Gabriel had intercepted the original. The young lad in the Cunard office who had typed the report was made a Freemason, which was one way to keep him quiet. The Roman lodge was most powerful, having members like Sonnino and Nathan, who boast of "English" antecedents. That these English antecedents turn out to be Liverpool Jews who were tribal friends of old Samuel, who kept the big Liverpool pawnshop, did not prejudice the case. With the Jews' help, Col. Gabriel suppressed the original Hythe report and to-day the descendants of Samuel reign in Palestine, the India Office, the silver mart and the petrol combine. Yet they did a good deed in keeping the report from Lord Hythe, for they prolonged his life. When the report finally reached him through the aid of the padre and Lieut. Galbraith, Lord Hythe saw the awful trap laid for Britain. His father's death made him the Earl Brassey, and with the fortune at his disposal he planned to organise the Church of England to meet the menace of the Jews. While on his way to an important meeting he was struck by a taxicab and later died of his injuries.

Now this tragic death reminds one of the strange taxicab in John Buchan's yarn, "The Power House." But there is more truth than fiction in Buchan, just as there is in Disraeli, but Col. Buchan does not come into the story of the Hythe report until later.

By means of the borrowing and returning of a book, Captain X. managed to get another letter posted to London. The second one was to Mr. Philip Kerr, 10, Downing Street. By accident a visiting surgeon, Major Fleming, saw this letter on Captain X.'s table.

"Poor X.," said Major Fleming, "I had a patient once who wrote to Queen Victoria every day," and the good gentleman whispered to the attendant to take the letter up to the office if the patient asked to post it.

However, the letter was hidden in the cover of a book and sent to the faithful Lieut. Galbraith.

(*To be continued.*)

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[*] This incident is narrated in Part II., published January 1.

[†] This telegram appears in Part I., published December 25.

OUR YELLOW PRESS MIS-PRESENTS "WILLIAM HARD" OF U.S.A.

By Uriah the Hittite.

SOME time ago, in my first contribution to Plain English,* mention was made of a "William Hard," whose article, "The Great Jewish Conspiracy," appeared in the June number of the *Metropolitan Magazine.* The *American Hebrew* and the American Jewish Press generally, called upon their readers to study this article by Mr. "Hard" as the best antidote to the recent exposure of the Jew's intrigue to cause world revolution. Mr. "Hard" ridiculed the idea of "a mass-plot" by the Jews "to overthrow the powers and principalities of the world and to set in their place a great Jewish autocracy or secret super-government or something."

Mr. "Hard" was immediately described by Mr. Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent* as a writer whose *métier* was "soothing the public to further sleep," and that "someone felt the pressure when his article was ordered and written." Knowing this, it really was more than the usual morning surprise to find recently in *The Times* that "the American publicist and journalist, now in London, Mr. William Hard," had been "invited by a representative of *The Times* to discuss some of the changes that he found in this country and its people."

What could have been Lord Northcliffe's object in presenting to his readers this American "soother"? Could it be that the Americans are awake to the Jewish peril just as they were to the real object of the League of Nations? Does Lord Northcliffe wish to dupe the British public as to the true state of American opinion in regard to the Jew in the same manner as he did when he pretended that all the United States demanded a League of Nations up to the very moment of President Wilson's defeat by the nation's voters?

What is clear is that Harmsworth in England, just as Hearst in America, poisons public information with prepared lies and "soothing" propaganda.

The most glaring falsehood in *The Times*' interview with Mr. "Hard" is the statement that "he is on his way to visit the Continent with Senator McCormick, with whom he will make a tour."

Senator McCormick has come to Europe on behalf of the President-elect, Senator Harding, for the same purpose as "Colonel" House came, in the past, for President Wilson. Of the opinions formed by "Colonel" House we knew nothing, except that he was supposed to be controlled by Dorandeis, Baruch and Schiff. With Senator McCormick it is different because he is part owner, together with Colonel Robert McCormick, of the *Chicago Tribune*, and the policy of a paper generally represents the opinions held by its proprietors—or, at least, opinions they wish their readers to hold.

It is important, then, to know that instead of Mr. Hard's coming "to visit the Continent with Senator McCormick," as stated in *The Times*, Mr. Steele, who is the London correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, is of the opinion that Senator McCormick was very surprised to find that Mr. "William Hard" happened to be on board the same ship.

Furthermore, it is interesting to see from the files on view in the Pall Mall office of the *Chicago Tribune* that Senator McCormick's paper in no way agrees with the "soothing" article in the *Metropolitan Magazine* by Mr. "Hard." In fact, on Saturday, June 19th, 1920, the *Chicago Tribune* printed in the first column of the first page a cabled dispatch from John Clayton, its special correspondent, under the heading: "Trotzky heads Jewish Radicals to World Rule. Bolshevism only a Tool for His Scheme." And the first paragraph says:—

> "For the last two years army intelligence officers, members of the various Secret Service organisations of the Entente, have been bringing in reports of a world revolutionary movement other than Bolshevism. At first these reports confused the two, but latterly the lines they have taken have begun to be more and more clear."

According to the *Dearborn Independent*, the United States, as well as the British, Secret Service made these reports, but there is reason to believe that because of the influence of the Jews upon the Government these investigations, at least in England, were not pursued with the persistency that might otherwise have been given them. However, we know from Jewish sources, not to mention any other, that the Department of Justice of the United States was at one time interested enough to make inquiries. What the correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* does show in the above paragraph is that the Jewish peril was discovered by officials of the Entente, a fact which ought to be borne in mind by those who declare that the whole matter is of German instigation. The emergence of the Jewish peril into the Press of America was immediately met by the statement from Jewish sources that it was a German importation, and that the anti-Semitism which flowed over Germany, and resulted in exposing the overwhelming Jewish revolutionary influences in the new German Government, was only a trick of the Catholic centre party to throw the blame for Germany's defeat on the Jews. American rabbis are even now unitedly preaching that history shows that every great war is followed by an "attack" on the Jews. It is undoubtedly a fact that every war opens the dull eyes of the public afresh to the power which international Jewish financiers exert with reference to war. Never before have such revelations been made as to the influence of the Jews in our Admiralty upon the battle of Jutland as were made in Plain English upon December 25th and January 1st. Yet word has gone to our Jew-controlled Press to hush up the matter and brazen out the ghastly truth that the Jews gambled upon the destruction of British lives and treachery to Britain just as the Romans of the decadence placed their gold upon the mortal combats of hired gladiators.

We lost the complete victory at Jutland in order that the Jew money-bund could make a "killing" of British shareholders upon the New York Stock Exchange, in the same manner as the Rothschilds cheated the British public after Waterloo. Then, as after Jutland, a false report of British defeat was spread by the Jews, who reaped in the "fall." Only, after Waterloo old Rothschild did his own lying, but after Jutland a "kept" member of the British Cabinet wrote the false report.

The cabled dispatch in the *Chicago Tribune* continues:

"Bolshevism (the duping movement) aims for the overthrow of existing society and the establishment of an international brotherhood of men who work with their hands as rulers of the world. The second (Jewish) movement aims through Bolshevism for the establishment of a *new racial domination of the world.* So far as the British, French and our own department's inquiry have been able to trace, the moving spirits in both schemes are Jewish radicals.

"Within the ranks of communism is a group of this party, but it does not stop there. To its leaders, communism is only an incident.

"They are ready to use the Islamic revolt, hatred by the Central Empires for England, Japan's designs on India, and commercial rivalry between America and Japan.

"As any movement of world revolution must be, this is primarily anti-Anglo-Saxon.

"The organisation of the world Jewish-radical movement has been perfected in almost every land.

"The aims of the Jewish-radical party have nothing of altruism behind them beyond liberation of their own race."

It must be conceded that this cable is a rather startling statement of facts known to very few people. The public does not know the secret influences which through the Press shape its life and frame its problems. But when a great truth suddenly appears in the *Chicago Tribune*, the most important paper of Middle-West America, it means that someone is independent of Jew financial control and fearless of Jew blackmail.

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* Vide "America Discovers the Jew" in Plain English of Oct. 16.

That person must have been other than the special correspondent, Mr. John Clayton, because the next day, June 21, 1920, a leading article appeared in order to prevent possible misunderstanding of the news cabled. This article was entitled " World Mischief." It said :

" The Jewish phase of the movement aims at *a new racial domination of the world*."

Now, only the owner of the *Chicago Tribune* could have sanctioned such a plain statement of long concealed truths. That man must have been Senator McCormick, whom Lord Northcliffe presents as the friend and travelling companion of " William Hard." Why should Lord Northcliffe try to connect a paid propagandist of the Jews with a fearless man who had exposed the Jewish peril in his own neswpaper ? The only answer seems to be that the Harmsworth Press, in order to bring about an Anglo-American war in the near future, wishes to prevent the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race from understanding each other.

That is why our yellow Press presents " William Hard," and why the Pilgrims, the English Speaking Union, &c., are organised and run by Jews. An Anglo-American understanding would prevent an Anglo-American war and another " Jew's Harvest." The white race has no desire to promote mutual extermination. They are opposed to that idea, but with the foresight of the Jew, the Napoleon of Printing House Square steps in to organise the opposition and presents " William Hard " to the credulous British public.

TRUSTS AND TRUST-MONGERING.

ECONOMIC FACTORS INFLUENCING CAPITALIST TRUSTS.

By " A Black Coat "

THERE are several different kinds of trusts in existence to-day, but as their influence on prices and the factors behind their actions are not generally understood, some notes have been prepared dealing with the subject. This first article deals with economic matters connected with capitalist trusts, the second with alien and other undesirable influence, and the third with labour combines.

The professional " Friend of the People," whether speaker or writer, finds the denunciation of trusts to be an easy means of obtaining popularity ; since Elizabethan days anything tainted with " Monopoly " can easily be made unpopular with most classes. It sometimes happens that an ignorant agitator attacks some form of activity worthy of criticism, but often the reasons he gives are not those which actually affect the public the most. Agitators in their attacks on existing institutions frequently throw about the word " Monopoly " in order to excite the people, when no monopoly exists regarding the thing attacked. The drink trade is called a monopoly, apparently because there are scores of competing brewers ; land and house-owning are called monopolies because there are several hundred thousand landlords ; and railways are called a monopoly because of the competing forms of transport now available.

The popular idea about a trust or combine is that it is an organisation which invariably makes " criminally " excessive profits on the commodities it handles or manufactures, the profits being much in excess of those justified by the laws of supply and demand. To obtain this result the following means are supposed to be the invariable custom—output is restricted, sources of supply cornered, competition is crushed by rebates and other unfair means, and the public interests entirely disregarded. As seeming proof of the truth of this conception, the wealth of many prominent men connected with trusts is pointed out. There is no doubt that but for certain economic factors trusts would be a greater evil than they are, and it cannot be denied that in the past trusts, especially in the United States, have done a good deal of harm. In recent years, however, quite apart from popular superficial legislation as made in the States, and apart from certain very real dangers connected with the alien Hidden Hand, trusts have not forced up prices to anything like the extent which is popularly supposed, the reason being that it " does not pay."

During the war the people were taught that the rapid rises in prices of most commodities were due to profiteering trusts, and while this was true regarding copper, nickel, zinc, and certain other commodities, it was apparently not true regarding cotton, meat, tobacco, pig-iron and a number of other things. In times of scarcity, owing to the natural system of sale to the highest bidder, prices may rise more from open competition than where there are trusts sufficiently powerful to influence the whole trade. It is very difficult, except under peculiar conditions affecting world-wide supply and transport, to force up the prices of commodities or of services beyond a point that the public can reasonably pay for. Excessive import tariffs beyond those reasonably necessary for keeping vital industries alive in the face of hostile foreign movements, difficulties of storage, deterioration and transport, and artificial or real shortage of labour, make it easier for prices to be kept up.

Managers of capitalist trusts have gradually learned, by experience, that excessive prices tend to kill trade, because the public quickly economises or takes to substitute commodities or alternative services. Trusts are usually over-capitalised, and it is soon found that to pay dividends on a large capital a large turnover is necessary, and to obtain this the market must be widened and not restricted ; and to bring commodities within the reach of more pockets prices must be kept down ; a very high price with a limited output not allowing sufficient margin to allow of fair dividends. In some trusts, for instance " soap," the dividends paid as a percentage of the turnover form a small item, far less than is generally assumed, as to support a big trust " big business " must be done.

The recent " slump " in trade is due largely to the fact that the public cannot afford to pay the prices necessary to meet the demands of labour and the outgoings for taxes ; in the same way, after the formation of trade boards, which usually grant wages in excess of those which the trade will bear, business often drops because the public cannot pay. For instance, there are scores of competing laundries in London, but the result of the necessary increased prices has been that tons of washing are handled " at home " every week that used to be sent out. The public is usually told that this is the fault of a trust, whereas laundry owners want to be able to reduce prices, but they cannot.

In these days, trusts and large concerns are very sensitive to public demands ; at the present bank rate, a lot of dead stock quickly turns profit into loss, and many large concerns have been forced to throw their goods on to the market to tempt the public, and thus lessen standing charges. It is very difficult for a trust to keep up prices on a falling market.

Trade Union " Mis-leaders," who make a point of denouncing trusts on all possible occasions, have, in fact, in many cases without knowing it, assisted the trust movement by making it difficult for the small man to live. Excessive wage demands lead to the increasing use of machinery and auxiliary devices, also much more working capital is then wanted for wages pending payments for goods, and these factors necessitate capital which the small man cannot raise without difficulty. The old private banks have been deliberately crushed out of existence, and a small financial deal gives a financier as much trouble as a large one. Never-ending Labour troubles and resulting business risks have made anxieties of important businesses too much for old-fashioned partnerships. Friends of Labour, with callous hypocrisy, now complain that the Limited Company movement and the resulting development of Trusts have tended to widen the gulf between master and man, the modern "employer" being looked upon as a soulless, money-grubbing association. The misled working man is largely responsible for this state of affairs.

Many half-educated young men of working-class parentage, who have studied at Earl's Court or at Ruskin College, fly to the "red flag," and become professional grievancemongers, because, while preaching Socialistic equality, they find that under the system of Companies and Combines the road to their own individual industrial and social advancement has been very nearly closed; the road before the honest self-made man becoming more difficult every day. Further, the greater the demands of Labour the greater the necessity for standardised production—that is to say, repetition work is necessary to reduce costs; this means large-scale buying of raw materials and manufacture, which help on the Trust movement. As might be expected, the "Friends of the People" immediately complain about the "wage slaves," forced to mechanical, monotonous toil week after week, through the so-called greed of the employer.

To-day, owing to the cost in office, workshop and store, many manufacturers refuse to take on a special order requiring special skill and ingenuity by the worker, or the public cannot afford to pay the prices to make the order worth the employer's while; the duped worker thus finds another grievance, and the trust movement is pushed ahead. Every grievance pleases the alien agent for foreign competitors

In recent years, from the strictly economic point of view, many Combines have done more good than harm to the community by large-scale manufacture and the elimination of waste, and but for the loopholes for "chicanery" could be very useful in time of war; and from such points of view they do not deserve the platform denunciations they have met with.

There are certain factors which tend to limit the powers of Trusts and Combines. In the first place, they are usually over-capitalised, with too much "water" and too little working capital, and then expensive offices are required for advertisement purposes. There is also a tendency that when one financial group has absorbed numerous independent concerns, business is attempted in too many directions, the necessities for departmental control lead to form filling and excessive red tape, and often to excessive officialdom; departmental jealousies then follow, like cases in the Army, where officers have said to other services that "We seem to be fighting a different war to you." There is another tendency—that if one branch of an Octopus Organisation wants a certain article or machine, it often happens that pressure is brought to get it from another branch which may not be able to supply so cheap an article, or one so suitable, for the purpose, as something obtainable from an outside firm. There is a danger that business may be manipulated to enable directors and others to unload their shares after a successful over-capitalised flotation, and such movements may damage the reputation of the concern.

It must be said that Trusts usually pay good wages, as any arrangements tending to reduce fluctuations in manufacture facilitate their payment.

Unlimited competition, which may lead to heavy losses and therefore industrial paralysis, is almost as great an evil as excessive trustmongering; as a concern which cannot pay its way, cannot raise money and cannot progress, or spend money in experiments like a large concern ;r further, as happened repeatedly before the war, an impoverished business may be grabbed by an unscrupulous foreign competitor for a "mere song"; that is to say, there are dangers at both extremes. There is no doubt that if some of the large Combines could be kept clear of the intrigues of wirepullers of alien race and instincts many of them would be of value to the State rather than a danger. Some points in this connection will be discussed in the next article.

BLATANT NOYES.

A MEETING to inaugurate the New Year's work of the League of Youth was held on Saturday evening at the City Temple. The last meeting of the League for 1920 had been held at Lady Mond's house in 35, Loundes Square. Mr. Alfred Noyes spoke at this last meeting, as he did at the New Year's inauguration, upon Anglo-American relations.

From the *Morning Post* we quote the following report of Mr. Alfred Noyes' remarks :—

> Mr. Alfred Noyes, dealing with Anglo-American relations, said it was untrue to say that Americans hated England. The contrary was the real truth; no one in America hated England except those whom England had exported to that country herself from Ireland. He declared that uninformed criticism in some British papers was bringing the country to the verge of appalling disaster; and in that connection he strongly denounced a recent article in *Punch*, and also the offensive and ignorant attitude of some types of British officials. Mr. Noyes proceeded: Does anyone know why a certain British Ambassador was not received by President Wilson? I will tell you. It was because of the bad manners of a minor British official, who in Washington went about making references to the President's wife. (Cries of "Shame!") It got to the ears of the State Department in Washington. That young man's withdrawal was asked for. He went back to England, but came back again with our next Ambassador. A protest was raised by the American State Department, but we kept the young man there. That is why a certain Ambassador was not received.

Now we are in a position to know the facts connected with the vague slanders of Mr. Alfred Noyes. The British Ambassador who was not received by President Wilson is, of course, Lord Grey, and the "bad manners of a minor British official" was in reality the patriotic action of a very gallant officer, Colonel Crawford Stewart, in opposing the German-Jew ring of Baruch, Brandeis and "MacAdoo," who surrounded and controlled President Wilson. Colonel Stewart knew that before her marriage Mrs. Wilson, the widow of the silversmith Galt, was an intimate friend of Baron von Bernstorff, while vulgar gossip gave her relations with the German Ambassador, as being even more invidious. Mrs. Wilson's brother ran a "bucket shop" in Wall-street in which Bernstorff had a financial interest. Secrets from the Presidential couch were turned to good use on the Stock Exchange, especially during the period of the famous Notes to Germany. Colonel Stewart also knew that at the time of President Wilson's sudden marriage he was in reality engaged to another lady, a Mrs. Peck. Through the machinations of the very clever Jew lawyer, Samuel Untermeyer, Mrs. Peck was manœuvred out of the scene with her hurt feelings salved by seventy thousand dollars from the purse of the mysterious Colonel House.

Sir Cecil Spring Rice predicted that the dark and buxom widow Galt who boasted of relationship to the Princess Pocahantos, but whose features were more semitic than Red Indian, would make an absolute imbecile of PresidentWilson in three years. This prediction was fulfilled when the President retired from creating a new heaven and a new earth, according to the official bulletin, with prostatitis. Sir Cecil Spring Rice died suddenly and mysteriously, and Rufus Isaacs, Earl of Reading, took his place. Lord Reading made the mistake of retaining Colonel Crawford Stewart on his staff because Colonel Stewart was not a man to be intimidated or bribed, and he let the cat out of the bag. The result was that Mrs. Wilson, acting under the advice of Baruch, told her intimate friends that the *exposé* by Colonel Stewart was a piece of spite because she had refused his amorous advances. It is with sorrow that we note that Mr. Alfred Noyes, who has some pretentions to be a poet, should be so duped by Lady Mond that he would lend himself to public slanders against Lord Grey and Colonel Crawford Stewart. It is a pity that *The Morning Post* saw fit to publish Mr. Noyes' statements from which act all other papers including the *Times* refrained.

A REPORT TO HIS MAJESTY KING HUSSEIN I.

Reasons for which the Hashemite Kingdom Finds Itself in its Present Difficult Position.

1. Not publishing the conditions and engagements concluded between His Majesty King Hussein Ist and the British Government acting on its own behalf, and on behalf of its Allies, in 1915.

2. Not divulging these conditions and engagements at the first meeting of the Peace Congress in 1919, at which Emir Feisal assisted and spoke in his August Father's name.

Then was the time to make our claim before the assembled Allies according to the agreed Conventions, and to demand their execution to enable us to take possession of the assigned territories, and try to gather round His Majesty the various national groups, and work at the formation of an Arab Government on the model of the British Constitution. Unfortunately, the representative of His Majesty in Europe did nothing of the sort, but kept these Conventions secret. This is what has permitted the land grabbers to play their *rôle* with the help of the various national parties who do not know the terms of the 1915 Convention. This is the reason for which the country finds itself in its present precarious position.

Means of Remedying This.

1. Urgent necessity for His Majesty to authorise the present Mission in Europe to put itself in communication with all friendly Powers, and to inform their representatives at His Majesty's Court of this, so that they may acquaint their own Governments.

2. Urgent necessity for His Majesty to appoint diplomatic agents in those countries which have sent him theirs, and in those who wish to have such agents sent to them.

3. Not to allow anyone to meddle in foreign politics who is not specially requested by His Majesty to do so, and to command that all negotiations be in His Majesty's name only. Moreover, His Majesty should not permit any argument in modification of the Convention concluded between His Majesty and the British Government in 1915, in which the British Government acted as principal and on behalf of its Allies to urge the Arabs to enter into the terrible struggle against the common enemies, and to break the effect of the Jehad called up by the Turks against the Allies.

4. Considering that His Majesty has fulfilled his engagements of 1915 to the Allies, it is only fair that they should carry out theirs towards him.

5. It would be necessary to create a Journal in Paris in English and French to serve as a mouthpiece for the various national groups, whose own organs would then get their informations of European events which are of interest to the country. This newspaper would want an able editor, devoted to the sacred cause of the country, who would know how to guide public opinion towards conciliation in the country, and good understanding with the Powers, and towards the wished-for solution on the basis of the agreed Convention.

6. It is urged to create a bank under the style of National Arabian Bank, with power to issue notes as legal money.

7. To endeavour to create a Senate and Chamber of Deputies on the model of the British Constitution (House of Lords and House of Commons).

Capitals.

The Capitals to be: Bagdad, the political capital; and Mecca and Jerusalem, the religious ones, which His Majesty may visit for religious functions.

The Borders to be: Those defined in the Convention of 1915 between His Majesty King Hussein Ist and the British Government acting as principal and on behalf of its Allies.

(Signed) HABIB LOTFALLAH,
Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty King Hussein Ist.
London, October 24, 1920.

A PACIFIST TAILOR.

During the war the author of this book, an Irish native and a tailor by trade, came to the conclusion that it would be a wise thing, from the advertising point of view, to say what nobody else was saying. He attempted, first of all, to secure free publicity in the press for articles of a revoltingly pacifistic character; but the press " wasn't having any." He therefore resorted to the expedient of purchasing a certain amount of advertising space, and in this space he set down his contemptible ideas.

The book before us is a re-hash of these " articles," the value of which may be judged by the fact that the newspapers were paid for them by the writer, instead of the writer being paid for them by the newspapers.

Mr. Bradley was in close association in his poisonous advertising campaign with that curious journal calling itself the *Cambridge Magazine.* But though the offices of the *Cambridge Magazine* were wrecked by a crowd of loyal undergraduates, Mr. Bradley's shop was untouched, and according to his own statements he continues to do a good business. It is a pity that Mr. Bradley did not present himself at the pacifist meeting in Cambridge at which the speakers were compelled to stand on a table and sing " God Save the King," or receive a free bath in the Cam. Some of them refused to sing, and got a bath. The *Cambridge Magazine* naturally shed tears over this example of hydropathic treatment for disloyalty.

The nature of Mr. Bradley's book is disclosed by the cover-design; in which a soldier, whose feet have left stains of blood on the floor, and whose sword, stuck in the ground, drops blood, is placed like a naughty boy in a corner with a dunce's cap on his head.

It is not surprising, therefore, that we should encounter the following comment on the war-time Defence of the Realm Act:—

> And how rapidly Dora grew. Her teeth lengthened into fangs, her nails developed into claws, for ordinary intelligence she adopted a blind and savage unreason, and ere long assumed a censorship of thought . . . Her teeth and claws were fully developed and horribly poisonous, her temper became utterly vile, and she had long thrown overboard every scruple, every pretence. To say that she was naked and unashamed is to understate things; she gloried in unsavoury nudity.

Mr. Bradley's opinion of those who answered their country's call to arms is revealed as follows:—

> Then war came. In the first flush of war-fever he determined to become a soldier, and after skipping about like a middle-aged cupid clothed in a wrist-watch, being prodded in tender places and being looked at severely in the mouth—a rude thing to do even with a gift-horse—he was bluntly labelled " unfit."

At a most critical time in the war, Mr. Bradley published this specimen of peace-at-any-price " literature ":—

> But the people of the world who are spilling their blood, the fighting fathers who see their sons growing to the age when they will be sucked into the vortex, are asking: " How long ? " and the end is not in sight.
>
> I meet men of every class—soldiers, sailors, workmen, business men, merchants, professional men, manufacturers and capitalists—and do not seek to express my own opinion in this article; an individual opinion on a matter of such moment would be worthless. But all whom I meet are war-weary; their spirit is a spirit of revolt.

Thus, by expressing what nobody else was saying, Mr. Bradley gained his advertisement, and added to the value of his advertisement by printing questionable and sometimes revolting pictures with his " articles," but this was when the instinct of the tailor had prevailed, and when Mr. Bradley's remarks were abbreviated for inclusion in an advertisement pure and simple, which contained a list of garments and prices.

" Not for Fools," by H. Dennis Bradley. (Grant Richards.) 10s. 6d. net.

REVIEWS.

The New Jerusalem. By G. K. Chesterton. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 12s. 6d. net.

Let us clear up what appears to us a mere piece of mountebank mendacity, before proceeding to discuss the rest of the book before us. Mr. Chesterton deprecates the attempt to carry English confusion and compromise into the Holy Land. A London fog is tolerable in London (Mr. Chesterton, of course, paradoxically, thinks it is "very enjoyable"), "but it is simply horribly dangerous for a Londoner to carry his cloud of fog about with him, in the crystalline air about the crags of Zion, or under the terrible stars of the desert." This "doubling of parts and muddling of mistaken identity" possesses him with a "deepening disgust." "For one horrible moment at least I wondered if we had come to the end of compromise and comfortable nonsense, and that at last the successful stupidity of England would topple over like the successful wickedness of Prussia." In fact, in the clear air of Jerusalem you call a spade a spade. Then Mr. Chesterton talks about a "very able Anglo-Catholic leader." We think what helped Mr. Chesterton to recognise this very able Anglo-Catholic leader was Mr. Chesterton's delight in having come to the end of compromise and comfortable nonsense, and doubling of parts and muddling of mistaken identity. Mr. Chesterton goes to the East to clear our thoughts, and he tells us :—

> In the East it is Roman Catholicism that stands for much that we associate with Protestantism. It is Roman Catholicism that is by comparison plain and practical and scornful of superstition and concerned for social work. It is Greek Catholicism that is stiff with gold and gorgeous with ceremonial, with its hold on ancient history and its inheritance of imperial tradition."

Very interesting; but what does Anglo-Catholicism do in the East ? For instance, does it stand by its hold on ancient history ? Did King Richard, when he rode into Europa Irredenta, bring it with him ? Perhaps he created a Bishop of Jerusalem to hold the See alternately with a Prusso-Catholic Bishop ? Or was not that an Anglo-Catholic creation of 1841 ? Or is Anglo-Catholicism in the East only a whiff of London fog with nothing in possession except a very able leader ? It might help Mr. Chesterton further to clear the air if he would think out what *Catholicism* itself is. It certainly is not comfortable nonsense to extract what you will, for journalistic or other purposes.

Perhaps this small point strikes us the more because of the irritation caused by so much that is irrevalent and discursive in this "uncomfortably large note-book." He discourses on his dog and its freedom from boredom and joyous capers on accompanying him for a walk, and then indulges us with a picture of himself rushing in front of friends or family "volleying vociferous shouts of happiness" or leaping up in the attempt to lick their faces. He ignores how far capital was concerned in his mission to Jerusalem, or in bringing out his book, and says his sympathies are with the Socialists, "in so far that there is something to be said for Socialism, and nothing to be said for Capitalism." "Bolshevism," he thinks is "a very natural and just movement considered as a revolt against the crude cruelty of Capitalism." Of course, those who delight in wilful digressions, in the habit of paradox and facetious mischief, will find their Jerusalem cake full of the very plums they desire. But we, unlike Mr. Chesterton's dog, are susceptible of boredom.

It seems to us that this Anglo-Catholic leader vitiates most of the book. All through the volume we have the reiterated note of the clear light and dissolving of fog achieved under Eastern skies. "So do our frosty fictions fare when they come under that burning sun." So Mr. Chesterton presents a comprehensive vision of the past and a summing up of things, he postulates clearer thinking about our past, European history, the Crusades, the very name Christendom itself. In the problem of Zionism he sees that it is not England, but Europe, Christendom that should deal with the problem of the Jews, and he tells us of the dangers that rises from the fact that in the East it is perceived that the Englishman does not know the difference between an Englishman and a Jew. He suggests, in a sort of facetious *entr'acte*, that the Jew be permitted in England to become Lord Chief Justice, Archbishop of Canterbury, or what not, but that there should be one single-clause bill about the matter, viz., that the Jew must be dressed as an Arab, and he pictures Sir Alfred Mond "gaining a yet greater grandeur from the gorgeous and trailing robes of the East."

> "The point applies to any Jew, and to our own recovery of healthier relations with him. The point is that we should know where we are ; and he would know where he is, which is in a foreign land."

But in a book which glances at the history of Christendom, and at the history of Jerusalem during Christendom's existence, does it not help to make confusion worse confounded when the descendants of those who assisted in the defection of Britain from the faith and civilization of Europe three hundred years ago should claim a title which makes them the true possessors of the civilization and the faith ? They are not only revolters against the faith of Europe, but they alone have Europe's ancient faith. Of course, Mr. Chesterton thinks London fog is very enjoyable. Equally, of course, he notes the word Anglo-Saxon. It is as though he had a morbid dread of making attitudes like the Anglo-Saxon messenger in *Alice through the Looking-glass.*

Of course, there are many things well said in Mr. Chesterton's book. His thoughts on the red columns of Constantine in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem are fine. His remark is suggestive again, that nearly all the latest discoveries of science have been destructive, not of the old dogmas of religion, but rather of the recent dogmas of science. Suggestive again is his prognostication that, as men to-day are feeling more and more that there are many spiritual forces in the universe, and that wise men are feeling that some are to be trusted more than others, there will be a tendency to take "a favourite force, or, in other words, a familiar spirit." But the book is called "The New Jerusalem," and it is really a journalistic series of writings on Europe and the Faith. And, even if one were to regard a similar treatise by Mr. Hilaire Belloc as a purely partizan volume, it is at least refreshingly direct in comparison.

The Conquering Hero. By John Murray Gibbon. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 8s. 6d. net.

In "The Conquering Hero" Mr. John Murray Gibbon has given us a good thing ; a good, breezy, healthy up-to-date novel. Its vigorous story gives us glimpses of beautiful Canadian and Rocky Mountain landscape, and in that setting a fine mingling of representatives of British Columbia, Scotland and Poland. It is one of those stories whose opening chapter gives even to the experienced novel-reader no suggestion of the story which is to come. Indeed, the opening chapter, original and striking as it is, leads one to anticipate a story of less power and subtlety than that which actually follows. What would one expect to come of the sudden appearance of a Polish Princess, who is also a "movie" star, and who has with her an extensive wardrobe, a French maid, a Press agent and a manager, in the midst of a fishing party of business and professional men who were enjoying themselves *en bacheleur* in a lazy paradise at a safe distance from telegraph and telephone and their own domestic hearths ?

The original opening would rouse expectation of a good story, but dealing rather with the surface than the depth of things. But there is in the book an echo of the war, and a touch of getting down to realities which is one of the war's results; and if one expects the "movie" princess to produce a sensational story of the "film" type one is pleasantly disappointed as one reads on. Rather one passes from the first sight of Stephanie Sobieska as a film princess to the contemplation of her as a high-souled patriotic Pole, and as a disinterested and altruistic friend. So that her part in the story acquires, not only our interest but our respect. The interplay of the characteristics of different nationalities in juxtaposition is also an interesting feature, well displayed, while as the book progresses we come more and more to realise that the author is not writing of scenes entirely imaginary, but describing things familiar and things dear. A very readable book.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS IN U.S.A.

To the Editor of Plain English.

My Dear Sir: I cannot forbear sending you the enclosed gems from yesterday's and this morning's *N.Y. Herald.* They speak for themselves; but that of Mgr. Power's Christian entertainment suggests this of hope, that "When rogues fall out, &c."!

A letter written in reply to an invitation to preside at a mass meeting of friends of Ireland in Louisville, Ky.

My Dear Judge O'Dorherty: I regret that the state of my health will not permit me to accept the honour and to fulfil the duty your ever partial favour would assign me.

My single claim to that favour springs from the circumstance that I have been always a friend of Ireland and the Irish people, in my younger manhood associated with John Mitchel and Thomas Francis Meagher, John Savage and Joseph Brannan, my close friends and professional yokemates.

No free born man can read the story of Ireland from the days of Cromwell to the days of Lloyd George without a sense of burning indignation. Long ago I lost all hope, if I ever had any real hope, of justice to Ireland from England. The English are the racial enemies of the Irish as they are the natural, national and historic enemies of the Americans. The time may come when they will be required to meet and pay the long bill of spoliation and wrong piled up against them by centuries of self-complacent rapine, and though I may not achieve the vision of my boyhood of sweeping through Piccadilly with a troop of Black Horse cavalry to plant the Stars and Stripes over the Marble Arch and camp in Hyde Park, there are children—maybe full grown men—who will live to see it.

So good luck and God bless the sons and daughters of Ireland, and may the Divil fly away with John Bull, Edward Carson & Co.

Faithfully yours,

Henry Watterson.

Mansfield, Jeffersontown, Jefferson County, Ky.

The Colonel's Vivid Pen.

Colonel Watterson is nothing if not graphic and picturesque in his utterances, and sometimes at the expense of soundness he indulges in ultra-vivid phrasing. His letter, printed among other letters of varying views in the *New York Herald* yesterday morning, is characteristically idiosyncratic of his brilliant pen, but not at all like the distinguished sweet souled Colonel Watterson himself.

Marse Henry has the imagination of the poet, the spirit of the warrior and the heat of a cookstove.

Five thousand delegates from various branch organisations of the Friends of Irish Freedom, representing more than 25,000, voted last night at a meeting in the Lexington Theatre to withdraw from the organisation and join the newly-formed Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, which has the backing of Eamonn De Valera, "President of the Irish Republic." At the same time the delegates adopted resolutions censuring the present heads of the Friends of Irish Freedom, who are principally Justice Daniel F. Cohalan, of the Supreme Court, and John Devoy, editor of the *Gaelic American.*

The men at the head of the Friends were attacked by every speaker that addressed the meeting, and mention of their names was greeted with hisses and cat calls. Mgr. James W. Power, the principal speaker, was particularly bitter in his attacks, and declared that if any of them ever set foot "on the holy soil of Ireland" they would be hanged to the nearest tree as betrayers of the Irish cause. He charged that Justice Cohalan, Mr. Devoy and other leaders of the Friends had been using the organisation for their own "selfish political and personal purposes."

Hisses also greeted the mention of the name of W. Bourke Cockran, who was referred to by Mgr. Power as "the man who would secure only a resolution of sympathy for Ireland at the Republican Convention at Chicago." Mr. Cockran spoke in the same theatre a year ago and at that time was acclaimed as one of the leaders in the fight for Irish freedom.

Maurice J. McCarthy was chairman. Other speakers were Father Richard McCarthy and Jeremiah O'Leary.

Judge Cohalan (brother, I think, of the present Bishop of Cork) and the creature Devoy were among the most poisonous and virulent anti-Britishers during the war; but evidently they haven't measured up to Mgr. Power's more vigorous standard since.

I may say that I never wavered—either at the time or since—in my judgment that we made a huge mistake in cajoling this country into the war. Better have taken the chances of war—beat or be beaten by our old friends or enemies of Europe, than teach the U.S. to put their fingers into the European pie, while all the time loudly asserting their pet "Monroe doctrine"—"Hands off America."

And I confess it made me sick to have Arthur Balfour and the rest of them come here reviling the best of our German kings—G. III.—and making pilgrimages to lay wreaths on G.W.'s and Lincoln's tombs—in the sacred name of Democracy! And—above all—to have our noble England standing before the Yankee public—hat in hand for their dollars.

And all the while I *knew* that outside a few States of the Eastern seaboard, the vast majority of Americans felt—and feel—towards us exactly as Col. Watterson admits he does.—Believe me, Sir, very faithfully yours,

R. T. Nichol.

61, Washington Square, New York,
December 14, 1920.

THE DOUGLAS-PENNANT CASE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Last August you published an article entitled "The Secret History of the Douglas-Pennant Case" which seemed to be the first of a series of articles which would in reality reveal the scandals underlying Miss Douglas-Pennant's dismissal.

That Miss Douglas-Pennant remains silent with the evidence she must possess against the Cohen "clothing gang" and the Samuel "petrol gang" causes her late supporters to wonder if her friendship with Sir Ernest Cassel's daughter is being used to make a sentimental appeal not to tell what she knows about the German-Jew camarilla.

The following paragraph from a monthly paper, *The Hidden Hand*, is the only mention of the Douglas-Pennant case I have seen since the article in Plain English:—

> When all the facts about Miss Pennant have been published, the public will be given an extraordinary illustration of the practical application of the Protocols. There are two features alone on which volumes could be written. These are the poisoning of anti-Jewish witnesses, and the "whispering drive," which is the American term for organised verbal character assassination. The *modus operandi* of the "whispering drive" was as follows: Say that some General who has offended the Jewish high command is to be dismissed; obviously, as a preliminary, his character must be blackened. A number of women, largely Jewesses, drawn from widely separated circles and organisations, are ordered to one room. There they are given the outline of the "drive." Gen. So-and-so, a drunkard, never sober after 11 o'clock. In two days the drawing-rooms are all buzzing with various stories of his excesses; in a week he is pilloried throughout the kingdom as a drunkard. When he is dismissed it is obvious that such a man cannot be allowed in office. As for poisoning, two of the most important witnesses against the Jew cabal have died suddenly and mysteriously, just before their evidence would have fallen into anti-Jewish hands. Others have been poisoned, but have recovered. These are only two of the suppressed features of the conspiracy against Miss Pennant. It is an incredible caldron.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Curtis Benbow.

The Lodge, Boothby, Lincoln.

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No. 27.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] JANUARY 8, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE JEW WORLD MENACE IS EXPOSED in the subjoined publications, which may be ordered of all booksellers or be obtained direct from **THE BRITONS, 62, Oxford Street, W.1.**

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THE LADY WITH THE MUCK-RAKE

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Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

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RULES AND OATHS

OF

SINN FEIN MURDER GANG.

In "*Plain English*" for December 4th, 1920, we reproduced what is certainly the most important document relating to Ireland that has seen the light for fifty years.

No other London journal had even the courage to quote extracts from this document. It was supplied to us at our request, and upon our guaranteeing to reproduce it in full, by the Irish Office. This document *The Constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood*, an octavo printed pamphlet, was captured by the police last March, and it contains the rules by which the youth of Ireland is drawn into the most bloodthirsty of all secret societies.

This document convicts out of their own mouths those members of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy who have maintained that no secret society is behind Sinn Fein. And the result of its publication will be to force the Bishops to excommunicate those persons who retain membership of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The Constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood contains the machinery for the carrying out of murders.

To meet the large demand we printed a special edition of "*Plain English*" for that week, and copies will be sent (post free) to any address on receipt of 10d.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters ... 43
The Lady with the Muck-Rake ... 46
Deafening Silence about Jutland Disclosures ... 48
Finance and Stock Markets ... 49
Paris Notes ... 50
PAGE
A Morality Play ... 51
The Hythe Report ... 51
Trusts and Trust-Mongers ... 52
The Moral of the Circus ... 54
Reviews ... 55
Novels ... 57
Correspondence ... 57

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

Lord Reading and the Viceroyalty of India.

The appointment of Rufus Isaacs, Lord Reading, to the Viceroyalty of India, being now an accomplished fact, we must endeavour to get what consolation we can from the surrounding and resulting circumstances. One of these is undoubtedly a matter for congratulation, namely that the Lord Chief Justiceship of England will no longer be in the hands of a Jew. The painful necessity under which we have been of saying hard things of Lord Reading must not, and cannot, blind us to the fact that he is in a very different position from such Jews as Mr. Montagu and Sir Alfred Mond. Lord Reading cannot truthfully be said to owe his position to secret influences and "hidden hands." It is impossible to deny that he is an extraordinarily able man, and that his pre-eminence at the bar was solely and simply due to the fact that he is the possessor of the most abnormal brains. As an advocate and as a lawyer he was as much above, say, F. E. Smith, as the heavens are above the earth. Further we are bound to add that as a judge he was always, as far as we know, beyond reproach, and that he worthily and honourably fulfilled the functions of his office as Lord Chief Justice. Our sole objection to his tenure of the office was that he was a Jew, and that circumstances might easily have arisen in which it would have been almost impossible for him to hold the scales of justice evenly. Furthermore we are of opinion that it is an outrage that the highest judicial position in a Christian country should be held by anyone who is not a Christian. We fail to see how any reasonable Christian "of good will" can possibly dissent from this view. Having said this, we have said all that we can find it in our hearts to say against a man so personally amiable and attractive as Lord Reading. Our objection to Lord Reading as Viceroy of India again is entirely founded on his religion and race. If it were possible for Lord Reading to forget that he is a Jew, and if it were possible for loyal Britons to disassociate him from other leading members of his race, it might be possible for him to be after all a good Viceroy. Unfortunately, with the best will in the world it is impossible to ignore the fact that Lord Reading is closely associated with Sir Alfred Mond, and that he was actually staying in the latter's house when he accepted the Viceroyalty of India. The association is most unfortunate for Lord Reading, because Sir Alfred Mond represents, in our view, all that is most repugnant to the patriotic British mind. Unlike Lord Reading, Sir Alfred Mond can make no claim whatever to outstanding intellectual distinction. He owes his position in the government not to his brains, but simply to his money, while his record (even if we only confine our attention to his atrocious activities in connection with his disgusting publication *The English Review*) is such as ought to have effectually debarred him from becoming a member of the Cabinet in any decent government. If Lord Reading wishes to prove that he is really an Englishman before he is a Jew, and that his intentions in accepting the Viceroyalty are as purely patriotic as he claimed them to be in his farewell speech to the Bar, he would be well advised to rise right up above the Mond circle. Meanwhile, as far as we may do so consistently with our attitude on the Jewish question, we wish him well, and we can at any rate congratulate him on the fact (if it be a fact) that his acceptance of the Viceroyalty coincides with the retirement from the Secretaryship of India of the Empire-wrecker, Montagu.

The "Daily Mail" Breaks into Song.

Years ago in *The Academy* we pointed out that Sir William Watson could not lay claim to that position as a poet which he and his admirers would fain endow him with, because he has persistently tied his muse to political party propaganda, a fact to which he owes the pension he received from a Liberal Government. Here we have him again supporting the Harmsworth pro-Sin-Fein stunt by a would-be heroic sonnet :—

WRONG FOR WRONG.

BY SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

And *this*, is *this* the justice that we claim
To have kept untarnished in all realms we sway ?—
This revel of vengeance, blotting the pure day ;
These barbarous deeds, that well might make our name
A byword and a hissing and a shame
Throughout the earth ! This is the doom-paved way
By which great Empires in august array
March to their grandiose deaths 'mid rage and flame.
These are the acts that in an hour unblest
Cancel a thousand deeds benignly done,
Nip the young buds of Peace, madden Man's breast,
Baffle the dawn, defeat the struggling sun,
And hurl far back into their old unrest
Two Peoples, meant to be at heart but one.

This is very poor stuff, quite apart from its pumped-up anti-English sentiment. The second line is a syllable too long, so is the third. The third line is worse even than the second, because it might conceivably be possible to scan the second line by eliding a syllable before the word "have." Thus : t'have. (Very ugly, but might pass "at a pinch.") The third line cannot be scanned, and there is no precedent, and no reason at all, for making "revel" one syllable.

The last line of the octave :—

"March to their grandiose deaths 'mid rage and flame"

can only be scanned by making "grandiose" a two-syllabled word, which again is ugly and clumsy. Altogether, William Watson's sonnet is just what one expects from a sonnet published in the *Daily Mail* : bad poetry in support of a bad and dishonest cause.

The New Irish Heresy.

The "dumb press" which cannot bring itself to say a word about the Jutland disclosures of PLAIN ENGLISH continues to find space for head-lines about the widow MacSwiney, as witness the following :--

> WORSHIPPED IN AMERICA, BUT PLEASED TO BE HOME.
>
> "I am glad to be back, but not, of course, in England."
>
> This was one of the utterances of Mrs. MacSwiney, widow of the hunger-striking Lord Mayor of Cork, who was a passenger in the Panhandle State, which arrived at Tilbury yesterday.
>
> "So enthusiastic was my welcome in the United States that the hem of my coat was kissed by thousands," said Mrs. MacSwiney.
>
> Meantime, she will spend a few days in London, and then continue her journey to Ireland.

We submit that this hem-of-the-coat-kissing business provides a unique opportunity for Peter Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, to attain further distinction as the leader in England of the Irish-Catholic heresy. A reception in Southwark Cathedral might be held and the faithful might be invited to turn up in their thousands and kiss the hem of Mrs. MacSwiney's coat which, no doubt, she could be persuaded to lend for the occasion. Banners with suitable anti-English inscriptions could also be displayed in the cathedral. These inscriptions would, of course, be in Gaelic, so that if necessary the Bishop and the administrators of the cathedral should be in a position to assert on oath that they had not the slightest idea what the inscriptions meant, and that it had never occurred to them to ask one of their numerous Irish friends to interpret them. Such a statement on their part would be just as likely to be true and to be believed as was their assertion (made in a written communication to the press) that they were quite unaware of the meaning of the inscription of the coffin of the suicide MacSwiney. Meanwhile we note that even America is beginning to get "fed up" with the MacSwiney business, as witness the following telegram which we reproduce from *The Times* :—

> NEW YORK, Jan. 11.
>
> Mr. Davis, acting-Secretary of State, to-day issued instructions to the Secretary of Labour immediately to take the necessary steps for the deportation of Mr. Daniel J. O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Cork, who recently arrived here without a passport properly *viséd*. Mr. Davis states that the landing of Mr. O'Callaghan was a violation of the Passport Laws which the Government cannot tolerate.

Pretty Dears.

We cull the following sublime announcement from the columns of a contemporary :—

> POETS MOBILISING.—To-night the Poets' Club gathers at the Queen's Hotel, when Henry Ainley will dine with them as their guest, Laurence Binyon being in the chair. Prominent members of the Poets' Club include Lord Dunsany (president), Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Owen Seaman, Maurice Hewlett, Compton Mackenzie, and Gilbert Frankau. If all these singing birds turn up there should be quite a feast of song.

We note with interest that the "President" of the Poet's Club is Lord Dunsany, a gentleman who has never, as far as we are aware, written one solitary line of verse in his life, but who, on the other hand, is the author of some of the worst and most purely imbecile prose that has ever appeared in the English language. This is as it should be, for while the true definition of a poet may be a matter of doubt and diverging opinion, there is at least one thing in connection with poets which we may safely lay down as an infallible touchstone. No real poet would ever join "the Poet's Club," or consent to have any sort of truck with a society whose "President" had been guilty of writing the kind of twaddle that has come from the pen of Lord Dunsany. It is equally certain that no real poet would consent to do as certain of the pseudo-poetical tribe did not long ago; go to a tea party at the house of the Prime Minister and read aloud their alleged poems for the benefit of the Asquiths, male and female, and their young. Persons who do that sort of thing have about as much right to be called poets as Messrs. Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Frankau and Lord Dunsany have to be called "singing birds." Quoting from memory one of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's admirable "Little Stories" we give the following as a suitable comment on last Tuesday's performance at the Queen's Hotel.

"I rise," roared the gentleman in the chair, "to propose the toast of 'letters' with which I have much pleasure in associating the names of Messrs. Mud, Mew Verse and Pension."

De Valera.

Some wit in Ireland, among the loyalists, declared that in Ireland the Christian era had passed and the people were living in the Devil Era.

De Valera himself is a lanky half-breed, the son of a Spanish-American Jew. It seems that he has stated that "there is no such thing as the German plot of 1918."

The revelation of a German plot by the Irish Office has obviously hit De Valera rather hard, or we should not find him coming out with a denial that such a plot existed.

What his denial is worth may be judged by the fact that he was in command of Boland's Bakery during the Rebellion of 1916, and the proclamation signed by his superiors referred to "our gallant Allies," the Germans. So De Valera fought in 1916 as an ally of Germany; and now in 1921 he comes forth to deny that there was ever a German-Irish plot.

It may be well to make public a fact which proves that De Valera took care of his own skin in 1916.

Associated with him in the Rebellion was a lad, Con Colbert by name, a mere boy. When the surrender came, Colbert presuaded De Valera to let him wear his (De Valera's) commandant's tunic; and Colbert was arrested and treated as the superior officer of De Valera. Thus De Valera allowed a mere impulsive lad to wear his tunic and go to the death which was inevitable for those in command of the Rebellion.

By this means De Valera escaped being shot, and in acting as he did he proved himself a typical agent of the Hidden Hand. He it was who later on stirred up the evil passions of the Fenians and then escaped to America, leaving his dupes to damn their souls by murder and every species of crime.

The Order of the Boot for Montagu.

At long last our exposures of Montagu's infamous attempt to wreck our Indian Empire have borne fruit. Our information was supplied by an Indian official, and the revelations which we published could not be denied.

The Government and the "dumb press" tried to silence us by silence; but truth prevailed; and at the critical moment when it was proposed to allow the three highest posts in the Indian Executive to be held by Jews, we published a digest of our previous revelations.

In the face of these repeated disclosures, and in the face of violent protest on the part of Indian officials, not to speak of the King's own personal feelings in the matter, our Jew-ridden Premier was compelled to bestow upon Montagu the noble order of the boot.

With Montagu out of the India Office, it will be possible for gentlemen in the Indian service to breathe freely.

Irish-Catholicism.

The fruits of this new brand of religion were dealt with by us in last week's issue; but since that time a shaking of the leaves has revealed some promising fruit which might have ripened unseen.

For instance, the visit of our officers' corps to the religious house of the Presentation Brothers at Carrick-on-Shannon resulted in the discovery that no less than eleven "wanted" men were clothed in the dress of Presentation Brothers.

To this may be added the fact that the friaries of the Franciscans in Ireland have apparently been used as forcing-houses for Sinn Fein; and how far the moral sense of a son of St. Francis can be warped by the new religion, Irish-Catholicism, is revealed by the letter written by Father Dominic, and produced at his trial. This letter was actually written on the official notepaper of the Franciscan Order, bearing the ancient coat of arms of the Friars Minor; and from it we quote the following:—

> I scarcely laid an eye on anybody since I met Sean once or twice the week of the funeral. I haven't been back to Cork since the Provincial heard about a note that was left by the military during a night raid threatening to throw me into the Lee. This was left in a Sinn Fein club near our convent, and he heard something from the military barracks which seemed to lead him to think they did intend to get rid of me.
>
> As a result he cleared me out of Cork on a holiday. He has not, and will not, change me from Cork, but has given me work to do in Kilkenny that I have finished, and in Dublin here I am in the Metropolis for over a week working as hard as I can.
>
> He has given out down south that I am away resting. I'm fed up myself, as I'd rather prefer to be back in Cork, and take any risk that is going with the rest.
>
> Another extract said:—
>
> "I haven't seen Finton Og yet. I don't like to get in direct touch with any of the important men just at present, as they have to be careful, and it would not be fair to endanger them without grave reason.
>
> **Sunday was a terrible but wonderful day. The boys got the leaders of the B. and T.'s reprisals.**
>
> Those who are getting a public funeral to-day in London were the people who ordered the reprisals and murders throughout the country, and some of them accompanied the reprisals gang to town.
>
> One of them was concerned in the torturing of poor little Kevin Barry. One of the poor boys was badly wounded at Mount Street, two wounds in the back and one in the abdomen. He was taken prisoner. He was operated on in George Fifth Hospital, but is not expected to recover. God grant he doesn't, for they'd torture and hang him.
>
> The action at Croke Park was ordered as a reprisal by Macready, Tudor and the remnant of the Reprisal Committee. There was no shooting by any civilian, nor was it necessary to provoke the B. and T.
>
> They had their order. It was decided, too, to assassinate Larry O'Neill that night, but the boys conveyed word to him, and he spoiled Macready's game by asking for protection for the Mansion House.
>
> The shooting of the three on Monday morning was an act of revenge pure and simple. They were subjected to severe treatment by ——, another of the torturers of K. Barry.
>
> Poor Peader Clacy is a big loss to the movement, and Dick McKee is a great loss to the Dublin brigade. Dick was a very fine, nice boy. Clune was in no way active, and had come to town on biz for Lysaght, and to see the match. I doubt if he was in the Vols. at all. Of late I don't know what's happening in Cork, except what I see in the papers. **The bandits and Crown forces generally are as mad there as here, with the certainty the boys display in their knowledge of the evildoers. There were six officers all taken and court-martialled, and sent on the right road.**

The last four words were written in Gaelic.

It needs no comment on our part to expose the danger to religion which is exhibited in the foregoing example of Irish-Catholicism. Murder, suicide, lying, pride, and all the deadly sins seem to find justification in this new sect.

We venture to assert that were the Pope to insist, as he properly could, upon a public act of loyalty and obedience to the civil authority in Ireland, his order would be treated with the contempt with which even priests in religion, like Father Dominic, treat the moral law.

Trotsky and Prince Albert.

The care with which the foundations of Bolshevism were laid will never completely be realised; but one episode in the life of Trotsky, which has come to our knowledge, seems to show that years ago the Bolshevists had a firm grip of the principles of international politics and could employ their subjects to spy upon persons in high places.

During the lifetime of King Leopold of the Belgians, who, it will be remembered, was looked upon with disfavour by Britain, his nephew, the present King of the Belgians, went to America. No love was lost between the present King and his uncle, and the former was not overburdened with money. While in America he worked as a journalist.

The importance of Belgium as the "cockpit of Europe," and the possibility that Albert might at any time succeed to the throne, led the "occult Rulers" who created Bolshevism to place one of their most trusted agents in the same newspaper office as Prince Albert; and so cleverly was the plan arranged that this agent (no less a person than Trotsky) actually worked beside him.

The first duty of a political detective is to discover the identity of those with whom the man whom he is watching associates. And this duty fell to Trotsky. Naturally a good deal of intrigue was on foot, which afterwards bore fruit in the fine friendships of King Albert for Britain and the rest of the Allies. And as the foundations of this friendship were laid, the place of every stone in the foundation was reported by Trotsky to his masters at Frankfort through their "Prince" in the United States.

When Trotsky's work as a spy was done, he was engaged in anarchist agitation in the States; and when the time arrived for him to take his place beside Lenin he set out for Europe.

At Halifax he was held up by the British authorities, who reported him as a highly dangerous revolutionary. After the matter of his detention had come before the Foreign Office, to the amazement of those who were detaining Trotsky, an order was dispatched to the effect that all interference with Trotsky must cease, and that he must be permitted to continue his journey unmolested.

We feel sure that the British public will be glad to have the name of the official who sent this order. And perhaps the Government will oblige.

The Prince of Wales and "The Times."

In the last two issues of *Plain English* we have had occasion to deal with the mysterious person calling himself Sir Stuart Campbell who, as it were, emerged from nowhere, and gained control of Lord Northcliffe. We have reason to know that our remarks gave the individual in question one of the few unpleasant surprises of his eventful life; and after considering his position as calmly as he could under the circumstances, he fell back upon a device already employed by other persons who had been criticised by us; and having pulled the necessary strings, he was able to announce in *The Times* and *Daily Mail* that the Prince of Wales had honoured *The Times* with a visit.

We are confident that His Royal Highness had not the remotest suspicion of why it was suggested to him that a visit to *The Times* would be much appreciated. And until he reads these words we are convinced he will not realise that he has been exploited in the interests of an exceedingly clever person.

It is a pity, however, that the Heir to the Throne should not be in closer touch with affairs of State. The Prince's admirable work for the Empire has been of a superficial character, that is to say he has been in contact with the surface of things; and indeed, it is given to few young men to comprehend the forces which are at work beneath the surface.

With profound respect we suggest to his Royal Highness that there are powerful and sinster influences which would make use of his popularity and open-hearted sincerity to their own advantage.

Bolshevism does not always appear in its appropriate garments, for instance, and he cannot be expected to recognise in those who fawn upon him creatures whose secret aim is his own humiliation and the destruction of the Throne which he will one day occupy. That such persons are abroad in high places is well known to the Executive which controls the State. For our part we should like to see a closer co-operation between the Throne and its Heir. Now, more than ever before, it is desirable that the movements of the Prince of Wales should be the result of careful consideration.

THE LADY WITH THE MUCK-RAKE.

AFTER reading this book* the profound truth of the dictum of St. Thomas Aquinas (endorsed by all the teaching of the Fathers of the Church) that spiritual sins are worse even than sins of the flesh, is brought home to one with additional force. From the frontispiece, a sinister portrait of the "medium" whose services Lady Glenconner made use of, down to the tailpiece, a beautiful design of doves, the work of the late Mrs. Wyndham (here perverted to what ignoble uses!) all is terrible about the book.

Truly it would be easy enough to laugh at the silliness (the drivelling imbecility) of the whole thing, but who, having once realised the horror of spiritualism or devil-traffic, can laugh any more at the spectacle of an immortal soul damning itself and damning others to an accompaniment of Satanic grins? Not we, at any rate. We knew the author of this book as a real poet who, once upon a time, wrote an occasional poem of great beauty and spiritual significance (*e.g.*, *The Legend of The Ass*, in "Windlestraw"), a good wife, a devoted mother and above all a good Christian, albeit of the conventional "Anglican" type. Alas! that we should find her now reduced to the sordid perversities of which the following extract may serve as an example:

> *Book-Test VI.*
> *December 17th*, 1917.
>
> *Feda* (speaking through Mrs. Leonard), after some time given to communication through trance utterances:
>
> "Now Bim says he is sending a message; a Book-Test for his Mother. He says it is in the drawing-room, on the side of the book-shelf near the door. You must look in the third shelf, and take the fifth book counting from left to right; turn to page 83. He says the passage alludes to his present life and to what you feel about it. He says, 'Tell her that her love for me has bridged the gulf, and love has shown the way.' He repeats that '*love has shown the way.*'"
>
> On my return home, when I searched among the books, I found the fifth book on the third shelf counting from left to right was one entitled *The World We Live In*, written by Brackett and published by Richard Badger, Boston. (The Gorham Press, 1909).
>
> On page 83 I read:
>
> "*The pathway to the Unseen World*
> *Is full of hope and joy untold,*
> *With Love's rich bloom and fragrant air,*
> *Unselfish deeds and silent prayer.*
> *Who seeks to climb some other way*
> *Will tarry long, will go astray,*
> *For Love alone can point the way.*"
>
> Now I turn to my notes again as taken at the time. They continue as follows:
>
> "On the previous page, well, not quite the previous page, he says—but turning over the leaf before—you will find an allusion to quite a little thing you had long ago. Something you used to wear; you had it when you were a girl; he says you will smile when you find this, but the words apply."
>
> I looked on the 82nd page, and here I found an interesting endorsement of the directions given, for that page was blank. This, evidently, was why Feda was told to say, "Not quite the previous page, but turning over the leaf before," for on the reverse side of the blank page I

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*The Earthen Vessel. A volume dealing with spirit-communications received in the form of book-tests. By Pamela Glenconner, with a preface by Sir Oliver Lodge. John Lane. 6/- net.

> found five lines of print, the concluding paragraph of the chapter. The passage reads as follows :
>
> "*Spiritualism walks hand-in-hand with the beauty and simplicity of Christ.*"
>
> Now among the collection of jewellery that was mine before I married is a slender golden ring. It is a betrothal ring from Normandy, and is made in the device of clasped hands. It is a triple ring on a tiny pivotal pin, which holds the three rings together ; it opens by the two hands slipping apart, disclosing the design of two hearts on the third ring. Bim knew this little object well, he knew also that it was mine before I married, and the plan of its fashioning is, truly, "hand-in-hand." Until I returned home, however, and found the passage that held the allusion, I had no idea to what "little thing" he was referring.
>
> Now I quote once more from my notes.
>
> *Feda.* "Fifth book ; close to it there is a volume of an historical character, not acceptedly historical (and do you know, he says, you will be interested to learn the spirit of an Egyptian Era prevails at this time again ? but this is difficult to explain clearly now), and on page 103 of the fifth book you will find an allusion to an epoch, a period in time, rather than to a place."
>
> On this page the passage ran as follows :
>
> "*We have a form of worship under the name of Christianity that dates back thousands of years before the Christian Era.*"
>
> Once more I turn to my notes.
>
> "A book of an historical character, not acceptedly historical, he says."
>
> The fifth book, as we have seen, was that by Brackett, the one next it I found to be *The Story of Asseneth*, the legendary narrative of the wife of Joseph. This story is included by Vincent Beauvais in his *Speculum Historiale*, compiled by him in the Thirteenth Century, so it agrees well with the description "not acceptedly historical," and the fact of Bim's sudden and parenthetical allusion to Egypt at this point while dealing with the Book-Test is of living interest.
>
> One can see the connection in his own mind with Egypt, and the book that he had chosen. He knew the fascination his Mother felt in the idea of previous lives lived in ancient Egypt. He knew of a dream-story she had once dreamed, the scene of which was laid in Egypt.

Our readers will readily grasp the significance of all this. Here is no room for fraud. The messages are genuine enough, and the "book test" is a perfectly reliable test as far as it goes to prove that some supernatural agency is at work. Later in the book (Appendix IV., page 149), the "intelligence" speaking through the "medium" is quoted as giving even more conclusive "tests." Thus :—

> BOOK-TEST, OCTOBER 11TH, 1920.
>
> (*Directions.*)
>
> 1. "Now in *The Times of to-morrow*, on the front page, in the second column about half-way down, you will find *Stephen's name.*"
>
> (*Tracing the above.*)
>
> In the second column of *The Times* of October 12th, half-way down the page, was the name *Stefano.*
>
> (*Continuation of directions.*)
>
> 2. "Now close to it is a name 'suggesting' a place that Bim knew very well, and liked *tremendously* when he was on the Earth Plane."
>
> (*Tracing of the above.*)
>
> An inch lower than this name *Stefano* we found the name *Freda*, the name of a friend who used to ask him to Bournemouth, *Fontmel Priory.* When a child he loved this place so much that he called it "The House of Wish." (See Memoir of E. W. T. by his Mother.)

It is obvious that (leaving out the untenable supposition of collusion on the part of *The Times*) no theory of telepathy or "sub-conscious self" would account for this prophetic anticipation. The proof of supernatural agency is irrefutable and decisive. The evil spirit or devil controlling the "medium" and personating poor "Bim" (now, let us hope in Purgatory, and likely to remain there indefinitely if (as God forbid) his getting out depended entirely on the prayers of his mother and those who loved him on earth) would find it mere child's play to make this kind of "prophecy" and to use it for his own purpose, which is neither more nor less than the perdition of the souls of Lady Glenconner and her associates in spiritualism, and those who may be lured into it by reading her book.

The foundation of all heresy is spiritual pride and the ignorance which that pride begets. Knowledge or wisdom is not requisite for salvation. The most humble and ignorant in a worldly sense may have the gift of the most perfect faith. But spiritual pride and an infernal arrogance, coupled with a most astonishing ignorance of the elements of the faith with which she would seek to reconcile her "spiritualism," cry out, metaphorically speaking, from the pages of Lady Glenconner's book. Take the following passage for example :—

> Has she (the Church) not, in the past, insisted rather on the resurrection of the body than on the immortality of the soul ? In Holy Scriptures we are nowhere told our physical forms shall rise again. Where texts appear teaching this clumsy misunderstanding of truth they have been mis-translated, either accidentally or by intent. Take the familiar instance of the nineteenth chapter of Job. The correct translation is : "Though after my skin this body be destroyed, yet without my flesh I shall see God." Yet we never hear it read like this. The old error is perpetuated. I do not mean that the Church still believes in the resurrection of the body . . . .

From which we gather that Lady Glenconner is under the extraordinary delusion that the Church no longer believes in the resurrection of the body ! The poor lady is recommended to attend an elementary school for infants, where she will learn that the belief in the resurrection of the body is, and always has been, one of the fundamentals of Christianity, and that no one not believing it could, properly speaking, be described as a Christian. (*Vide* the Apostles' Creed and the Athanasian Creed as recited even in Protestant churches.) But how can one argue with anyone who is at once so cocksure and so ignorant as Lady Glenconner ? She is kind enough to give us in the passage quoted above the "correct translation" of the 26th verse of the 29th chapter of Job. Here is the passage as it appears in the translation of the Vulgate, the Douay version :—

"And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

Lady Glenconner informs us that this translation is incorrect. We assert that it is absolutely correct, and we defy Lady Glenconner to prove the contrary.

But, apart from this text, it is almost an insult to the intelligence of our readers, Catholic or non-Catholic, to insist upon the fact that the resurrection of the body is a fundamental belief of the Christian Faith. So much is this the case that we confess that we are unaware of any contrary heresy having ever been propounded before. At the moment of writing we are without the means of access to any books of reference, and it may be that our memory is at fault. In that case, Lady Glenconner will be deprived of the distinction of having invented a new heresy.

DEAFENING SILENCE ABOUT JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

THREE weeks have passed since we made our first disclosure about the Battle of Jutland, and the Press remains dumb. In fact, during the past week the silence of *The Times, Daily Mail, Daily Telegraph, Morning Post, Daily Chronicle, Daily News, Daily Express, Westminster Gazette, Evening News, Evening Standard, Pall Mall Gazette, Globe* and *Star* has become positively deafening; and this terrific silence has been increased, if possible, by a feeble squeak on the part of the *Daily Herald.*

Lansbury's organ quotes a few lines from PLAIN ENGLISH for two reasons, in the first place, because we disclosed the fact that it had been told to keep silence, and Lansbury naturally desires to prove that he would not yield to Government orders, even though these orders were conveyed by a Jew of German origin; and in the second place because, after careful consultation, it was decided that a paragraph in the *Daily Herald* might have a damping effect upon PLAIN ENGLISH, by making it appear that our Jutland disclosures would only be acceptable to a disloyal organ.

We cannot congratulate those who are interested in hushing up the most frightful scandal in British naval or military history on this move. The Coalition has been in travail, and has brought forth this pitiable mouse.

The tone of the *Daily Herald's* paragraph indicates a desire on the part of Lansbury to discount the value of our statements. The *Daily Herald* is brazenly disloyal; and in employing this paper to discount the statements of PLAIN ENGLISH, the wire-pullers of the Coalition have revealed the fact that the Hidden Hand is upon their wires.

Either our statements can be disproved or they cannot. The public and the Government have had three weeks in which to consider them. So far as the public is concerned it has accepted our statements as proved, and consequently the one topic of conversation in the clubs has been Jutland treachery. Thus, a unique situation has been created: the public engaged in discussing the most vital piece of news which could be discussed, editors purchasing numerous copies of PLAIN ENGLISH, and newspaper offices humming with discussion; but the press, with one pitiable exception, dumb.

Does the Government and the coerced press suppose that the matter is going to end by PLAIN ENGLISH dropping the subject?

If so, both the Government and the press are vastly mistaken. Had our statements been merely based on hearsay, or second-hand evidence, the discussion would die a natural death; but as we shall proceed to show, in this incredibly terrible matter of Jutland treachery, which involves the safety and honour of the Realm, the good name of our brave men in the Navy, and the security of the very fabric of the State, we have made no statements which we are not prepared to prove.

If a court of inquiry be held, and the traitors captured, it will be a hanging matter for several persons. And where powerful influence is being used to protect traitors whose discovery would mean their death, we know that those powerful influences would stop at nothing to silence those who could give evidence in the matter of the Jutland treachery.

The murders of Lord Brassey and Sir Cecil Spring Rice, our late Ambassador to America, are fresh in the public mind; and those who are acquainted with the movements of the Hidden Hand realise that blackmail and murder are its favourite weapons. When these fail it resorts to the ingenious device of having a man certified as a lunatic. The public has not forgotten the murder of Lord Kitchener. And where men so highly placed can be attacked, we are not so foolish as to suppose that the power which silenced Lords Brassey and Kitchener and Sir Cecil Spring Rice could silence those from whom, for what seems an act of Providence, we received the evidence upon which our disclosures are based.

That is why we attempted to make it easy for the Government to answer us, by requesting them to say whether the translation of the German code messages at Jutland had been destroyed, and if so, by whom?

Let us examine the disclosures which we have been able to make up to the present. Here are the facts as given in our last issue:—

> We hear much from the Government about the British wireless messages. Why has the Government nothing to tell us about the German wireless messages during the battle?
>
> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**

Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.

We assure our readers that the abomination which we have disclosed is by no means the whole of the scandal, and we may say that one of the reasons why the Government has not attempted to deny our statements is that behind the manipulation of our navy by Germany during the Battle of Jutland there lies a financial plot of the first magnitude.

For the present it will be sufficient to indicate briefly the nature of this financial plot.

The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.

As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock

> in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.

Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.

The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

In our last issue we indicated, without naming him, the person who was in control of our most important secret wireless room during the battle of Jutland. If necessary, we can give his name; but he was merely a subordinate.

And the terrible fact remains that in the face of the awful disclosures which we have made for the honour of the King and the safety of the Realm, the Government and the press have remained silent; and so far as the press is concerned, its silence began in the midst of a discussion, as we pointed out last week, which promised to continue for a month or so.

If the British press is silent, the French press is not. Our disclosures are receiving full publicity in Paris; and one newspaper has not hesitated to lay the treachery of Jutland at the door of the Jews.

The foreign Embassies in London are placing the matter before their respective governments; so we suggest that nothing is to be gained by a further gagging of the press of this country by the Coalition, even though Mr. Lloyd George may have to sacrifice some of his income and brave the blackmailing power of the Hidden Hand.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 108S. 10D. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97½	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12.1	11.38 to 11.39
BERLIN	Marks	20.43	262 to 263
BRUSSELS	Francs	25.22½	58.10 to 58.20
CALCUTTA	Rupee	1s. 4d.	1/5½ to 1/6⅛
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18.15	22.05 to 22.10
ITALY	Lire	25.22½	106¼ to 106½
MADRID	Pesetos	25.22½	27.98 to 28.02
MONTREAL	Dollars	4.86	4.28 to 4.30
NEW YORK	Dollars	4.86	3.75¼ to 3.75¾
PARIS	Francs	25.22½	61.10 to 61.15
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	2/5⅜ to ⅞d.
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25.22½	24.05 to 24.10
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25.48d.	2/6⅜ to 2/7⅝

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.

The Board of Trade have just issued their returns for the past year, giving the total imports for 1920 as £1,936,742,000, which compares with £1,626,156,000 in 1919, showing an advance of £310,585,000. The exports have also increased by £536,930,000, the figure for the year being £1,335,569,000. There was a decrease in imports for the month of December of £24,157,000, chiefly in raw materials and partly manufactured articles. The great advance in imports was composed mainly of (*a*) Manufactured articles, and (*b*) Raw materials. Food, tobacco and wines appear among the imports at a figure of £48,254,000.

The big increase in exports was confined chiefly to raw materials, partly manufactured articles, live stock, food, spirits and tobacco. There was also an increase of over £16,000,000 in respect of coal exported.

New Issues.

There are several new issues to record during the past few days, the chief of which was the £4,000,000 7 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock of the Cunard Steamship Company, particulars of which we referred to in a previous issue. The whole of the issue was purchased by the Mersey Investment Trust, Ltd., and the B. S. T., Ltd., at the price of 85 per cent., and is being offered to the public at 90 per cent.

Another issue is the 120,000 Ordinary shares of £1 in Ohlsson's Cape Breweries, Ltd., at par, to Preference and Ordinary shareholders of the Company. Simultaneously with the issue, a substantial bonus to the Ordinary shareholders pro rata is announced, consisting of 105,000 new shares, which are being distributed to the Ordinary shareholders in the proportion of one new share credited as fully paid up for every four shares already held.

An interesting issue appears of the Amalgamated Trading & Industrial Corporation, Ltd., which has been registered under the Laws of Jersey for the purpose apparently of evading the Excess Profits Tax, the Corporation Tax and Income Tax. The Company is offering for subscription 160,000 10 per cent. Convertible Bonds to Bearer at par.

An Oil issue by the Palmarejo Oil Concessions, Ltd. (an offshoot of the Palmarejo Mexican Goldfields, Ltd.) is announced, in the shape of 500,000 Ordinary shares of 2s. each at par, the object of the Company being to develop Oil properties in the Pacific petroleum zone and the Republic of Mexico.

Banking Profits.

Some of the banking profits declared during the past ten days indicate continued progress, even though increased dividends have not been paid. In the midst of the gloom at the close of the year it was some consolation to read the figures disclosed by the accounts. The returns of the Bankers' Clearing House show abnormal increases. It should be remarked, however, that the profits are no doubt due to the fact that the Bank Rate for practically nine months of the past year has remained at 7 per cent., which is stated to be the highest figure for so long a period for over fifty years. As a result Banks were able to lend their surplus cash at a relatively high figure, and demands were made on them for the financing of trade and all classes of commercial enterprises.

The following table gives comparative figures of net profits and appropriations for the past two years of four of the leading Clearing Banks as disclosed by their accounts.

	Net Profits.		Allocations.	
	1919	1920	1919	1920
Lloyds	2,876,000	3,237,000	1,550,000	1,550,000
L. J. C. & M.	2,354,000	2,831,000	1,250,000	1,450,000
Barclays	2,122,000	2,927,000	900,000	1,350,000
Williams Deacons	399,000	463,000	175,000	225,000

As a set-off to the increased profits the provisions for depreciations of investments have necessarily had to be increased, and most of the Banks have done this on a substantial scale. Accordingly, though not allowing of a further increase in the dividend, the result is that the financial strength of all Banking institutions has been maintained, and in some cases considerably strengthened.

East Rand Developments.

At the Ordinary General Meeting of the New Modderfontein Gold Mining Company, held in Johannesburg on the 7th December, the chairman, Mr. J. R. Leisk, C.M.G., gave some interesting information with regard to the progress of the Company for the past year, all going to emphasise the importance of the East Rand as being by far and away the most profitable of the South African known gold deposits. The value of the gold recovered for the past year was valued at £2,550,000, at a cost of £1,061,000, showing a working profit for the financial year of £1,493,000. With regard to the developments during the year referred to, the following interesting statement was made :—

> " The development operations during 1919/20 exhibit a substantial increase, the total footage being 17,449, or nearly 8,000 ft. more than in the previous year. In this connection it should be noted that rather more than one-half of this footage developed ore—the remainder consisting of main haulage roads, cross-cuts, ore passes, &c., all of which make for the more effective conduct of mining operations. The payable ore developed during the year is estimated at 1,113,800 tons of an average value of 10·1 dwts. per ton. At the end of June last the total ore reserves amounted to 8,869,700 tons, of an average value of 8·4 dwts. over a stoping width of 67 inches. The consulting engineer draws attention to the fact that the grade of ore actually mined during the year was again somewhat above the average value of the reserve. He explains that this is due to the mine continuing to be in the happy position of finding that the actual results from mining exceed the values placed upon the reserves, and also to the current development opening up ore of higher value than the average of the reserves."

Dividends and Reports.

Atlantic Trust.—Dividend at the rate of 15 per cent., less tax, for half-year.

Seager, Evans & Co.—Interim dividend of 1s. 3d. per share, free of tax.

Status Investment Trust.—Dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, less tax, for half-year.

Munster & Leinster Bank.—Dividend for half-year at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, less tax.

Rio de Janeiro Flour Mills.—Net profit £175,271. Final dividend of 1s. 9d. per share, free of tax, and bonus of 1s. per share, free of tax.

Lowfield Spinning.—Half-year's profit £7,461. Final dividend of 6s. 3d., making 12s. 6d. per share for half-year.

British American Land.—Dividend of £1 per share on " A " shares for 1920.

Distillers Co.—Interim dividend for current year on Ordinary shares (including new issues) of 8s. per share, free of tax.

River Plate & General Investment.—Final dividend of 6 per cent. on Deferred Stock, less tax, making 10 per cent. for year.

Bluemel Bros.—Dividend of 1s. 4d. per share on Ordinary shares, less tax, making 10 per cent., plus a bonus of 1s. per share, less tax, making 15 per cent. for year.

Lovell & Christmas.—Interim dividend on Ordinary share of 6 per cent. per annum.

PARIS NOTES.

XVIII.

The elections of 98 new Senators are taking place to-day. The outcome of these elections will, doubtless, have a great influence on the general character of the attitude, and of the policy France will take up in the future.

If the new Senate—as seems probable—will have a strong radical majority, the course of this future policy will becom revolutionary, anti-national and anti-clerical. This is the opinion of Charles Maurras in " L'Action Française." The touchstone of this tendency will be, as I have said before, the question of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. The Senate has already put off its decision on this question until after the elections. Once more the reputation of their high assembly as that of the stronghold of radicalism and anti-clericalism has been justified.

The general condition of France is very ably summed up in the New Year's message of the Royalist Party to the Duke of Orleans.

" A disappointment is making itself manifest. Two years after a dearly bought victory France feels that she has not secured the peace her sacrifices deserved, and now the state of anarchy prevailing in a part of the world lays the country open to new perils. A general apprehension is increased by the revolutionary activities, furthered by our enemies, by the economic crisis and by financial difficulties."

In his answer the Duke of Orleans says :

" The disappointment of the nation—which everything tends to prove—has been foreseen, although I hoped that this would not happen so soon, and that the country would have time to rest after its many trials."

A good example of the methods of modern democratic statesmanship is the foregathering in Paris of 33 members of the Russian Constituent Assembly, which in December, 1918, was prorogued by a sleepy Bolshevik sailor who was tired of watching the debates and suggested that the spokesmen of the new Russian democraet should go to bed. This assembly consist in its majority of social-revolutionaries, the party which brought about the desintegration and collapse of the Russian army, betrayed Koltchak, Denikine, Yudenitch and Wrangel, made all the efforts of the Allies in Russia miscarry most pitifully, and destroyed—perhaps for ever—the prestige of the Allies. Messrs. Kerensky, Avksentieff, Jchernoff and Co. are amongst its illustrious members, all solemnly sitting in state in one of the Allied capitals as the spokesmen and representatives of pro-Allied Russia. When I ventured to prophesy this on November 27, I did not expect my prophecy to be fulfilled so completely !

However we live in a constant nightmare, and amazing facts come in " thick and fast," " and more and more and more."

Some time ago the Catholic Press in Italy and in France was full of indignant protests about the doings of Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner in Palestine. The Catholics were hard put to it,to understand that a representative of the " Defender of the Faith " could, in the very shadow of Our Saviour's Tomb, ostentatiously patronise militant judaism to the confusion and dismay of all Christendom. It seemed to them hard to believe that an English Bishop in order to repair from the Kingdom of Richard of the Lion Heart to the Holy Land had to obtain a permit from Jewish officials precisely because the Holy Sepulchre had at last been liberated by Christian soldiers.

But these puerile indignations are things of the past. Lord Reading has been appointed Viceroy of India !

Under the circumstances the chances of saving Poland—the " bete noire " of Sir Stuart Samuel—seems slender indeed. Marshal Pilsudski has put off his intended journey to Paris in order not to offend Mr. Lloyd George's gaze by the sight of a representative of an anti-semitic democracy.

Having for the time side-tracked this compromising Ally, we are going to confer on German disarmament and on how to stop (or propitiate) the hordes of distraught Russian peasants lashed into frenzy by demoniacal Jews.

As regards Germany we hear that not only Mr. Lloyd George, but even Sir Eyre Crowe himself thinks it very naughty of Germany not to disarm properly, and is going to be really very, very cross with her.

As for the Jewish dictators of Moscow, Mr. Lloyd George has a thundering good trick up his sleeve. A plan to which only "some egregious hebromaniacs" can take exception.

Imagine Leo Bronstein at the head of his red armies sweeps into Hindustan and thunders at the gates of Delhi. He will find Rufus Isaacs at his desk "minding the shop." Leo Bronstein turns and storms the hills of Zion. Herbert Samuel "surrounded by his staff" frowns on him from the steps of the Synagogue. Leo Bronstein in dismay swings his sledge-hammer at London—but Samuel Montagu merely smiles at him from the Treasury bench . . .

Won't Leo Bronstein be sold!

Engo.

Paris, January 9th, 1921.

A MORALITY PLAY.

SHERIDAN'S comedy, *The School for Scandal*, is simply a morality play lifted out of the Middle Age, and adapted to the mood and style of the eighteenth century. It is a very difficult play to act well, because the characters are simply types; and the rather forced artificiality of the eighteenth century dominates the stage from the first act to the last. The characters are so many human beings with the heart removed; and Joseph Surface is, perhaps, the only person who has a genuinely emotional existence. He is a proud schemer and a hypocrite; and if ever a man was unmasked and humiliated that man was Joseph Surface. The one decent act in his stage life was when he told a lie to shield a woman's good name; yet the woman—worthless little humbug—proves him a liar in order to play an heroic part; and her stupid husband, Sir Peter Teazle, believes that she is transformed, and takes her to his foolish old heart. In fiction and drama there is perhaps nothing more unconvincing than the sentimental conversion of some contemptible creature. And when we think of Lady Teazle we are disposed to remember the question—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

But as a comedy *The School for Scandal* is almost perfect; and as long as the language endures it will remain ever fresh and fine.

The Old Vic. revived this play on Monday last, with Ernest Milton as Joseph Surface. In this part he was extraordinarily convincing. Lady Teazle was well played by Mary Sumner, and Florence Saunders ably filled the difficult part of Lady Sneerwell.

Mr. Atkins was wise in giving the part of Snake to so fine an actor as Austin Trevor. A man who can play Antonio to perfection may be trusted to develop the facial expression and atmosphere which are required for the presentation of Snake. Ethel Harper as Mrs. Candour was quite admirable, and we trust that when *Romeo and Juliet* is played at the Old Vic. this lady will be given the Nurse's part.

We have for some time devoted space to the plays at the Old Vic., because this theatre is unique in one respect: it produces only the finest plays. But it does more than this, it makes these fine plays popular, and proves that when the average individual is presented with a good thing, he knows that it is good, and chooses it. But a good play must be well played; and if you go to the Old Vic. you will be sure of seeing a play presented as it should be presented. Infinite care is taken to make certain that the costumes are historically accurate. For instance, in *The Merchant of Venice*, the Duke might have stepped out of the frame of the Doge in the National Gallery. And this rule was followed in the presentation of *The School for Scandal*; apart from the acting, which was all that could be desired, each player was a study in himself; and while Joseph Surface and Maria sat apart from the rest, they formed a most charming picture; and later on we were given a dance, most gracefully done to contemporary music. This dance was a triumph, and the audience demanded its repetition.

Next week *Julius Cæsar* will be produced, with Mr. Ernest Milton as Antony. Antony is usually regarded as a simple-minded friend; and this effect is gained by the mutilation of the play. If Antony resembles any modern statesman, Richieleu is that statesman. Mr. Milton may be trusted to play the part of Machiavelli's forerunner to perfection.

H. M. P.

THE HYTHE REPORT.

IV.

In this letter to Philip Kerr, which contained a copy of the telegram * obtained in Rome and the interpretation of it, Captain X. entreated his friend to prevent the success of the Jews' plot. He wrote:—

"No matter what happens to me you can carry on the work by using my information. . . . You have kept your body pure and your mind untainted. Now use what I soiled myself to learn—do not play with mud to confirm it. It is all true.

"Go in and beat them. Your life has been such that they cannot blackmail you as they do poor —— in Rome.

"Beware of Amery in London and Gabriele in Rome. Hutton is just a tool.

"Cunliff-Owen, who is here, is only a foolish old 'dug-out,' and finds his amusements in the half-Bosch girl that L.G. prevented being shot. It seems harmless. They are all under the system worked out by Amery."

Knowing that the post might be searched, since Major Fleming had seen an envelope addressed to "Philip Kerr, 10, Downing Street," upon his table, Captain X. placed the letter in an envelope addressed to Mrs. ——, The Willing Workers, 175, Piccadilly. This was sure to attract no attention, and was certain to reach the right person, because the Willing Workers used part of the office of the *Round Table*, of which quarterly Philip Kerr was editor.

It was the vigorous idealism of the *Round Table* group that caused Captain X. to trust that Philip Kerr would carry on the battle against the hideous scheme of the Jews upon which he had stumbled in Rome. Not only his good fortune to have been born in a Catholic family, but the fact that Kerr had behind him the whole tradition of the spiritual fight against evil, gave reason for one to believe that he would carry the Red Cross of St. George to victory against the Red Shield of international finance.

It was consequently with a feeling of relief that Captain X. learned that the facts were on their way to some one who was in a position to use them. His letter-writing seemed completed.

Major Fleming was placed in charge of Captain X. This Scots doctor was kindness itself. Before the war he had been in Edinburgh University as a lecturer. Insanity was not his speciality. Being an old man he had calmly accepted the statement of Military Intelligence that all Captain X.'s statements were hallucinations.

However, during one of his daily visits Major Fleming spoke of books about the Balkans. He mentioned one by Noel Buxton.

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* *Vide* Part I., published December 25.

"I have a letter from Mr. Buxton, which I have not been able to answer," said Captain X.

Major Fleming looked doubtful, and remembered his patient who corresponded daily with Queen Victoria. But the letter from Mr. Noel Buxton was found in Captain X.'s kit. Permission was given to answer it, and Captain X. wrote as follows, explaining to Major Fleming paragraph by paragraph :—

> DEAR MR. BUXTON :
>
> Some time ago I returned the copy of the (proposed) Bulgarian Peace Terms. A few notes were attached, which, as you know, are only my personal opinions, but in a war like this it does seem wicked to suggest advantages by "securing the support of the clever and the unscrupulous," as Mr. Brailsford suggests in his note. . . . I am a "mental patient" at the 42nd General Hospital. They did this rather than pass on my report as to what I discovered in Rome. However, the doctor is kind, and I am quite happy.
>
> Political transitions caused by war are proverbially swift. Soon the whole collection of tricksters and poor blackmailed sodomites (not in an abusive sense) now sitting at Westminster may be swept away by an awakened and enlarged electorate. The ideals Mr. Asquith expressed in his Mansion House speech will still be the statement of our cause. The change will be that we then are really fighting for these ideals. For him they were but words to cajole the best of us to muddy extermination in Flanders while he and his clique could carry on their game of grab and sham at home. In an alcoholic daze he would fumble over war plans. These betrayed . . . would defeat and disgrace those eager youths who gave their manhood that men might still exist as free men.
>
> The splendid impulse that drew men from every part of the world will find sincere leaders. These men will realise that it was not thought of material spoil that brought them to the fight.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> In regard to Albania, Downing Street does not seem to understand that an Albanian mountain man who has no education (as we understand it) may grasp spiritual issues as delicately and clearly as the learned Lord Curzon. They are as mystic as Mr. Balfour. They are as resourceful as Mr. Lloyd George, and they are as practical as Mr. Bonar Law. They have their partnership with the rest of humanity, and they want the share-hold on the future which that partnership gives them.
>
> Through the German-Jew in England and the action of the inter-allied warfare between Italy and Serbia we deliberately forced Albania into the Austrian sphere of influence.
>
> We refused to help the latter leaders, and for our own mistaken ends we purchased Essad Pascha and his Turkish mercenaries. It is not too late to undo this mistake.
>
> Already German-Jew capital *in gold* is coming into Italy from the *bund* in America to be used to secure the Albanian oil, coal and copper lands. The German-Jew under the ramifications of the war is secretly fighting for control of the world's natural resources.
>
> Our people in Rome are blackmailed into silence.
>
> There is an arch-spy at home, carefully protected by the Rothschild money and the "black-book" blackmail.
>
> Go to Rome, and ask Sir Rennell to tell you of my reports to the Embassy. Force him to let you know what I believe to be true and then investigate for yourself. . . .
>
> My sincere respects to Mrs. Buxton. I shall never forget my visit to Runton Old Hall and my charming hosts.
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> X.

At the end of this letter, laboriously explained in detail, the still doubtful Major Fleming said he would give it to the chief censor. He kept his word, but needless to say it never reached Mr. Buxton. A nephew of Mr. Buxton on staff duty in Salonika once saw it in the hands of Military Intelligence.

But plans to escape suddenly came to a head. A uniform of a Red Cross orderly was received. This was washed by the Albanian servant of Captain X., and left to dry in the sun just outside the door. The bicycle was ready. The guard were sent on various errands. In a moment Captain X., who had remained in his pyjamas because of the heat, was in the Red Cross uniform, and pedalling his bicycle towards Salonika. The alarm was at once given, and military police sent out in the roads. Yet Captain X. reached the headquarters of the American Red Cross. But there he found Colonel Ryan had just left for Corfu.*

(*To be continued.*)

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* Col. Ryan is mentioned in Part III., published in issue of Jan. 7.

TRUSTS AND TRUST-MONGERS.—II.

ALIEN INFLUENCE A NATIONAL DANGER.

BY A "BLACK COAT."

TRUSTS in the United Kingdom are, in the main, a danger, not so much because of profiteering, but because they are being honeycombed with the influence of the International Jew. It should be noted that there are decent Jews and honourably run combines, but they are dangerously susceptible to influence. A large proportion of the trusts and amalgamations floated during the last fifteen years have been organised by Jews, and once their influence has got to work it is very difficult to dislodge it. Directors, secretaries, agents and others form convenient tools, and it must be remembered that one persistent man on a board can, with the aid of apparently independent outside assistance, quickly get what he wants. The "agent" is often introduced, with excellent references, after the death or retirement of some official. Jews are then taken on as clerks and assistants, and then, if the business cannot be grabbed, it can be upset with the aid of such disloyal "insiders." Many directors of large combines do not understand what is going on under their own noses, and if they find out and try to act, they are subjected to continuous pin pricks, and are forced to resign. It is difficult for the average shareholder to decline a glittering bait when amalgamations are in the air ; but, once the union has taken place, the business success or otherwise often depends on the underground workings of the financial Jews. Sometimes large concerns are kept going for years without paying dividends on their alien-owned ordinary shares, because the company is more valuable for the influence it obtains than for dividends, such a company being able to smash competition when required by under-cutting.

The policy of the Government of the country is nowadays decided by the Jew trustmongers, such as Sir Alfred Moritz Mond ("British to the core") and Edwin Montagu, whose permission has to be graciously obtained before any measure is passed, and if pledges have been given at election times, such as German reparations or anti-dumping, then, naturally, the wishes of those who know too much must be obeyed ; few present-day Jews require instruction in political blackmail. It is amusing to note that most of the leading trustmongers before the war called themselves Freetraders on the platform, and used backstairs influence to smash competition in trades in which they had an interest. It is delightful the way in which some of the Free Traders' trusts have demanded preferential treatment for their goods on railways and canals and for overseas traffic. It is no secret that the steamship rings repeatedly carried foreign (especially German) goods at cheaper rates than much material from the United Kingdom, which is not surprising, considering the Family Tree of some of the directors of some combines.

During the last ten years, especially since the war, the Jews have been forming trusts and have been getting hold of a number of old-established, honestly-run concerns. The average Jew despises honesty, the negation of everything the Tribe stands for, and gradually the old honest directors of absorbed concerns are being edged out. After any old-established firm with foreign connection has got into the hands of one of the branches of the world-wide Jewish gang, decent representatives and travellers abroad are gradually replaced by "flashy cads," who move about under "stolen" names, and as expected and intended by those who appoint them, make the name of England "stink" by their manners and methods. Those in the background, with friends in the Fatherland or elsewhere, are naturally delighted, as it assists in the transfer of trade to more desirable quarters ; the interests of the British firm being dependent on the necessities of the moment.

Every day the situation is getting more serious, but the public, thanks to the control of the Press by the Jew, is not allowed to know much.

In the past many of the railways in Argentina have been built and financed by Jew-free interests in the Midlands, with the co-operation of first class engineering and rolling-stock building firms. To-day the Financial Octopus has got its tentacles round the centres of several such groups, so doubtless men of the character and calibre of Bazil Zaharoff will be able to manipulate railway shares and railway orders in South America in accordance with Stock Exchange and international requirements. It is well known that such "dirty work" has been common in mining circles, where the output of gold or other metals from a mine has frequently been arranged to suit the orders of low class Hebrew manipulators; but, unfortunately, the war has so enriched the hereditary enemies of freedom that many other industries and interests are to be manipulated in the future. The history of the Santa Fé Land Co. after absorption by the Von Erlanger Group, which controls the forestal land, will be repeated many times in the near future. It is difficult to conceive, however, how honourable men can assist in covering up such deals. It comes about, therefore, that every increase in such control at home puts more and more of our trade and interests abroad into the podgy "soiled" hands of the International Jew.

It is amusing to note that, in accordance with history, the members of the Tribe show becoming modesty at public meetings, and during the war some of those with Frankfort "gutterals" discreetly kept out of the way, while some titled chairman read their carefully edited annual addresses. At the recent meeting of Vickers, the notorious Bazil Zaharoff did not get up to explain his activities during the war and the methods by which he became such a rich man; perhaps some of the more honourable of the shareholders might have made a non-reportable demonstration.

It is well known that during the war the British Government invested vast sums in concerns run by Jews, details of which are gradually leaking out, despite strenuous efforts by agents of the gang in public employ; the Dreyfuss Process Cellulose Co. and the holding in the notorious international Nickel Group being cases in point. It would be interesting to know how much "the Gang" has made out of the disgraceful debased nickel-silver coinage, and the amount out of silver purchased at top prices from the Silver Trust.

It should not be forgotten that to-day British industries are pawns in the game, and if "the Gang" think it desirable to divert trade from England to Germany or some other country when desirable it will compensate prominent co-workers of the "Tribe," and therefore the fact that this or that man is interested in some British industry is no proof of loyalty. It is interesting to note that some of those concerns which made such carefully stage-managed demonstrations of patriotism during the war are now giving preference to "sons of Huns" when well-paid situations have to be filled. Some of the trust directors who actually did some good work during the war under the excitement of the moment have now obeyed their inborn instincts, and the wishes of their friends, and are reverting to type with an apparent minimum of resistance. One so-called British firm, whose successive directors have mostly borne names to be found more frequently in the directories of Frankfort than of London, is now pushing the sale of Hun made goods in a neutral country.

It cannot be said that the capacity for prophecy among members of the Chosen Race has become extinct, as not long before the war several notorious Trustmongering Financiers withdrew their connection, superficially or otherwise, from nterests likely to be useful to the land of their birth during war. In polite financial society such an occurrence would be ermed a natural coincidence. It is also amusing to note the nxiety that was shown by the Office of the Public Trustee to nsure that German-owned businesses should not be taken ver by financial interests too closely allied to the Fatherland, while allowing in some cases pre-war Hun nominees to remain as managers or managing directors of the concerns. It may be that, like the Germans originally in the employ of the "Forestal Land Company," it requires the services of highly-trained "Huns" to supervise businesses or processes; the incapacity of the average educated "Britisher" to adapt himself during the war to new processes being, to sympathetic persons at least, sufficiently obvious. Doubtless before long some of these now "British Subjects" will find it absolutely necessary to go to Germany to obtain what is "absolutely necessary" for the carrying on of their present business, and somehow business relations will be restored. It can be well understood that in accordance with instructions received from enthusiastic party-fund subscribers and organisers of advantageous financial "coups," some of the new wartime industries are to be practically ruined by foreign dumping, the necessary preventive legislation naturally in such cases taking many months to arrange; perhaps the Alien trustmongers will therefore be able to buy up such businesses very cheaply, and then it may prove more convenient to concentrate the key sections of such businesses abroad, under the scientific vigilance of the Foster Parent house. The industry may then conveniently die out, with corresponding advantage in case of another European conflagration. It must be most convenient for many gentlemen who became British Subjects out of purest regard for their adopted home that the Deutsche Bank, like other German banks in London, is so long a dying; perhaps the funeral oration will be made by the "chief mourner" in a Synagogue some years hence; at any rate the public is not likely to be treated to an excessive amount of information regarding the operations of some of these gentry. It is now understood that it takes much longer to get bearer bonds and other convenient assets out of Germany than it took, some hours before war was declared, to get them from the German Banks in London into Germany; trustmongers' wheels are usually oiled to go in one direction only. It would satisfy the curiosity of many to know the value of property saved from the clutches of the Public Trustee during the war by the providential naturalisation of Baron Bruno von Schröder and other trustmongers, and the exact amount of the little incidental expenses of such naturalisation.

Every day more and more of our trade is falling into the hands of Jewish trusts, rings and associations. During the war, when many chief employees joined up, highly-recommended Jews who had, strange to say, been released by tribunals, were conveniently available, and now some of the top-hatted gentry seem to know everything about the business of competing firms; the process resembled the behaviour of the ever-obliging German clerks of years ago.

In the retail trades, especially the drapery business, the Jew-influenced trusts are absorbing most of the largest shops in the West End. Those who understand Jewish methods know that somehow Jewish manufacturers will, in time, be able to satisfy the requirements of the buyers of such firms; competing Gentile manufacturers may find after amalgamation, when they have put their necks into the "Yiddish" noose, that their goods will be more acceptable.

In 1914, strange to say, some of those in the War Office and Admiralty turned down offers by firms not in the Armaments ring, for munitions and war stores of all kinds, and orders were given out much more freely when a number of Jews had been got together to use their accustomed energy and foresight in the interest of their adopted country; the fact that Jewish intermediaries began to swarm at about the same time was a mere coincidence. While this was going on Tommy Atkins in Flanders could wait, especially as so many of the "thousands of young Jews," that Lord Reading spoke about in America, had not yet reached the firing line. Some officers abroad, and inventors at home, wondered why opposition was so often raised to the supply of simple appliances through the Ministry of Munitions. Perhaps there was not enough profit in them to please everybody. At the time of the Armistice the existing Disposal Board was encouraged to resign by the War Ministry, and after several months of ingenious "wangling" a new one was formed, which deprecated undue haste. The story of most of the big dumps in France and stores in England is largely mixed up with "Tribal" rings. The anxiety of Messrs. Lloyd George and Bonar Law to "crab" the "Banbury" Investigation Committee over St. Omer shows plainly what has been going on. Some of those who found out too much in France were demobilised with exemplary rapidity.

Regarding trusts in general, the so-called Intelligencia of the Yiddo-Bolshevik Party does not object so much to trusts; they form an Aunt Sally for Labour allies, and supply arguments for Nationalisation. Any trust which refuses to come "to heel" can be upset by strikes against all the branches, and the Fabian Society leaders know that the most notorious trust-mongers are carrying on "the good work."

Now that honest men are gradually being pushed out of the Cabinet to be replaced by Jews or their agents, and men like Lloyd George have to obey or risk exposure of Marconi and similar deals, naturally no effective inquiries or legislation regarding the more dangerous operations of trusts are likely to take place, nor are they likely to take place so long as a Jew-influenced Coalition remains in power. The process successfully carried out by the big banks is being followed in the manufacturing and retail trades, with the aid of the same influence. It is not Capitalism or the excessive profits of the average shareholder which is a danger to the State; it is the manipulation of business by "British Subjects" who have working partners in all parts of the world, bound together by racial cupidity and callous dishonesty. Economic factors tend to limit prices, but they cannot to the same extent influence the "operations" of the chameleonic plutocrat. When a cuttle-fish is attacked it squirts out a sort of ink, and in the same way the Hebrew Octopus when attacked obscures the point by specious arguments, and, if necessary, inspired industrial disorder. The "Freedom of the Press" is a thing of the past, but all the same the public is beginning to "sit up and take notice," and it is to be hoped that the community will grasp the significance of recent events, and act with vigour before it is too late. Thousands of men did not fear the Hun during the war, and with a little encouragement thousands will stand up to the cowardly Jew, who, with a small percentage of honourable exceptions, is out to smash all that the best men of the Empire have been trying to build up during the last 200 years.

THE MORAL OF THE CIRCUS.

THERE are three important circuses running in London at the present time. The fact may interest those who do not believe that progress necessarily implies the abolition of old-fashioned institutions, or that a rudimentary form of entertainment must needs disappear in order to give sole place to its higher manifestation. Fortunately, the circus is immune from the evolutionary mania that so often confuses mere growth with progress, and the improvement of something standardised and fixed with its complete transformation into something quite different. The circus may be forgotten for a spell; but its popularity when revived depends upon a fairly rigid formula. Nobody would care to visit a circus where the clown forgot to tumble over the ring, or where the equestrian rider omitted to leap over maypole ribbons. Variations of the stock jokes and tricks there must be, but there is so much that must not be left out that what is added cannot alter the character of the performance as a whole. The introduction of an exceedingly sagacious hippopotamus at the Crystal Palace was a conception well in tune with tradition; and the stately walk of Nora from the Nile, around the extensive arena, is at once stupendously impressive and excruciatingly humorous. Even the advent of Slavonic dances does not seem out of place, for dancing, other than that of the ballet description, should surely be viewed from all sides and in an open space in order to be fully appreciated. But the essentials of the ring remain unimpaired. The circus has been kept safe for democracy. It must remain so or else lose the name of circus, just as the theatre must retain the simple standards of dramatic representation or else be superseded by the cinema.

The association of the circus, which is a low but permanent form of entertainment, with the theatre, which, however higher its appeal, must retain certain immutable characteristics, is important at the present moment. Fanatics in the world of art, as well as other spheres, are constantly trying to prove that a thing can only be improved by getting as far away as possible from its origin. Those who set themselves to reform the theatre during the past half-century did their best to destroy the theatre altogether. Starting, perhaps with some justification, with trifles, they removed the orchestra and the footlights. Then they abolished scenery, or rather, substituted geometrical designs, for the old-fashioned, if, admittedly vulgar, backcloth and "sets." Real trees in pots took the place of the sordid wings. Everything was done to make the audience feel at home with realities rather than at the theatre with illusions. But this did not satisfy the reformers. The theatre was still too much like a theatre. They proceeded to remove the plot from the play and the soul from the actor. The traditional dramatists were murdered in modernisation; existing playwrights like Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones were ignored for the sake of anybody who cared to see his or her own love affairs enacted in public. Plays were written with no more material in them than would fill the average short story. The casual drift of contemporary interest took the place of substantial action. Situations that are met with upon every other page of a modern novel served as an excuse for stage representation. Climax resolved itself into nothing more significant than the tag-speech at the fall of the curtain, or the removal of a pipe from the mouth of the leading man. The reformers were winning their way. By the reckless inclusion of everything within the scope of dramatic representation, without a pause to consider its traditional value, they were destroying the very object of the theatre. Anybody with observant eyes and a common share of dramatic sense could derive as much excitement from a walk in the street as from a stall in the theatre. Ibsen had taken the wall out of the drawing-room; and the modern producer had very nearly succeeded in knocking the sides out of the theatre.

Fortunately, and inevitably, there has been a reaction against the worst forms of extremest idiocy. For the theatre, like the circus, has not only a glamour of its own which is irresistible, but the essentials are as unalterable as the definitely chosen metres of a poem. The art of the theatre consists in producing an illusion for its own sake, but the tendency of the modern stage has been to create an illusion of mere convenience, simply to show something that could not be shown elsewhere—a process much more completely and accurately carried out by the cinema. The force of histrionic appeal by means of physical and vocal effort is something that will soon be lost to the world unless plays are again written which make possible the utmost exercise of these essentially theatrical functions. The actor stands to lose everything by realism, or by any attempt to convert the theatre into a platform or merely the drawing-room with a wall removed. Fundamentally, in a rudimentary sense, the actor is the acrobat, the contortionist, and the clown all rolled into one, the supreme example, in its highest refinement, of the elementary and age-long conception of public performance. He differs only from the orator in the sense that his aim is illusion, whereas the latter (with certain exceptions) aims at conviction by direct appeal. But the important point is that the most powerful tragic actor in the world depends upon his physique just as much as the clown or the trapeze artist, using, of course, a wider range of muscular and nervous activity and working upon a broader sphere of human emotions.

It is here that the deadlock occurs in the modern stage. The instinct of the actor is to pretend; but the advanced playwright wants him to be as much like himself as possible, and the producer insists that he shall be so and teaches him how to move about the stage without upsetting the harmony of real life. The result is that suggestion has taken the place of expression, and restraint is practised to such an extent that it is difficult to imagine what some of our established players would do if they were suddenly called upon to use flesh and blood as their medium instead of cigarettes and slowly opened doors. The modern actor does not pretend at all; he exercises every device in order to assure the audience that he is real and just the same at home as he is upon the stage. And, of course, like everybody else, he can be angry at times, or perplexed, amused, alarmed; there is a sense in which we are all actors, and there are some quicker than others to show what they feel. By comparison, the clown, possibly, and the music-hall comedian, certainly, works much harder in order to achieve more legitimate effects.

The result of all this confusion of purpose and function in the theatre, this attempt to strain a medium beyond its natural limits, has been to substitute polite and discreet mummery for real acting and loose realism for the genuine play. But the theatre is just as much a tradition as the circus; it appeals to something fixed and permanent in the human soul, and its condition as a public institution affords a sharp test of the rightness and wisdom of human progress. The theatre cannot evolve; it can only improve. It can and must become more faithful a mirror of eternal hopes and fears, more complete an index of all that is unchangeable in the human soul during its struggles with the fluctuating needs and calls of varying generations. Here, as in other larger matters, the race can choose in what direction it will move. A thousand years hence, wherever the fanatics and sociologists have landed the race, or however much the psychologists have taught us about ourselves, the theatre will still remain one of the most potent of all sources of inspiration, refreshment and enlightenment. That is, if we choose to organise the theatre. Humanity is stabilised only by retaining its hold upon original and even elementary things. The circus has been revived, with its health-giving touchstone "Here we are again," and a visit to the Crystal Palace or the Olympia is a less expensive cure for chronic hyperæmia or soul-sickness than a holiday or psycho-analysis. The hopeful series of revivals in the modern theatre and the complete absence of a definitely realistic school of playwrights, is a better augury for the future than the most elaborate health bill, or any of the desperate remedies proscribed by scientists for maladies of the soul and diseases of the generation.

E. V. ODLE.

REVIEWS.

LABOUR AS AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM. Edited by E. John Solano. (Macmillan & Co. 18s.)

We may perhaps be allowed to remark in passing, as a preliminary reflection on the contents of this book, that for any practical international purpose in international labour problems, Jesus Christ seems as dead as a door nail. Any idea of an international Church, founded by Him, bringing about a new era of Christian civilisation, and intimately concerned with morality in the economic sphere, is so little to be regarded that one may picture it as a broken-down and abandoned old-fashioned coach, rotting somewhere in a shed, with a fantastic and decaying triple tiara crowning its obsolete apex. The time when "the application of ethics to economic transactions was rendered possible by the existence of one universally recognised code of morality, and the presence of one universally accepted moral teacher" has long, long passed away. If within the limits of Christendom "for economic purposes it was scarcely necessary to distinguish different countries from one another in the thirteenth century," in the twentieth we have changed all that, and our methods are as different as a Cabinet meeting differs from a prayer meeting.

Yet, no doubt, this is rather an apparent state of things than an actual. The principles of Catholicism, even when not acknowledged or recognised as such, have permeated the world and play their part, unheralded, in guiding the actions of mankind. There is certainly a consolation in the fact that those who guide world-movements of to-day in matters social and economic tend more and more to awareness of the inseparable nature of social and moral problems. Industrial aspirations claim no mere commercial or market basis, but the ethical one of justice.

The catastrophe of the great European war had one international effect. It united nations in a common longing for universal peace and the prevention of future similar wars. This international sentiment led to the formation of the League of Nations. But the nations recognised that universal peace could not be attained unless it were based on social justice (which was an acknowledgment of the need of morality for a foundation), and it was speedily perceived that the League of Nations, in order to justify its existence, must take measures not merely to avert wars between nations, but to do something to preserve the internal peace of the nations themselves by facing and attempting solutions, on the foundation of justice, of vital economic and social problems. The International Labour Office, which had its origin in the League of Nations, seeks to cope with what is an international danger, one which might produce disaster as terrible as the ravages of war, and seeks to do so by restoring justice in the relation of man to man.

The book before us has the useful object of spreading abroad a knowledge of the constitution, functions, procedure and policy of the International Labour Office, and helping to produce a well-informed public opinion concerning its nature and purpose. Mr. Solano, formerly of the Ministry of Labour, and a Deputy-Director of Labour Supply, writes a lucid introduction to the series of essays contributed by representatives of different nations. There follow essays by Mr. G. N. Barnes (Delegate to the Labour Commission on International Labour Legislation at the Paris Peace Conference) and Dr. Shotwell (American Delegate to the same), dealing with the constitution of the International Labour Office. Mr. Barnes exhibits the change of attitude that has come about in Governments and employers with regard to the legitimate aspirations of organised labour, and Dr. Shotwell, besides showing how America influenced by her amendments the procedure of the International Labour Organisation, illustrates how that procedure brings about the making of international labour laws depending, not upon the treaties of diplomatists, but upon public opinion, and for that purpose associates together representatives of labour and capital and of Governments.

Mr. W. A. Appleton, President of the International Federation of Trade Unions, discusses the co-operation of the body of which he is president with the labour organisation of the League of Nations, which co-operation he approves of so far as it does not trespass on the independence of the former. Social progress, he maintains, as Mr. Barnes does, is most surely attained by an ordered and constructive policy of industrial reforms. Representatives of Belgium and Japan discuss labour problems from their own countries' point of view.

In the succeeding section of the book we are given a review from its beginning of the movement towards the making of international laws to regulate industrial conditions for the benefit of workers. M. Arthur Fontaine, Director of Labour in the French Ministry of Labour, who was elected chairman of the Governing Body of the International Labour Office at the Washington Conference, and Miss Sopie Sanger, formerly secretary of the British Section, International Association for Labour Legislation, present an historical review which brings into the light the debt which the present generation owes to those who struggled long against discouragement and obstacles to give effect to the idea and the basic principles of founding industrial reforms on international law.

The two succeeding essays are furnished by Mr. H. B. Butler and M. Albert Thomas. Mr. Butler was Assistant Secretary to the British Ministry of Labour, and in that capacity thought out the main outlines of the scheme proposed at Paris by the British Government for making international co-operation in the economic field an essential element of any plan elaborated by the Allied nations for the securing of universal peace. He is now Deputy Director of the International Labour Office, and relates the work done by the new organisation at the Conference at Washington. M. Albert Thomas, Director, was French Minister of Munitions during the war, and his long experience in connection with political and social progress in France has assisted him in forming the departmental organisation he has established, with the sanction of the Governing Body, to enable the International Labour Office to carry out its work. Of this work he gives something of a forecast.

An added appendix gives the Labour sections of the Peace Treaty; a Resolution passed at the Berne Conference, 1906, but, owing to their opposition, not adopted, though it subsequently became the basis of regulations defining the functions of the International Labour Organisation; draft conventions and recommendations adopted at the Washington and Geneva Conferences; and a list of Member States and Governing Body of the Organisation.

It will thus be seen that the book before us is a volume of comprehensive and up-to-date information concerning a great experiment. Public opinion in the countries concerned will have much to do with its success or failure. The book aims at rendering public opinion well informed upon the International Labour Organisation's endeavour to work out a world-wide problem by a peaceful and constitutional method, based upon co-operation and mutual understanding between different classes and nations.

A History of Scotland from the Roman Evacuation to the Disruption, 1843. By Charles Sanford Terry, Litt.D.Cantab. (Cambridge University Press. 20s, net.)

Since John Bellenden at the request of James V. wrote a *Historie of Scotland*, which consisted mainly of a free translation of Hector Boece's Latin chronicle, many histories have been written of the country which Sydney Smith described contemptuously as "that knuckle-end of England, that land of Calvin, oat-cakes and sulphur." Yet, as Professor Terry says in his Preface, it is only quite recently that "the processes of Scottish history have been disencumbered from confusing debris of conjecture, revealing in authoritative detail a story of development unsurpassed by the national experience of any modern community." Professor Terry acknowledges indebtedness of guidance (while frequently dissenting from their reflections) to the *Histories* of the late Historiographer and Mr. Andrew Lang, yet even so it is he (and his publishers) who have placed in our hands so beautifully printed and bound and so handy a volume, with its frontispiece portrait of James V., a copy of the picture in the possession of the University of Aberdeen, of which Dr. Terry is Professor.

The writing of history is not a mere tabulating of dry facts or their perfunctory recital; it is an interpretative narration. And the interpretation of facts and persons will differ with the writer. This is true even when the authoritative details are abundant and the historian's pre-eminent aim is accurate presentment.

Everyone remembers Addison's delight in the historian's narrative when the subject could be seen "unfolding itself by just Degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing Suspense, and have time given us to raise our Expectations, and to side with one of the Parties concerned in the narration." But he goes on to confess that this shows more "the Art than the Veracity of the Historian." Yet when we get the veracity in addition to the art, Addison's sense of pleasure becomes in ampler measure ours.

If Professor Terry interprets certain details differently from ourselves—such, for example, as the contrast between ecclesiastical rite and organisation in Iona and Rome, the Professor, speaking of the "Churches" of Rome and Iona, and shortly afterwards of the "Churches" of Italy, France and Germany, his interpretation of differences involving the idea that "national Churches" in St. Columba's Day were exclusively national, though more or less "linked" with Rome—if he does this, he at least enlists our sympathies for some one or other "of the Parties concerned in the narration." We follow the fortunes of the Douglas in his struggles with Stewart James II., and the intrigues with John of the Isles or Livingstone, and are kept "in Suspense" and dread as we see presented before us the tragedy of Stirling.

> The King kept Christmas at Stirling, and when the season of festival was passed, summoned Douglas as his guest. The Earl presented himself in February, 1452, either unsuspicious or contemptuous of danger, bearing a safe-conduct which bore the King's seal. His retinue found quarters in the town; Douglas was housed in the Castle with the King. On the morrow, at James' invitation, the Earl supped with him. Afterwards, withdrawing to an inner room, King and guest conversed. The topic of the Crawford-Ross "bands" was broached. Both men, it is assumed, had drunk deeply. James demanded the quashing of the "bands," and perhaps pleaded their inconsistence with the kingdom's well-being. Douglas answered "He might not, nor would not." At the word the King's choler mastered him. Unsheathing his dagger he threw himself upon his guest: "False traitor, since you will not, this shall," and dirked him in the neck and down in the body." Attendants pressed in and stabbed the dying man; one with a pole-axe struck out his brains. His body was flung from the window to the court below, and had hasty burial in the grounds of the Dominicans."

Or, again, take the story of Mary Stewart:—

> There is not in history, romance or tragedy more engrossing than the tale of Mary Stewart. As a drama of incident it is matchless. A young queen returned from the delicate splendours of her loved France to the cold repellent skies of her infancy, motherless, picking an intricate path among grim men, provoking them by the witchery of her sex, a "Helen of the modern world," twice sacrificed to unworthy and youthful husbands, a third time mated to please herself with a man easy to picture as her preference, handsome, brawling Bothwell, "glorious, rash, and hazardous," contriver of a shattering tragedy which expelled her into exile and her crowning doom. Round her larger issues clashed in conflict. From her birth nations fought for her. Had she not been born Pinkie had not been lost. She stood between Western Christendom and a New Faith. On her France, Spain and Rome staked their causes. She clutched at Elizabeth's throne and, if successful, drew back the first renegade from the fold of Holy Church. England recovered, heresy perished in the West, in Scotland, in the Low Countries. That was her mission, a labour unachievable in any case, doubly impossible confided to a girl pulsing with young life, alert to snatch pleasure from great position. Hence the double tragedy, her own and of a great cause. One axe felled both at Fotheringay.

Sometimes the Professor's language, we may incidentally remark, is a little lacking in lucidity, as in the above sentence about Elizabeth's throne, or the following one: or again where he says, concerning King James and the new artillery: "While watching one of these hooped monsters, 'mair curious then became the majestie of ane King,' the piece burst, a fragment broke James' thigh-bone and killed him on the spot." But we do not wish to be captious.

A modern writer has sardonically observed somewhere that a national history is "the story of a race, and not a national portrait gallery." If this be a rule, its concomitant exception would be Scotland. "There is no historical literature that leads itself more naturally to genealogical illustration than Scotland's." And it is certainly to be accepted as a help towards the clear comprehension of Scottish history that Professor Terry has inserted in his book a number of Pedigree Tables of the Royal House and of other great Scottish families that have figured in their country's story. If this be regarded as a portrait gallery we are all the better for it.

Dr. Terry speaks of the "Reformation" as the coming of a "New Faith," yet he brings out clearly enough the fact that it was the cupidity and ambition of the nobles that was the chief factor in the change. And in this they had English example as incentive. He quotes Dr. Hume Brown as saying, "neither individuals nor classes are wont to act from a single motive" and gives the nobility all the credit for higher motives he can. All the same, "by whatever impulse their order was actuated, it is incontestable that the nobles made the Reformation possible."

Readers and students who use the book will find it a fascinating treatment of a fascinating subject.

Allenby's Final Triumph. By W. T. Massey. (Constable. 21s. net.)

This is a sequel to "How Jerusalem was Won" and deals with the Palestine Campaign subsequent to the capture of Jerusalem. The author is frankly an enthusiast about this campaign and the masterful way in which it was conducted, and one is able to share heartily in his enthusiasm. Here at all events, was a "theatre of war" where there were no "unpleasant incidents" in the sense to which we were only too accustomed elsewhere. At the same time the author is careful to emphasise that a common error on the part of critics, military as well as civil, was lack of appreciation of the vast difficulties with which Allenby at times was confronted. In fact, events succeeded each other with too great smoothness! Allenby is a striking illustration of the old Napoleonic who saw that "the successful general is the one who makes the fewest mistakes," and without being cynical one might add "and whose adversaries make the most mistakes!" The book is for students of military history, but this will not detract from its general popularity, seeing how enormously students of military history have multiplied in the last few years. The Cavalryman will find a peculiar gratification in reading the book seeing that more in the Palestine Campaign than in any other field of operations cavalry once more came into its own and made good. On the Western Front it had practically, for all effective purposes, ceased to exist. The writer takes us conscientiously through the various stages that led up to the final triumph: cavalry, airmen, infantry, supply signals—he deals carefully with the part each played.

Without, however, in the least decrying that triumph, it is well to remember that we had a disunited enemy. There can be no question of the hearty hatred the Turks bore to their German colleagues, and this hatred, with contempt and distrust added, was fully reciprocated. This is emphasised in the Appendix. Allenby was fortunate, too, in finding the War Cabinet amenable to reason. It had by that time, no doubt, learnt in the school of bitter experience. There are a number of illustrations in the book and some useful maps.

Altogether a book the interest in which will persist long after the bulk of war volumes that continue to be outpoured have been committed to the limbo of forgotten things!

NOVELS.

The Dippers. By Ben Travers. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a book of diverting situations, a book of humour. Humour is a relative thing, and one man's diversion is another man's boredom.

We should be sorry to condemn a book as bad because its humour failed to tickle us, or to expect every reader to grow enthusiastic over one that doubled us up with laughter. At the same time it is but just to record that the humour of this book is of the broad and blatant type with little in it of the dry and subtle. The fun in it revolves round the fact of a stout, unmusical solicitor being by force of circumstances drawn into playing the part of a professional dancer at a house party given by a newly-created and vulgar peer. The misery he endures, the extrication from one difficulty after another, the chapter of accidents and the final escape, are all related in graphic style by the author and form a sort of pocket-farce that, we doubt not, will be enjoyed by many readers.

A Man for the Ages. By Irving Bachelier. (Constable. 9s. net.)

British readers who reverence the memory of Abraham Lincoln (and there are many) will find in this romance of his earlier days much to interest them. The author gives a number of diverting sketches of old Pioneer life in the United States, and the pages are full of quaint humour. Few will deny that, owing to the great war, the Lincoln legend gained enormously, and though "Democracy" to many thoughtful minds may still be little more than a word, nevertheless in the darkest days all could draw strength and inspiration from the thought of how the great President won through solely by his indomitable courage and faith even at times, as he expressed it, when he felt himself almost alone in the world and everything looked black. One must remember, too, that Democracy, as Lincoln understood it, was a more robust, patriotic conception than what too often passes for Democracy to-day. Lincoln was one of the few great men who possessed and understood the effective use of a keen sense of humour. On momentous occasions his custom prior to commencing business at a "round table" conference was to steady the nerves of his colleagues by telling one or two anecdotes in his own inimitable way. At first this custom, until its real meaning was understood and appreciated, was highly disapproved as savouring of levity. It is related that once when Lincoln was playing a very "lone" hand even his greatest friends lost patience and one, C——, was heard to remark that he was a d—d fool! On this being repeated to Lincoln all he did was to stroke his beard meditatively and say:

"Did C—— say I was a d—d fool? Then I guess C—— is right. I have a great respect for his opinion, so I just must be a d—d fool!"

The last chapter of the book deals briefly with Lincoln's later life, but the connected portion ends with his marriage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLAIN TALK ON THE SEX QUESTION.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—A good deal of nonsense is being written about the increase of sexual immorality among young people. Not a week goes by but what some moraliser manages to pour into the columns of the Press a large dose of abstract medicine for the younger sinners of society. The general complaint is that the present generation has ceased to be Victorian; that sexual intercourse before marriage is somewhat fashionable; that girls are more flippant and fleshy than they ever were, and that marriage and social morality are both being seriously weakened in consequence. Where the critics have got their knowledge from seems to be from each other, for they all agree that most young people are corrupt and that certain remedies need to be applied.

Now, it is no use denying that these charges are substantially correct. Sexual immorality is on the increase and the evil is losing much of its old offensive character. What I am concerned with, however, are the causes of this development and the method of muddle-headed moralists in dealing with them. To take the causes first. The strain of the last few years has left people with damaged nerves and abnormally sensitive to excitement. The sensationalism of war has left its mark in the craving for pleasures which appeal more to the physical than the moral part of our nature, with the result that the country is now suffering from a sort of sexual neurosis, In addition to this the sexes in numbers are seriously unbalanced. There are two million women in excess of men, and the greater majority of them can never hope to marry. And the position is worsened by the fact that thousands of young men of marriageable age are also denied this right in life through purely economic circumstances. They came back from the war without the necessary capital to buy a home. Add to this shortcoming the dearth of houses, the ever-increasing cost of living, and the uncertainty of permanent employment, and it will readily be seen why marriage is so cynically regarded among young men. It is not their fault that the function of sex is lowered in the scale of morality. If an artificial barrier of this kind is set up between the sexes, then the system of marriage fails to achieve its purpose and must be valued accordingly. The present increase in sexual indulgence is mainly due to the knowledge that marriage is dictated more and more by social position, and that its ethical authority becomes no better than that of unlawful intercourse when people are denied the means of acting up to its standard. This is not to imply that sexual appetite should necessarily be freed of all control, but it does mean that fellows who have practised chastity with the hope of getting married, and who are robbed of that reward in consequence of war-time sacrifices, have not only a direct incentive to vice, but also a charge to make against the present conduct of society.

Nothing is more easy than for elderly writers spent of the sexual flame to serve up moral aphorisms as the only remedy for the growing evil. Having passed themselves into the marriage sphere with the utmost ease, and being blessed with every social convenience for the proper observance of their bond, they imagine that a simple proverb is sufficient to regulate the sexual instincts of youth, and save the moral code of the race from decay. What sort of puritan graces would have marked their character had they been heirs to a period such as ours, it is easy to imagine, but it is perfectly clear that they do not realise the present incitements to sexual immorality. The urgent need is to remove some of the economic restrictions which forbid people to marry at an age when union is most desirable. It is not moral precepts that are wanted, but definite social rights for enabling young men and women to marry with a reasonable amount of economic security. Short of this there is no practical solution of the sexual problem. To be condemned to chastity by artificial prohibitions is not likely to produce the results which moralists imagine will accrue. Marriage is either a safeguard against sexual licence or it is not, and if the country prefers to make it not a safeguard when there are so many physically efficient persons desiring admission, then the country should not be horrified at the consequences.

The muddle-headed moralists may shout "keep pure," but that will not clear the way to the altar steps.

I am,
Your obedient servant,
V. W. G.

WILLIAM BOLTS.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: With reference to the notice of my book "William Bolts," which appeared in your issue of January 1, may I be allowed to explain that the words to which your reviewer takes exception were those actually used by Captain Bunch in his quaint narrative, and that the inverted commas should perhaps have begun before "Mr. William Bolts"? His objection to the word "half-caste" is due to a mistake of the typist, who turned the word "creole" into "bride," the mistake unfortunately escaping notice in the correction of the proofs.

Your obedient Servant,
N. L. Hallward.

INSULTING INDIA.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Dear Sir,—I had intended writing you somewhat lengthily on the subject of the dirty little Welsh attorney's outrageous insult to India, but the fact that Rufe has accepted the Viceroyalty has frozen every particle of marrow in my body, and words—except hectic ones—fail me.

No one knows more than I that you do not need to be told your business, but with the utmost respect I submit that it is up to you to have the streets of London paraded with your sandwichmen with similar matter to that suggested below, Whitehall to be particularly attacked :—

"Lloyd George's Insult to India."
"India Won't have Rufus—or Isaacs."
"Is India Going to the Jews ?"

Is it practicable to so reduce the cost of production that you could put Plain English in the way of the man in the street, who is *the* man who requires educating by such a fearless journal. For I feel convinced that with a circulation on a par with, say, *John Bull*, and at the latter's price, you would quickly have all England with you to a man. The majority of those who will pay sixpence for a journal know something already of the perils that beset these islands. Plain English *must* become a power in the country, otherwise we shall also go to the Jews.

Do please keep up that wonderful fearlessness that has so gripped me since I became a regular reader, and wishing you endless success,

I am, dear Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Warren Naylor.

180, Portsdown Road, W.9.
5th January, 1921.

THE HIDDEN HAND REVEALED.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—May I congratulate you on your excellent article on "Our Beautiful Conservative Press" in your issue of December 25? Plain English is the only publication which dares to expose the unspeakable servility of our "British" Press to its Jewish masters. Thus, in reports and articles on politics, crimes, war, the stage, or indeed, any subject whatever, the word "Jew" is carefully omitted, and the public never allowed to know the truth. It is, perhaps, in reports of crime that the workings of the "Hidden Hand" are most clearly revealed. The Lloyds Bank case is a typical instance, where the defendants are described as "American" and "Russian" respectively! It is even worse in France, where, with the exception of *L'Action Francaise*, the Royalist paper, there is not a single important paper which is not controlled by Jewry. Thus we see our Press quoting as "typically French" opinion the articles of "Marcel Hutin," whose real name is Hirsch; or of "Louis Forest," whose real name is Nathan! And yet one reads about the dignity and sincerity of the Press of Great Britain!

The war showed our Press in its true colours. There is, near Loos, a small roadside estaminet. Some wag has papered the walls of the bar with the posters of various English dailies of September and October, 1915. "Glorious Victory," "Germany on the Run," "Cavalry Streaming through Broken German Line," "Crushing German Defeat," &c., confront one in 2-inch letters from floor to ceiling. It is a pity that some of Levi, Lawson, Harmsworth or Blumenfeld's hacks cannot go over and visit the Loos cemeteries, and drink a toast to Our Beautiful Conservative Press in that very bar!

I remain, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Richard Cooper.

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JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920; 1st, 8th, 15th January, 1921, what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history were published.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.

Why are we not favoured with these messages?

They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?

If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.

For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.

To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:

The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.

Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.

* * * *

The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.

As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.

It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.

It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.

Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.

The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 83
The Enigma of the "Morning Post" 86
Balfour, Churchill, and Jutland 87
Finance and Stock Markets... 89
Paris Notes 90
PAGE
Trusts and Trust-Mongers ... 90
The Abuse of English Freemasonry 92
Jewry a Separate Alien Nation.............................. 92
Reviews 93
Correspondence 98

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

A Higher Criticism.

Our quotation the other day (in refutation of a heresy of Lady Glenconner's as to the resurrection of the body) of the passage from the 26th verse of the 19th chapter of the book of Job, has had the result of revealing once again the extraordinary ignorance about their own alleged beliefs which is one of the characteristics of Protestants. The passage as quoted by us from the Catholic Bible (that is to say the English translation of the Vulgate issued by the English College at Douay in the year 1601) runs as follows :

> " And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

To this an Anglican parson (an Army Chaplain), who was in thorough agreement with our condemnation of Lady Glenconner's spiritualistic errors, objected that we had " misquoted " the passage from Job.

We naturally assumed that his objection to our rendering of the passage (which reached us at secondhand) was based on the fact that the " authorised version " or Protestant Bible has the passage as follows :—

> " And though after my skin *worms* destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

which, like so much of the Authorised Version, seems to owe itself to the principle apparently adopted by the learned Jacobean translators : " Take care of the sounds and the sense will take care of itself." Obviously the first part of the verse, as it appears in the Authorised Version, is a mistranslation, because it is, as it stands, meaningless, and the word " worms " has admittedly been interpolated. However, even so, and taking it for what it is worth, as it stands, it still in its latter half refutes Lady Glenconner's heresy about the resurrection of the body.

We requested our informant to inform his Anglican friend that the passage as quoted by us was not a misquotation, but a correct transcription from the Douay version, which is the translation of the Vulgate. To this we received the astonishing reply that the " Padre," who, according to his own account, is " a profound Hebrew scholar," did not stand by the " Authorised Version " any more than by the Vulgate, but declared that " the original Hebrew MS., which existed long before the Vulgate," had the latter part of the verse as follows :—

> " And *without* my flesh I shall see God."

Now in reply to this curious statement we produce the following facts, and we invite our Anglican " Padre " to come along and deal with them in these columns if he can.

The Vulgate, of which the Douay version is the English translation, was compiled by St. Jerome, and was completed in 405 A.D. It consisted as far as the Old Testament is concerned of a translation into Latin (the common or vulgar tongue understood by all Christian nations of the Septuagint, the Greek translation made about 280 B.C. Now the Septuagint was the version of the Old Testament used by our Lord and His Apostles. Whenever our Lord is recorded in the New Testament as quoting from the Old Testament, He quotes from the Septuagint. So if our sapient Anglican Padre imagines that he has, as we are given to understand he alleges, got hold of a version of the Old Testament which proves that the Septuagint in so crucial a passage deliberately reverses the meaning of plain words, he is in the happy position of being able to " prove " that he knows a great deal more than our Lord did, when He was on earth ! The state of mind of our " Padre " is needless to say based on a refusal or inability to recognise that our Lord was and is necessarily infallible, and that consequently His Church is and always has been, and always will be, infallible. A Church which is not infallible must be a great deal worse than useless. As we pointed out in our original remarks on the subject of Lady Glenconner's book, all heresy is based on spiritual pride, and the blindness and ignorance which that pride engenders. We bring no special indictment against the particular "Padre" in question. His state is the direct result of his being a heretic, and may be consistent with great goodwill.

Canon Barnes Again.

For a further example of the blindness and ignorance born of spiritual pride we cannot do better than quote from *The Times* the following remarks of the notorious Canon Barnes :—

> In this type of fusion between modern science and Christian belief all the essentials of New Testament theology were preserved. It was untrue to say that St. Paul's system of doctrine was injured by giving up belief in the Fall. The religious use of the Fall story could not be found in the Old Testament. It arose comparatively shortly before the Christian era, and was probably accepted in certain Rabbinical schools, whence St. Paul, a Pharisee by training, took it. But Christ did not in any recorded utterance mention Adam and Eve, neither did He ever suggest that human sin was a consequence of an act of disobedience in the Garden of Eden. Had He done so, it was unlikely that teaching, congenial to popular belief in His time, would not have been preserved. Modern Christians could not acquiesce in any teaching which minimised the gravity of sin, but they might well emphasise Christ's tacit repudiation of the Genesis attempt to explain its origin.

Was ever such pitiable rubbish heard before ? According to the argument of Canon Barnes, any statement in the Old Testament not specifically alluded to and confirmed by Christ must be taken as being " tacitly repudiated " by Him.

This is what comes of the attempt made by Agnostics like Canon Barnes to reject the supernatural and substitute the rationalistic. Christ made no direct allusion to the first chapters of Genesis, " therefore," argues Canon Barnes, " He tacitly repudiated the story of the Fall and the doctrine of original sin, which follows from it." St. Paul, on the other hand, refers on various occasions to the story of the Fall, and obviously accepts it as historical, and so well known and accepted as to be taken for granted, and on these generally received facts he builds up the complete Christian doctrine of original sin. If we are to take Canon Barnes's view, we must assume that St. Paul was quite wrong in his conclusions, and that when he wrote the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans he was preaching nonsense and spreading error. St. Paul had picked up his quaint ideas in "certain Rabbinical schools," and, being a "Pharisee by training," he went on preaching these false ideas, even after his conversion, and the whole of Christendom has been wallowing in ignorance and error ever since, till Canon Barnes came along and brought his profound intellect to bear on the question and put it right!

What sort of idiocy is this, and how can any man calling himself a sane human being, let alone a Christian, give currency to it? On the other hand, we can well understand with what joy the Jew-controlled *Times* gives it the publicity of its columns.

Examine this "argument" of Canon Barnes. "Christ did not in any recorded utterance mention Adam and Eve, neither did He ever suggest that human sin was a consequence of an act of disobedience in the Garden of Eden. *Had He done so, it was unlikely that teaching, congenial to popular belief in His time, would not have been preserved.*"

But it *has* been preserved, first by St. Paul and then by the Church ever since, through all the ages, and it remains to this day one of the fundamentals of Christianity.

A man who "argues" as Canon Barnes does forms a complete justification (if any were needed) of the Inquisition. As a pendant to these remarks, we present Canon Barnes and his following with a crystallisation of their "beliefs," compiled by a contributor (formerly an Anglican clergyman and now a Catholic), which he calls

THE APOSTATE'S CREED.

I believe in the British Nation almighty,
Maker of State and Church,
And in the Establishment, its child, our Lord,
Which was conceived by Henry VIII.,
Born of the Virgin Elizabeth,
Suffered under James II.,
And in the Third William's day it rose again,
And by the VIA MEDIA ascended above
All other churches under heaven,
And sitteth in complacent dignity
To judge both Dissenters and Papists.
And I believe in the spirit of compromise,
A national Erastian Church,
A union of sects,
The damnation of nobody
And a life without fasting.

AMEN.

The Ideal Public School Boy à la Harmsworth.

The public will no doubt be gratified to hear on the authority of the *Daily Mail* that the public school boy is "all right." This gratifying intelligence was conveyed to the readers of Lord Northcliffe's bright publication in a recent article, from which we quote the following:—

> There is nothing wrong with the rising generation of public schoolboy. Take my word for it, he is quite all right.
>
> The first point that strikes me about the modern public schoolboy is that he is more thoughtful than his predecessors. I am referring now to boys of 15 to 17 years of age—products of various schools.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Not that he is a prig. Far from it. He is full of healthy curiosity and zest for life. He is athletic and sporting. He is not a narrow specialist in one department. If he does not play every game, he is interested in all.
>
> Tom Webster, the wonderful sporting cartoonist of the *Daily Mail*, is his hero.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> And he has picked up his facts easily in his spare time, for his real hobby is spiritualism. He can talk interestingly upon all the most important books upon the subject, including the Rev. Vale Owen and Sir Oliver Lodge.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> I have talked with a boy of 17 from one of our greatest public schools who was a pronounced anti-militarist with distinct Bolshevist leanings. He had all his arguments pat and could marshal them with convincing eloquence. But he was just as keen on pretty actresses. He knew them all by name and could tell exactly where and when they appeared.
>
> * * * * * *

What a charming boy he must be, this anti-militarist pro-Bolshevik youth, who is addicted to spiritualism and concerned with "pretty actresses," and whose outlook on life is so dominated by Harmsworth that he finds his "heroes" in *Daily Mail* caricaturists and adopts all the Harmsworth Press stunts as the guiding star of his existence! Let us hope that he may escape being torn to pieces by his "young companions," and may live to write "pithy pars" and "brainy leaders" for the Harmsworth publications when he has attained to the full stature of his intellectual growth. Seriously, though, we wonder what would be bad enough for such a nightmare of a boy if he really existed outside the fevered imagination of the Harmsworth "young man" who describes him. Mere whipping would hardly suffice for such a monster. On the whole, we think that nothing short of transportation for life to Bolshevik Russia would meet the case.

Wanted, a Ducking Stool.

We cull the following from the columns of a contemporary:—

> WHEN WOMEN DARE.
>
> ABSENCE OF GENIUS DUE TO TOO MUCH MORALITY.
>
> MISS NORMANTON'S VIEWS.
>
> "When women really let themselves go and are themselves, possibly we shall have an outpouring of genius such as the world has never known," said Miss Helena Normanton, the brilliant law student, addressing members of the Women's Freedom League last night at the Minerva Club, High Holborn.
>
> What puzzled her, she said, was the absence of massiveness in women's achievements as compared with those of men.
>
> She could not find any woman's work so good as Francis Bacon's, a woman dramatist to equal Shakespeare, or a feminine Plato.
>
> She was inclined to think that man's pre-eminence in this respect was due to the fact that few women dared to be themselves.
>
> "I honestly tell you," she said, "that there is a sort of woman I like best, the woman who likes all that is bad in life.
>
> "Many of the great geniuses have been people who have given enormous vent to themselves in love, rage and passion.
>
> "Some of the great ladies lived scandalous lives. Probably they wanted to. They have great value for us because they dared to be themselves.

> "I appreciate range and massiveness, and I wonder when women are going to get hold of it.
>
> "I am inclined to think that there is too much morality about women; too much accepting all the fictions of the day as to how women ought to behave.
>
> "So long as women accept so much modern morality, custom and fiction, we shall not see what they are capable of. Until they are really themselves there will be all kinds of apparent mental differences between them and men—differences which I do not think real."

It is very easy to be hailed as "brilliant" nowadays by the Press. All you have to do is to talk or write crass folly or shameless immorality. If the recorded utterances of the "learned" Canon Barnes make one sigh for a return of the Inquisition, the remarks of the "brilliant" Miss Normanton fill one with a wild regret for the whipping-post and the ducking-stool, which in a more enlightened age would have infallibly been the portion of this brazen female. It is hardly worth while seriously to reply to the unsavoury views propounded by Miss Normanton, but at the same time it may be as well to nail to the counter once more the lie that genius is allied to immorality. All the great artists in literature, painting, sculpture, music and the rest have been on the side of the angels in their art, and in most cases have themselves practised virtue in their private lives. The loss of self control which any prolonged indulgence in sensuality and profligacy is bound to bring, would be fatal to any really great art in any sphere. Apart from that, when it comes to real, downright wickedness, we venture to assert that a thoroughly bad woman is often capable of giving points to the most depraved man, and that if genius depended on immorality, the sex of which the "brilliant" Miss Normanton is so distinguished an ornament would have asserted its superiority in art long ago.

Fine Frenzy of the "Morning Post's" Special Correspondent.

The *Morning Post's* "Special Correspondent" in Athens surpassed himself in last Wednesday's issue of our contemporary. He contributed two columns of virulent abuse of King Constantine mingled with blatant flattery of Venizelos, which would be laughable if they were not so mischievous. The "Special Correspondent" is, however, reluctantly compelled to admit that King Constantine has come to stay, and that all his (the "Special Correspondent's") prognostications to the contrary have been completely falsified. This is what he says on this point:—

> But it looks as if England certainly, and probably France also (under protest and dragged along at England's coat-tails), were going to accept the great *fait accompli*. In M. Ralli's words, "France has need of England, and England—has need of Greece." Constantine made a gambler's throw, and has won. He acted, while we deliberated, discussed—perhaps even (so one judges from the official asseverations of harmony) squabbled. Probably, when one thinks of it, it was not such a gambler's throw after all.

The Morning Post's "Special Correspondent" then proceeds to vent his pro-Jewish and anti-Monarchist spite by making wild accusations against the present *régime* in Greece, of tyranny and persecution of their political opponents. The mere fact that the *Morning Post's* Correspondent is allowed to live safely and quietly in Athens and to send out his poisonous stream of lies and vulgar abuse to the *Morning Post* undisturbed by the Greek Government, gives the lie direct to his statements. If a Greek were to attempt to write from London in similar terms about our King he would very quickly be suppressed, even in this freedom-loving country where almost everything in the way of sedition and abuse of authority is permitted.

So frenzied is the "Special Correspondent's" rage against King Constantine and against the Greeks for daring to prefer their own King to the rule of a Jew-controlled demagogue, that he becomes comic in his spluttering rage. He devotes nearly half a column to informing the readers of the *Morning Post* that immediately on the return of King Constantine to the throne the peasants began to overload their donkeys and to carry chickens to the market by their legs, while all the motor cars took to going on the wrong side of the road, and little boys objected to dogs being muzzled on the ground that since the return of the King "there is no law now." Our advice to the editor of the *Morning Post* is to put a large blue pencil through the next despatch he gets from his childishly foolish (if evilly disposed) correspondent. We should also like to bet a new hat that the "Special Correspondent" of the *Morning Post* is none other than the notorious Herbert Vivian. Now then, Mr. Gwynne, is it a bet?

Scotland May Save the Empire.

The true germ of nationality lies encased in the North. From thence for the past three centuries has gone forth to all quarters of the globe the fighting spirit of Britain, emblematic of the Lion Rampant. The Scottish race has had much to live down since the Act of Union; but no rebuff is strong enough to destroy the life and instinct of the Scot.

Though the Scottish nobility were decimated at Otterburn and Flodden, and by the Act of Union her peers were made less than the meanest subject of the Crown by losing the franchise, their pride of race, grit, and innate good manners made them the natural gentlemen of Europe, and their influence is felt wherever they gain a footing. While as men of sentiment they will support what they consider to be right and take the side of a losing cause, they are not ignorant of affairs and statescraft.

They are free from the taint of Eastern blood, and in politics, literature, law, and other human activities their record is a proud one.

Burns, whose anniversary occurred on the 25th inst., holds a high place in literature. Perhaps no poet voiced the human feelings of a nation as he did.

Scotland, unpenetrated by the Jew, may be trusted to stand true in any struggle to preserve the Crown and Constitution of these realms. What Burns said in the "Cotter's Saturday Night" may well be remembered unto him and his people for righteousness:—

> Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent
> A virtuous populace will rise the while,
> And stand a wall of fire around our much-beloved isle.

It may be that Burns in this respect will be proved a prophet, as he was when he wrote: "Freedom and whisky gang thegither." For by the sin of prohibition Russia fell.

The Truth About Meynell's Jewels.

The *Morning Post* for Monday last contained the following enlightening paragraph:—

> We have frequently asked what became of the £75,000 Mr. Francis Meynell received from the Russian Bolsheviks for the *Daily Herald*. So far there has been no answer to our question. We know that the *Daily Herald* was unable—with much regret—to accept the generous financial

offer of Comrade Lenin. But we have not heard that the £75,000 was returned by Mr. Meynell to the Soviet Government. Mr. Meynell is now the editor of the *Communist*—"an organ of the Third (Communist) International"—and the first issue under the new editorship suggests that the financial position of the *Communist* has improved. It reminds us of a poor person who has suddenly benefited by the death of a rich uncle. Hitherto the paper has consisted of eight pages, but now it has been enlarged to twelve pages, and a good portion of its space is filled with pictures and cartoons. It even boasts of a "Lady's Letter," which contains sarcastic comments on Society and the Primrose League, and will, no doubt, entertain the proletariat. These new features of the *Communist* must add considerably to the cost of its production.

The Communist Party has also moved into larger and more expensive offices, and is increasing its office staff. How are all these additional expenses being met? Furthermore, the Communist Party has been advertising the *Communist* on the front page of the *Daily Herald*. So it is possible that the £75,000 which the *Daily Herald* virtuously declined is now returning to it in the form of payment for advertisements.

As it happens, we are in a position to add some interesting facts to those which have already been made public. In the first place the sum realised on the Russian jewels was not £75,000, but £40,000; and they were not worth this amount. Here are some very curious facts.

A certain London jeweller (whom we shall call A) approached one of the foremost men in the trade (whom we shall call B) and asked him if he would be prepared to advance £20,000 on certain jewels. B replied that it was a big sum, but that the proposal interested him, and that he would be glad to deal, provided the transaction was above suspicion.

A replied that the transaction was a perfectly proper one, and in saying this he was uttering what he believed to be true.

A subsequently called upon B and they examined the jewels together. B valued them, and found that they were worth less than £40,000; but he advanced £20,000, and held all the jewels as security for his own advance, though A had paid up £20,000 himself.

Later on, B examined the jewels carefully, and to his astonishment he recognised some of them.

He sent for A, and told him that the jewels were tainted, as they must have been stolen by the Bolshevists. A was immensely surprised; and said he would arrange for the repayment of the £20,000 which B had advanced, with £2,000 on condition of his returning the jewels. B agreed to this, and got his £20,000 with £2,000 as compensation.

The parties working behind A had obviously taken fright.

But what emerges from this? The evident fact that somebody made up the balance of £22,000 extracted through A, and that as the jewels were not worth £40,000, somebody added £35,000 as a gift to make the total up to £75,000.

We have withheld the names of the jewellers out of consideration for their feelings, and because they both believed they were involved in a clean transaction.

The public will commend the action of B in fining the Meynell gang £2,000 for trying to involve him in a dirty deal. But the public will surely be anxious to have the name of the philanthropist who came to the rescue, and paid over £57,000 for half the jewels, which half was not worth £15,000.

That this interesting gentleman was anxious to keep his generosity secret is proved by the fact that Meynell made it appear that the jewels were worth £75,000, with the idea of covering up the secret gratuity. Perhaps it will add to the comfort of the philanthropist and the public, for that matter, if we say that the guardians of the Realm are greatly interested in his conduct, and we for our part are prepared to follow up the scent even if it leads us into the purlieus of Downing Street.

Britain's Visitors.

We have had occasion to deal with that mysterious visitor to these shores, Sir Stuart Campbell, whose grip upon Lord Northcliffe is the most easily explained feature of his programme, and is as historically certain as the "massacre" of Bartholomew or the existence of the Ritz.

This will merely serve to remind Sir Stuart Campbell that we have not forgotten him though he is not the only interesting member of his tribe. There are others. London is favoured, for instance, by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Chateau-Thierry. The Duke comes of an old French family, but his wife was a gift from the "chosen people"; and both the Duke and Duchess are to be congratulated upon their energy, diplomacy and caution, and perhaps more than anything else upon their lavish hospitality.

Their partiality for certain servants of the Crown as guests convinces us of their wisdom and good taste. But even the most liberal hosts are apt occasionally to be disappointed. Frankfort and Paris will be sorry to learn of some slight slips between the cup and the lip, and they may conclude that even in a Jew-ridden England there may lurk a Richieleu. Who can tell?

We trust that these polite remarks of ours may not result in a repetition of the game played by Sir Stuart Campbell, when first we mentioned him. A visit from the Prince of Wales would be so pleasant; but, after all, that has been tried before, and what advantage did Sir Stuart Campbell derive from it? Sir Sidney Greville is very obliging; but his influence should not be overstrained.

THE ENIGMA OF THE "MORNING POST."

> *En Angleterre, la "Morning Post" seule a des velléités de résistance; vélléites d'ailleurs intermittentes. "Plain English" dévoile (8.1.21) deux influences juives dans cette gazette que les Juifs affectent de proscrire; l'avocat-avoué de la "Morning Post," George Lewis (Levy) est un Juif d'Allemagne: et son correspondant d'Amérique Morris Lœwe en est un autre.*
>
> *Ce qui explique l'incohérence. En France, mêmes causes, mêmes effets, dans les feuilles de même ordre.*
>
> —"*La Veille France.*"

Mr. Maurice Low (otherwise Lœwe), the American correspondent" of the *Morning Post*, who, as we pointed out the other day, is a Jew of German extraction, has been contributing long articles to our "dumb" contemporary about the "evils of Prohibition." We append the conclusion which Mr. Low arrives at:—

> Thus a law owing its origin to a moral sentiment, and justified only because of its promotion of morality is, in its workings, unmoral and unjust, and has increased the crimes of forgery, bribery, and murder, and possibly lowered the general moral tone of the American people.

Thus does our Jewish twister of plain issues contrive to mix up "morality" and "immorality" on the "forced liquidation" system, which is so dear to the Jews.

As we have already pointed out, there is nothing so damaging to a good cause as that it should be defended in a wrong way and on wrong grounds. Mr. Low knows, or ought at any rate to know, perfectly well that the prohibition law in the United States does not "owe its origin to a moral sentiment" and that so far from having been brought forward for the "promotion of morality" it was engineered by a wicked and unscrupulous gang of scoundrels whose main objects were (1) money making and (2) the creation of a spirit of unrest favourable to revolution. As we have pointed out over and over again in these columns, Prohibition is not only merely foolish, it is wrong and wicked, and is founded on the principle of one of the most deadly heresies that ever afflicted the Church: the heresy of Manichæism. To pretend, as Mr. Low does, that it is in itself a moral and well-intentioned idea which has failed merely because of the difficulty of putting it into practical execution is to play the game of the Prohibitionists.

At the back of Prohibition are all the forces of evil, confusion and error. Prohibition formed one of the main planks of the Russian revolution, and those who wish to understand it would find a flood of light thrown on the system of subtle corruption and unsettling of moral values which it is intended to bring about, by a careful study of the "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," the book to which we referred in a leading article last week.

Consciously or unconsciously the *Morning Post* is lending itself to the campaign which the "Learned Elders" are trying (with great success) to put into operation. A false friend is more dangerous than an open enemy. Most of the London press is so frankly or blatantly anti-British in tone and sentiment that it can only take in very stupid people. The *Morning Post*, on the other hand, goes in for an exalted patriotism, and is for ever boasting of its own high ideals. And yet here are a few of the facts which we can bring against it: (1) While professing to be leading a campaign against the preponderating Jewish influence which permeates our political and social system it employs a German Jew solicitor, Sir George Lewis, and a German Jew "American correspondent," Maurice Low. (2) It suppported Robert Ross (one of the most deadly agents in the Jewish scheme for the moral corruption of this country) for all it was worth, and employed him for years as a contributor, as well as his "private secretaries," Freddie Smith (the ex-choir boy, son of a charwoman living in a basement in Tottenham Court Road), and his other "private secretary," Christopher Millard, who has twice been imprisoned for unnatural offences (a delightful trio of "literary contributors" for a *soi-disant* respectable daily paper). (3) It maintains as complete a silence on the Jutland disclosures made in PLAIN ENGLISH as any of the other Jew or Jew-controlled papers, although Lady Bathurst, its owner, and Mr. H. E. Gwynne, its editor, know just as well as we do, that by keeping silence about the Jutland scandal they are shielding the very inner circle of Jewish and Jew-controlled treachery from the popular fury which would inevitably lead its members to the scaffold if the whole facts were made public by an enquiry which the *Morning Post* could, if it would, do so much to force.

Whether the facts which we have here put on record (not for the first time) against the *Morning Post* are consistent with an honest attitude and susceptible of an honest explanation, it is not for us to say. For our part we have always wished the *Morning Post* well. From many points of view we admire the paper, and in many ways it has done admirable work. But facts are facts and evidence is evidence. Unless the *Morning Post* can manage to summon up enough grace to come out frankly and fully on the side of Right and Justice and Honesty, and unless it can contrive to get rid of certain undesirable elements which still continue to permeate its body, it must be content to go on incurring the suspicion engendered in the minds of honest men, that its "patriotism" and its "high ideals" are only one side of a mask and that the other side is a very ugly side indeed.

For our part we sincerely hope that the *Morning Post* may be able to clear itself from the suspicion which now attaches to it. On the other hand, to deny that such suspicion exists and that it finds wide expression among the very people whom the *Morning Post* would be most anxious to count as its friends and supporters, would be to shut one's eyes to the obvious and close one's ears to an expression of feeling which, metaphorically speaking, cries aloud to heaven.

BALFOUR, CHURCHILL AND JUTLAND.

LAST week we promised to deal with the financial plot which lies behind the Jutland Treachery. This plot was the outcome of certain international meetings of enormously wealthy Jews. Some of these meetings were held in England, and others on neutral territory and in New York. Probably never before had so gigantic a financial *coup* been arranged. The plot and the subsequent *coup* were the outcome of a growing conviction in the minds of the Jews that Germany must lose the war. The financial group behind the plot had immense holdings in German stock, and they realised that if Germany lost the war they would be seriously hit.

From the moment war was declared they were determined, as international liquidators, that whichever side won they would make certain of financial victory.

As we pointed out last week, a sea fight differs from a land fight in one important respect: victory cannot be proved by the map. So it was decided that the financial *coup* which should enrich and safeguard the Jews must depend upon a sea fight. And plans were laid with infinite care. We have disclosed how these plans worked out, and we propose at this stage to shed some light on the actual working of the machinery which produced the *coup*.

The man who was sent round to enforce silence upon the Press, after we made our first revelation, is a person of German-Jewish origin, and the choice of this man for the purpose of enforcing silence is very significant, because of his position in the banking world.

To carry off the Jutland financial *coup* nothing less than the employment of the three greatest financial forces in the world was required. These forces were the Bank of England, Rothschild's and the Deutscher Bank.

At all costs there must be no fight to a finish at sea, and after inflicting serious damage, the German fleet must be allowed to escape. So, as we have said, the plans were laid with infinite care.

To secure communication between Germany and the British Admiralty, a man of extraordinary ability must be placed in the Admiralty wireless room.

We are prepared to name the man who did the work of a traitor, but for several reasons the disclosure of his name at this moment would be inopportune.

Before we proceed further we have something to say about the first direct Jewish move to counter our attack. This move took a remarkable form, and was carried out last week.

In the illustrated papers there appeared the portrait of Rear-Admiral Nicholson, beneath whose name there was printed the statement that he had been in charge of the Wireless at the British Admiralty during the Battle of Jutland.

Regarding this gallant officer, who is a true patriot, we have something to say which will perhaps enable the enemy to realise their folly in dragging a fine sailor before the public as a red herring, and prove to them that we know what we are saying in this matter of Jutland treachery.

It is true that Rear-Admiral Nicholson was in charge of the Admiralty wireless, but it is also true that

(1) He did not do coding and decoding.
(2) He did not touch a wireless instrument.
(3) He was not a disappointed man who had been dismissed from the service of his country.
(4) He had not been compelled to sell his polo ponies.
(5) He had not taken money from the *Daily Herald* and *Star*.
(6) He had not tried to imitate Labouchere in an impertinent telegram to the Foreign Office.
(7) He did not know German perfectly.
(8) He was not a man of extraordinary intellect and brilliance.

In other words, Rear-Admiral Nicholson, whom the Jew-owned Press have dragged before the public as a red herring, had no more to do with the Jutland treachery in the Admiralty (though our wireless was used to carry out that treachery) than he had to do with the building of St. Paul's Cathedral.

But, as this matter is reaching a point when an explosion of some kind must take place, we appeal to Admiral Sir Reginald Hall to remember his dead shipmates on H.M.S. Queen Mary, and use the position in Parliament which his silence has given him to state what he knows. The truth must come out, and if it come from his lips he will be doing a service to his country and to the honour of the Fleet. We feel sure that this appeal will not be heard by him in vain.

And now we may proceed to deal with the Jutland financial plot.. At this stage it may be advisable to quote what we have said in past issues of Plain English on this point :—

> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Cabinet Ministers may be clever folk, but they are not clever enough to see through the devices of their Jewish taskmasters. And we confidently believe that the Cabinet Minister in question acted believing that by the issue of a report which gave the impression that we had lost the fight it would be possible to buy back British stock in America at a low figure. He did not realise that he was simply a tool in the hands of his Jewish friends. He did not know that the Jewish plans had been carefully laid for months, and that immense credit was available by which the Jews would not only step in and buy up all the fallen British stock, but would relieve themselves of German stock at a high price.

However, it is not for us to excuse him. Our business is to shed light on this amazing transaction whereby on one stock exchange the Jews cleared £36,000,000 by the rise of German stock and £18,000,000 by the fall of British stock.

So it is best to come to grips with our subject, and describe a scene at the Admiralty on the day when the false report was issued.

Mr. Winston Churchill had been spending the week-end with Sir Ernest Cassel, a member of the financial group which arranged the *coup*.

The four persons in this extraordinary drama are :—

(1) Mr. Winston Churchill.
(2) Mr. Graham Greene, Secretary of the Admiralty.
(3) Mr. A. J. Balfour.
(4) Mr. Edward Pack, private secretary to Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Grahame Green drew up the official report of the Battle of Jutland, and Mr. Graham Greene undertook to see that Mr. Balfour signed it.

Mr. Edward Pack, a man of great ability, who was in possession of the true facts of the Jutland battle, had a list of the casualties, etc., was the person through whom the unsigned report should have passed ; but care was taken to present the document to Mr. Balfour for signature when Mr. Edward Pack was out of the way.

Graham Greene went into Mr. Balfour's room, and found him with his feet on the mantlepiece, reading a book. Greene thereupon put the document before Mr. Balfour, explaining that it was the Jutland report and only required his signature. Mr. Balfour merely glanced at it, and signed it ; and within a short time the Allied peoples were horrified to learn that Britain had apparently sustained a defeat at sea.

Instantly British stock in America fell, and German stock rose. A similar fall and rise took place in those financial capitals where either British or German stock could be negotiated.

The Jews, everywhere prepared for the *coup*, with unlimited credit and the assistance of the greatest financial forces on earth, relieved themselves of German stock at an immense profit, and stepped in before the British Government could act, and bought up fallen British stock.

Thus two honourable statesmen were used as innocent tools in the biggest financial game that was ever played, and British honour and blood were used to enrich an alien race !

But behind this financial *coup* there lies the secret treachery of Jutland. Some of the traitors are still in England ; and it remains for the Government to take the necessary steps to punish the crime of high treason of which they have abundant evidence.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 107S. 4D. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12.1	11.39to11.41
BERLIN	Marks	20.43	220 to 222
BRUSSELS	Francs	25.22½	50.80to51.20
CALCUTTA	Rupees	1s. 4d.	1/5⅜ to 1/5⅝
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18.15	19.78 to19.82
ITALY	Lire	25.22½	103 to 104
MADRID	Pesetas	25.22½	27.65to27.70
MONTREAL	Dollars	4.86	4.31 to 4.33
NEW YORK	Dollars	4.86	3.81⅜ to 3.81½
PARIS	Francs	25.22½	54.60to54.90
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s 4d.	2/3 $\frac{2\frac{1}{2}}{32}$ to 2/3$\frac{15}{16}$
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25.22½	24.05to24.08
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25.48d.	2/6½ to 2/6¾

BETTER MARKET TONE AND PROSPECT.

The recovery in markets seems to have set in. There has been a continuous and substantial rise in the prices of all the best gilt-edged investments, most of which, owing to the unwillingness of actual holders to sell, and to the fact that very few of the dealers have stock on their books for sale at anything like present prices, will go even much higher. Consols have risen with the rest, but they, instead of leading as in the old days, quietly creep along in the shadow of the War Loans. The Bank returns, in view of the accretion of funds from the Government, who are reaping the results of taxation in very big figures, are most favourable, and these will continue for two or three months to the end of the Fiscal Year. The contraction in the Note issue has also inspired greater confidence. Prices are said to be likely to reach those at this period of last year when there was a 6 per cent. Bank Rate, against the present 7 per cent. For instance, the 5 per cent. War Loan, now £85, may reach 91½; the 4½ per cent., now £78 per cent., is to go to 84, Consols to £51½ and so on. That progression is very likely if the Bank Rate, as is hoped and expected, is lowered.

The quick response of the investing public to the Local Loans issue gives proof that plenty of money is available, and already there is talk of an issue by the Government of a large loan for the purpose of funding a portion of our floating debt; an issue by the City Corporation and several of the provincial Corporations are known to be waiting the opportune moment to attract borrowers.

The fluctuations of the Exchanges in the past ten days have given rise to various conjectures as to the result of the Paris Conference. Certainly the leading Allied countries should benefit if a stiff bearing with the Germans is adopted, and we are glad to learn that our illustrious Ally, France, is prepared to give a healthy and active lead. America is at last realising that she cannot have her cake and eat it. She must, if she has to go forward, utilise her gold and establish credits for those who owe her money, and in this connection it is hoped that the funding of our obligations to America, now generally discussed, will materialise and on terms generous to those who certainly deserve well of her, to say the least.

Mining in the East Rand.

We are glad to welcome the first of a series of articles on the progress and prospects of the Far Eastern Rand Goldfield, which appears in the issue of the *Stock Exchange Gazette* of the 20th January. These articles are written by Mr. R. R. Mabson, a well-known writer on mining matters, who is revisiting the Rand as a special commissioner of the *Gazette*, with a view to placing before the public the great possibilities of this wonderful gold deposit. In the article referred to some very interesting figures are given, which it would be well for every investor in Public Companies to read, and particularly those who are desirous of investing in what is recognised as the world's greatest known gold deposit. When it is recollected that the new goldfield of the Far East Rand covers a bigger area than that of the Central Rand, from which so many million pounds of dividends have been earned, some idea may be formed of the potentialities.

Mr. Mabson in his article shows that in 1910 the Central Rand for that year gave a gold yield of £28,600,000, or 93·3 per cent. of the total gold from the Rand district; and the Far East Rand £2,070,000, being 6·7 per cent. of the total yield of the Rand. For the year 1920 the output from the Central Rand is given as £26,890,000, or 61·7 per cent. of the total Rand output; and the Far East Rand output rose to £16,680,000, or 38·3 per cent. of the total output of the Rand. Mr. Mabson goes on to state:—

> The Far East Rand mine area is a semi-circular flattish basin containing reef in respect of 14,203 claims, plus 73,988 claims. In view of the yield per ton experiences of the past five years of the eastern producing companies, and the discoveries south of the Government Areas-Geduld sections of the field in what, five years ago, was unknown ground, I venture to suggest that the whole of the Far Eastern field, so far as is now known to be reef bearing, will eventually yield gold of value (85s. per fine ounce) more than twice as much as the, say, £550,000,000 value that so far has been yielded by the old or Central Rand field.

We commend a perusal of the article we have referred to, and of succeeding articles, to all who are at all interested in the increased gold production of the world, in particular those who realise that our maintenance of the gold output is our financial salvation, especially in view of exchange difficulties occasioned by the War.

London—World's Financial Centre.

At the Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders of the Alexander Discount Company, Ltd., held on the 20th inst., the Chairman, Mr. Colin F. Campbell, gave some valuable advice and information with regard to the general position of finance and trade, emphasising the fact that there never was a time when greater caution was required, or larger reserves necessary for all Banking institutions. He also stated that it was impossible to foretell what the future had in store, but he hoped that the conditions in 1921 would show a gradual tendency to improve, and that when trade had been re-established on a post-war basis a healthy revival to more normal conditions might be seen.

> It almost looked as if we were "bumping along to the bottom," to use a homely expression, in some of the more important raw materials, which had now reached prices below the cost of production. They had also grounds for optimism about the conditions of discount business. Although the course of money rates was powerfully influenced during the year by events in America, and would probably be under the same influence during the present year, the experience of 1920 gave fresh support to the view that the world-wide prestige of the sterling bill on London remained predominant—London still remained the world's financial centre.

Dividends and Reports.

Hunter Barr.—Net profit £37,234 plus £20,050 brought forward. Dividend of 10 per cent. per annum on Ordinary shares.

Mortgage Co. of River Plate.—Profit £59,673 plus £55,539 brought forward. Further dividend of 9 per cent., making 15 per cent., less tax.

Dublin South City Markets.—Dividends of 2s. per share, free of tax.

Ripponden Commercial.—Profits for past year £16,839. Final dividend of 10s. per share (making 15 per cent. for 12 months).

Elliott's Metal.—Interim dividend 5 per cent. on Preference for six months. 1s. per share on Ordinary, less tax.

Clydesdale Bank.—Dividend of 18 per cent. per annum, less tax.

South Metropolitan Gas.—Dividend of 5 per cent. for year 1920, including interim dividend of 1½ per cent. already paid.

J. G. White & Co.—Net profit £28,100. Dividend on all classes of capital 7 per cent.

Scottish American Investment.—Dividend recommended of 18 per cent., less tax.

United Tobacco.—Final dividend, free of tax, on ordinary shares 15 per cent., making 35 per cent. £153,610 carried forward.

PARIS NOTES.

XX.

THE dilemma of French politics was very clearly put by M. Briand in his ministerial declaration and in a subsequent speech on foreign politics. France must either adjust her rights (as a victor) to the possibilities of defeated Germany, or, "availing herself of the darkness and confusion of the hour," to make war. The one is a policy of forbearance and compromise which England advises, the other—the "chauvinistic" (or nationalistic) policy of M. André Lefèvre and the former policy of Millerand.

The declaration of the new Government certainly did call a spade a spade. Whether such a terminology will serve best the interests of the country, and, therefore, whether it is patriotic, is another question. The numerous enemies of M. Briand maintain that in saying what he said he officially gave up France's victorious position.

The methods of "making Germany pay" have lately been discussed *ad nauseam* by every organ of the European Press. One of the methods proposed and insisted upon by many was the military occupation of the Ruhr district. The main objection to this plan has never been openly mentioned. It seems, however, fairly certain that the German Government has used the opportunity of importing a large number of workmen into the Ruhr coalfields in order to get rid of the most unruly lot of Communists, Spartacists and Bolshevists, and has been sending trainloads of "class-conscious proletarians" to the Ruhr to have them kept and paid at France's expense. Thus at present the industrial population of the Ruhr district represents a hornet's nest of Bolshevism, in which any French expeditionary force is liable to undergo the fate of General d'Anselme's corps and Admiral Amet's squadron in Odessa in April 1919.

The latest alternative plan is the military occupation of Bavaria. I will not, for the moment, dwell on the interesting question of how Bavaria, this least objectionable of German lands from the French standpoint, has a few months ago been picked out as the special object of possible reprisal. It will be sufficient to say that at present the alternative of the occupation of the Ruhr is the occupation of Bavaria.

The Bavarian plan was first brought forth by the *Manchester Guardian*. This is enough to prove its Judeo-masonic origin. In fact, Catholic Bavaria has now become the "hotbed of reaction" and monarchism. *Ergo*, according to the creed of the *Manchester Guardian*, Bavaria should be crushed and again made "safe for democracy." The blood of Kurt Eisner calls for vengeance by his co-religionists. Meanwhile, Protestant and avowedly democratic Russia may go scot free although she remains the arch-enemy of France.

It does not seem at all likely that Bavaria will ever become the leading state in Germany. Therefore, for France to aim at Bavaria would be beside the point. In case of a joint Allied military occupation of Bavaria the military forces of the Allies will once more unconsciously play the game of international, Judeo-masonic republicanism. France's apprehension of Germany and England's loyalty to France will once more be used to achieve the aims and finish the work of "the world's seducers"—to quote Dr. Oscar Levy.

In this case—as in the case of the restoration of the King of Greece—the narrow and short-sighted aims of daily politics will have been used to obscure the world-wide issue of sane and lawful government as against revolutionary frenzy.

The policy advocated by M. André Lefèvre and most vigorously seconded by the Royalists and Nationalists was leading to another war. In this M. Briand seems to have been quite right. The military expedition into Germany with the object of a forcible disarmament of the population would have certainly met with the most determined resistance. Could France *alone* have faced such a resistance? The answer seems to be in the negative, especially as over and above complete isolation and financial difficulties the purely military side of the campaign would have been hampered—if not altogether paralysed—by the results of a Pacifist and Bolshevist propaganda.

In this respect the following circular order of the *Directeur de la Surêté Générale* to his subordinates on the frontier: "I have been informed that the Soviet Government contemplates sending to France some members of its 'extraordinary commissions' with the object of organising in Paris at the end of this week political assassinations of the President of the Republic, the President of the Council of Ministers and other personalities . . ."

This appeared in *L'Humanité* of January 5. The readers of PLAIN ENGLISH will remember the sinister undercurrents at the Socialistic Congress at Tours. The Socialists, headed by *La Confédération Générale du Travail*, have been conducting for a long time and almost openly a "Proletarian" propaganda in the Army, especially among the recruits of 1921.

All things considered we had better stay at home.

ENGO.

Paris, January 23, 1921.

TRUSTS AND TRUST-MONGERS.—III.

LABOUR TRUSTS AND COMBINES.

By A BLACK COAT.

NOBODY is more vehement in denunciations of trusts than the average labout leader, although nobody is a more persistent trustmonger than himself; a labour leader who denounces trusts is as worthy of credence as a man who proclaims his abhorrence of drink while bordering on delirium tremens. Every element of the crudest form of trust is present in the modern policy of organised labour.

A trust in theory forces up the price of the commodity it sells by restricting output, cutting off supplies to competitors, and using every conceivable form of roguery to gain its ends. A trade union, a labour trust, claims a monopoly in the supply of labour for any particular branch of trade, and to obtain this, ruthless boycotting and intrigue is used. Rockefeller built up his fortune by ruining those who refused to obey his demands, and by smashing those whose businesses he did not want to take over. The labour leader to-day likes to talk about liberty and freedom, but is equally willing to ruin any working man who fails to obey orders once within a union, or fails to join a union when ordered to do so. Patriotic labour is willing to keep many returned soldiers in the street because they did what so many ardent unionists never have done, their duty towards their country. The methods used by Messrs. Bevin, Smillie, Tom Mann and Thomas are equivalent to those discussed in the American novel about trusts, the "Octopus."

To comply with the Socialist fallacy of "making work," the reduction of output is preached and encouraged by every trick and union rule, and those who try to do their duty to the community, by doing an honest day's work, are bullied by the shop stewards and other recognised officials of the unions. When such tactics have half killed trade and excessive stocks remain on hand, this stock is said to prove the correctness of the theory of limitation.

Besides limitation of output there is limitation of apprenticeship, and in several important trades the number of boys taken on has not been sufficient to make good natural wastage, and loss of business has resulted. The worker is taught that competition in the product of labour is right and therefore trusts are denounced, but he is also taught to loathe every form of competition in labour, that is why he objected to "dilutees"; the actual policy being based on a desire to protect the "slacker," the ardent supporter of unionism.

The skill of some of the so-called skilled trades is little better than bluff, and after the formation of the Ministry of Munitions many of the women who went into factories, free from Socialist poison, turned out three or four times as much work as the so-called skilled able-bodied unionists had done before. A man who dilutes his output is as much a thief as a milkman who waters the milk he sells, and should be treated accordingly; both are robbing the public.

Employers' trusts, especially in the United States, have been accused of taking advantage of trade control to lower the quality of the goods turned out; this is true to a limited extent, but most trusts have found by experience that such a policy does not pay. The old mediæval Trade Guilds took drastic steps to keep up the quality of the work done by the operative, the modern unions in the interests of their best supporters, the slackers, to avoid invidious distinctions, are anxious to keep down quality; although amusing protests to the contrary are made from time to time. A lowering in skill and output almost invariably follows the formation of a union among the "black coat" or working-class workers; the inferior worker knows then that he is more secure in his job.

In normal times if a slacker or shop "grievance-monger" gets notice it is very usual for a strike to be threatened because an ardent comrade is being "victimised." Recently, owing to slack trade, resulting largely from unearned wages and low output, many hands have been dismissed in most of the trades, and unions have not been able as usual to protect their "pets"; as some employers can now laugh at threats of strikes, as strike clauses protect their contracts, and therefore many "prize loafers" have been put into the street. Slack times mean that the good man goes last, and the average man is willing to ignore union rules as an alternative to out-of-work pay, and work goes on faster when the "shop cads" are cleared out: this has been noticed in the United Kingdom and in America. Some unions are even objecting to employers asking for "characters" when they take men on—to do this previous to employment shows up the "rotters" and that is against union principles.

Agents and friends of labour trusts swarm in Government offices, especially in the Ministries of Health and Labour, and if there is a danger that a union may be beaten in a stand up fight, or that the workers might learn some simple factor in economics, somebody from the Labour Ministry is certain to intervene. If a Labour Minister learns too much, like Sir Robert Horne, then he is changed to some other job where he will be less dangerous.

Labour trusts, which are to a large extent in the hands of ignorant men or controlled by those who have learned something of life but are too cowardly to act, have repeatedly forced up the prices of commodities and services until business is choked; the resulting unemployment is then called the result of the capitalist system, the House of Lords, or of anything else than the actual truth. Employers' trusts are run by business men, and, apart from "Frankfort Roguery," they know that excessive prices kill business, and their object is to sell their goods at such prices as the most paying markets will stand, and therefore they rarely "Kill the Goose." The Labour (spongers-and-slackers-protection) Ministry has for some time been arranging trade boards to please the labour trusts and provide employment for officials. An employer can now be heavily fined for failing to pay a certain wage, but he cannot be fined for failing to pay out a gross sum in wages per week, as Government regulations can drive away trade but cannot guarantee filled order books. In the next few months events will undoubtedly show that for every extra shilling put into the pockets of employees, thanks to laws and trade boards, the working-class community as a whole will lose many shillings, if not pounds, through unemployment and slack times.

Apart from the action of the Frankfort wire-pullers, the modern labour trust is much more dangerous to the community than the average employers' trust, as workers when in a body can often be stampeded like cattle before they know where they are.

As in some other walks of life extremes meet, and the trade unions during the war were almost invaluable to the Jew-cum-German world-plotters, who were beaten on the field, but who won hands down at the armistice and at the Peace Conference. The International Transport Workers' Union, with headquarters at Berlin, was run by the German Foreign Office, which was, in turn, controlled by the Rathenau-Siemens-Speyer-Deutsche Bank group. The wire-pullers who influenced the dockers during the war did noble work for their paymasters; they tried to upset the mercantile marine and the railway men, but only succeeded to a slight extent. The Dockers' Union, which hung up ships in the docks, often weeks on end, while submarines were lurking outside, were worth a squadron of submarines to the Germans, although the Boilermakers' Society did their best in the same direction by keeping down the output of rivets for new ships. The same power which "Won the Peace" is now dumping goods in the United Kingdom and in our best overseas markets, and is now calling on the working man to refuse to agree to a reduction in "Token" wages, which would assist the competition with the Hun.

All over the country the existence of labour trusts is leading to the formation of employers' associations, and the Hidden Hand is to be found pulling strings inside many of them, so as to throw dirt into some of those social wounds which may be healing.

To prevent revolution the best antidote is "the Truth," but to-day when any man gets down to bedrock some agent or dupe is certain to complain that to say such things will cause a revolution, and those who try to speak the truth on the platform are howled down.

Regarding the power behind most of the employer and employee trusts, the worker is kept in darkness, the educated man is kept in confusion, and the Press is harnessed in such a way that the public is deluded into the idea that freedom exists. Honest Labour leaders, and there are a few, are beginning to realise that they have been duped for years, and are beginning to regret that they have led their flocks into the Marxian wilderness; some of them have realised, when too late, that what the worker has got to face to-day is the result of what he has been told to ask for.

Those behind labour trusts are out for labour slavery. The unions will be allowed to exist more or less in their present form until the workers have all been roped in, then if the Bolshevik Jews get their way unions will exist on sufferance, as in Russia to-day, when strike leaders are put against the wall and shot. Trusts have been known to organise strikes in the works and businesses of their competitors, and this feature will require careful watching in the near future.

Some of the leaders and many of the secretaries and branch secretaries of trade unions have Jewish blood in their veins, and the personal history of some of them would be very interesting ; some of them have Jewish wives, or owe money to Jews.

Throughout the world the working man is beginning to think, even the "open ballot" cannot crush out all opposition, and some of the good men who have been recently forced to join unions must make their influence felt in time. You "cannot fool all the people all the time," and perhaps the time is nearer than some people realise, when the greatest conspiracy in the history of this planet will be smashed, and good will after all triumph over evil. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

THE ABUSE OF ENGLISH FREEMASONRY.

It sometimes happens that those who are outside an organisation get a glimmering of changes taking place within, which are not always visible to those inside. A veterinary surgeon cannot ask his patient what is the matter, he judges by symptoms ; so with many movements which are taking place nowadays, one must add up little factors and judge accordingly ; it is true, however, that one makes mistakes sometimes.

On the Continent and in South America, Freemasonry, and especially the Grand Orient, has been noted for its revolutionary and anti-clerical action, the murder of the King of Portugal and the attacks on the Church in France, have been the results of its activities ; these factors, apart from the objections of Catholics to Secret Societies, account for the objections held in clerical circles, especially abroad, for Freemasonry.

Since the foundation of modern English Freemasonry, it has been the rule that politics should not be discussed, but that law and order and religion should be supported, and that it should not be used for business purposes ; to a very large extent these rules have been adhered to.

There are unfortunately "black sheep" in every flock, and they are often more visible to the onlooker than the others. There are a number of men who have gone into Freemasonry for the personal benefits they hoped to get out of it, and who boast about it, and those who have carried this policy too far have done the "craft" a great deal of harm. Some Masons, when asked about this sort of thing, take up the attitude, like that in the "Mikado," that as a rule says that a certain thing must not be done, therefore it cannot be done, and therefore it has not been done ; this sort of argument does not convince those who have felt the results of such action. It is well known that one Mason tries to help another, and this policy is not wrong, provided neither other persons nor the community are injured thereby.

The war has been the opportunity for the rogue and for mediocrity. It has often been difficult for heads of departments in the Army, the Air Force and the Ministry of Munitions and "Disposals," to find suitable men for jobs, and Freemasonry has repeatedly been used, not merely to get good men into jobs, but to get "rotters" into good jobs, and to protect them against the results of their stupidity or dishonesty. In some quarters this has been particularly noticeable since the Armistice. Naturally the honourable leaders of Masonry will not soil their fingers with this sort of thing ; they encourage good men and expose the rogue.

There are few Societies into which Jews fail to penetrate. When one Jew gets into any Society he promptly introduces more, and then tries to "run the show," then the blood begins to tell. The warning in the "protocols" should be taken to heart by all good Masons. According to reports many Jews have joined in recent years, many under assumed names, and if the old-fashioned honourable Masons do not take great care, they will find, as in some parts of Canada, Masonry has got into the hands of a pro-German pro-Bolshevick "coterie." In some cases during and since the War, where the purchase, handling and sale of stores have been concerned, some very peculiar transactions have taken place ; and at times, especially where British or Foreign Jews have been mixed up in the affairs, investigations have traced matters to Freemasons with doubtful reputations. Many British Freemasons know something of the dangerous tactics of the "Grand Orient," but they do not always realise that that reputation has been mainly due to the control by the Jews ; if they wish to keep their own Lodges clean they must keep out Jews at all cost. It is better to keep out one or two good men than admit a host of those who want to turn Freemasonry upside down. Some good men abroad got mixed up with undesirable foreign Masons, and some of those of lower class started co-operating. Jews are undoubtedly getting information through the medium of English Freemasonry ; in accordance with their custom when low-class German Jews get into any society, they begin to gain their ends by "leading others into temptation."

Some people think that the late King Edward got into touch with a number of German Jews through Freemasonry. That may or may not be true ; it is to be hoped, however, that the initation of the Prince of Wales into Freemasonry will not be followed by too much friendship with Hoggensteins and Schwinebaums, as friendship with too many Jews was the principal blot on the otherwise great popularity of his Grandfather. The Duke of Connaught, one of the Empire's Greatest men, has shown that a Royal Mason can keep himself free from such undesirable influence.

We are living in dangerous times, the Alien Enemy within our midst stops at nothing ; to keep up the reputation of English Masonry, and to prevent it becoming a danger to the State, the old-fashioned Mason must keep his eyes open and his powder dry.

JEWRY A SEPARATE ALIEN NATION.

THE MISSION OF THE CHIEF RABBI TO THE OUTLYING PORTIONS OF THE JEWISH EMPIRE.

Scarcely had H.R.H. the Prince of Wales returned from his tour of visits to the distant parts of the Empire to which he is heir than a kind of rival tour was started by Dr. Hertz, the Chief Rabbi in this country, and his companion, Mr. A. M. Woolf. The ostensible object of their mission is to raise funds for the Jewish War Memorial, which is to take the form of a Jewish college at one of our ancient seats of Christian learning, Oxford or Cambridge, as if these were not sufficiently Judaised already. The real object of the tour may be gathered from the speeches delivered at the send-off banquet. Extracts from these are given below, a few comments being added in square brackets. The *Jewish Guardian* of October 8, 1920, which reports the speeches, prefaces them with a list of those present that it may be "preserved as a record of the names of British citizens, non-Jewish and Jewish alike, who, in a period of acute anti-Semitic feeling, to which some leading newspapers are not ashamed to lend their support, assembled spontaneously to do honour . . . to the spiritual head of the Jewish community in this country."

It will be noted that the subjoined extracts from the speeches do not always tally with one another, but that never disturbs a Jew.

Sir Robert Waley Cohen.

" Having been assembled to wish the Chief Rabbi and Mr. Albert Woolf ' God speed ' on their embarking upon a journey unique in the history of the *Jewish Nation*. . . . The Jewish community had entered into the spirit of the nation, and in visiting the Dominions the Chief Rabbi would forward their religion, help to stimulate their enthusiasm, help to make Judaism the force in their lives which it could be . . . .

" The Jewish War Memorial and the great mission which the Chief Rabbi and Mr. Woolf were undertaking were a worthy response to the call of the Archbishop of Canterbury to strengthen the spiritual force of the nation." [Which nation ? " Nation " means Jewry to the Jew ; it means Britain to the Briton. Sir R. W. Cohen has no doubt about the separate nationality of the Jews.]

The Chief Rabbi.

" Let the Jewries of the Five Nations of this Empire remain as separate as five fingers, maintaining autonomy in all matters that are primarily of local concern ; but let them form one strong hand [The Hidden Hand], one mighty arm, in every endeavour that tends to the advancement of our faith ; that helps the cultivation of Jewish learning ; or that aids in the defence of Israel, whenever and wherever the honour of the Jew is assailed or traduced.

" It is with reluctance that I have just touched the fringe of a painful subject. We have already made the astonishing discovery that even in England there are those who seem to think one may write anything of Jews so long as it rouses the suspicions and the passions of the unthinking against them. We are fought with poisoned weapons—shameless forgeries and miserable libels. This campaign of falsehood and malice on the part of a small but very loud group of reactionaries tarnishes the fair name of England."

The Chairman (Mr. Lionel de Rothschild).

" Of all the Governments that had held power during recent times in Great Britain there was no Government which could truly be said to have had so much sympathy for Jewish aims and for Jewish ideas as the present Government. . . . They knew what the Jewish problem was in Eastern Europe, but they knew also that there was no Jewish problem within the British Empire." [Compare the Chief Rabbi's remarks. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lloyd George's Government appreciates Mr. de Rothschild's praise.]

Viscount Milner.

" I have always been proud of the fact that my country was the first of the great countries of the world, putting aside all prejudices of an evil past, to accord full equality and full citizenship to its Jewish members." [The *Neue Rundschau*, of Berlin, 1913, p. 731, states that Lord Milner is of German-Jewish descent. The " N.R." is a Jewish paper, and knows.]

The Lord Chief Justice : Earl Reading.

" The Chief Rabbi would carry a message of absolute unity in the essentials of faith uniting Jews in this country with those kindred communities in the Overseas Dominions. The Jews . . . were not lacking in pouring out what they had to give in recognition of the liberty which was given to them, and which exists at this moment ; which they have, not out of favour, but out of the right which belongs to all men." [To Chinese, Japanese and Arabs, we suppose. How could it have been " given to " them if it was already theirs ?]

Dr. M. Gaster, " The Haham."

" We want to give back to the world the faith which it has lost ; faith in ourselves."

The Rev. A. A. Green.

" The better the Jew the better the Englishman." [!]

Dr. Ch. Weitzman, the Zionist Chief.

" The name Rothschild was a household word in Jewry, and had always been associated with every Jewish effort. . . . The Chief Rabbi will remind them [Jews in the Colonies] of the saying by our Sages [learned Elders ?] ' Tzedaga asa hag-gadosh baruch hu le-yisrael u-fizzeram ben ha-ammin ' (' a beneficent protection which God has instituted in the life of the Jew is that he has dispersed him all over the world ')."* [Then why does the Jew raise such a howl about it ? And why—oh, why !—Dr. Weitzman, do you pretend that you want to upset your God's beneficent protection and get your flock, or your pack, back to Palestine ?]

REVIEWS.

Cambridge Readings in Spanish Literature. Edited by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. (Cambridge University Press.)

All the wide knowledge, and fine appreciation of his subject on the part of the compiler, have gone to the production of this most interesting and attractive chrestomathy of Spanish art literature. The compiler's original contribution to the work consists in highly compressed, but illuminating, biographical notes of the various writers represented by characteristic excerpts, and by a scholarly preface in which he to a certain extent disarms criticism by stating the principles by which he has been guided in his choice, and giving reason for the wholesale omission, for instance, of epic poetry and the comparative predominance of prose. Prof. Fitzmaurice-Kelly writes as one specialist to another, very briefly (but this is perhaps due to considerations of space ; if so, it is a matter distinctly to be regretted !), and rather ignores the mere reader. Yet a book like that before us is suited to a fairly wide public. To the lover of art and literature in general, to one who, having perhaps become interested in Spanish painting and architecture, or even merely intrigued by the widespread and subtle evidences of Spanish influence in other literatures, and who would, therefore, fain taste the quality of Spanish letters also, the collection offered here is worth, well, anything he can afford to pay for a veritable mine of literary gems ; nay, more—for the revelation of the ideals and outlook of a nation. Because that is, in fact, what we seek to gain by the study of the literatures of other nations, and there can be no greater help in this quest than a well-compiled chrestomathy such as this. We are given extracts from the works of fifty-two authors, all notable, and some—like St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, and Ferdinand Cortes—world-famous apart from their literary renown, and from two epoch-making anonymous works, viz., *Lazarillo de Tormes* and *Tristan de Leonis*. The earliest writings drawn upon date back to the fourteenth century, and the most recent are by leading writers of the present day, and every one quoted possesses a charm or interest peculiar to itself and characteristic of its author.

In its development, Spanish art literature has from its inception progressed on lines suggesting parallels to the development of English literature, and it is surely by careful intention, not merely by a happy inspiration, that this collection is headed by two extracts with English associations. The first, a passage from the *Chronicle of Don Pero Niño*, as related by his valet, is in a vein that we soon recognise as typical of one facet of the Spanish genius. It is a meticulously careful account of the doings of a hero, who is not all a hero—and the manner of the telling suggests all the time that half-pitying, half-quizzical attitude, which in Cervantes' *Don Quixote* becomes almost more tense than a sensitive reader can bear. This passage from Gutierre's chronicle has no painful undertone, however. It merely tells with much circumstance of a landing in England in time of civil war, and we gather incidentally that the winter climate of London in those days was very much as it is now. . . . . The second extract should really have come first by right of seniority, but for the fact that the date assigned to it is that of the first printed edition (1501), not that of the earliest known redaction (some time between 1258 and 1343), and it is taken from the Castilian version of the legend of Tristram and Yseult, that most wonderful song of passion and death which eight centuries have not robbed of its freshness and whose echoes are not yet still. " All the world will tell of their love sublime ! " . . . . The publication of *Tristan de Leonis* preceded that of *Amadis de Gaula* by several years. The passage given here ends with the epitaph of the two true lovers—an exquisite plaintive snatch of verse which records the shipwreck of the " bark of love on the sea of vain hope, with the boatman Sorrow. . . ."

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* This confirms Protocal *XI.* (" Jewish Peril," p. 39), " By the mercy of God His Chosen People were scattered, and in this dispersal, which seemed to the world to be our weakness, has proved to be all our power, which has now brought us to the threshold of universal sovereignty."

This extract assumes a special importance not merely because of its intrinsic merit, but because it strikes a note otherwise sufficiently rare in these pages—that of the pure love-note, so predominant, as a rule, in the art literature of all nations. This is no doubt partly due to the secondary place assigned to lyrical poetry in this collection, but in still greater measure to the exclusion of folk poetry. This exclusion is, of course, quite intelligible here, but in a way is to be regretted, since it is precisely in the songs of the people that we find the note of man and woman love sounded in a mode that needs no interpretation, but speaks straight from the heart of one nation to another. Yet even there, as in all Spanish poetry—quite contrary to the conception generally entertained by foreigners—love tends to be almost austere in its devotion, and it is decidedly of the kind that could not be so great were honour not preferred. Rather than in the raptures of carnal affection, the supreme heights of emotion are attained in ecstasies of religious fervour, and it is in that searching atmosphere, in which all too frequently inspiration grows stale and inarticulate, that the genius of Spanish literature sings most sweetly. Most clearly do we hear this music in the writings of Santa Teresa, Luis de Leon, San Juan de la Cruz. Very happily, too. Pedro Calderón de la Barca, most generally identified by his authorship of *la Vida es sueño*, is represented here by the more important scenes of an *auto sacramentale* (Belshazzar's Feast), a beautiful example of stateliness of style and harmonious versification employed in the service of transcendental Christian mysticism ; and we owe an equal debt of gratitude to the compiler for having given us, from the works of Lope de Vega, not only scenes from a very fine play (*El mejor Alcalde el Rey*), but also two lovely poems—should we call then Christmas carols ? . . . Christmas roses laid on the grave of a child. (Shepherds of Bethlehem).

But beauty of verse is common to all the examples of poetry given in this book, coupled with (and here we see a contrast to much English verse-writing) a severely polished simplicity in the wording ; the rhythm is easy and flowing, and the prevalence of assonance in place of rhyme makes for freedom of expression and virility. The reforms which brought about such fair results were initiated by Garcia Lasso de la Vega (1507-1536), and the foundation he laid is being built upon to this day. Luis de Góngora later on introduced the " precious " note, but his exaggerations exercised only a passing influence on Spanish poetical diction.

Of all foreign modern poets of note, none fell more completely under the spell of Spanish poetic literature than Heinrich Heine. In borrowing its form and manner, he obtained some of his happiest effects, and as he is to modern German lyrical poetry what Chopin is to modern pianistic, Spanish influence in that field can scarcely be overrated. Chamisso was, if possible, even more indebted to Spain for his poetic inspiration.

Perhaps the gift of simple and direct expression in verse is allied to the perception which lies at the root of the realism which is a salient and characteristic feature of so much Spanish prose literature. Or perhaps both qualities, no less than the romantic vein, are due to the inevitable kinship between a literature and the soil and surroundings that give it birth. Because, side by side with the mystic North, overshadowed by the Pyrenees, and that other Spain of sub-tropical splendours and Moorish memories—those true homes of Spanish romance —there is (again contrary to popular impression) a Spain of the Spaniard, which is not all orange groves and bull-rings, but a severe and sober land of wide and arid plains, sunbaked in summer, swept by icy winds in winter ; broken at intervals by barren mountain ranges, their rugged outlines unsoftened by the gentle blue haze that gives to English landscape its elfin vagueness, investing the most commonplace features with subtle charm. Spanish realism consists essentially in an unclouded vision. It does not seek out the unlovely and dwell upon it ; it is like the sun and the wind of heaven, impartially discovering and illumining the just and the unjust, the beautiful and the repulsive, the tragicomedy of idealism and the pathos of rascality.

Political and social circumstances helped to bring out this aspect of the Spanish genius. At the time of the great discoveries, vast numbers of the flower of Spain's manhood went adventuring to conquer new worlds, and the country was flooded with the gold of the Indies. But Spain could not afford the neglect of agriculture for the sake of barren treasure and the drain of endless foreign wars. Moreover, the men who had drunk deep of the wine of adventure, who had brow-beaten mighty princes, and " gambled away the sun before his rising," had no further use for the plough and spade. The humblest of Cortes' and Pizarro's companions was henceforth superior to common toil. More than any other country in that age, Spain, then at the height of her renown, was full of poverty-striken gentlefolk, too proud to work or to beg, and in contrast to them, a large vagabond element not at all too proud to cadge for a living, and sharing with its betters only the supreme objection to work. The classical expression of this phase is the great anonymous novel *Lazàrillo de Tormes*, first of the epics of beggary, or *picaro* novels. Its hero is an arch-vagabond, an immoral rascal, a human stray dog, who eventually attaches himself to a master who is the quintessence of starving gentility. . . . And all this set forth in minutest detail ! . . . Not unnaturally, it was the realistic current in Spanish literature, rather than the romantic, which exercised so great an influence on French writers. The instinctive lucidity of the Spainsh mind appealed strongly to the lucid intellectuality of the French ; but the French classical drama also owes much to the Spanish, the influence being most noticeable in the works of Corneille and Molière.

To which category does Cervantes' *Don Quixote* properly belong ? To both and to neither. Although written in a realistic vein, and professedly as a protest against the absurdities of early romanticism, *Don Quixote* has long since taken rank as one of romances of Man, as an asset of literature in general, and assumed a significance far beyond its author's original intention ; because in the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance and his uncomprehending but faithful squire, Spanish literature has given to the world types of universal interest, vast as Faust, Don Juan, or Shakespeare's characters, —towering above the place or period from which they sprang. From the technical point of view it is more important here that Cervantes (1547-1616) is considered the greatest master of Spanish prose, just as Spanish verse reached perfection slightly earlier in the poems of Luis de Leon (1528-1591), and the best of his contemporaries.

During the eighteenth century, that period of national torpor in politics and artificial sentiment in art (music alone excepted), Spanish literature suffered eclipse with the rest. The nineteenth century brought the re-birth of the spirit of nationality, the revival of romanticism, and, as its own special gift, the touch of cosmopolitanism, which is the outcome of modern conditions. Spanish literature in its recent development has much in common with its counterparts elsewhere. We regret the absence of a passage from *Pepita*

Jimenez, justly characterised as "a landmark in the history of Spanish fiction," but the author, Juan Valera, is represented by two short pieces, and we are given a couple of pages from Alarcon's famous *El sombrero de tres picos*.

It would be invidious to single out for its merits any one of the modern poems in what is already a very restricted selection. Among the poets represented we have Espronceda (romantic), Ramon de Compoamor (good-naturedly cynical), Guitérrez Gonzalez, Enrique Diez-Canedo, and the musician-poet, Pedro Garcia Morales. In the concluding prose extracts we find a tender, homely touch in *Platero y yo*, by Ramon Jimenez; and finally the mystic note is heard once more in *La nina de las naranias* (The orange girl), from the *Muestrario* by Roman Gomez de la Serna, and in the allegorical play *La Principesa sin corazon* (the Princess without a heart), by Jacinto Benavente.

To sum up.—This is no attempt to review in detail all the contents, but rather an indication of what may be gleaned from the valuable and beautiful material stored within the small compass of 325 pages. The whole collection is an argument for a wider study of Spanish, or, as we ought more correctly to say, of the Castilian language, "stateliest of the daughters of the Latin."

The few illustrations are well chosen. F. S. C.

THE ENEMY WITHIN. By Severance Johnson. (George Allen & Unwin). 12s. 6d. net.

Memory does not have to cast far back to recall reports in our English papers of the trial of Bolo, in France, of the tragic shooting by Madame Caillaux of M. Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, her subsequent trial—and acquittal, and of various other episodes of a similar nature. The piecing together, however, of these "sensations" into a connected story of a gigantic conspiracy against the life of France has been reserved in the case of English and American readers for the pen of Mr. Severance Johnson, "Special Investigator and Correspondent at the Paris Peace Conference."

The roots of this conspiracy were deep down in the soil of France and were fostered long before the war by German corruption. German propaganda was insiduously at work, and the same evil influence which financed the efforts of certain societies to free Ireland, India, Egypt, from what they termed "the English yoke" was actively supporting conspirators in France in their work of spreading disaffection; promoting class hatred, mutiny among soldiers, strikes among workers, and generally working towards a *coup d'état* in which Caillaux should rise upon the ruins of his country to become the Lenin of France.

According to Mr. Johnson's story, which is the result of the investigation of official documents, it was only the mad act of Madame Caillaux that saved France. Her murder of Gaston Calmette with its consequent cessation of his exposure of Caillaux in the *Figaro*, brought about by its scandal Caillaux's disappearance from the Cabinet—and this, in spite of the tremendous following he had in the socialist and radical sections of the populace. It is suggested that had Caillaux remained in the Cabinet till the Germans marched on Paris four and a half months later, the city might have fallen into the hands of the *Commune*, with Caillaux at its head. But, even out of the Cabinet, Caillaux still had the hope of dominating France. In spite of all the stories of his secret alliance with Germany he still retained a large support; he was looked to for protection against the oppression of undue taxation, against the burden of militarism, and against the oligarchy of Paris financiers who were held to control the government of France. His criminal connection with Germany is suggested significantly in the following extracts from the telegraphic messages Mr. Johnson quotes as sent in 1915 by Count von Bernstoff, the German Ambassador to the United States. (They were sent at the close of Caillaux's mysterious visit to America):

> "Steamer Araguaya left Buenos Ayres Jan. 30. The Captain is carrying important papers. Capture very desirable. In case of capture Caillaux should, in an unobtrusive way, be treated with courtesy and consideration. Can you inform our cruisers?
>
> "BERNSTOFF."

And, in course of another message, the Count telegraphed:

> "Caillaux welcomed indirect courtesies from me, but emphasised the extreme caution which he is obliged to show, as the French Government, he said, had him watched even here.
>
> "He warns aganst the excessive praise bestowed upon him by our papers, especially the *Neue Freie Press*, and desired on the other hand that the Mediterranean and Morocco agreements should be adversely criticised. Our praise injures his position in France."

Mr. Johnson traces the work of the great Conspiracy from its head down to its humblest agent. Caillaux shielded himself behind his "dummy" Malvy, and Malvy came more and more into the open. He gave support to Almereyda, an infamous scoundrel, and while Caillaux negotiated with Germans, Malvy and Almereyda cooperated with pacifists, defeatists and anarchists in Paris. Bolo, the adventurer, who treated marriage with married women as a fine art, and became financial agent to the ex-Khedive of Egypt, and a Pacha, was a dramatic figure in the nefarious concern. Duval, "miser, hypocrite, philosopher," reorganised the *Bonnet Rouge* in Germany's interests, and his malicious articles therein, with Almereyda editor-in-chief, did the same fell work as the pamphlets which flooded the trenches at the front. The whole story with all its sordid accompaniments is unfolded, with its culmination of the tiger-spring of Clemenceau, and the punishment, or parody of punishment, meted out to the traitors. An Appendix supplies much further information.

The book suffers badly from lack of revision of its proof-sheets. We have "guant" for "gaunt," "check" for "cheque," "unraveled," "defense," "offense," "dispair,' and "I beseeched him," among many other slips.

But its main theme stirs the thought of the splendid spirit of France which triumphs not only against its external, but its hideous foes within, and induces reflection upon the dangers a democratic republic incurs from corrupt politicians, demagogue editors and the evils of plutocracy.

ASPECTS OF LITERATURE. By J. Middleton Murry. (W. Collins Sons & Co.) 10s. net.

According to the wrapper of this book there is a "new school" of Criticism, and Mr. Middleton Murry is our leading critic. Of course, what the wrapper says is not evidence; but it may cause a moment's wonder whether the old school is really shut up, and whether there is anything to distinguish this from the bound reviews of other facile reviewers who preface their collection of short articles with description of the new wares that fill the publisher's windows with no such extravagant claims. Is this reviewer, after all, more than a go-between, who brings the author before his audience, or the girl in the lending library who recommends *this* nice book, or is confident that *that* is not to our taste?

The book was written as journalism week by week, in the pages of the *Athenæum*, and elsewhere. Mr. Murry tells us that here and there he has recast expressions which though not sufficiently conveying his meaning had been "passed in the haste of journalistic production." But—and this is astounding—he has not recast the substance of his essays even when his own view has since completely changed. Is not this taking the stages in the evolution of an intellectual too seriously? But we may assume that form is final and satisfying to him. Yet the form, the language is often confused, obscure, perverse. Of two recent collections of poetry he writes: "Out of the one issues an indefinable odour of complacent sanctity, an unctuous redolence of *union sacrée*, out of the other, some acidulation of perversity" (p. 139); a little later, a single poem is described as having "a touch of the apocalyptic, passionate honesty, which is the mark of the martyr of art or life."

He has, to the full, the heightened manner without thought, and the artifice of the coloured patch that is sewn on.

The poems of Edward Thomas, he writes "will appear like the faint, indelible writing of a palimpsest over which in our hours of exaltation and bitterness, more resonant, yet less enduring words were inscribed; or they will be like a phial discovered in the ashes of what was once a mighty city. There will be the triumphal arch standing proudly, the very tombs of the dead will seem to share its monumental magnificence. Yet we will turn from them all, from the victory and sorrow alike, to this faintly gleaming bubble of glass that will hold captive the phantasm of a fragrance of the soul. By it some dumb and doubtful knowledge will be evoked to tremble on the edge of our minds." Again, he wants to say that we do not know what will be the future of literature. He says: "This sense of incalculability, which has been aroused by the prodigious literary efflorescence of late years, reacts upon its cause, and the reaction tends by many paths to express itself finally in the ventilation of problems that hinge about criticism." What an intolerable deal of sack has gone to a half-penny worth of bread! Would it be possible to devise a paragraph in which there was a greater outcry of pursuit, and lesser quarry run to ground at last?

When he is not confusing the stream of his argument with scientific and geometrical metaphors—centres, foci, organic radiations, planes are as common as full-stops on his pages—Mr. Murry is sensitive enough to the greatness of great literature to criticise by contrast, happily enough, men such as Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Masefield. It is worth while to say of the one: "He is empty now; he has the apparatus of enchantment, but no potency in his soul," and to note the other's "permanent overstrain," for contemporary reviewing is still too complacent to these two minor poets.

There has been lately a great deal of trumpeting in magazines about criticism, its methods and standards. The *London Mercury* announced that it was about to restore the standards of authoritative criticism without giving us an inkling as to what these standards are, and now we have the new school kept by the Editor of the *Athenaeum*. We have so far considered only Mr. Murry's practice. But there is a chapter in which he sets forth his theory of criticism ("the Function of Criticism") which is placed first, but was written last, and should be, by his wish, read last. Complementary to this paper is: "The cry in Wilderness."

Both papers are emotional rather than rational, in treating of the philosophy of art; and unnecessarily dogmatic. "The ideal of a good life, if it is to have the internal coherence and organic force of a true ideal, must *inevitably be æsthetic*," he writes, and we can hear him raising his voice to silence objection and question.

Apart from a meaningless cry: "Let us away with logic, and away with ideas from the art of literary criticism," the pith of his position is that:

"The values of literature, the standards by which it must be criticised, and the scheme according to which it must be arranged, are in the last resort, moral. The sense in which they should be more moral than morality affords no excuse for them when they are less so" (p. 170). That is to say, in a great artist, every experience is coloured by his consciousness of the difference between good and evil. On the theoretical side he has little to say for this position—he leaves it in the air, as it were. There is nothing unsound in it; indeed it is confirmed by our experience of the criticism of life of great men, who react greatly to life. But this is a small stock of capital on which to set up a "new school."

The Empress Eugenie. By the Count de Soissons. (John Lane. 12s. 6d.)

The death of the Empress Eugénie has called forth serious studies such as the late Mr. Augusti Filon's reminiscences, which is valuable as the work of an intimate eye-witness of the Court of the Second Empire. The Comte de Soisson's book is in another category, as it is only a compilation from various memoirs, newspapers and other contemporary material. He tells us that he "spent many months under the lofty dome of the British Museum and thought earnestly in solitude," but he has gathered, from the wreckage of the Second Empire, only its tinsel and *chiffons*. The Empress's girlhood in Spain, when "dressed in fancy costumes of her own invention, she was constantly at theatres and bullfights, flirting with the toreadors, whom she would present with red caps embroidered with gold," her courage and caprices, her dabbling in spiritualism, the extravagance of the new court are readably recorded, as is her exile. The Comte de Soissons' view of the Empress differs widely from M. Filon's, who is positive in the denial of the charge that she wanted the Franco-Prussian war, and whose opinion was that though the Empress is remembered as the head of Napoleon's brilliant and profligate Court, she had no sympathy with it, "she remained a convinced idealist in the midst of a society bent wholly upon material ends." The Comte de Soissons' study, concerned as it is mainly with superficial things, the Empress's jewels, her clothes, her economies, makes, in the end, no impression of personality.

Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie. (Constable & Co.) 25s. net.

One does not usually associate poetry with the personality of a "self-made" Radical millionaire, and yet in his autobiography Andrew Carnegie puts much stress upon the part played in his industrial career by the poetic influences of his Scotch birthplace, Dumfermline. Certainly the traditions and surroundings of his childhood gave him a background of idealism in a world of stern reality, and the slight personal touch, which he gives somewhere in his autobiography, of his unwillingness to destroy a flower by plucking it, shows that he was something more than a man of iron and steel. Indeed, the whole book shows this, and one of the most potent factors in a life which reads like some Industrial Arabian Night is that which his united family presents. A man wins our respect who can write of his father as Mr. Carnegie does of his, and the respect deepens when he dedicates his first book—as Carnegie did—"To my favourite Heroine, My Mother." Granted that his mother's philosophy of life is to be defined, as Carnegie tells us by the maxim of Confucius, "to perform the duties of this life well, troubling not about another, is the prime wisdom," her son bears loving testimony that she did those duties well.

Carnegie's phenomenal success in the world of industrial enterprise was not only due to his powers of initiative, perseverance and preparedness for opportunities when they occurred; it was also in large measure due to his knowledge of, and understanding of his fellow-men. His power of organisation included the power of selecting the right man for the particular work requiring to be done. He himself attributes his material success to the development of the power of getting others to work for him which he first displayed when, as a boy, he got others to gather food for his rabbits, with the reward of having future young rabbits named after them. It was not a very material reward for labour, but Carnegie had at that time no penny to bestow.

The lasting association of his name with libraries has its origin in Carnegie's own sense of the benefit conferred upon him when, as "a working boy without a trade," he and his peers were permitted to avail themselves of the resources of Colonel James Anderson's library of four hundred volumes at Pittsburgh. To Colonel Anderson Carnegie testifies his gratitude for a taste in literature which he "would not exchange for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."

The future millonaire was born in 1835. His father belonged to the hand-weaver class, whose occupation was lost to them when hand work was replaced by steam. Poverty pressed upon the family, and emigration to America, whither relatives of the family had already proceeded, became necessary. The looms and furniture were sold. The result was disappointing. Passage to

America needed an additional twenty pounds. It was advanced by a friend, and its repayment was one of the first of the family's achievements in America. At the time of the emigration Andrew Carnegie was thirteen years of age, and his brother Tom was five. They joined their friends at Pittsburgh, and there Andrew took his first job as bobbin boy at one dollar twenty cents a week. Soon after, for a weekly two dollars, he ran a small steam engine and fired the boiler in the cellar of the bobbin factory. This was a time of fear and trial, but it was soon changed for his first real step upon the upward ladder. He got the open-air job of messenger boy to the Pittsburgh telegraph office. In this humble early occupation he began to master all around him that could be of mental service. He learned the duties of the operator at the telegraph, became himself an operator, and showed such ability that the hardest tasks were passed to him. As an expert operator he became known to Thomas Scott, division superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railway, and was appointed his clerk and operator. His daring self-confidence and his capacity were exhibited in his unauthorised assumption of responsibility in Mr. Scott's absence, in the telegraphic organisation of the traffic at a critical moment. He became superintendent of a division of the Pennsylvania line, and then took the helm at Pittsburgh. The civil war brought a great demand for transport service, and Carnegie rose to the demand. He came into touch with the genesis of the sleeping-car, and his organising talent found scope in railway and locomotive works, and brought him into contact with home production of iron and steel work. By his readiness always to seize the opportunity offered, his rapid grasp of situations, his knowledge of the market and his indomitable energy, he so rapidly amassed wealth that he was a millionaire almost before he realised it. After a strenuous period of acquisition, he came to that time in his life-story wherein he could distribute wealth, to the best of his judgment, for the benefit of his fellow-men. He, with all his Scotch radicalism, held tenaciously through life to one or two guiding principles of Catholic life. The sanctity of the family as the unit of society, the regarding wealth as a sacred trust to be used for the benefit of his neighbour. His ideal was the betterment of the masses of men and the diffusion of knowledge amongst them.

His autobiography, pathetically enough, comes to an abrupt close just after his expressing the conviction that the Emperor of Germany was a Man of Destiny. and the hope that he might be "the Apostle of Peace among leading civilised nations."

George Tyrrell's Letters. Edited by M. D. Petre. (Fisher Unwin.) 16s. net.

The publication of a volume of Father Tyrrell's letters, under the editorship of Miss M. D. Petre, brings up again the memory of an unhappy story, and one's mind runs back to all the circumstances of his death and of Miss Petre's action at the time.

This is hardly the place to stir up all the controversy connected with his name. One may shake one's head and say his was a hard case; one may, on the other hand, shake one's head and say how long-suffering the authorities were with him. These letters, although they deal constantly with subjects on the controversial plane, are given in volume form as a presentment of the man himself, as he was, and show his versatility, his intellectual outlook, his style, his sympathies, his humour. Modernism within the Catholic Church, with which movement Father Tyrrell was intimately concerned, was condemned by Pius X. in 1907. But the tendency inherent in it will probably endure, and men of original and independent thought will ever be confronted with the choice between intellectual arrogance and child-like faith. Typical of the choice we have, on the one hand, the words of St. Teresa: "After all, I die a child of the Church," and on the other Father Tyrrell's "Here I am at last, *arrivé*—*i.e.*, excommunicated." The sympathy of the reader will extend to the one or the other according to his disposition, but one cannot help feeling there is a spice of malice as well as discourtesy (even in a private letter) when Father Tyrrell speaks of Cardinal Vaughan "sitting on" one of Tyrrell's books "with all his elephantine body," or of the "pig-headed, self-destructive intransigeance of Pius X." The tendency in Father Tyrrell's choice is shown long before excommunication in such an utterance as the following:—

> "Grace, we are told by the Jesuits, has nothing to do with *mere* ethical perfection. Strong wills and strong personalities are at a discount under a despotic *régime*; lean on the priest and the Sacraments and *pecca fortiter*. The Church does not raise men from the gutter; she blesses the gutter and leaves them there. The essence of Jesuitism, as Pascal saw, is the sanctification of the gutter; the astute accommodation of the ideal to the actual. 'Peace, peace,' where there is no peace."

One might take from St. Teresa what is almost a comment on the above passage:—

> "It is thus that we often find ourselves in darkness here below, surrounded by ambition, by self-love, and by very many other enemies, visible and invisible, against whom we have no other remedy or means of escape except to invoke the Divine Shepherd, who alone can rescue us from such perils."

"Christianity," says Father Tyrrell, "has done little or nothing to strengthen the will, except in the morbid and profitless direction of monastic asceticism." Poor St. Teresa! Poor Father Tyrrell! Let us pass to Alice in Wonderland, and Through the Looking Glass. We turn aside with that sense of relief from controversy which has produced so much of the religious indifference of our time. Father Tyrrell selects "Alice" as a book, or two books, whose preponderating influence he acknowledges. Thank heavens, in his love of "Alice," we find ourselves with him whole-heartedly at one. Moreover, here we can contemplate the lighter and gayer side of him.

> "It is to the wisdom-stifled 'grown-ups,' rather than to the children, that such nonsense is as welcome as a cool hand on a fevered brow."

And again:—

> "It is especially as expressing and fixing in type the unspoilt child mind of every age and country—universally and eternally the same—that this book is so beneficial and influential."

And:—

> "Children, if healthy, read *Alice* with profound interest, but with unbroken gravity; for to the child there is little ridiculous in what to us is so incoherent and unexpected. The spell for them lies in finding a grown-up mind so much in tune with their own, and bold enough to give the respectability of print to such dreamings as they are taught by their prosy elders to be ashamed of and to keep locked up in the secret of their busy little brains."

Lastly, he says (the letter is really an article contributed to *The Weekly Register*):—

> "When the root-causes of all things shall at last be laid bare, I shall not be surprised if it prove that *Alice* has had more to do with many a conversion than the theologians, controversialists, philosophers, and many other grave and reputable persons who were too hastily credited with the result.
>
> "In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
> "I kept all my limbs very supple
> By the use of this ointment (one shilling a box);
> Pray allow me to sell you a couple."

Father Tyrrell is evidently not a metrical purist. There should be no "pray" in the last line.

Yet he thought Wilde's *De Profundis* superior even to "Alice": "I would rather have written that book," he says, "than the Epistle to the Romans or *Alice's Adventures*." And adds: "Perhaps if I sink as low I may rise as high; or perhaps one needs to be in gaol to stand outside life and see it in its true perspective; cf. The Tinker of Bedford, Silvio Pellico, Ignatius Loyola, &c. One needs social and spiritual as well as bodily isolation."

These extracts give something of George Tyrrell's personality. He suffered from a frail body, and his last illness was a sudden one and brief. His last recorded utterance is "I am glad God is to judge me, and not any of His servants."

Seventy Years among Savages. By Henry S. Salt. (George Allen & Unwin.) 12s 6d. net.

Mr. Henry S. Salt is well known as a first-rate scholar, a literary critic, a sympathetic interpreter of Shelley, Thoreau, James Thompson and Richard Jefferies, an atheist, a social reformer, an upholder of the rights of animals, and a vegetarian by conviction. The title of his present book shows that he has a certain grim humour of his own. He has lived seventy years among his fellow-men, and finds them so little advanced from barbarism to civilisation that they are savages. He does not give us a definition as to what, precisely, civilisation is. But while the dead flesh of slaughtered oxen, sheep and swine forms the staple of our diet,and women are furred and feathered with the skins of beasts and birds, and " preserved " pheasants are butchered in the *battue*, and the old anthropocentric superstition survives that man is separated from the lower animals by the possession of an immortal soul—man will continue to be barbarian. Fortunately he concentrates much of his condemnation into an " Argument " at the beginning of the book, and we pass on without being terribly upset to his various delightful talks which begin with reminiscences of his own early phase of savagery at Eton.

The fact is Mr. Salt is a gentleman and not a bore, and while he holds certain convictions with enthusiasm, he does the honours of his literary house with grace ; so that, while you are politely aware that he is burning to make all sorts of improvement in his surroundings, you pause with him before his collected portraits and hear his racy anecdotes, and find him an engrossing and fascinating cicerone. You laugh heartily when he pictures you short-sighted " Billy Johnson," of Eaton, chasing a hen down Windsor Hill thinking she was his hat. You are delighted with his story of Mr. Dobell, the bookseller, who finding a valuable book abstracted by a keen collector, sent in a bill for it, which was promptly paid. But when he chats to you familiarly of " household names," such as De Quincey, Meredith, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, F. D. Maurice, W. M. Rossetti, and the rest, he holds all your attention, and his views on things in general charm you with their presentment no less than from the fact that they are so refreshingly different from your own.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS LORD NORTHCLIFFE A JEW ?

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir : In the 1st January issue of your interesting paper you speak (p. 5) of " the Jew, Lord Northcliffe."

I dislike the Northcliffe Press, both its politics and its manners, and I am not very fond of the Jews.

Would you tell us what is the evidence that Lord Northcliffe is a Jew ?

Harmsworth is an English name, derived (according to Bardsley)from a village (Harmondsworth) in CountyMiddlesex. The grandfather of the present Lord Northcliffe is said in Burke's Peerage to have been a " Mr. Harmsworth, of London," whose son, father of Lord N., was a barrister, and apparently moved to Co. Dublin and married there.

There are no Jew names among the latter's numerous progeny, and they have married all sorts of quite decent people.

But the Peerage throws no light on the grandfather's ancestry. Can you assist ?—Yours faithfully,

A. G. C.

[We refer our correspondent to Plain English of December 4th and December 11th, where he will find the evidence about the Jewish origin of the Harmsworths in Major-General Count Cherep Spiridovitch's articles on the Jewish Peril. We have repeatedly affirmed in later numbers of Plain English that Lord Northcliffe and the rest of the Harmsworths are Jews, whose real name is Stern, and they have never attempted to deny the fact, which is recorded in the " Gotha Almanac," page 506.—Ed.]

AN ECHO OF " THE BALKAN TANGLER."

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—In its issue for January 15th, *The New Statesman* contains articles by Professor Levin L. Schücking, Leonard Stein, Josef Hrase, Henry Baerlein, Joseph Freeman and A. Emil Davies. In face of such a collection of writers why not call the paper *The "Jew" Statesman* and be done with it ?

Mr. Henry Baerlein writes upon " Miss Durham and the Albanians," and gives that good lady " what-for " in true kosher manner. He says " the partiality of this emotional lady is so uncompromising that it defeats its object," and refers to " the jaundiced eyes of Miss Durham."

At least one can give the Jews of *The New Statesman* one's approval of their method of rewarding boot-lickers with a knock in " the jaundiced eye." But at the same time in the interests of truth it must be said that Miss Durham is perfectly correct in her statements about Albania. Were Miss Durham to have the courage to admit that the Serbian conquest of Albania was really inspired by the financial policy of the *Grand Orient* she would be in a much stronger position to meet the inspired attacks of a Baerlein.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

The reviewer in Plain English of Miss Durham's book, " The Balkan Tangle."

THE " DOUBLE ALLEGIANCE " OF THE JEW.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir : The subjoined letter was sent to the Editor of the *Spectator*, in reply to one in its issue of January 15, but room was not found for it. Perhaps it may interest your readers. The question of the divided allegiance of the Jew lies at the very root of the world unrest. In point of *fact*, the Jews' allegiance is *not* divided, it is always true to the Tribe ; the pretended allegiance of the Jew to the country of his domicile is pure, if unconscious, camouflage.—Yours, &c., B. M. B.

DOUBLE ALLEGIANCE.

To the Editor of The Spectator.

Sir : Mr. Herman Cohen challenges the production of " a man of the Jewish religion " who was or is " a man with a double allegiance." Well, here he is—Mr. Philip Guedalla, recently in munitions, a Jew who has been publicly named of late as a probable future occupant of the Woolsack.

The Jewish Guardian of November 26, 1920, reports a meeting on behalf of the Keren Heyesod, or Palestine Foundation Fund, held at New Synagogue, Stamford Hill.

On taking the chair, Mr. Guedalla said, " I have not dared to come here as an English politician, but as a Zionist and a Jew to welcome one of the bravest of our people, who has taught the world that besides possessing other accomplishments, the Jew also knows how to fight if necessary. *I come from a family which has been English for many generations. I am prepared to give up my English position if it will save even one of the people "—the* people being the Jews, of course.

V. Jabotinsky, the hero of the evening (who had been condemned by English justice to fifteen years' imprisonment for plotting pogroms on Arabs, and who was released by Sir Herbert Samuel), declared at the same meeting that the Zionist organisation was " the most powerful instrument in Jewish life at the present moment. *He instanced his own release . . . . as an indication of that power.*" In this he is doubtless correct. It was Zionist influence, not Royal clemency, which procured the release. Where English justice conflicts with Jewish interests the result is never in doubt with the Jew.—Yours, &c.,

January 17th. Britain for Britons.

LADY HARDINGE strongly recommends French lady to give lessons ; would take daily engagements. Willing to travel.—Write to Mdlle. THIRION, 60, Gloucester Gardens, W. 2.

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In the spring of 1914, Mr. Crosland, and later, Lord Alfred Douglas were prosecuted for libel at the Old Bailey by the late Mr. Robert Ross. In both cases the actions failed, and as a consequence Ross stood convicted of unnatural offences. Thereafter a testimonial to Ross was promoted, and of the signatories a large proportion were Jews, including two Monds. The effect of the testimonial was to whitewash the culprit and defame his accusers. "The Rossiad" is the retaliation, but so far it has been almost completely boycotted by the Jew-controlled press. It is a terribly brilliant satire, and it bears out the diabolical ethics of the "Protocols" and of the monopolists of White Slave Traffic and compilers of black books, with their methods of controlling Ministers of State. Without the propagation of vice among the Gentiles and its glorification, the King of Zion could never attain his throne. When Ross died, a poem in his praise was published in the *Nation* by the Jew Siegfried Sassoon. By this trenchant exposure Lord Alfred Douglas has laid bare one of the most deadly weapons of the Jew in his never-resting war on the non-Jew world.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 103
"Higher Criticism" 105
Jutland Treachery and Churchill 106
The Conservatives to the Rescue 107
Finance and Stock Markets 108
Paris Notes 109
The Facts behind the Great Oil Conspiracy 110
The League of Nations Starts 112
British Stock and British Interests 114
Modern Drama in Europe... 115
Correspondence 117
Books Received 118

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

A Voice in the Wilderness.

The Hidden Hand, the monthly organ of "The Britons," which is devoted to an attempt to "defeat Jew domination and reveal the secret workings of the Hidden Hand of Jewry and its international financiers," has broken the silence of the London Press on our Jutland Treachery disclosures. In its current issue it has the following :—

> **Week by week "PLAIN ENGLISH" alone amongst daily and weekly journals has brought out the facts connected with the Battle of Jutland, and the treachery at the Admiralty during the fight. The price of "Plain English" has been reduced to 6d., and the interest excited by its revelations has made its circulation go up by leaps and bounds. The revelations of the last issue, January 29th, with names, brings matters to a point where they can hardly be left, even by our rhinoceros-skinned Government. The man who committed what Sir Percy Scott calls the "terrible crime" is, after all, not the chief culprit. Those who paid him and those who are shielding him are far worse. The facts in connection with the issue of the Report reveal the entire secret of the war.**

We wonder when, if ever, it will occur to Lady Bathurst and Mr. H. A. Gwynne, the proprietress and editor of *The Morning Post*, that if they wish to retain the confidence of their patriotic readers they cannot afford to preserve a silence which has for its effect to shield the traitors from the just wrath of the community.

"The Morning Post's" Special Correspondent in Greece.

Last week we offered to bet Mr. H. A. Gwynne, the editor of *The Morning Post*, a new hat that the "special correspondent" in Athens of that journal, whose childish and spiteful mis-statements about King Constantine we put in the pillory, was none other than our old friend "Anaglypta Bertie," otherwise Herbert Vivian. If Mr. Gwynne had taken our bet we should have now been *minus* the price of one of Lock's most fashionable masterpieces, for it turns out that we were wrong in our conjecture, and that for once we have done Mr. Herbert Vivian an injustice. Our attention has been drawn to the fact that Mr. Vivian is at present in the Tyrol, and that he contributed an article dated from that country to last Sunday's *Sunday Times*. Accordingly we express our regrets, and we do not mind admitting that when, drawing a bow at a venture, we named Mr. Vivian as our "selection" for the "Special Greek Correspondent Stakes" we were quite prepared to hear that we were mistaken, and that our main object was to endeavour to find out who the correspondent in question really is. We have made inquiries and we have been informed that he is a Jew, but the information is too vague and indefinite to be accepted as final. We therefore ask any of our readers who may know the name and the "antecedents" of the gentleman in question to enlighten us on the point.

Elsewhere in the present issue of PLAIN ENGLISH we claim to have established our right to collect from a certain reverend gentleman a hat of our own. So that, owing to the failure of Mr. Gwynne of *The Morning Post* to exhibit a sporting spirit, we are "one up" in the matter of hats. We trust that we shall get it, and that if not from Lock's, it may emanate from no less an establishment than "*La Maison Johnson de Londres*," which, according to a Parisian friend of our youth, who was wont to clothe himself in what he conceived to be "*le dernier chic Anglais*," is "*la meilleur au monde pour les chapeaux.*"

"The Faithless Bloodhound."

Mr. Frank Harris ("the Faithless Bloodhound") and the incarnation of Ancient Pistol continues to "bay the moon" in New York. But there is an end to all things, and as we ventured to point out a week or two ago, even New York has had enough of Harris, and we are informed that official notice has been given to him to remove himself out of the United States. On receipt of this "notice to quit," the "Faithless Bloodhound" made up his mind to revisit the city of his dreams, Paris, to wit. He accordingly applied for a passport *viséd* to that city, but was met by an intimation from the American authorities that the French police opposed an irresistible veto to his projected visit. Unable to come to England, where he is wanted on more than one criminal charge, Harris finds himself in a terrible position, and is reduced to betaking himself to Canada, which for the present is not barred to him. Thence, we understand, he proposes to sail for Italy, bringing with him the MS. of his autobiography (which according to his own account will be "the wickedest book that has ever been published") and his "instructions" from Bolshevik headquarters. "The Faithless Bloodhound" last visited Paris in the year 1911, when, accompanied by "Mrs. Harris" (not, we need hardly say, his real wife, who enjoys the respect and regard of those who know her), he arrived with a quantity of showy-looking trunks packed chiefly with books and the back numbers of "Vanity Fair" and "The Candid Friend," and proceeded to the Meurice Hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. His imposing appearance (need we say that he wore his far-famed rabbit-skin coat, even though his visit took place in the month of July ?) so impressed the manager of the Hotel Meurice that he (Harris) was permitted to run up a bill of several hundred pounds, which he was entirely without the means to pay. Things were beginning to get awkward for Harris when, by "the luck of the Devil," there appeared at his hotel a certain well-known married English peer accompanied by a lady who was not his wife. Harris seized his chance, and by presenting himself before the manager of the hotel and roaring out loud threats to expose the scandal in the London Press, succeeded in blackmailing the manager into giving him a receipted bill on the condition that he cleared out at once and said nothing more. Not content with this *coup*, "the Faithless Bloodhound," by a trick so unsavoury in its details that we cannot sully the columns of Plain English by entering into them, succeeded in relieving the *Maison Beer*, the great Paris *lingerie* shop, of about five hundred pounds' worth of goods. The details of this incredible *chantage* were revealed to our informant by Miss Barton, the manageress of Beer's, while the story of the Meurice Hotel *coup* was given to the same gentleman (an old client of Meurice's) by the manager of the hotel himself. Our readers will readily understand from this relation of events why the Paris police would not be anxious to welcome the "Faithless Bloodhound" in the City of Light, even if they were inclined to overlook his treachery to his own country and his pro-German propaganda in America during the war. Harris is an international criminal of the most dangerous type. If he were a mere *chevalier d'industrie* we should not think it worth while to pay him so much attention. But he has been engaged for years in a widespread and carefully organised, Jew-subsidised attempt at the wholesale corruption, by means of obscene literature, of English-speaking youth throughout the world. He began his campaign in its more intensified form in Mond's English review (*see* Plain English for August 14), and when England became too hot for him, he removed himself and his propaganda to America. His book, "The Confessions of Oscar Wilde," is one of the most abominable publications that has ever disgraced the English language, and it has been vociferously praised by *The Times Literary Supplement* and *The Athenaeum.* We hope the authorities in Canada and in Italy, which are now Harris's objectives, will take note of the warning which we hereby give them.

Another Little Jewish Nest.

In the purlieus of Long Acre there is a well-lined Jewish nest. In fact, this nest is a compound affair, and has spread from the original bush into several smaller bushes. Our correspondent, Mr. Joseph Banister, throws some light on this subject; and his letter is worthy of careful examination.

The silence of *John Bull* on the Jutland disclosures is accounted for by the fact that Mr. Bottomley is the speaking trumpet for his Jewish owners, and that his son-in-law, Cohen, is a Jew.

Perhaps this explains why the report of sermons in the *Evening Telegram* no longer chronicle utterances of Catholic priests, and why a report of a sermon by a Jew is now placed before that of a Christian.

After all, this is a Christian country. And why should we have the Jewish religion thrust into our faces in the only evening paper available on Sunday?

In this matter of press-capture the Jews have gone just a little bit too far. The public is beginning to realise how cleverly the daily and weekly press has been grasped by the "chosen people"; and the Jews are creating up for themselves a future ominous with trouble.

Cunning and intrigue, the Jew weapons, never win in the end, and the public will not miss the significance of the *Evening Telegram's* policy. The public is beginning to grasp an ancient truth, that the only power fit to meet and beat the Jews is the Catholic Church.

The Irish-American Plot.

As we have more than once pointed out, Maurice Löw, the American correspondent of the *Morning Post*, is engaged in an attempt to embroil this country in a war with the United States.

As a Jew, his object in this is perfectly clear. It is the first principle of international Jewish policy to set Christian peoples at each other's throats; but beyond this there is the financial advantage which Jewry invariably salves from the wreck of a State.

One has only to look round London to see how the Jews have enriched themselves by the war-prostration of this country.

The *Morning Post* claims to be anti-Sinn Fein. Yet Maurice Low in its columns is merely voicing the opinions of his friend, Judge Cohalan.

In America, however, there is a comparatively sound public opinion, as witness the outspoken remarks of the *New York Herald*:—

> Reports from various newspaper correspondents in Ireland represent Mr. de Valera as returning from the United States a disillusioned man. He discovered here that he had been misled by Irish-Americans. They, in the exuberant play of their Celtic imagination, had come to believe that it would be easy to induce the American Government actively to intervene to secure the independence of Ireland. It is pathetic to note the ready credulity with which de Valera and other Sinn Feiners swallowed these Irish-American assurances. Mrs. Mac Swiney, when here, asked, in the most innocent and plaintive way: "Why dont' you secure Ireland her freedom?" But that dream has now been dissipated. Even in Dublin they are at last awake to the fact that, as one dispatch puts it, only "noise but no action" can be expected from the Irish-American campaign in this country.
>
> It goes on, however, even in its more preposterous forms. Judge Cohalan addressed two meetings of Irish sympathisers in Boston last Sunday, and once more asserted that the battle for Irish independence is to be won, and can only be won, in America. More specifically this jurist gravely affirmed:—
>
> "We must point out that, just as inevitable as was the conflict between Germany and Great Britain, so is a conflict inevitable between the United States and Great Britain unless England disarms her navy and withdraws her troops from Ireland."
>
> This is flat nonsense. In Dublin they now know it to be such, even if it has not yet penetrated the minds of all Irish-Americans in New York. To the mere clear-sighted intelligences among them it is plain that they have been deceived. American politicians can blarney as well as the Irish.

Bolshevism in the Mines.

We are glad to say that the mysterious death of Mr. George Morley, Unionist agent at Nottingham, is to be the subject of investigation, thanks to the Duke of Northumberland.

Mr. Morley in the course of his work discovered that Bolshevist Polish Jews were being distributed over the mines of this country as tally men, and that it had been arranged that these men should set in motion the forces of Bolshevism when the next coal strike occurred. Mr. Morley dispatched a comprehensive report of this abominable business; although "The Hidden Hand," through its agents; informed him that he would pay dearly for his outspokenness and cleverness.

Upon his return to Nottingham he died suddenly.

We hope for some startling discoveries when the investigations as to Mr. Morley's death are complete.

In the meantime we warn the enemy that his weapons are likely in the near future to be turned against himself.

"HIGHER CRITICISM."

THE learned parson whose letter we print in our correspondence columns thanks us for "the honour we have done him by putting him in the pillory beside Canon Barnes." That sort of honour is very easily and cheaply obtained. Anyone who wishes to be put "in the pillory" alongside of Canon Barnes has merely to deny the Divinity of Christ, throw doubts on the Immaculate Conception, question the inspiration of Holy Scripture, or, generally, to express any other "free-thinking" views. The expression of such views on the part of any man who professes to be a Christian automatically puts him into the pillory occupied now and for all time by Canon Barnes and his like.

Now for our Padre's arguments. In the first place, when he is kind enough to instruct us that there is only one bible and that all the various translations are merely different versions, we reply "*à qui le dites vous?*" We are, of course (as the Padre if he were not anxious to make a cheap score, *à la* private schoolmaster, would recognise), perfectly well aware of the fact. When we referred to the "Catholic Bible" and the "Protestant Bible" we did so merely for convenience and loosely, to indicate the versions used by Catholics and Protestants. The "Catholic Bible," properly speaking, is the Vulgate which is used all over the world by Catholics, and the translations of which into all the various languages (including the Douay version or translation into English) in every case faithfully and literally follow the Vulgate which is the text of St. Jerome. The "Protestant Bible," on the other hand, is, as far as England is concerned, the "authorised version" made in the time of James I. This version is full of mistakes and mistranslations, many of which are deliberate falsifications of the text made to support Protestant errors and heresies.

The Catholic Bible, or Vulgate, differs from all other versions in one important particular: It is, and has been ever since it was compiled by St. Jerome, the only version recognised as authentic and genuine by the Church.

And here is the root of the whole matter. Our sapient Padre, being a "free-thinker" and a rationalist and an admirer of Canon Barnes, is unable to understand that the difference between the translation of St. Jerome, the Vulgate or Catholic Bible (as we shall, *pace* the Padre, continue to call it) and all other translations that ever have existed, is that St. Jerome's translation (alone of all translations) was made by a canonised saint of the Church, that is to say by one whose sanctity and miraculous gifts are established and vouched for by the Church.

That is the supernatural side of the argument for the superiority of St. Jerome's version of the Holy Scriptures. He was directly inspired all through his labours by the Holy Ghost and was miraculously protected from falling into errors.

This argument will probably not appeal to rationalists and freethinkers like Canon Barnes and our Padre, but what follows may perhaps have some effect upon them. St. Jerome when he translated the scriptures not only had the Septuagint (or Greek translation made about 280 B.C.) to go upon, but he also had all the Hebrew original MSS. then in existence and available. Thus, for all the Padre knows to the contrary, St. Jerome had not only the recently-discovered Hebrew MS. which the Padre refers to, but a dozen others as well which have since disappeared or been destroyed. The Saint's task was to sift, collate and examine all these MSS., to compare them with the Septuagint (the Greek translation accepted and used by Christ and his Apostles) and when there was a conflict between texts, to trust to prayer and Divine inspiration to get the right meaning. That he successfully accomplished this in every single case is finally settled for all Catholics by the fact that his version is accepted by the Church of Christ and the Vicar of Christ on earth who are infallible in matters which are *de fide*.

From these considerations the absurdity and presumption of the Padre's statement that "any competent Hebrew scholar can to-day make a more correct translation of Job than . . . St. Jerome," are manifest. Even leaving out all question of Divine inspiration and guidance and the infallibility of the Church, and speaking merely humanly, it is preposterous to say, as the Padre says, that "Professor X's material is more ample and his tools better sharpened" than in the case of St. Jerome. The truth is exactly the contrary.

We have not space to do more than glance at one of the remaining errors and misconceptions of the Padre. He blasphemes against Job just as glibly and with just as much rationalist "cock-sureness" as he employs against St. Jerome. He utterly fails to understand that Job wrote by Divine inspiration and was himself a great Saint and an image and type of Christ. He was most emphatically (which the Padre denies) "a theologian and a dogmatist." He was, indeed, a great deal more, for he was speaking or writing the directly inspired word of God, and his testimony to the resurrection of the body which the Padre and his like, after the manner of unbelievers and heretics, are endeavouring to belittle and destroy, is, as it happens, the principal text in Holy Scripture on which the Church relies for her dogmatic assertion (made in the Athanasian Creed) that at the last day men shall rise again *with their bodies*.

Finally, on the question of new hats, we shall not trouble any Catholic "priest of European reputation as a Biblical critic" to adjudicate. We consider that if the Padre is a man of his word (as we do not doubt for a moment) the hat is already as good as on our head. But if he will for his part produce one solitary Catholic priest, with or without a European reputation as a Biblical critic, to endorse the preposterous statements made in his letter, we will forgo our claim to the hat, which by no means implies that we will, at the bidding of any man on earth, relinquish our belief in the inspired accuracy of St. Jerome's version of the text in Job. "For though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." Thus St. Paul in the Epistle to the Galatians, and we will conclude our remarks in refutation of the Padre's presumptive heresies by two quotations from a great Pope and a great Saint.

"There has arisen, to the great detriment of religion, an inept method, dignified by the name of the "higher criticism," which pretends to judge of the origin, integrity and authority of each Book from internal indications alone . . . . It (the "higher criticism") will not throw on the Scriptures the light which is sought, nor prove of any advantage to doctrine; it will only give rise to disagreement and dissension, those sure notes of error, which the critics in question so plentifully exhibit in their own persons; and seeing that most of them are tainted with false philosophy and rationalism, it must lead to the elimination from the sacred writings of all prophecy and miracle, and of everything else that is outside the natural order."—*Extract from Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII on the Study of Holy Scripture.*

"On my own part I confess to your charity that it is only to those Books of Scripture which are now called canonical that I have learned to pay such honour and reverence as to believe most firmly that none of their writers has fallen into error. And if in these Books I meet anything which seems contrary to truth, I shall not hesitate to conclude either that the text is faulty, or that the translator has not expressed the meaning of the passage, or that I myself do not understand it."—*St. Augustine, in a letter to St. Jerome. Ep. LXXXII.*

JUTLAND TREACHERY AND CHURCHILL.

OUR statement last week about how the false Jutland report was issued has remained unchallenged. And for the benefit of our many new readers we reproduce the main point in that statement:—

> So it is best to come to grips with our subject, and describe a scene at the Admiralty on the day when the false report was issued.
>
> Mr. Winston Churchill had been spending the week-end with Sir Ernest Cassel, a member of the financial group which arranged the *coup*.
>
> The four persons in this extraordinary drama are:—
>
> (1) Mr. Winston Churchill.
> (2) Mr. Graham Greene, Secretary of the Admiralty.
> (3) Mr. A. J. Balfour.
> (4) Mr. Edward Pack, private secretary to Mr. Balfour.
>
> Mr. Churchill and Mr. Graham Greene drew up the official report of the Battle of Jutland, and Mr. Graham Greene undertook to see that Mr. Balfour signed it.
>
> Mr. Edward Pack, a man of great ability, who was in possession of the true facts of the Jutland battle, and had a list of the casualties, etc., was the person through whom the unsigned report should have passed; but care was taken to present the document to Mr. Balfour for signature when Mr. Edward Pack was out of the way.
>
> Graham Greene went into Mr. Balfour's room, and found him with his feet on the mantelpiece, reading a book. Greene thereupon put the document before Mr. Balfour, explaining that it was the Jutland report and only required his signature. Mr. Balfour merely glanced at it, and signed it; and within a short time the Allied peoples were horrified to learn that Britain had apparently sustained a defeat at sea.
>
> Instantly British stock in America fell, and German stock rose. A similar fall and rise took place in those financial capitals where either British or German stock could be negotiated.
>
> The Jews, everywhere prepared for the *coup*, with unlimited credit and the assistance of the greatest financial forces on earth, relieved themselves of German stock at an immense profit, and stepped in before the British Government could act, and bought up fallen British stock.
>
> Thus two honourable statesmen were used as innocent tools in the biggest financial game that was ever played, and British honour and blood were used to enrich an alien race!

Now it is perfectly evident that the actual treachery of Jutland, whereby our wireless was used to communicate with Germany and the movements of a part of our Fleet were directed by Germany, so as to permit of the escape of the Hun fleet, does not necessarily directly involve Mr. Churchill or Mr. Balfour.

We have told the Government that we can name the man who acted as Germany's spy in the Admiralty. We have challenged the Government to produce the translation of the German code messages, or say why that translation was destroyed. We have offered to attempt to produce a translation if the Government's translation is now found to be missing.

But our statements, offers and challenges have been met by a dumb and terrified silence on the part of the Government and the Press. Why the Press remains silent we have already shown.

And so far as Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill are concerned, they must meet the charge which we made last week, and which we have reproduced. If they do not meet it now, they must be prepared to meet it at the coming Election.

Mr. Balfour is to blame for two things: in the first place for allowing Mr. Churchill to interfere in an Admiralty matter which did not concern him, and in the second place for being so careless as to sign a report which was false, and which caused the world to believe that Britain had been beaten at sea.

Mr. Balfour was a pawn in Mr. Churchill's game; but Mr. Churchill was a puppet in the game of high finance directed by Sir Ernest Cassel and the rest of the Jewish plotters.

In passing, we may mention a fact which undoubtedly sheds some light on the subject, a fact which should be remembered by anyone who cares to examine the details of the financial plot. Here is the fact. Throughout the war the Censorship had orders not to open letters from Germany addressed to Rothschild or Cassel, and to leave unopened all correspondence posted by these persons.

However, let us return to this matter of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill. We have indicated the extent to which blame falls upon Mr. Balfour. But Mr. Churchill is another pair of horses.

Unquestionably he planned with Sir Ernest Cassel to issue the false report about the Battle of Jutland. Possibly Mr. Churchill was so credulous as to fail to comprehend the plot hatched by Sir Ernest Cassel and his friends whereby the Jews, with unlimited credit, were to rush in and sell their German stock at a high price, and buy up fallen British stock. Perhaps Mr. Churchill had no idea that the Jews would come in between the Government and its own stock, and clear a profit in one week on the New York Stock Exchange of £54,000,000.

We take his own word that in issuing a false report he hoped to get back British stock from the Americans at a low price.

But admitting all this, we put this question to Mr. Churchill, and, for that matter, to Mr. Balfour:—How could they remain behind the walls of the Admiralty and watch those lines of agonized and anxious people waiting day after day for the list of casualties, while the complete list was in their possession even before the issue of the false report?

Was any financial coup worth the anxiety and misery which were suffered by those waiting crowds?

And here is the tragic fact: These statesmen utterly failed to pull off the financial coup because they were the puppets of the Jewish master financiers who, with their control of credit, had long before laid their plans to carry out the biggest financial deal on record after a big fight at sea.

Mr. Churchill's famous ancestor was a financial trickster, and in many respects a rogue. His maternal grandfather, Jerome, was an American pocket edition of Barney Barnato; so Mr. Churchill has much in his blood to live down. But he has sufficient good blood in him to enable him to fight the hereditary instinct which he has derived from the Churchills and the Jeromes.

Blood is blood, and should not be diluted. In saying this we appeal to Mr. Churchill to play the honourable and healthy game. He possesses brains; and his "friends" seeing originality in his character, propose to throw him on the scrap-heap when he has served their purpose. Even the glitter of something more than a coronet should not attract him, when he appreciates that the people of this country are weary of Jewish intrigue and are daily becoming more and more conservative.

It is true that by most subtle means, and by never allowing him more than a "pony" ahead, this ambitious and brilliant man, short of money and eager for power, was trapped by the Jews. After the Jutland business his house was furnished for him by Sir Ernest Cassell. But what of that? The Jewish Jutland plotters never paid him properly, and always held him, as it were, to ransom; so he may thank PLAIN ENGLISH for laying the whole abominable business before the public; for this exposure will enable him to snap his fingers at his Jewish masters.

Furthermore, they cannot touch him financially. He is in no sense responsible for the loan of £50,000 granted by Rothschild to his father; and the Vane-Tempest windfall will secure him £5,000 a year. Add to this his salary as a Cabinet Minister; and he obviously possesses sufficient income to provide for his wife and children.

But let him shake off the shackles and fling the poison away.

If the Jews must have a puppet let them have Amery, one of their own breed.

After all, it would be better to be the pensioner of one's own family than the paid dupe of the Jewish enemies of the State.

The Duke of Marlborough might well spare something by reducing his Paris establishment. And for our part we appeal to him. When all is said and done, the Duke of Marlborough, an old Wykehamist and a member of Bramston's House, is an Englishman, and the honour and safety of his own country must come first with him. If Winston cannot keep going, let his cousin lift him beyond the necessity for Jewish help.

That help, in the past, has consisted of miserable doles, which Winston should have scorned.

We have spoken thus freely for the honour of the State, and in the hope that Mr. Winston Churchill will rise to the occasion, come boldly forth and stand up independently and fearlessly for his King and Country.

It is not necessary for him to make a clean breast about Jutland; we have saved him that trouble.

The facts are there, undeniably there; and the world will respect a man who can acknowledge his blunder, or if it were more than a blunder, acknowledge his fault, and shake off the creatures who cling to him, and who would use him for their own evil purposes and then cast him aside like a sucked orange.

THE CONSERVATIVES TO THE RESCUE.

THIS tormented, Jew-ridden country is fast heading for ruin, like a coach driven by a drunken man. Were the driver alone on the vehicle and we merely spectators, the situation would not be serious; but as it happens we are, all of us, in the coach of state, and that power-intoxicated mountebank, Lloyd George, holds the reins. PLAIN ENGLISH over six months ago pointed out the danger, and proposed the remedy. We quote a typical passage from PLAIN ENGLISH for November 13th last:—

> Those of us who remember the good days before the "Liberals" commenced the systematic exploitation of the Empire in 1905, recollect that the Government of those days was a Government of quiet men. There were no picturesque phrases. There was firmness in high places, and a respect for authority throughout the whole community. Only with the coming of the picturesque politician there came the suffragette and the Socialist.
>
> The "Liberals" won their foul victory by means of a lie, and they have retained their position by means of trickery, secret intimidation and wholesale bribery.
>
> Elsewhere we disclose why Mr. Lloyd George clings so tightly to his Socialistic Ministry of trade control.
>
> The public is beginning to realise that unless we get rid of Lloyd George we shall be swept along to final ruin, while our money and our liberty will be taken from us by the Ministries which spread like abominable fungi over the land. Yet, so used have we become to the rule of the picturesque "super-man" that your average voter will demand: "Who is to take Lloyd George's place?"
>
> Britain has been ruled best by men rather than a man. What we want is to get rid of this superstition about the "super-man"; and compel the Conservatives to come out and save the country. They can do it. They have the tradition behind them. The public know they stand for the conservation of national energy and resource; that they mean what they say; that they stand for honour and gentility, as opposed to trickery and beggary on horseback, and the public will trust them.
>
> A good Conservative Government would secure a majority of at least 150 over all other parties, including the Sinn Feiners, who are not likely to trouble Westminster with their votes.

That is really all that requires to be said on the subject. We said it not once, but time after time; and it seemed that we spoke to a deaf or indifferent public. But we knew that, sooner or later, the truth would be grasped. And the truth has been grasped. Turn where you will, the people of this country are alert and irritated; and in their distress and annoyance they are instinctively demanding that the Conservatives shall come to the rescue.

Had a Conservative Government been in power since 1905 the British Empire would not be to-day the distracted and tax-burdened Empire that it is.

When Asquith became Prime Minister the reign of the Jews began, and with it the corruption of our Government departments.

To-day the Jew Montague has virtually lost India, the Jew Milner has attempted to lose Egypt, and by corruption and trickery the Attacottic forces were permitted in Ireland to develop undisturbed.

The man who carries on the empire-wrecking traditions, the secret Communist who rules this country from 10, Downing Street, is a proper man for his ignoble part, and he dresses the part.

Even on the question of his personal appearance, there can be no two thoughts as to whether he is a fit person to be Prime Minister. His absurdly long hair condemns him. His notoriously revolutionary opinions condemn him. And this concerted, absurd, and cunning little man is every day playing fast and loose with the safety and dignity of the State.

Installed in his private room, with the right to open all his letters, is Sir Philip Sassoon, agent of Lloyd George's Jewish paymasters.

How can one expect a man with no traditions of gentility to refuse the allowance which the Jews are eager to give him on condition that he obeys them? After all it is absurd to expect a Prime Minister to live on the official salary. Men who are Prime Ministers should be wealthy men, placed by their riches beyond bribery. Men who are Prime Ministers should be fearless men, placed by their fearlessness beyond blackmail. And more than that they should be "born to the purple," and take their place by intellectual and social right, not worm their way thither through the mud and filth of cunning and intrigue.

There can be no safety for a country which permits a beggar on horseback to rule it.

Lloyd George—like all other democrats—is an autocrat in the worst sense. The people of this country are harrassed by interference with their liberty. They cannot move without being confronted with some restriction or other. Instead of true governance they have petty tyranny, half-boiled prohibition, interference with the sale of chocolates; and going side by side with this they have demands upon their financial resources which must inevitably wreck the national credit.

True and patriotic men are rewarded by hatred on the part of the Lloyd George Government. But a man has merely to soil himself with the filth of treason or Bolshevism to be certain of a welcome and a reward.

Gradually these things, and many more, have become fixed in the national consciousness. A people which was deluded by the belief that Lloyd George won the war, refuses now to be ruled by him, even though his claim as a war-winner were justified, which it certainly is not, as Foch and Haig could prove to-morrow.

But that is a pitiable and unsavoury story which we shall keep for a more fitting occasion.

What has to be said now can be said briefly. If this country is to be saved, if the forces of anarchy and confusion are to be reduced to impotence, the Conservative Party must come to the rescue, bundle the Jew and his Cabinet-Minister puppets out of public life, and restore order and decency to this almost ruined land.

Rhymes for the Times.—No. I.

Mr. Harris
Went to Paris
All in a spasm of pain.
He dabbled in *chantage*,
But got no *avantage*,
For he never can go there again.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

Bank Rate 7%, Bankers' Deposit Rate 5%.

Price of Gold 107s. 2d. per Fine Oz.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
Alexandria	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
Amsterdam	Florins	12·1	11·34 to 11·36
Berlin	Marks	20·43	248 to 250
Brussels	Francs	25·22½	52·65 to 52·75
Calcutta	Rupees	1s. 4d.	1/4⅞ to 1/5
Christiania	Kroner	18·15	20·60 to 20·70
Italy	Lire	25·22½	105¾ to 106¼
Madrid	Pesetas	25·22½	27·40 to 27·45
Montreal	Dollars	4·86	4·26 to 4·28
New York	Dollars	4·86	3·80¼ to 3·80¾
Paris	Francs	25·22½	54·40 to 54·60
Singapore	Dollars	2s. 4d.	2/3⅔½ to 2/3⅞
Switzerland	Francs	25·22½	23·80 to 23·85
Yokohama	Yen	25·48d.	2/6 to 2/6⅛

THE BANK RATE.

The need for a reduction in the Bank Rate from the 7 per cent. figure created in April last year becomes daily more obvious, and a return to 6 per cent. is being urgently pressed on the Treasury, who are responsible for the dear money policy, as they also are for the present serious character of trade taxation. The Right Hon. Mr. R. McKenna, in a noteworthy speech to shareholders as Chairman of the London Joint City & Midland Bank last Friday, gave some highly instructive views, which if the authorities will only take to heart and practise, would soon have the effect of stimulating trade and production. In point of fact as indicating the general condition of finance and investments, it has been shown by a comparison of the prices ruling in March, 1918, when the great German attack was launched, that the average values are to-day actually 10 per cent. below the standard then. Mr. McKenna in the speech referred to said:—

> "Before the war the Money Market was controlled by the Bank of England, and the Bank Rate was the instrument by means of which this control was exercised.
>
> "At that time, when our currency was based on a real gold standard, a rise in the Bank Rate had the effect not only of restricting credit and reducing the currency in circulation, but also of attracting gold from abroad.
>
> "We know that at the present time the Government frequently borrows heavily from the Bank of England. We know also that we have not a free market for gold. The essential conditions for the effective operation of the Bank Rate, therefore, no longer exist.
>
> "A high Bank Rate and a severe restriction of credit are most effective checks to speculation, but it must not be overlooked that they are no less certainly a grave impediment to legitimate business."

Insurance Shares.

There are many attractions in the investment of money in Insurance Companies' shares, and in view of the fall in the prices of many of them, there seems great possibilities of an early appreciation.

Insurance Companies have, without doubt, been less affected than other concerns by the present depression of trade, as is shown by recent reports published, and the depreciation in price is mainly due, as in the case of other high-class securities, to forced realisation.

Although the actual yield on Insurance shares is in most cases small owing to the conservative policy of the Boards (the dividends being paid as a rule out of the interest on investments) it increases yearly as the various funds and investments are added to. For instance, the Commercial Union, which paid 16s. per share, less tax, in 1912, is now paying the equivalent of 40s. per share, free of tax, so that the yield on an investment at that date has increased from 4 per cent. to nearly 15 per cent., and the value of the shares from £20 to about £50 (each share having during that period been split into two shares).

The yields on Insurance shares are higher than they have been for at least the past twelve years, and in that period no first-class Insurance Company has reduced the rate of dividend. The following are some of the prices and yields :—

	Nominal Value.	Paid Up.	Present Price.	Yield. Per cent.
Commercial Union	£5 ...	£2½ ...	£25¼ ...	£3 19 0 (free of tax)
London & Lancashire......	£5 ...	£1 ...	£11 ...	£5 9 0
Royal Insurance	£5 ...	25s. ...	£18 ...	£5 16 6
Guardian Assurance	£3 ...	10s. ...	£5 ...	£6 0 0
Northern Assurance.........	£10 ...	£1 ...	£14⅛ ...	£6 0 0

Shipping Conditions.

The position of the shipping industry was explained at the General Meeting of the Houlder Line Ltd. last week by the Chairman, Mr. F. H. Houlder, who said they were at the present time experiencing very great dearth of cargoes both outwards and homewards, freights had fallen away to a quite unremunerative level, and operating expenses remained at a very high level. Many owners were having to consider the laying up of steamers as the alternative of incurring heavier losses sustained in maintaining vessels in commission. The feverish activity experienced in all branches of commerce during the war might now be considered to have finally passed away. The industry was in a very unsatisfactory condition, brought about by the serious restriction of international trade, together with a world surplus of 10 million tons of shipping over pre-war figures, and they had also to face severe foreign competition. Two things seem necessary, the revival of export trade and a reduction in prices and wages. In the long run maximum wages and a minimum of work were not really beneficial. The whole world was in crying need of an increasing flow of trade to replace the loss of the past few years, and that could only be done by establishing a lower level of prices.

Railways.

Several of the Railway Companies have already announced their Dividends for the past half-year, but almost in every case the rate is the same as for the previous year. There has been no appreciable interest shown in the prices of the Railway Stocks as a result, and this is no doubt due to the poor condition of trade generally, and to the uncertainty regarding the terms and conditions on which the Railways will be taken back from the Government next summer.

The following are the dates when the undermentioned Companies will declare their dividends :—

Caledonian	Feb. 8
Furness..	Feb. 11
Great Central	Feb. 4
Great Western..	Feb. 10
London & North Western	Feb. 11
London & South Western	Feb. 10
Midland	Feb. 4
North British	Feb. 11
North Eastern	Feb. 4

Dividends and Reports.

Linen Thread Company.—Dividend and bonus making 10 per cent., free of tax for year.

Pimms, Ltd.—Dividend 6 per cent. on ordinary shares for half-year, making 17 per cent. for year.

Colombo Commercial.—Dividend of 5 per cent. (10s. per share), free of tax on old ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. for year.

John Barran & Sons.—Dividend of 5 per cent., free of tax on ordinary shares for year.

Westminster Electric Supply.—Subject to audit, final dividend recommended for half-year at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, less tax.

Herbert Morris, Ltd.—Half-year's dividend on 6 per cent., less tax, and 5 per cent., free of tax, cumulative preference.

Liebig's Extract of Meat.—Interim dividend of 10 per cent., free of tax on ordinary shares.

London Merchant Bank.—Final dividend of 7s. per share, less tax, making 12s. per share, or 6 per cent.

Gas Light & Coke Co.— Dividend on ordinary stock for December half-year at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

Fore Street Warehouse.—Final dividend at the rate of 2½ per cent., with a bonus of 10s. 9d. per share, making 10 per cent. for year.

PARIS NOTES.

XXI.

During the conference Mr. Lloyd George told several home truths to M. Briand and his colleagues. As it was done "for their own good," however, they would have been wrong in taking them amiss. Curiously enough they did so and remained ungrateful towards the good intentions of the spokesman of their ally. As a net result of the Conference annual payments of so many billions have been neatly written out on a scrap of paper. It was, moreover, decided that Germany really must disarm and several dates have been established, as inexorable as the Greek calends. The complete solidarity and goodfellowship of the Allied Powers has once more been established and published. An old governess I knew used to say : " It must be true, I read it myself in the *Daily Mail.*"

Bolshevik propaganda is getting very open. Near the recruiting stations, where examinations of the recruits are carried out, pamphlets are being distributed by the newly-constituted Communistic Party. The pamphlets say that the whole policy of the Government is counter-revolutionary, the whole activity of the French Army is directed towards robbing the Russian proletariat of its glorious freedom. Therefore every " class-conscious " proletarian must either avoid military service, or resist his chiefs or turn his arm against them. No measures have been taken against this propaganda. M. Marrand—the newly-appointed Minister of the Interior—declared that he was going to remain neutral in the struggle of political parties. This is going one better than his predecessor. M. Steeg, who declared his intention of " departing in no way from his liberalism."

Meanwhile we have now the true and simple story of Mme. Clara Zetkin, Communist Member of the German Reichstag and, by the way, Honorary Member of the Board of Propaganda of the Soviet Government of Moscow. The old lady says most indignantly that she had no forged papers of identification. She simply sent her luggage by train and crossed the French frontier in an automobile. When she claimed her luggage at the railway custom house nobody asked her for her passport. She took the train to Paris, where she arrived in the evening. At the station there were several policemen but as no one asked her for her passport she thought it unnecessary to produce it. After her speech at the Tours Congress she had to travel in an automobile for nearly twelve hours over a bad road. But this part was the only uncomfortable one of her journey. She neither evaded nor defied the police, not she. The police simply would take no notice of the poor old lady.

"*Voilà comment nous sommes gouvernés*!"

The persecutions of Mme. Clara Zetkin can only be compared to the stern measures which are now arranged and kept in reserve to subdue Germany if she doesn't behave. One is going to occupy new territories, one is going to extend the time of occupation, one may seize the revenue of the occupied areas and, last, but not least—and here the flesh of the Germans begins to creep—*vae victis*, Germany will not be allowed to enter the League of Nations!! It is terrible to think for the bland and benign father of the post-Versailles world that the vanquished should be treated with such unspeakable brutality. Can't you see Germania with a vacant stare, tears rolling slowly down her cheeks, her pale lips whispering: "Not allowed to join Woodrow's league . . . !" What infinite pathos, what a dark, dark future!

Although conditions in Central Europe are a bit mixed up it seems that the Conference has at last hit on a measure which ought to be recommended as a "panacea." Austria being on the verge of collapse, M. Zouckau proposed to organise a company of French and foreign bankers who will run it—"Austria, Ltd." Of course, most countries have been for some time run by bankers, but old prejudice prevented us from recognising the fact with such engaging democratic frankness. One will probably be able to buy shares in "Austria, Ltd." and at a shareholders' meeting to vote for a war against Hungary or Italy. How infinitely preferable to have a Board of Directors than a Hapsburg Monarchy, where the interests of the inhabitants may be considered before those of foreign shareholders. The next step will be to simplify matters: "Lenin, Trotzky & Co.," "Samuel, Mond & Reading, Ltd.," "Baruch, Brandeis & Shiff, Inc.," "La France, Societé Anonyme, Siège Sociale, 16, rue Cadet." At least we will know where we are!

From time to time private letters arrive from Soviet Russia. People dressed in clothes made out of old carpets, fed once a day on millet porridge and who have not washed for *months* ask "Has Europe gone mad?" They ask it in the last hope of hearing a negative answer, of seeing some glimmer of light somewhere. Alas, poor souls, enduring on this earth the torments of the damned; yes, Europe is mad.

Paris, ENGO.
January 30th, 1921.

THE FACTS BEHIND THE GREAT OIL CONSPIRACY.

By Geoffrey de Holden-Stone.

MESOPOTAMIA, proverbially a blessed word, may easily become the most accursed in the history of our nation and Empire, unless the attempt of an alien internationalist group to obtain control of its vast oil resources—*and* its strategical position therewith—be exposed, resisted and frustrated, once and for all. For that attempt happens to be the crowning stroke of a forty years' intrigue—that is, far more than merely financial—against our Empire. Yet it has been likened by sincere fools to our control by share-purchase of the Suez Canal, which it would wholly neutralise within five years.

The existence of such an attempt has, one knows, been officially denied. So, one recollects, has every disaster to our racial or Imperial interests for many years. One remembers none, however, so patent beforehand, that actually gained, unsought, the support of an influential English newspaper, owned by an Englishman presumably well-informed, if not always gifted with inductive memory from the day before yesterday, nor prophetic insight for to-morrow's consequences.

There is no need, if space permitted, to go into the genesis or history of this great secret intrigue, its ramifications, personalities and involutions. The history of our times is made too fast to foster the faculty of memory in the Englishman-in-the-street, who stands to suffer and pay. But no such circumstance, one believes, has yet robbed him of his common-sense ability to draw the obvious conclusion from the plain facts of any case, consecutively presented.

I need, and intend, to do no more.

Now but that France, our first Ally, is interested equally with ourselves in the future administration of Mesopotamia, and that questions-in-chief thereof, are best agreed between us at the earliest moment, it would seem unfortunate, not to say ominous, that this alien attempt should have been permitted to come to a head at San Remo, when—as an ostensibly "British" business—it might have been dealt with openly in London; under the national scrutiny that has not, somehow, been courted. People still remember Geneva, Rome, Stockholm, and other scenes of similar conferences of which the results were scarcely fruitful to our advantage. However, a good result is no worse for being more secretly contrived than by the old-fashioned Disraeli-Salisbury way *at* Berlin a generation ago. And in one quarter at least—the *Sunday* and *Daily Express*—we have been so far assured that Mr. Lloyd George has frustrated the attempt.

It also seems somewhat invidious that Sir John Cowans now—or lately—Q.M.G. of the British Army, should be a director of the Shell Company, that is the prime domiciled representative of the alien group. Also that Sir John Cadman should be popularly supposed to be one of its most expert servants. Also, again, that both gentlemen should have been hastened to San Remo.

But there need be nothing in all of that that reflects in the slightest degree upon either, as English gentlemen of the most honourable distinction, as Brutus was in his time. On the contrary, the matter is one of their extreme—and somewhat official—ability as expert witnesses of undeniable figure. We have nothing but their competency as such, to consider. Than which there could be none greater. As in other circumstances, or other questions, one could imagine that of the ex-Kaiser himself to be. Nothing could have been more valuable than their presence as such at San Remo. For their evidence, if against the alien project, would—be against it! And if given for it, with the least enthusiasm, would prove and protest too much, and—be still more against it, as duly exhibited to that exalted company. We may so far stretch our imagination as to allow Mr. Lloyd George, the wit, to have contrived that situation. And—assuming his set purpose to be frustration of the plot—that he sent for them for no other reason!

It is rather his way. Giving not even the pretext for offence.

Incidentally, none can know better than he by whose advice at the Board of Trade it was that he, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, was led to introduce the petrol tax, with its deadly "Any liquid hydrocarbon" *omnibus* clause—the direct effect of which was to hinder, almost cripple, the development of that very mobile motor transport by which we were enabled, years later, just to sustain the war on the Western Front—wholly against all enemy calculations—albeit, at the expense of not having sufficient at home to expedite munition supplies, and probably force the result on all Fronts two years earlier. None can know better than he how nearly the war was lost by that default and prolongation. It is very credibly reported that it was chiefly by his influence that this tax was annulled in the recent Budget propositions. So it is not quite unthinkable that, looking behind and after, apart from deciding to take no such risks again, he had determined at the first opportunity to get back England's—and his—own. His race is not noted for forgiveness.

Let us note, however, the geographical fact that Mesopotamia lies in the direct strategic south-east route to India by land. Therefore, that a revived Prussia, re-united at Brest Litovsk, with a vassal Russia in the Zweibund that has never ceased to exist, and was never stronger than to-day, could reach Mesopotamia as a new and permanent base of locomotive supplies, by an extension of the Baku or trans-Caspian railways, the building of which, in a year, we, in any uncertain possession of the country, could not prevent by any means short of another war. That base once reached, any Constantinople we held would cease to be either the key of the Near or Far East, as heretofore ; though just valuable as the sea-base of the stragetic north-west route across Europe. From Mesopotamia the over-running of the Persian oil-fields by the Zweibund hosts, railway-munitioned, would be a matter of weeks only, with India to follow a few weeks later. Our Navy would be the whale that could never reach the elephant. So at best, either war in defence of their own freedom would be inflicted on our Indian dependents, or surrender at leisure—for we could never reach them in time—to another conquering race, with no such ethics of " native " treatment as our own. That we should be rather behind the date of the Battle of Plassy in an Imperial sense seems but a side-issue beside that failure towards them. The one emerging fact remains that any mixed, alien or doubtful control of Mesopotamia, any control but our own, must mean a betrayed and enslaved India, as night follows day. Also the loss of Indian wheat for British loaves—at least one-third of the present supply.

Let it sink deep, for it is all the political gist of this present oil-plot that matters for the future.

However, being at present, with France, in possession of Mesopotamia, even by the eager abstention of America after the Treaty of Versailles, what reason exists, moral or other, to make a present of any part of that control to any interest native to Holland ? Of all countries in Europe, the one which, holding us to our honour against our strength, acted as the main conduit of external supplies to the enemy throughout the war. Is there any reason to suppose that she would—or could, to be charitable—do ought else, in any like eventuality ? Yet while protecting her, as by treaty bound to do, we must protect and respect any native interest of hers, even against our own. Why, then, in the name of common-sense, enlarge that already dominant interest ?

For the publicly admitted fact is that the Royal Dutch holds the controlling interest in the Shell Company, sixty per cent. to forty.

But it is not generally known that, unless it is the one commercial concern in Germany whose holdings, or relations with any other, in a neutral country have been affected since 1914, the Deutsche Erdoel Gesellschaft of Berlin—the petroleum branch of the Deutsche Bank—holds, as it then held, a like controlling interest in the Royal Dutch.

Now, it has long since been proved beyond doubt that Imperial Germany not only planned and organised the war, but organised it to begin in the autumn of 1914.

Yet it now emerges that long before that date the Shell Company—subject as ever to its controls, known and unknown—had made a contract with the assuredly all-British Anglo-Persian Oil Company, of which the British nation are part owners, for their *entire output* of petroleum spirit until 1922. In other words, for the *possible duration* of the war-by-exhaustion, pending which date that source of supply, nearer to any of our fronts than Borneo by one-third to one-tenth the distance, and as near as America, was, *in effect, neutralised for our possible use.* As a fact, not a drop of petrol was ever sent from Persia to any British port or foreign depot.

Yet clearly, the Shell Company needed no such extra source of supply. To-day, as throughout the war, we hear nothing but of its enormous resources in all other directions ; although the actual reality of these will presently be shown.

But it is commercially obvious that the absence of that Persian source of petrol supply—incidentally our national property—and so large and potentially important that it was worth contracting for ten years ahead, lessened other sources of supply, since Roumania and Russia were shut off by a closed Dardanelles—to the single source of an unrationed and still neutral United States. That could not have made petrol cheaper from that source. Must, in fact, have made it worth " what it would fetch." Any price we and our Allies had to pay, perforce ! Yet why perforce ? Obviously, under that contract, and controlling by share-majority, the purchasing party thereto, it was open any day for the Royal Dutch to decide to take over all the potential petrol output of the Anglo-Persian, and convey the same to Holland, for conveyance further to whom they chose, under the very protection and guns of our own Navy.

Was that potentiality ever threatened, or better still and more forcibly, inferred as such ? Unless the price was agreed under duress, for those other supplies ?

Who then inspired that quite superfluous supply-contract so long before 1914, of which no deliveries have been taken to this day ? And for whose ultimate benefit was it from 1914 to 1919 ? During which time our blood-losses have been quite considerable.

Are these the people to entrust with part or lot in the control of one square foot of Mesopotamia's soil ?

Otherwise it becomes merely obvious that any Minister or official of ours who agreed the price we paid, on any terms that may have included fixing the public price for any period so far unpublished, must be held blameless. He could do nothing else but make sure of our supplies, and that none reached the enemy that could be stopped.

We also hear a great deal about the scarcity of America's own supplies of petroleum.

The fact no less remains that throughout the War the retail price of motor spirit in New York, a thousand miles from the nearest oil well, rose from about a shilling to one shilling and threepence-fourpence per imperial (not American) gallon ; while to-day's price is around twenty-one pence only.

Does that look like scarcity ?

The alleged " eager search of American oil interests all over the world " has never happened, on account of home sources failure or diminution. American exploitations have been merely extended at a normal rate in the normal way of securing futures abroad, where they are to be obtained : nothing more.

There *is* no need, with new fields opening in Texas ; with the Oklahoma, Sunset, Northern California and others not a quarter explored ; with the enormous known areas of South-Western Ohio not reached, because not within railway access as yet, not to mention the enormous Dohemy holdings in Mexico, as well as other interests, hardly at the beginning of their potential exploitation.

Lastly, what are the enormous resources exactly of the Shell Company, of which so much is made to the effect that whatever one be attacked, they can always victual our needs, domestic, military and naval from another one ? That is the bait-idea. Within the Empire, under our definite protection, the actual Shell resources are the pipe-line of Trinidad, the Farsan Islands in the Red Sea, and Suez—no marvellous producers—and nothing in Egypt not legally open to any other British exploration concern. Certain wells in India, upon doubtful fields likewise open to other exploiters. Similarly in Ceylon and the Straits Settlements. And likewise in North Borneo.

Elsewhere in the world, in Venezuela, in Mexico, in Siam, in the Phillipines—hardly explored for oil, much less in production—in the Georgian Republic—with twenty other holders just as great, in a country that may always withhold all export to supply the greater Russian market, in direct railway reach—in Roumania—to which the Russo-German Zweibund is still nearest in any emergency of war—and in China, the Shell Company holds merely along with any other nationals or foreigners, under the laws of the country in question, and subject always to the prior needs, demands, decisions and emergencies of the Government for the time being of each country. As such, and no more than the holders of patents in those countries. Nowhere do they "cover" a single exclusive concession. So on the facts, they—or their journalistic dupes on their behalf—are trying to dispose for valuable consideration to the British Government, vague amounts of alleged "control" they do not in fact possess.

It has already been seen how this company, under protection as British subjects, has acted in the past for its controllers; and sufficiently, therefore, how it could not in future help but act in their interests, *political* as well as commercial, were that "value consideration" any part of the control or exploitation of Mesopotamia for oil or aught else.

We need not therefore, considering the price paid for its supply services, during the War and since, discuss the value of those services, or any alleged "patriotism" on its part. One need not even say that the Johnsonian definition of patriotism was never better illustrated. The facts are enough.

But what is the immediate proposition for the Shell Company itself, as displayed by the stated object of their latest bonus issue? No more than "to buy new ships and for other considerable extensions."

In other words, to consolidate and enlarge the transport monopoly, on which this concern was built from two millions to ten before the War, and *during* the War to a market value, on dividend showing, of seventy millions.

So in the face of that fact of common knowledge, and the precedent Anglo-Persian contract until 1922, there seems to be evidence rather more than circumstantial, that by the joint contrivance of this concern and its controllers, the seen and the hidden hands, this country and Empire was held to ransom throughout the War, under threat. It is enough for the Englishman-in-the-street to reflect whether by the same means consequences infinitely more dire be not threatened by their impudent attempt upon Mesopotamia.

He need not ask how it was, and from whose agents in New York, the Huns knew every movement of every British tank-steamer during the first three years of the war.

That war is over. But he will hardly ensure the makings of another yet greater, by trusting these people or permitting his rulers to do so.

He may also remember Franz Lody, the honest conspirator, who died in the Tower ditch like a gentleman. And that D.O.R.A. still exists.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS STARTS.*

By Uriah the Hittite.

On Peace Day, 1919, while stretched on the pebbles of Loch Levin, I noticed a paragraph in the newspaper which had been wrapped around the thermos flask. It stated that Sir James Eric Drummond had been mentioned by name in "the first Treaty containing the text of Covenant," commonly referred to as the Treaty of Versailles. God Himself was not mentioned in this treaty or in the "Covenant" which is now known as the League of Nations. Upon finding Sir Eric Drummond apparently more important than the Creator I presumed upon my acquaintance with that really quite charming gentleman to send Sir Eric a short note, in which I pointed out that the problem of Woodrow Wilson and his League of Nations was most confusing. I asked if Mr. Wilson was a sincere idealist merely ideally insincere or whether he had been seduced by Yiddish finance. What was certain was that he had not been left in an interesting condition. Conception functioned by oratory caused him to be but pregnant with platitudes, a delicate condition which I suggested to Sir Eric might be of long standing because when a candidate for the Presidency Mr. Wilson had said in an address to the electorate:—

> No longer a Government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a Government by the opinion and duress of a small group of dominant men, have we come to a time when the President of the United States or any man who wishes to be the President, must doff his cap in the presence of high finance, and say, "You are our inevitable Master!"

Sir Eric did not answer my inquiry or thank me for the Wilsonian quotation. No doubt a Secretary-General of a League of Nations carrying on without the help or the name of God is much too busy an individual to remember an old acquaintance. But time has answered my question for the legislative record, the war record and the record at the Peace Conference of Woodrow Wilson proved beyond question that he had "doffed his cap" to the "combined power of high finance," verifying his own statement that "this combined power is greater than that of the Government."

At the same time he places himself among the greatest of history's demagogues. A pedant turned plutocrat, subsidised by the funds of a League of Usurers. Demagogues listen for the muffled yearnings in the heart of the multitude, voice these ideals, and in that way win a popular victory with which to betray the populace.

Time has also revealed much else since Peace Day, 1919, in regard to the League of Nations. In spite of the whole lying claque of the Harmsworth-Jew Press, we soon learned that it was untrue that the League of Nations was in any sense an American proposal. The Northcliffe lie that America was behind Wilson to a man was exposed to have been that it was Northcliffe and his masters, the Yiddish bankers, who were behind Wilson. That the Senate of the United States was aware of the real origin and real power behind the League was apparent from their action in refusing to accept the Treaty of Versailles embodying the "Covenant."

An American senator warned his colleagues that a military despotism disguised as a "League of Nations to Enforce Peace with Arms" meant that on behalf of Yiddish Finance "American boys of the future would have to go abroad to fight their dirty wars." Yet it also meant that the young manhood of Britain, France and Italy would be conscripted to act as armed collecting agents for International Jews. But in Europe and Britain the newspapers would not even publish candid letters of protest or inquiry. The usurers had muzzled public opinion with the money plundered from the public. The Cecils, the Churchills, and the witless Welsh Wizard had betrayed generations unborn into the clutches of the Rothschilds, Samuels, Monds and Isaacs.

In the Senate of the United States uncouth but rugged men, all of Anglo-Saxon colonial stock, fought the dread thing.

Senator Johnson, "Hell-roaring Bill of California," said:

> They will try to get us to ratify the Treaty and the League with a few reservations. When the voting is over, the reservations will be forgotten. It would be just as fatal to the future peace and happiness of American if we ratify with reservations, as if we ratified hands down. Nothing but a complete change in the spirit and construction of the League would free the world from the menace of financial autocracy.

Senator Borah said in a bitter cynicism that would shock the "Puck-like spirit" of Mr. Balfour:

> We stand a chance unless the international bankers can buy us out. The country doesn't want the League of Nations, which they have arranged—I know that—and if we could get the truth out to the country, it would want the League still less. But they

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* "The League of Nations Starts, an Outline by its Organisers.' (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) 10s. net.

> (the Yiddish bankers) have a perfectly inconceivable control of leadership and opinion. The country imagines that it is thinking its own thoughts, and doesn't dream that it is being bamboozled. So the pressure will be brought to bear in the Senate through the power of international gold.

Senator Knox, one of the few men of a liberal education in the Senate, said :

> We must play for time to get the real news out to the country, and to let the country think it over. We must give our services, asking no reward but the chance of taking part in the fight.

Yet the Harmsworth papers still told us that the American people were behind Wilson. The Senate was portrayed as a body of reactionary " mugwumps," who did not represent true opinion. Then came the presidential election fought on the issue of the " covenant " and all that Wilson stood for was defeated so decisively that even Harmsworth gave up his lies, while Mr. George said in an unguarded moment, " America has deserted us."

But America had only refused to obey the Yiddish money *bund* that Mr. George obeyed and which he even now obeys. Although the country is rapidly awakening to the great betrayal, it is not yet awake to the continued betrayal and almost certain destructon of the Empire by the occult power governing our " puppet " government.

" The League of Nations Starts " is a book, however, which no longer conceals the *deus ex machina* and the creating of the enslaving wheels is heard in spite of liberal " greasing " with the *bund's* gold.

In the foreword to this book, which is described as " an outline by its organisers," it is stated that " there will always be a plethora of hostile critics to endeavour to cripple and destroy it, for it is now obvious that the spirit underlying the League of Nations is dangerously far in advance of present-day practice," but that " the hope of the writers is to stimulate public discussion and suggestion along those helpful and constructive lines which alone will make the League the success that the world has the right to expect."

In all fairness, then, let us leave the opinions of the American Senators, who rejected the League, and turn to one whose character is the antithesis of " Hell-roaring Bill Johnson." Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet, says :—

> " The League of Nations is a league of robbers. It is founded on force—it has no spiritual foundation. Lord Eustace Percy says it is only a machine. A new machine is of little advantage if it be run by the old power and for the old ends."

Israel Zangwill says that the League " is essentially a Jewish aspiration," and certainly, be the League a machine or an aspiration, it is distinctly Jewish in the sense that the offices, except, of course, the Secretary-General, are all held by Ashkenazim or Yiddish speaking Jews. The President of the League is M. Paul Hymans, a German Jew, who was Belgian Minister in London. The Director of the Legal Section is Dr. Van Hamel, a German Jew, who lived in Antwerp. The Director of the Political Section is M. Mantoux, the Jew who acted as interpreter to the " big five " at the Peace Conference. In the Commission on Health we find that, although Lady Astor's husband is chairman, Great Britain is represented by the German Jew, Dr. Steegmann.

The Commission of Communications and Transit is also most interesting. The chairman is a " Mr. Robert " Haas. France sends " M. André " Weiss. The British Empire has " Captain Smith," which is nothing if not non-committal ; while Serbia-Croatia-Slovenia is represented by Captain Abragmovitch, which translated means son of Abraham. Spain's choice is " Signor " Brockmann, a strange name for a hidalgo of Castile. Yet more beautiful is the choice of San Domingo, which is " Monsieur " Kunhardt.

Recently the leader writers of the *Morning Post*, who are said to do their work clothed in evening dress, have remarked upon the great number of Jews in Russian Soviets. Has Mr. Gwynne or has Mr. Colvin ever examined appendices of " The League of Nations Starts " ?

The altruism of the Jew in seizing all the posts in the League is difficult to explain. How can any tribe wish to win to the exclusion of others the privilege of keeper of the world's conscience unless they are still enmeshed in the error that material perquisites are obtained from that spiritual function ? As the League has sub-committees upon the question of loans and of white-slave trading, it is certain the Jew is keeping his hand upon his usual altruistic sources of income.

The idea of a League of Nations is as old as history and as young as the late Andrew Carnegie's " Peace Palace " or Mr. Henry Ford's " Peace Ship." Mr. Ford is reported to have said, when asked why he financed a paper to explain the Jew menace to American independence, " I sailed the Peace Ship, didn't I ? Well, I am still sailing it."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie in his desire to promote the peace of the world, after making a fortune out of armour-plate and great guns, seems to have been a League of Nations to Prevent War in himself. I remember one afternoon on the " Mauretania," during a promenade he suddenly stopped and said, " Young man, if I were your age I might live long enough to see the day when men would no longer put guns up to their shoulder and shoot each other." With that he brought an imaginary rifle to the " aim " with a precision which must have been learned as a boy while watching the Black Watch drilling at Dunfermline.

But the events of 1914 banished his dreams and broke his heart. He penned a final paragraph to his autobiography and died. In this last word he exhorted the world to " watch President Wilson," to whose genius " nothing is impossible," because he " has Scotch blood in his veins."

It is a pity that Mr. Carnegie did not live to hear Sir Cecil Spring Rice make comment : " Scots' blood, yes, but Ulster Scot, and that is all the difference between a lizard and an alligator." It is apparent that Sir Cecil Spring Rice knew too much to live happily and long. He conveniently and " very naturally " died in a sudden manner, leaving the field to Rufus Isaacs and the Elders of Zion. They easily hoodwinked the lizard-blooded Wilson into trumpeting their bogus League, which careful study of " The League of Nations Starts " shows to be chiefly a German-Jew enterprise. It reveals plainly their desire to foster everything which tends to destroy the instinct of Nationality and Religion in all except Hebrews. The national protection which that instinct provides to virile races the Jew wishes to destroy, while the national sense of Jewry is to remain, and be built upon to supreme ends.

In fact, the League of Nations is a league against nations, a plot to destroy all nations. What is needed is a league against the Inter-Nation. That alone would bring peace.

But as Tagore says, in every land where men seek the truth they are outcasts and reviled by a controlled press and subsidised writers. Just as the scribes in a greater example bore witness against Him whose purpose was a real League of Humanity, where nations are free to evolve their distinct characteristics and where men see the human race as a whole, as a family, actually exists. The present League which is aiming at world subjugation by an unscrupulous and cunning sect, is bankrupt in constructive catholic faith and true vision.

Indeed, as Tagore says, we need instead of a League of Usurers a League of Vagabonds, a fellowship between the hounded few who are the true keepers of the soul of humanity, the men who of themselves choose God.

In the Middle Ages the wandering friars were true commissioners of a League of Nations united in God, and many people place that age as the thousand years in which the Evil One was chained. Were England to return to the Faith she would find a stronger League than Mr. Zangwill's " essentially Jewish aspiration." The Faith is the fulfilment of the greatest Jewish aspiration, that of the Christ. But, frenzied in their worship of the Golden Calf, the supporters of the League of Nations wish to destroy that which they fail to comprehend.

" The great winds move
All their dark batteries to our fragile gate :
The world is very strong, but love is stronger.

BRITISH STOCK AND BRITISH INTERESTS.

A CONTROVERSY has taken place for a number of years regarding the importation of Canadian Store Cattle. The butchers think that a new supply would be an advantage, and the friends of the cattle-breeders think that such cattle would compete with the herds of British owners, and therefore say that there would be a danger of the introduction of cattle disease. There has been no question of importing such cattle for breeding purposes, especially as it is well known that British pedigree stock is renowned throughout the world. For years great care has been taken with regard to the breeding of stock of all kinds, from horses to pigs, and even latterly bees; and every effort has been made to eliminate low grade stock and stock prone to any particularly dangerous disease. It is well known that for years no foreign goats have been allowed to be landed in the United Kingdom at all, except for exhibition purposes, every effort being made to improve the race of the domestic animals. A farmer who deliberately sent some of his best stock away and allowed ill-bred, undersized, vicious, diseased stock to run loose among his herds, to bite his animals and contaminate the breed, would probably be put into a lunatic asylum by his friends.

The laws of heredity apply for human beings as well as for animals, and the value of character and mentality is of the utmost importance where progress and happiness of a nation is concerned. When it comes to human beings, regulations good enough for the breeding of goats are not allowed to exist, and although bad stock may result, Cabinet Ministers of the day think more about their own prospects than about the future of the nation, which future is good enough for " platform patter " and little else, inspired "sentimental slush " taking the place of common sense. The middle class is being crushed out of existence by excessive taxation to comply with the wishes of Anglo-Bolshevics, lunatics are let out of asylums periodically for breeding purposes, and the best of the working classes are being driven out of the country, to the great joy of the " Hidden Hand." To-day we are breeding from our worst stock.

The British race, in days gone by, was built up out of the best of the Aryan stock, the good fighters; among others from the Britons admired by Cæsar for their bravery; the fair-haired Angles, with their ideas of fair play and primitive justice; the Norman, a skilled soldier and lover of the Arts. At the time of the Angevin and Plantagenet Kings, textile and other craftsmen, especially from the Netherlands, were encouraged to start their manufactures in England. In Elizabethan and Stuart times many Huguenots came over who started sound enterprises, and at the time of the French Revolution many aristocratic Catholic families came to England to become some of our most loyal families.

It can be said that, from the time of the Angles down to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, the bulk of the people who arrived in any number were men of sound physique and stock, and they brought with them traits of character and industrial skill, of benefit to the nation, and to this admixture from the best breeding stock can be largely traced the building up of the Great Empire. As the people settled down, they intermarried with the older stock, and in most cases the first generation stood the test of loyalty by joining fighting regiments when the country of adoption of their family was in trouble. The descendants of such families are proud of their origin, and many of those of Huguenot and *émigré* stock retain their old names, and even to-day, the real Frenchman or Italian who comes to England to settle down, keeps his own name, as, unlike the Jew, he has nothing to hide; the same thing holds good with regard to real Russians and real Poles.

History shows that, from time to time in the Middle Ages, disturbances took place owing to troubles regarding the numbers of foreigners in our towns, but with the exception of the political-trading Hansa league, which attempted to become an " Imperium in Imperio," the result of the influx of such people has been good. It by no means follows that the same holds good for all races; far from it.

A quite different state of affairs took place with regard to the Jews. A few came over in Saxon times, and more under the Conqueror, using, as usual, bribery to obtain the right to settle and to obtain their ends; and, during the disturbances of the time, they were able to buy the booty off the victors at a fraction of its value, in the same way that their race robbed the State some 800 years later. By usury and fraud they rapidly became rich, and came under the protection of the Crown as a source of considerable revenue; but at the time of Edward I. they were kicked out of the country neck and crop, amid general rejoicing, for the relief from the " get rich quick " swindlers of the day.

The departure of the Jews, strange to say, did not interfere with the progress and prosperity of the country, and it was not until Cromwell and Charles II. were short of money that the Jews were allowed to return—as usual, for cash. Owing to difficulties of transport, they only came over in small numbers; but, according to the Newgate Calendar, they seemed to have had much more than their fair share of crime.

The Jews began to come over in some numbers about the time when Nathan Rothschild graced our shores with his presence, and he showed his gratitude to his hosts by the only means known to a large proportion of his race, that is, by a low down fraud, the Waterloo swindle; later he, and several of his family, showed their customary gratitude by encouraging smuggling on the south-east coast. Other members of his tribe have in recent years emulated his noble example by saccharin smuggling.

The Jews to-day, by careful wirepulling, and sometimes by commercial threats and blackmail on public men, are trying to persuade the British people that the greatness of the British Empire has been due to their " kind assistance," whereas they are, at present in India, the country that they did not fight to win, and elsewhere, trying to break up the Empire and lower British prestige. It must be remembered that during the last half century the Jews have done their utmost to lower the *moral* of the nation, although, naturally, there have been a few exceptions. Although there are a few loyal Jewish families, like the Jessels, it is not far wrong to say that we owe little more of the old British Empire to the bravery of our orthodox Jew guests than could be covered by a penny postage stamp; but naturally Jews are anxious to exploit the territories they did not fight for. Some men of partly Jewish blood, like Lord Cromer, did magnificent work.

When the war broke out the bulk of the Jewish retired officers in the Regular Services, like the notorious Sir Mathew Nathan, the hero of the " Easter rebellion," rushed to well paid civilian or semi-civilian jobs, while many retired admirals of genuinely British stock took up all sorts of junior rough jobs in order to serve, not their pockets, but their country. We do not forget those Jews who died in the early days of the war, but it should not be forgotten that an " uninvited guest " in any country should be first, and not last, when duty calls, and the great bulk of the race, like their counterparts, Edwin Montagu's cowardly Bengalis, shirked their duty, and then shouted for their unearned rights in Palestine and elsewhere. Men of British stock returned in thousands from overseas to serve, while " British subjects " went in scores to " Dope Doctors " when all other means, including bribery, had failed.

The Jews point to the fact that we owe many of our industries to aliens, and therefore their race should be welcomed. We do owe a lot to foreign settlers, but we have lost far more than we have gained by the presence of the Jews amongst us. During the war a Jew was found guilty in Westminster of showing soldiers how to forge and alter leave warrants; in mitigation of sentence, his solicitor said his family had been in England for 100 years. Presumably it would take another thousand to turn many Jews into honest men. Several prominent Jews, after the outbreak of war, said their families had been in England since Waterloo, but it did not prevent such men from being pre-war patrons of the German Flotten Verein in London.

The Jews did bring something when they came ; they introduced to London trachoma, a disease due to filth, and Jews cannot deny that their race has specialised in the following industries, trades and customs : Market rigging and fraudulent arbitrage, receiving of stolen goods, usury in all its branches, dealing in all kinds of sham goods and falsely marked goods, knock-out auction swindles, pornographic literature, wholesale blackmail, white slavery, sweating, rack-renting, fraudulent bankruptcy, and every business in which fraud and trickery can be practised without difficulty. Honest men all over the country are being driven out of business by such creatures.

The higher animals, the horse, the dog, and even the Australian aborigine, show some form of gratitude to those who shelter them ; not so the bulk of the Jews. As an East End magistrate said lately : " They bite the hand that feeds them," and they usually reward citizenship and hospitality with corruption and treachery. None of those men who talk so glibly about the " Right of Asylum " would let a beggar into their own homes merely because he demanded admission, and Senator Lodge, who helped to get Wilson's Hebrew gang out of power in the U.S.A., said on November 20th last : " A country which has not the right to say who shall become a citizen and who shall not is no longer a Sovereign State."

The Jews know that for years the British Aristocracy have stood by the Nation in time of need, so they wish to avoid this danger to their plans for the future by saturating our leading families with low-class Jewish blood, and then let the insidious hereditary poison do its work.

In 1905 the Unionists passed an Act to check the landing of undesirable aliens, but after the 1906 election, the result of which was due to Jewish cash and deliberately inspired confusion, before the Radicals even began to sit, they showed who their paymasters were. They made the Act almost a dead letter, by relaxing provisions and by putting Jews on the advisory committees in order that so-called political refugees, otherwise murderers and thieves, could come among us. The result was that the flow of the scum of European gaols and ghettoes continued to go to our leading cities. Scores of decent streets in the East End of London were turned into " Rookeries," many shops were taken over by Jews, and white men and women were repeatedly insulted by these creatures, and then the " Sydney Street " affair, the " trial trip " for Bolshevism, opened the eyes of a few. Still nothing was done. The I.L.P., subsidised by men of the Edgar Speyer type, naturally did nothing to protect the British worker, while the Jewish Board of Guardians kept many of these aliens going till they could oust some of our own people from their work or houses. Some of the leading members of the old Radical gang, then as now, were living beyond their means, and had dabbled in Stock Exchange deals ; and besides this, even the persuasive efforts of a greasy Jew commission agent for the sale of what were at one time " honours " was not able to keep the party funds up to a desirable level. It is not astonishing that " on terms " the Hebrew plutocrats were allowed to invest in the Hebrew-Radical Mutual Co-operative Society (Unlimited as to graft), and naturally British interests went to the wall. Hundreds of Jews rejected by the United States and Canada found refuge in our happy islands, and to-day Mr. Shortt, for reasons best known to himself, seems only too anxious to let in and naturalise thousands of undesirable alien Jews, while passages are being arranged for Anglo-Saxons.

When the war broke out our military authorities were astonished at the large proportion of C3 men. This was explained by the Radicals and their allies to be the result of the slum landlord and the hated employers ; whereas much of it was due to the importation and teaching of low-class aliens, and the consequent emigration of several hundred thousand people of our best working class. Lord Roberts' scheme, which would have improved physique, had been knocked on the head to please many Jews with relations in the Fatherland. There are many Jews who lined their pockets or pushed Hun interests during and since the war, who are very indignant if anybody says that they are not " British to the core," but a pair of thieving jackals, mated in a stable near a bulldog's kennel does not produce bulldogs but a litter of thieving jackalls ; but the modern German Jew threatens terrible things if anyone dares to say he is an " alien to the backbone." Rufus Isaacs recently refused to deport an alien housebreaker ; although we would willingly exchange a Russian mujik for the bulk of the Jews who infest our country, as the mujiks, however ignorant, were at least loyal to the Czar.

If it is right for a farmer to keep vicious diseased stock off his land, it is equally right for people of British stock to clear out the " Cotton Boll Weevils " of Civilisation, and send them perhaps to the paradise created by the Jews in Russia, under Lenin and Trotsky. As long as human refuse is being dumped into our country, with the kind permission of our Jew-influenced Cabinet, it is useless to waste money on a Health Ministry, and little better than a crime to spend money on sending some of our best workers abroad. The money should be spent on sending some of the alien parasites home. This would relieve congestion of housing and give employment to thousands, especially for disabled men as tailors. If a proposition was brought forward to ship 100,000 Jews back to Russia it would have the support of practically the whole of the honest working men of England ; the Jews have made their bed in Russia and the Jews should lie on it. The country has been longing for a few statesmen with pluck, and is sick of the professional politician out for boodle. The National Party has collapsed out of pure funk, but if it had gone ahead with a programme of Britain for the British and no camouflaged aliens it would sweep the country.

Sound human stock is an asset to any nation, but the way to get it is not to admit the scum of the earth in order to breed bad stock, to drive out some of the best, and to contaminate what is left with disease and corruption.

MODERN DRAMA IN EUROPE.

Modern Drama in Europe. By Storm Jameson. (Collins. 10s. 6d. net).

It was hardly to be expected that this book should have found favour with the estalished critics. Miss Storm Jameson refers to the critical anarchy of the age, although she does not seem to see that the decadence of the modern drama is mainly due to this fact. The number of books dealing with so vital a matter as the drama has been small enough of late in comparison with the variety of individuals whose professional ardour seems to be restricted to a weekly column about nothing in particular. Miss Jameson is to be congratulated upon a worthy attempt to supply the deficiency. Fundamental criticism is less a question of judgment only than another form of creative expression. It implies a combination of the highest gifts of fervour and sincerity with experience and deep insight. It is not so much dependant upon academic canons as upon the power of the critic to renew his own creative ardour in the atmosphere of the work which he strives to estimate and illuminate. No great writer ever achieved a reputation without this marriage of his gifts with those of other writers scarcely less great. It is idle and unfair to attack Miss Jameson upon the score of her youth, for in spite of comparative inexperience she undoubtedly possesses creative ability, and scarcely the most sophisticated of the critics by profession would deny the truth that this faculty is of pristine worth even when it makes its unripe although interesting appearance in the virile period of youth. The opinions of "The Young Person in Print" may be open to correction and conjecture, but the sincerity and thoughtfulness of the work in question are infinitely preferable to the weekly dribblings emanating from the pens of the *poseurs* who thus sneer at a genuine critic.

The book is a little wild and incoherent in parts, but Miss Jameson has developed an interesting thesis with remarkable skill, and her study of modern dramatists is at once wide and thorough. She desires to show that the modern drama has passed through two phases of realism, the first naturalistic and dangerous with Strindberg at its summit, the second derogatory altogether in spite of the genius of Ibsen. She then discusses the period of reaction, and the interest, significantly enough, moves towards the drama of Italy, Spain and Russia. Finally she indicates the phase of suspense through which, perhaps, the drama of the whole world is passing at present. This conception of the drift of modern drama is sound enough historically, and Miss Jameson succeeds in making it appear true from the critical standpoint. It is unfortunate, however, that she should have chosen Strindberg as an example to show the influence of Nietzsche upon modern dramatists. The dramas of Strindberg arise out of the conflict between the erotic weakness of his males and the normal strength and persistency of the average female. His men are certainly not super-men, and his women, although they appear to be so, are far from being super-women. They are simply ordinary women, with the less controllable characteristics of women called into play by the follies of the men with whom they come in contact. Strindberg's is the drama of weakness; whereas Nietzsche stood for a kind of insane strength. Miss Jameson seems to admit the powerlessness of Nietzsche to create any kind of enduring allegory suitable for dramatic treatment, for later on in the book she says :—

> "The incalculable power exercised over the minds of men by symbols becomes apparent at once from the briefest reflection on the Christ symbol."

Reflection upon the Nietzsche symbol produces little that has power to stir the human emotions, and the drama that attempted to go beyond Good or Evil would represent a negation of drama itself. Here, as in many important repects, the drama acts as a sharp test of human wisdom and truth; for the new values of Nietzsche offered nothing to the world that could not be amply and justly ridiculed by the comic spirit. Bernard Shaw, almost unconsciously, achieved this showing up of the super-man, but his egotistical heroes just fall short of the genuinely comic by reason of the fact that their creator half believed in the very qualities which stand open to ridicule.

But Miss Jameson does succeed in showing that Strindberg, although a genuine dramatist in some ways, was lead by his eroticism into over-stepping the bounds of naturalism, and that the field was thus opened for the realists who followed. Restraint in dramatic art should be exercised rather in the selection of material and those qualities of the human soul that are permanent, than in the manner of representation. Strindberg's unrestrained emotionalism destroyed his sense of proportion, and even so powerful a drama as *The Father* may be seen, in a saner generation, to be no more than farcical in essence. It borrows its power from the weakness of its generation. An age that is still writhing in the grip of sexual obsession can hardly be expected to see the joke behind Strindberg's grim handling of the old shrew situation, and the tendencies of modern scientific psychology still further contribute to the current confusion between Comedy and Tragedy. Strindberg was incapable of conceiving a tragic situation; for tragedy is strength of character pitted against irresistible circumstance. Miss Jameson is happier in taking a bold stand against the miscomprehension of Ibsen, and her original analysis of the plays constitutes the best part of the book. She is wise in her insistence upon the fact that Ibsen, in spite of his technical mastery, never did succeed in freeing himself from a certain slavery to his time; never, in fact, quite realised the hopes of the various Ibsen societies. It is a question still undecided as to how far Ibsen allowed his reputation as a thinker to interfere with his purpose as a dramatist, but Miss Jameson very cleverly indicates the obvious straining of a highly perfected medium, especially in the later plays, in order to enforce doctrines that were already being widely enough disseminated. If Ibsen had entirely lost his head the world would have lost a great master of stagecraft. As it is his plays remain as models of construction; and time, again, will reveal them less as doctrinal monuments than as comedies of a description peculiar to the Scandinavian temperament.

Ibsen alone could grapple with the first phase of realism, if he could not arrest its progress from drifting into formless and reckless imitation of life. The followers of Ibsen came to dismal collapse; and out own national humour must have been at a low ebb for such a process to have taken place. It was largely because of this temporary aberration that the brilliant plays of Oscar Wilde enjoyed such a vogue, and, perhaps, also, it is for this reason that Miss Jameson has rather overestimated the importance of the latter. Oscar Wilde was a brilliant accident in the life of the English Stage; he possessed only a sense of the theatre, and it is not generally realised to what an extent he begged, borrowed or stole from the classics as well as from his contemporaries in order to make a suitable framework for his epigrams *The Importance of being Earnest* is the happiest of these improvisations, and the only one that might have influenced the tendencies of the time if its author had followed it up with sinilar efforts. It is perhaps one of the cruellest ironies of literary history that a man who possessed not only wit, but a real sense of proportion, should have refused to accept the pains as well as the pleasures of existence. His plays were far too superficial and ephemeral to constitute any real reaction against the fast developing taste for realism which was responsible for the worthlessness of the drama that followed.

Miss Jameson very rightfully dismisses the playwrights of the Shaw-Barker school as being on the whole incompetent, lacking in vision, unable to offer more than vulgar domestic problems expressed in terms of everyday speech. In England at least the classical drama never suffered so dismal a relapse, and even France could descend to tolerate a Brieux. We in this country have been a long time in finding an escape from slavery to the drama of ideas. It is only quite recently that our stage has begun, tentatively, to offer plays of a poetic and symbolic description. Elsewhere, and particularly in Spain and Italy, the reaction against realism has been more pronounced. In Russia, the genius of Tchekov soared far above photographic and propagandic representation. Tchekov invented a drama of the soul more convincing than that of Maeterlinck, and so far as the slavonic peoples are concerned, the former stands alone as the classic of his age. Not unnaturally, Miss Jameson centres her hopes rather in the changes taking place on the farther side of Europe than in England. She finds it necessary to quote Gorky in her final appeal for good wholesome laughter. But the English race has never really forgotten its tradition of seasoned and mellow comedy. Miss Jameson might well have ended her thesis upon the note of Meredith's sane conception of the comic spirit, and his plea for spiritual laughter. We shall come to that, even though we have to return to Robertson—whom Miss Jameson omits to mention—in order to pick up the thread, and in order to reclaim a saner view of theatrical appositeness.

For drama, however much its function is to express idealism, however much at its best it strives to uplift and encourage humanity, must in the beginning work through unchangeable laws of comedy and tragedy. If it transcends these eternal limitations, it fails in any purpose whatsoever. Miss Jameson herself says :—

> It is not credible that people crowd to music halls and neglect Ibsen because they are fools and unenlightened. It is much more likely that there is somewthing wrong with Ibsen.

And she goes on to show that the realist drama was imprisoned in a scientific and rationalist philosophy. The escape from that danger lies in the re-discovery of the original means and motives of the theatre. It is for the critics, very largely, to indicate the stir of forces in the modern world which will make it possible for the greatest minds to express themselves in terms of the drama. The lesson to be drawn from a survey of the dramatic period discussed by Miss Jameson is that theories about life as such have no place in the theatre except insofar as their imperfection and tentativeness can be utilised for the purpose of comic illustration, and that even works that might be termed classic in force and endeavour fail because the minds of their authors have been impregnated and warped by a slavery to the times. Only those ideas that can pass through the theatre without altering the essentials of dramatic exhibition, can be said to possess enduring worth. The theatre is the final test of sanity in human affairs, and its purpose is less to lead the people upon expeditions in search of new ideals than to remind them of those permanent ones that have never been fully realised.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: I thank you for the honour you have done me in putting me in the pillory beside Canon Barnes. Never before have I been praised or blamed in such distinguished company. I shall always keep and cherish the first page of last week's Plain English as a flattering memento.

But I am afraid this honour is due to your ignorance rather than to any merit of mine. For, if I may venture to say so with all respect, you are very ignorant of Biblical criticism. That, of course, is not your fault. "Non omnis omnia possumus." You cannot be expected to know everything. To be an exquisite poet, as you undoubtedly are, is itself a sufficient distinction, and to expose the naughtiness of Jewry is itself an exacting enough occupation. The pity is that you are not content to be your own poetic and intrepid self. The pity is that you persist in writing about and even dogmatising upon highly specialised subjects, whose scope, details and difficulties you know nothing about.

You speak, for instance, of a "Catholic Bible" and a "Protestant Bible." I must almost apologise, if not to you, certainly to your more intelligent readers, for stating the truism that there is only *one* Bible. The Old Testament part of it was written, as much to my annoyance as to yours, by Jews,* and in the only language they happened to know, their own language indeed, Hebrew. That collection of Hebrew documents is *The Bible*, or at any rate the Old Testament portion of *The Bible*—unique, original, authoritative. The Septuagint, the Vulgate, the Douay version, the authorised version, and a score of others are merely *versions*, merely more or less accurate translations, that is to say, of these primitive Hebrew documents, and they have obviously no authority in any question of textual criticism. Translations of the Bible, by whoever made, like translations of the Iliad or Faust, or anything else, may be useful, may even be beautiful, but, at the very best, they can never be final or authoritative.

Now the author of the Book of Job, like the other Old Testament writers, was, however unfortunately, a Jew, and wrote in Hebrew. But there are two special points about his book. In the first place he tried to express ideas so profound, novel and subtle, so alien in fact to the spirit and outlook of his contemporaries, that he had almost to create a literary medium for himself. He strained and tormented the language he used, introduced neologisms, wrote, in short, a very difficult style. He was a sort of Browning or Meredith, or Henry James. In the second place, all the existing manuscripts of Job—far-off descendants, of course, of the original—are very corrupt, and the reason is evident. The more puzzling a book was in its ideas, and the more unfamiliar in its language, the less did the scribe—a mechanical penman as a rule—understand its meaning, and the more mistakes did he make in transcribing it.

As a result of the author's style and the copyist's errors, Job is the most difficult book in the Bible to translate, and contains an unusual number of mistranslations, the verse in which you are so passionately and almost abusively interested being one.

You may think it strange, you may call it conceited, and, in a fine frenzy you may even declare it blasphemous, but still it is true, that any competent Hebrew scholar can to-day make a more correct translation of Job than could the Jacobean divines or even Saint Jerome. The reason is two-fold. In the intervening centuries a number of valuable manuscripts of the Old Testament—some of the most valuable indeed—have been discovered, and for the last fifty years able and devout men of all denominations, including the Holy Roman Church, have spent their life in scrutinising and collating these manuscripts. The result is that we have now, as nearly as possible, the exact words that the author of Job wrote. Therefore it needs only an adequate knowledge of Hebrew and a certain capacity for writing plain English to reach and express what Job intended to say. That does not imply, of course, anything so absurd as that Professor X. is as great or as holy a man as Saint Jerome; but only that his material is more ample and his tools better sharpened. The man who, like Giotto, draws unassisted an almost perfect circle, is a wonderfully clever draughtsman, whereas the man who draws an absolutely perfect circle with a pair of compasses need not be clever at all. But still, where exactitude is necessary, the work of the stupid man must be chosen. That is the difference between Saint Jerome and Professor X.

And now for the translation of chapter 19, verse 26. Don't let us pick it out, an isolated fragment, like a pin out of a pincushion. Let us relate it rather to Job's argument, to the theme of the whole poem. His friends assert with ever-increasing emphasis and vindictiveness that because Job is so unfortunate he must of necessity be or have been uncommonly wicked. Job denies this with equal emphasis and reiteration. He maintains his innocency. But his words are without effect. He might as well kick against a cliff, as try to convince these opinionative bigots.

Then he turns at last from human stupidity to the infinite perceptiveness of God. Let men say what they will, believe that they will, deny what they will about his character and conduct. Whatever they say or believe or deny, he is sure that God at anyrate will do him justice and vindicate his cause, if not here then assuredly hereafter. "I know that my champion exists, and that later on, when I am in the dust, he shall interpose on my behalf; yea, when my skin is destroyed and I am denuded of flesh, I shall see God."

In that last clause he refers to the final effects of the disease which is scaling off his skin and eating away his flesh. Far from denying a future life, he asserts it without doubt or hesitation. He does not, it is true, either affirm or deny his belief in a bodily resurrection; he simply says nothing about it. And naturally so. Job was not a theologian, much less a dogmatist. He was only a tortured soul, crying aloud in his agony and friendlessness to the eternal Friend.

In page 85 of "Plain English" you bet a new hat with the correspondent of the *Morning Post*. I also would like to take on a similar bet with you. If any priest of your own Church who has a European reputation as a Biblical critic—there are several such—will affirm that any essential part of this letter, including the translation, is essentially and indisputably erroneous, I shall, not gladly perhaps, but still promptly send you a new hat, of whatever size and style you may demand. The question is not one of orthodoxy or heresy, of creed or Church, of prejudice or *parti pris*. It is entirely a matter for dispassionate scholarship.

---

* The Padre should speak for himself. The fact to which he refers is far from producing any "annoyance" in us. We have repeatedly explained that any "anti-Semitism" which may exist in us does not extend to the Jews before they rejected Christ and became reprobate.—Ed.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
THE PADRE REFERRED TO LAST WEEK.

[We reply to this letter in a leading article.—ED.]

THE BLUE FACED APE OF HORUS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—There were once Prime Ministers in England who kept private secretaries. Now, we live in an age where Ministers are "kept" by their private secretaries. Of all the descriptions of that active young person, Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., of Bagdad and Lympe, I have read none so priceless as that which appeared in PLAIN ENGLISH for January 22nd in the article entitled "The Blue Faced Ape of Horus."

In regard to your statement about young Shanks, the "private secretary" to Mr. George's private secretary, there is a slight error. He certainly did translate the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* into English for Messrs Eyre & Spottiswoode, His Majesty's Printers, but I doubt if his English was good enough to enable him to do so unassisted. He was, as you state, born and educated in Moscow, but his first name is George, not Edward. His mother was a Russian subject, if that is meant by your use of the word "Russian," although she was born of Jewish parents named Catour (as pronounced in Russian), while his paternal grandmother was, also, a Jewess, whose maiden name was Schilling.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
PATRICK HAMILTON.

Hep, near Tring, Bucks,
February 1st, 1921.

"JOHN BULL" AND FARROW'S BANK.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—*John Bull*, a weekly organ, edited by Horatio Bottomley, the promoter of about 50 dud companies, is manifesting a tremendous amount of sympathy for the victims of the Farrow Bank collapse. In its issue of January 22, it asks, "Why not call upon these big banks to disgorge a portion of their unclaimed dormant balances for the relief of the Farrow sufferers?" and in its current issue the promoter of 50 dud companies announces his willingness to purchase the entire assets of the bank for five shillings a share. It apparently has not occurred to Mr. Bottomley, the dud-company editor that there is a way of helping the Farrow Bank sufferers which is more simple, fair and satisfactory than either of the ones indicated. This consists in returning the huge sums of money paid for publishing the advertisements of the bank after its insolvent condition became notorious. Many newspapers, not owned by Jews or edited by company promoters, refused to accept these advertisements as soon as it became evident that their publication would increase the number of the bank's victims, and this being the case, it is the proprietors of *John Bull*, and not the big banks, who should be called on to disgorge.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JOSEPH BANISTER,

40, Mazenod Avenue, Quex Road, Kilburn, N.W. 6.
January 27, 1921.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT. By Ben Ames Williams. (Mills & Boon. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE LAST OF THE CORINTHIANS. By John Gabriel. (Odhams. 2s. net.)

RODERICK HUDSON. By Henry James. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH "T." By K. C. Strahan. (Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE HOUNDS OF BANBA. By Daniel Corkery. (Talbot Press. 4s. net.)

THE IMPREGNABLE APOLLO. By Thomas Cobb. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

CLOUDY JEWEL. By Grace Livingston Hill. (Lippincott. 7s. 6d. net.)

REVELATION. By Dulcia Deamer. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

DEAD MAN'S PLUCK. By W. H. Hudson. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES. By Agatha Christie. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

SOCIAL.

THE ENEMY WITHIN. By Severance Johnson. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE PROTOCALS OF THE WISE MEN OF ZION. (New York: The Beckworth Company. $2.)

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE TYRRELL'S LETTERS. Edited by M. D. Petre (Fisher Unwin. 16s. net.)

THE TRUE STORY OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE. By the Count de Soissons. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

LITERARY CRITICISM.

ASPECTS OF LITERATURE. By J. Medaleton Murry. (Collins. 10s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

SEVENTY YEARS AMONG SAVAGES. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY RECITERS TREASURY. By Guy Pertwee. (Routledge. 6s. net.)

HIS OWN SOUL. By William Arkwright. (Humphreys. 6s. net.)

POETRY.

POEMS. By William Ernest Henley. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

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JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in each succeeding number, and are continued in our present issue.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 31.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FEBRUARY 5, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

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PROHIBITION means other people's control of you.

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PROHIBITION forbids even use in moderation.

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PROHIBITION is a form of insanity.

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TEMPERANCE RIGHT
DEMONSTRATES THAT
PROHIBITION IS WRONG.

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"It is necessary to disturb the relationship between the people and the government in all countries, and so to exhaust everybody by hatred, hunger, *inoculation of disease* . . . that the Goys should not see any exit from their troubles other than an appeal for the protection of our money and our complete sovereignty."—Zionist Protocol X (1901).

"We are the world's seducers."—Dr. Oscar Levy (1920).

In the spring of 1914, Mr. Crosland, and later, Lord Alfred Douglas were prosecuted for libel at the Old Bailey by the late Mr. Robert Ross. In both cases the actions failed, and as a consequence Ross stood convicted of unnatural offences. Thereafter a testimonial to Ross was promoted, and of the signatories a large proportion were Jews, including two Monds. The effect of the testimonial was to whitewash the culprit and defame his accusers. "The Rossiad" is the retaliation, but so for it has been almost completely boycotted by the Jew-controlled press. It is a terribly brilliant satire, and it bears out the diabolical ethics of the "Protocols" and of the monopolists of White Slave Traffic and compilers of black books, with their methods of controlling Ministers of State. Without the propagation of vice among the Gentiles and its glorification, the King of Zion could never attain his throne. When Ross died, a poem in his praise was published in the *Nation* by the Jew Siegfried Sassoon. By this trenchant exposure Lord Alfred Douglas has laid bare one of the most deadly weapons of the Jew in his never-resting war on the non-Jew world.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 123
Still Alive—and Kicking ... 127
Accuracy of the "Hythe Report" Demonstrated by Official Document ... 128
The Government and Jutland 128
PAGE
Finance and Stock Markets 129
Paris Notes 130
A Business Government ... 131
Reviews 132
Novels 134
Correspondence 135

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

The Judaisation of H. G. Wells.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the world's greatest writer-up of Bolshevism, having been reduced to silence in England, has burst into print in America, as witness the following, culled from the *New York Times*:—

> "Just a Lie," Says Wells.
>
> *To the Editor of The New York Times.*
>
> A fourth article by H. A. Jones has just been published on this side by the London *Evening Standard*, and no doubt you have regaled your readers with the same stuff, in which he says I have called Lenin "the beloved Lenin." It is just a lie.
>
> H. G. Wells.
>
> Easton Glebe, Dunmow, Dec. 30, 1920.

In the third article of the series "Russia in the Shadow," published in the *New York Times* on Nov. 21, Mr. Wells wrote:—

"Several of the most interesting Bolsheviki I met were not Jews at all, but blonde Nordic men. Lenin beloved leader of all that is energetic in Russia to-day, has the Tartar type of face and is certainly no Jew."—Editor, *New York Times*.

It is interesting in this connection to point out that Mr. Wells (who, as an apologist for Bolshevism, is of course consciously or unconsciously acting as an agent for the Jewish "Hidden Hand") here adopts the classic Jewish method of denying any accusation which is plainly brought home. In Plain English of November 27th last, we published a leading article dealing with the *Jewish Guardian*, the organ of the Rothschilds, in the course of which we made the following remarks:—

> The *Jewish Guardian* is well aware of the absolute truth of the allegations which we have made. It can scarcely even summon up the "face" to deny them, much less can it attempt to disprove them, and it resorts accordingly to the method invariably adopted in the Law Courts in similar circumstances by the leading Jewish solicitor, Sir George Lewis. That method consists in heaping virulent abuse upon the other side, and meeting every definite accusation by frenzied shrieks of: "It's a lie, it's a lie." As we pointed out in our issue of November 13th, this method of meeting specific charges made by responsible persons who know what they are talking about and are perfectly prepared to justify their charges up to the hilt and to take every conceivable consequence of meeting them, is utterly played out, and as our American friends would say, cuts no ice at all.

And now we have Mr. Wells reminded by Mr. H. A. Jones in the *New York Times* of the fact that he had applied the epithet "beloved" to the hideous, blood-stained scoundrel, Lenin. Mr. Wells knows perfectly well that he did call Lenin "the beloved," and that it is impossible for him to repudiate his own written words. Yet he does just as his friend Ross did in similar circumstances, namely, he trembles with rage and shrieks "It's a lie, it's a lie!" Thus do the agents of the Jews take on the characteristics of their masters till in the end they become scarcely distinguishable from them.

H. G. Wells as Historian.

While we are on the subject of Mr. Wells, we wish to draw the attention of our readers to an admirable examination of his pretensions as an historian which is contained in a book by Mr. A. W. Gomme, Lecturer in Greek in the University of Glasgow, just published (2s. net) by Messrs. MacLehose, Jackson & Co. The name of the book is "Mr. Wells as Historian." We quote from Mr. Gomme's summing up of "the world's greatest writer-up of Bolshevism" 's demerits as a Roman historian:—

> Starting with a preconceived idea which he is anxious to proclaim, careless of the truth, in detail as in general, slovenly in expression, incapable of perceiving the general lines of his story, blind to important things and ready with the irrelevant, indifferent to the qualities that separate race from race, and the achievements of one people from those of another, and possessed with a truly amazing confidence in the ease of the task he has undertaken and his own ability to cope with it, Mr. Wells has all the defects of which a historian should be free, particularly one who would write, for the general public, an outline of the story of mankind.

We dealt with Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" in an article called "Little Herbert's History of the World," which appeared in Plain English on September 28th. In the course of that article we took occasion to make the following *résumé* of the opinions expressed about Mr. Wells and his "Outline of History" in Lord Beaverbrook's paper, *The Sunday Express*. We now reproduce them:—

> 1. Mr. H. G. Wells is contemplating two journeys—one to the United States and one to Russia.
>
> 2. The literary gourmet's appetite is whetted by this bare announcement.
>
> 3. The English author (Wells, that is to say) is now acclaimed as one of the first intellects in the world.
>
> 4. Living in our midst in Essex, or in his flat at Buckingham-gate, few of us realise the foreign power and prestige of the author of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," "Marriage," "God the Invisible King," &c.
>
> 5. His new volume, "The Outline of History," is one of the most fascinating blends of imagination and conviction ever given to the world. Wells is in full flower.
>
> 6. He has passed gracefully through all the stages. From his early and grotesque novels he grew into a psychologist. This was his phase eight years ago. The war inclined his mind to the study of religion, and the peace has made him the spiritual pilgrim off to visit all the shrines of mankind.
>
> 7. Wells by many is regarded as the very apotheosis of British character. In vigorous health, fearless, devoid of all prejudices, supremely versatile, generous and forgiving, he stands before the people of other lands as a very acceptable spokesman of England of to-day.

It would have been hardly worth while to reproduce this tissue of ignorance and absurdity if the view it presents of Mr. Wells were confined merely to papers of the standing of *The Sunday Express.* But when we remember that *The Athenæum* and *The Times Literary Supplement* have praised Mr. Wells's History in the most extravagant terms (the former referred to it as " a great book, a book to buy rather than to order from the library ") and that Mr. Wells's crude and Bolshevist-tainted distortions of history are actually being forced into the minds of children in some of our schools, the danger of allowing such " criticism " to gain currency becomes obvious. The two papers mentioned above are accepted by many people as competent guides where the merit or otherwise of contemporary literature is concerned. The truth is that, while they have many able writers and critics among their reviewers, they are both utterly unreliable, and when they praise Frank Harris as " a great Biographer " and Wells as " a great Historian " they write themselves down as something rather worse than asses.

Scots Stories.

The *Daily Sketch* of Wednesday last published an interesting article by Colonel John Buchan embodying a few Scots stories to show Scots as they really are. Colonel Buchan stigmatises the Cockney idea of the Scotsman, which is a ludicrous caricature resulting from the Cockney's own mental limitation. The slander that Scotsmen are mean has been sedulously propagated ever since England " did " Scotland " in the eye " over the Act of Union. As a matter of fact, man for man, the Scot is more generous and more hospitable than the Englishman. There is no country in the world where meanness is more despised than Scotland. The Scots, as Colonel Buchan points out, are thrifty, which is a very different thing from being mean, and their record in the way of hanging on to " lost causes " long after their English neighbours have abandoned them as impracticable shows that they are not so " pawky " and so " canny " as they themselves would sometimes have others believe. We like Colonel Buchan's story of the rebuke administered by a bare-footed girl of the Scottish Borders who was asked by an English tourist: " My good woman, do all the women in these parts go bare-footed ? " Her answer was: " Pairtly, and pairtly we mind our ain business."

What Shall It Profit a Man ?

Dean Inge has been discoursing in the *Evening Standard* about " gentlemen's schools," otherwise public schools, and the question as to whether boys educated in these establishments " make successes in life." The Dean arrives at the conclusion (already reached by *The Daily Mail*) that, taking it all round, there is "nothing wrong" with the public schools, and that only about 10 per cent. of those educated in them make failures of their lives. The Dean expresses sound views on the training which the public schools afford from the point of view of the material side. He rightly says:

> Among the boys, who are a self-governing republic, birth and titles go for nothing. Duke's son and cook's son start fair. And duke's son learns that he must do what he is told, and do it quickly, on pain of being kicked or chastised. He is beaten by the big boys for breaking one set of rules, and by the headmaster for breaking another set; and it is not the duke, but the bricklayer, who talks of summoning a schoolmaster for touching his son with a cane. Wealth goes for nothing; intellect goes for very little, much too little. The juvenile republic chooses and honours its own magnates; there is no privilege of any kind. It is no bad thing for the heir to a historic title to have to make toast and buttered eggs for his fagmaster, and to run errands in the town.

With most of which we cordially agree. The only saving grace of our Protestant public schools is that they still make life a strenuous thing, that the life lived in them from a physical point of view is a hard life, and that there is still, one way or another, no undue spoiling of the child by sparing the rod. All this is to the good.

But when we get on to the purely moral side of the question we have to join issue with the Dean of St. Paul's. For example he says:

> No good has been done to the cause of morality by dragging into the open the inevitable corruptions of school life. Only those who have an inside knowledge of public schools realise how the whole system is organised to minimise these dangers.

Which, with all respect, is simply so much deliberate misstatement. The plain truth is that little or nothing is done to " minimise " the moral corruption which goes on flagrantly and openly in Protestant public schools. Articles on the subject of " Public School Morals " appeared in PLAIN ENGLISH of October 16, and November 6th, 13th and 20th, the last three being signed " A Catholic Parent." In these articles facts and inferences were brought forward which proved indubitably that the Protestant schools, public and private, were (in contrast to Catholic schools) utterly without any system of minimising or meeting the dangers referred to by Dean Inge. No attempt was made by Dean Inge or by anyone else to dispute the facts and conclusions we arrived at, at the time our articles appeared, although copies of PLAIN ENGLISH containing the articles in question were sent to the headmasters of most of the leading public schools. The mere denial, on the part of persons like Dean Inge, of notorious and undisputed facts will not prevent those facts from being facts. And as to " success in life," what does the Dean mean by success ? For instance, is it " success in life " to become a Dean of the Establishment, to draw a large salary for preaching and upholding a supernatural religion while all the time never losing an opportunity of undermining that belief in the supernatural which is the foundation of all Christianity, and to fill columns of the daily newspapers with exhortations to one's fellow-Christians to make use of artificial means of preventing the birth of children, a process which is regarded by the Catholic Church as a deadly sin ? If so, then, of course, we may concede the Dean's proposition that success in life may co-exist with a complete atrophy of the moral sense, such as that which is found in the Dean's own case. But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul ?

Christianity and the Jews.

The Jewish Guardian of December 22nd contained the following:—

> " The self-respecting Jew will take care not to make of Christmas Day a festival, or of the season a festive time."
>
> " We have no doubt that, sub-consciously at least, the Christmas-observing Jew thinks that he is currying favour thereby with non-Jews."
>
> " The foundation of Christianity is hardly an event about which the Jew can feel joyous or festive."
>
> " Only when and where the Church has been weak has life been tolerable for the Jew."

> "In the attempts to plant in this country the exotic growths of Jew-baiting, which are prevalent, there is always traceable the hand of Christianity and its professors."
>
> "Is it likely that children will grow up proud and self-reliant Jews . . . if they are accustomed to join in the celebration of a festival that commemorates the foundation of *a Faith and a Church they are taught they must abjure . . . another and anti-pathetic religion* . . . a celebration that is anti-Jewish ? "

We recommend these remarks to those who fail to understand that the modern Jew is, and must necessarily be, essentially anti-Christian, and by reason of his race and religion *perpetuus inimicus* to the King and the Government of any Christian country. Is it not an abomination that a member of this religion who is *bound* to hold the views expressed by the *Jewish Guardian* in the extract from its columns given above, should have been Lord Chief Justice for years and should now become Viceroy of India ? If it is otherwise than an abomination, then we may say that there is no meaning in words.

The Conservative Party.

Last week we pointed out that the only political force which can save this country lies in the Conservative Party. The close association of leading members of that Party with the Lloyd George administration has seriously damaged the Conservative cause ; nevertheless in the Party there exist men of power, intelligence and honour. The country knows of the existence of these men. It may have only a vague idea of their identity. It feels, however, that the class which Lloyd George attacked at Limehouse, and which he has always secretly hated, is the class upon which reliance may be placed.

As we have more than once pointed out, the Governments under which Britain has known peace and prosperity have been composed of quiet gentlemen ; and if this country is to be saved, the idol of the " super-man " must be broken.

The country must be taught that no man, however noisy and picturesque, is essential ; that under our Constitution there is no room for an autocrat or a mountebank.

With Lloyd George in the wilderness (where he would sing small), and with a Cabinet of gentlemen, the Empire would slowly and definitely be restored to its former place in the world ; and from the outset the disruptive elements in the community would find their proper level.

Nearly everyone remembers how suddenly the forces of lawlessness emerged when Mr. Asquith and his tribe came into power, and how respect for authority and governance almost ceased.

We appeal to those members of the Conservative Party who really love their country, to break away from Lloyd George and his Jewish masters, and force a general election.

These same Jewish masters realised that a break away was inevitable ; and they set up Mr. Bottomley, their agent, to divert the stream of public indignation into an " Independent " channel.

At the coming election the power of the Jews must be broken. Every Jewish candidate must be effectively opposed by a Conservative ; and the Party itself must be purged of those elements which are at this moment working for its ruin.

Sanity in New York.

That the decent people of America are indignant at the attempts which are being made to embroil the United States in a war with this country, and are alive to the " supine inattention " of the existing Wilsonian Administration, is proved by the following outspoken leader from the *New York Times* :—

> DISCRIMINATION WITHOUT ONE EXCUSE.
>
> From bad through worse to worst is evidently the course which is to be taken by the case of the man O'Callaghan. That it yet has arrived at the very limit of impropriety, of illegality, of shameless and insolent disregard of constituted authority, is made probable only because it is so difficult to imagine anything more that can be done for him and his friends by the Department of Labour in furtherance of his and their effort to start a war between the United States and Great Britain. One cannot be sure, however, for Sinn Fein has at its command both intelligence and ingenuity, and if its leaders succeed in thinking up something else for which they can use O'Callaghan here, there is no reason for doubting that they will be allowed to do it unless the Department of State shows more of energy and determination than hitherto in the legitimate—the obligatory—exercise of its forces to protect the national interests.
>
> As the matter stands now this man, whose presence in the country from the moment of his arrival has been an open defiance of our laws, can remain here as long as he pleases, go where he pleases and do and say what he pleases. His nominal status is that of a foreign seaman, waiting for a chance that suits him to sign articles as such on a new ship and go home ! The only excuse for calling him a seaman is that he may have done a little work of some kind not specified on the ship that brought him over, nominally as a stowaway. He is not a seaman, as everybody knows—never was and never will be, unless his whole plan and course of life suffer a most unexpected change.
>
> That he is wasting his time here—and the money of deluded contributors to his hopeless campaign—that has nothing to do with the gravity of the malfeasance and nonfeasance of the officials who have allowed him to remain.

There must be something in the old story that the native or Atacottic Irish were slaves of the Greeks, and were expelled from Greece and driven westward by the peoples among whom they tried to settle, until they were finally and literally pushed out to sea. Some of them succeeded in reaching Ireland. Let us hope that the Government of the United States may remove such nuisances as O'Callaghan.

"Great" Britain.

Solemnly we say that by the Navy this country will stand or fall. If we allow treachery to go unpunished ; if we allow Ministers who have been pawns in a financial game played at a cost of British blood and honour to hold office, we certainly deserve to sink to the position of a second-rate power.

The present Government, knowing that we stand or fall by the Navy, has seen to it that we shall cease to be the supreme sea power in the year 1924 ; for in that year we shall take third place ; and the first three fleets of the world will be as follows :—

	U.S.A.	Japan.	" Great " Britain.
Battleships	17 ..	8 ..	10
Battle cruisers.. ..	6 ..	6 ..	3
	23	14	13
Destroyers	317 ..	99 ..	190
Submarines	166 ..	13 ..	98
	483	112	288

Is it not clear that the hidden hand, which is shielding the Jutland traitors, is the same hand which has permitted us to fall behind as a naval power ?

Is it not true that millions have been squandered by Lloyd George and Company on bribes for miners and the maintenance of preposterous Ministeries and schemes, so that the Navy might be starved ?

These are plain questions, and they require an answer.

However, the building of ships is a matter of public knowledge, that is to say, something which cannot be hidden, and we leave the Government to face an indignant public on this score.

The Jutland treachery, on the other hand, is a different matter. You may have a surplus of ships, but if you permit traitors to thrive at the very centre of your naval control, your ships are worthless.

Truth Will Out.

The Western Morning News reports in full a remarkable speech of Lieut.-Col. W. P. Drury, made when replying to the toast of " The Services," at a luncheon in connection with the Hessenford Prize Fair at St. Germans. In the course of his remarks Colonel Drury said :—

> On the night between May 31st and June 1st, 1916, I chanced to be the officer on night duty at garrison headquarters, Plymouth. A long Admiralty telegram came through, which I lost no time in taking to the general officer commanding. We both agreed that Britain had suffered a bad reverse at sea, for the message conveyed the first news of the battle of Jutland. What the general and I—and hundreds of others elsewhere who read the telegram that night—were led to believe, the whole world was betrayed into believing the next morning. Instantly British stock in America fell.
>
> But within a week the truth about the battle became known, and British stock in America rose again. The boot was found to be on the other leg. So far from our having been beaten we had bottled up the German Fleet in its own base, from which it only emerged as a surrendered Navy at the end of the war. But as a result of that week's fall and rise of stock, a certain group of Jewish financiers are alleged to have cleared a net profit of £18,000,000. It was a case of history repeating itself. For much the same kind of thing happened, though naturally on a smaller scale, after the battle of Waterloo. I believe that the world-wide conspiracy, of which many of you must have heard or read—a conspiracy to gather all the power of the world into the hands of the Jewish race, a conspiracy hostile to the British Empire—exists, not merely in imagination, but in solid fact ; and I believe that it will stick at nothing to achieve its purpose.
>
> JEWS IN OFFICE.
>
> Look round the globe where you will, and you will repeatedly find the Jew in the chief seats of the mighty. One of the most powerful influences in the world is the British Press : many papers are directly or indirectly controlled by Jews. Behind that malignant disease of the hour, Bolshevism, is the German or the Russian or the mongrel Jew. The secretary of the Prime Minister of England is a British Jew. Many of the important posts in the Indian Civil Service are being gradually filled by Jews. The present Secretary of State for India, who has done more to undermine British prestige in that continent than any other politician past or present, is a Jew. Lord Reading, the newly appointed Viceroy, the representative in India of the King-Emperor himself, is beyond doubt a man of brilliant attainments and of many virtues ; yet he is none the less Rufus Isaacs, the Jew. I do not say that there are no loyal Jews within the Empire, but I do say that there is a vast number of disloyal ones.

The Western Morning News took care in reporting the speech to avoid mentioning the source of Colonel Drury' information, which was PLAIN ENGLISH. It went further than this, and devoted a leading article to an attack upon the Colonel, in which it declared that he had got hold of a mare's nest.

" The Hidden Hand " is visible in this indiscreet move on the part of *The Western Morning News*, and it is now easy to account for the collapse of that paper's journalistic rival, *The Mercury*, which was compelled to cease publication the other day, after an honourable life of 61 years.

The tortuous subtlety of the leading article almost convinces us that the pen which wrote it was controlled by Asiatic hands. Observe from the passage in italics how the writer tries to confuse the issue :—

> Colonel Drury voiced a first-class mare's nest in his speech to the Cornish farmers at Hessenford yesterday, when he attributed to a Jewish conspiracy the issue of the first telegram about the Jutland battle. It is quite possible that many Jews, being keen-witted and far-sighted speculators, took advantage of the movements on the Stock Exchange to make a good deal of money. *But the issue of the telegram itself ; as has been publicly stated, was the work of Mr. A. J. Balfour, who has never that we have ever heard of been accused of participation in any conspiracy to overthrow the British Empire.* There may very well be some fanatical Russian Jews who would like to overthrow the British and all other empires if they could see their way to emulating Lenin and Trotsky in obtaining the upper hand in the organisation that would take its place in the government of British territories. But, quite apart from all questions of loyalty, morality, or any other immaterial motive, there is one very good reason why the powerful and wealthy Jews who hold in their hands the financial power of the world already should not be suspected or accused of the heinous designs which Colonel Drury, by a somewhat blind acceptance of some recent most improbable allegations, was led to attribute to them yesterday at Hessenford, and that is that they are very much better off as they are, and have much more power and influence in the world than they could ever secure by violent means. Jews, whatever else they may be, are certainly not fools, and they would be fools of a particularly glaring type if as a race they entertained the designs with which Colonel Drury credited them.

Of course, as First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Balfour was responsible for the issue of the first Jutland report. But Mr. Churchill drew up the report, and it was issued under the conditions described in our issue of January 29th.

Mr. Churchill had no business to be in the Admiralty. And we are fortunately able to quote from the letter of a distinguished nobleman, which sheds some light on this ugly business.

Before we quote, it is worth noting that Mr. Churchill, when he became Minister of Munitions, took over his " stable companion " Mr. Graham Greene, who had assisted him in drawing up the false report, and who laid it before Mr. Balfour for signature, while Mr. Pack was safely out of the way.

The nobleman in question, whose name we withhold, because at the moment we have not his permission to disclose it, wrote to Mr. Balfour as follows :—

> " May I be permitted—without impertinence—to express the very sincere hope that the new Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster will *not* be allowed to occupy a room, or any advisory capacity, at the Admiralty ? "

STILL ALIVE—AND KICKING.

"THE EVENING NEWS," one of the principal organs of the Northcliffe press, and emanating from Carmelite House, on Friday last, "having that within its womb which had wrought it ill content" (namely, and to wit, a considerable amount of soreness engendered by the not infrequent flagellations which we have deemed it necessary to administer to it, and to its Harmsworth colleagues), "bethought itself and went"—right off the lines of safe silence which it has hitherto opposed to our gentle admonitions.

Whether, really, the dupe of an anonymous "voice on the telephone," it was so rash as to leap to the conclusion that the glad tidings of our demise must be true because they were so welcome, or whether merely goaded to madness by its inability to make any kind of reasonable reply to the definite accusations which we have brought over and over again against the Harmsworth press and its "onlie begetter," Lord Northcliffe (what a man! or, rather, "Was für ein Mensch!" as the Kaiser remarked, *vide* last Sunday's *Weekly Dispatch*), *The Evening News* made shift to jump right into it, boots, spurs and all, and came out with the following **article**, flanked and sweetened, as it were, by an imposing array of posters plastered all over the walls of London town bearing the simple legend :—

LORD ALFRED
DOUGLAS
DEAD.

SUDDEN DEATH OF LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

FOUND DEAD IN BED BY A MAID.

HEART FAILURE AFTER A CHILL.

The Evening News learns that Lord Alfred Douglas was found dead in bed to-day, when a maid went to his room at 24, Pembridge Gardens, to call him.

Death was apparently due to heart failure.

Lord Alfred, who was 50, had lately been suffering from a bad chill, but it had not been thought necessary to call in a doctor.

He had been exceedingly busy lately in connection with his weekly journal, PLAIN ENGLISH, and for the past week had been working late into the night.

A GREAT LIFE SPOILT.

HOW THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE DOUGLASES DOGGED LORD ALFRED.

A brilliant and a most unhappy career is ended.

Lord Alfred Douglas was born, in a sense, under the happiest auspices. He was a Douglas, the son of one of the most ancient families in Great Britain.

He was connected with many of the "best people" in society, he had brilliant capacities, and showed that he was certainly to be numbered amongst the poets.

He might have done anything, and, his poetry excepted, he did nothing, and worse than nothing.

That charity which is fitting at all times, but most fitting when we are speaking of the newly dead, urges that much should be forgiven this poor, bewildered man, who, with all his gifts, will perhaps only be remembered by the scandals and the quarrels in which he involved himself.

DOUGLAS ECCENTRICITY.

It is a great thing, in a sense, to be born a Douglas, but the family inheritance had gifts from evil fairies as well as from good ones.

It would not be true to say that all ancient races are degenerate; but there were very marked signs of degeneracy in the house of Douglas.

Many of them were violently eccentric; to put the case mildly.

It is not for us to question the "charity" of *The Evening News*; it is not for us to wonder that it should take the form of saying about a dead man (within a few hours of his supposed decease) what one has never dared to say about him when he was alive and able to take care of himself in his own "bewildered," though perhaps not altogether ineffectual, way. For all we know to the contrary, the gentleman who fixed the wording of *The Evening News'* posters and the gentleman who composed the touching little obituary notice may have been brimming over with charity and loving kindness when they performed their respective tasks. And certainly in the way of giving us "a good send off" they spared no expense, and did not grudge us for our posters the best and boldest letters of their best and boldest black "Cheltenham" type.

> With sobs and tears they sorted out those of the largest size,
> Holding their pocket handkerchiefs before their streaming eyes.

The result has been that our "death," thus gloriously and "charitably" trumpeted forth, has so far impregnated the public mind that the rectification of the news made in a subsequent edition of *The Evening News* appears not to have obtained the currency which was accorded to the first announcement. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that *The Evening News* having plastered the streets of London with posters proclaiming our death, did not feel justified in going to the expense of further posters to contradict its own original statement.

However that may be, we have ample evidence to show that a good many people still look upon us as dead, and that others feel that if we are not dead we ought to be, and very soon shall be. For example, we have received a pamphlet from "The Cremation Society of England" setting forth in eloquent language the advantages of cremation "as a method of disposing of the dead in a sanitary, reverent and innocuous manner," and holding out the inducement to join the society which is implied by the fact that "a member having paid five guineas down or six consecutive annual subscriptions of one guinea, is entitled to be cremated at death at any crematorium in Great Britain without fee."

We therefore take this opportunity of stating emphatically and decisively that we are not dead, and that however much we may be afflicted by the "degenerate" tendencies which *The Evening News* has been kind enough to attribute not only to ourselves, but to the whole House of Douglas, we can assure all whom it may concern that such "degenerate" activities will not take the form of dying just at the moment when our death might happen to be most convenient to the Northcliffe press or our dear old friends the Learned Elders of Zion.

We shall die "when God's will is," and it is exceedingly probable that interesting developments will "transpire" before that comes to pass.

For instance, we have issued writs for libel on the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., and the editor, publisher and printers of *The Evening News*, a circumstance which will give all parties concerned an opportunity of explaining themselves before a British jury.

ACCURACY OF THE "HYTHE REPORT" DEMONSTRATED BY OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

IN our issue of December 25th we printed the first instalment of a series of articles under the title, "The Hythe Report." In that first instalment of the apalling story, it was related how "Captain X" accidentally got hold of a telegram which was intended for a well-known Jewish banker in Rome. The telegram ran as follows:

> "Your telegram received heartily congratulate brilliant result the following telegram signed by DeHAAS just arrived from NEW YORK stop. 'Your cable detailing situation received we are co-operating through Copenhagen and await British agreement to act in Alexandria. Stop. Brandeis cabled Rothschild yesterday. Stop. Assure friends we are supporting your plans effectively.' Wiseman."

"Captain X" deciphered the telegram and the full result of this deciphering was printed in our article in the paragraphs numbered (1), (2) and (3). We now reproduce paragraph (2), italicising six words:

> 2. "Co-operation through Copenhagen" meant that at the moment, May, 1917, there was a meeting of German-Jews in Copenhagen. They had agreed to send Lenin to Russia and create a revolution, which would anticipate and prevent a revolution of Russians, and would release the Jews from the Pale. Then by a policy of extermination they would make themselves sole masters of Russia. Accompanying Lenin from Germany were to be sent *Vainen and Safarof, two Jew fanatics*, who could be depended upon to organise thorough extermination of all elements dangerous because of wealth or brains to the German-Jewish programme. The only outside capital allowed commercial concessions, when Russia became more malleable, would be the Frankfort banks. Real English, German, and American capital would be excluded unless future revolutions should put such capital into the hands of the Jews, posing as Socialists.

The interpretation of the telegram was embodied in the report to Lord Hythe (shortly afterwards "accidentally" killed in London by a taxi-cab) which "Captain X" made at the request of Mr. Philip Kerr. The rest of the story is related in subsequent issues of PLAIN ENGLISH. What we wish to do now is to call attention to the fact that "Captain X's" report to Lord Hythe was drawn up on May 22nd, 1917. It will be noted that the names are given of the Jews, Vainen and Safarof, who were to assist in carrying out the diabolical plot which "Captain X" unmasked and the unmasking of which led to his being arrested and confined in a basement cell and "certified insane."

We have before us now the White Book on Bolshevism in Russia. No. 1 published by the Government in 1919. It only came into our hands three days ago. It contains among other reports and letters the following letter (No. 38, page 48) from General Knox to the War Office. Our readers will observe that General Knox's letter is dated February 5th, 1919, *nearly two years later* than the date of "Captain' X's" suppressed report to Lord Hythe. We invite special attention to the words italicised by us in General Knox's letter.

No. 38.

General Knox to War Office.

(Telegraphic.) *Omsk, February* 5, 1919.

> WITH regard to the murder of Imperial family at Ekaterinburg, there is further evidence to show that there were two parties in the local Soviet, one which was anxious to save Imperial family, and the latter, headed by five Jews, two of whom were determined to have them murdered. *These two Jews, by name Vainen and Safarof, went with Lenin when he made a journey across Germany.* On pretext that Russian guard had stolen 70,000 roubles, they were removed from the house between the 8th and 12th. The guard were replaced by a house guard of thirteen, consisting of ten Letts and three Jews, two of whom were called Laipont and Yurowski, and one whose name is not known. The guard was commanded outside the house by a criminal called Medoyedof who had been convicted of murder and arson in 1906, and of outraging a girl of five in 1911. The prisoners were awakened at 2 a.m., and were told they must prepare for a journey. They were called down to the lower room an hour later, and Yurowski read out the sentence of the Soviet. When he had finished reading, he said, "and so your life has come to an end." The Emperor then said, "I am ready." An eye-witness, who has since died, said that the Empress and the two eldest daughters made the sign of the cross. The massacre was carried out with revolvers. The doctor, Botkine, the maid, the valet, and the cook were murdered in this room as well as the seven members of the Imperial family. They only spared the life of the cook's nephew, a boy of fourteen. The murderers threw the bodies down the shaft of a coal mine, and the same morning orders were sent to murder the party at Alapaevsk, which was done.

Here we have an astonishingly complete vindication of the accuracy of "Captain X.'s" interpretation of the telegram he intercepted, and the value of his report, which the guilty traitors who were responsible for his subsequent treatment, and the attempt to prove him insane suppressed, and which, when it finally reached Lord Hythe (who had since succeeded his father as Earl Brassey) was the immediate forerunner of his death, represented as accidental.

THE GOVERNMENT AND JUTLAND.

FOR the past six weeks we have laid before the public details of the most amazing and abominable treachery in British history; and at the same time we have disclosed the financial conspiracy behind the issue of the Jutland Report, naming the actors and tools in this conspiracy.

The Press has remained silent. The Government has remained publicly silent. When approached by foreign representatives, however, Downing Street has offered an ingenious explanation of why the Government will neither answer our charges nor avail itself of the evidence which we are prepared to lay before a Court of Inquiry. This ingenious explanation takes the form of an assurance to the effect that "the statements made in PLAIN ENGLISH are false; but Lord Alfred Douglas has a strangle-hold on Churchill, and it would be impossible for him (Churchill) to prosecute." Needless to say, this "explanation" is based on a flat lie. The Editor of this paper has suspended no sword of Damocles over Mr. Winston Churchill. On the contrary, we have urged Mr. Churchill to come forward and play the man.

Reference to our last issue will prove that we made an appeal to Mr. Churchill which no honourable man could reject. Mr. Churchill (sheltered behind a dumb Press) has thought fit to ignore our appeal. He feels so secure that he hopes to kiss the King's hand and accept office. But for our part we say that no man who has been involved in the transactions which we disclosed in our last two issues will be permitted to remain in public life. In saying this we are confident that there is still in this country a body of public opinion which can dictate to the most autocratic of Cabinets, and we suggest to the present Cabinet that there is grave reason why they support Mr. Churchill. We suggest that a court of inquiry would disclose such amazing facts that most of the present members of the Government would retire to the wilderness for the rest of their natural lives.

Mr. Churchill, in our opinion, seems to be the ninepin at the end of the line, and if he is permitted to be pushed over every political ninepin in the Government line will fall.

Heroic efforts are being made in preparation for the coming General Election. The former almost successful opponent of the Premier has decided not to oppose Mr. Lloyd George. This in itself is curious, seeing that the gentleman in question is an ambitious lawyer and a Conservative; and to our knowledge he has been offered facilities and assistance for fighting the election, but has refused them. He pulled down Lloyd George's majority twice, and it is almost certain that he could win the seat at the coming election.

Every effort is being made to keep the lid on our Jutland disclosures. The game is on Monday to ask a number of pre-arranged questions in the House of Commons which will receive pre-arranged replies. But having disclosed what we have disclosed, and having said what we have said, we must leave it to the British public to act. It remains also for those politicians who possess patriotic instinct to act. We, for our part, have done what we can do; and if there is not sufficient energy and patriotism in this country to compel the Government to set up a court of inquiry into the Jutland treachery, and to force the expulsion of those Ministers who are proved to have been tools in the Jutland financial plot, it seems to us that the British people will deserve any fate that may be in store for them.

The "nest of hollow bosoms" must be dealt with as Henry V. dealt with the traitors of his day.

If they are not dealt with, God help us in another war!

The Jutland treachery is only one case. There are others. There is the wireless (signed Beatty) recalling a squadron in pursuit of Germans. When the squadron obeyed the order and returned to its base, it was discovered that Beatty had never issued the order.

We have before us six cases of treachery, which we consider to be traceable to the Admiralty traitor, whom we are prepared to name. One case involves a mysterious wireless communication with a ship which blew up within half-an-hour of the receipt of the message.

But these are mere episodes. The Jutland affair is of capital importance, because the Germans can be proved in this instance to have been in direct communication with our Admiralty wireless, and to have arranged with our Admiralty for the recall of the destroyers designed to cut off the German retreat.

Why are we so certain of all this? Because our informant is the man who translated the German code messages, and who detected the plot, and who informed his superiors, and of whose information the Government was aware within an hour of the event. By this we shall stand or fall.

We have offered to name the traitor who acted in our Admiralty for Germany. We have proved that we can describe the most secret doings in the Admiralty by detailing the drawing up and signing of the false report. Yet the Government has made no attempt to avail itself of our information.

We challenge the Government to issue the whole of the German Code messages during the Battle of Jutland. Their silence proves that what we have said is true. And, commending them to the British public, we leave them to stew in their own juice.

Unheralded by the newspaper claque and unpictured in the illustrated sheets, Winston Churchill has slunk back to London, leaving the worried Sir Ernest Cassel to pay the bill at the "Hermitage." Mr. Churchill was to have been received by the King on Monday afternoon. He was to have kissed hands and taken over the seals of office upon his appointment as Minister of the Colonies. This has not yet taken place. Mr. Churchill knows that His Majesty has seen PLAIN ENGLISH. What story the Government can prepare to satisfy His Majesty we cannot imagine.

The people of England are intensely aroused. The silence of the controlled Press has had its effect in confirming—not that such confirmation was necessary—the terrible truth in the public mind, which for the past six weeks PLAIN ENGLISH has revealed.

An official of the United States Government now in London making a survey of the British Press has reported to Washington that PLAIN ENGLISH was the only weekly paper telling the whole truth, and that the silence of most of the Press on Jutland was so sudden and complete that he could offer no explanation.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 106S. 6D. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	$97\frac{1}{4}$	$97\frac{1}{4}$ to $97\frac{3}{4}$
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12.1	11.31 to 11.33
BERLIN	Marks	20.43	234 to 236
BRUSSELS	Francs	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	52.05 to 52.10
CALCUTTA	Rupee	1s. 4d.	$1/4\frac{13}{16}$ to $1/4\frac{7}{8}$
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18.15	22.05 to 22.10
ITALY	Lire	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	$106\frac{3}{4}$ to 107
MADRID	Pesetas	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	27.60 to 27.64
MONTREAL	Dollars	4.86	4.37 to 4.38
NEW YORK	Dollars	4.86	$3.86\frac{7}{8}$ to $3.87\frac{1}{8}$
PARIS	Francs	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	54.40 to 54.45
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	$27\frac{21}{32}$ to $27\frac{7}{8}$
SWITZERLAND	Francs	$25.22\frac{1}{2}$	23.90 to 23.94
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25.48d.	$2/6\frac{1}{16}$ to $2/6\frac{3}{8}$

MONEY—FREE TRADE.

At the annual general meeting of shareholders of the London County, Westminster & Parr's Bank, Ltd., on the 3rd inst., the Chairman, Mr. Walter Leaf, had some very illuminating views and precepts to place before his hearers. It seems the recognised duty of the chairmen of our leading banks to pitch their speeches to the height of a lecture on trade, industry and finance. At the meeting referred to some points of great moment affecting economic laws were brought out, showing that in banking circles, at any rate, the well-tried customs and results of Free Trade are most appreciated. Money will not thrive on artificial nourishment. It does best where it is allowed most freedom, and bankers are most satisfied when enlarging the scope of its career. Judging from Mr. Leaf's remarks, our only salvation in "reviving trade is a free exchange of goods between countries" :—

> "It is essential that all purchases made from us by foreign countries should be balanced by equivalent exports from them to us, which will enable the respective issuing countries to provide funds for the due redemption of their obligations. It is on the maintenance of this equivalent export that all schemes hang.
>
> "It is to me amazing that, at the very moment when these plans are before us, we should be disturbed by rumours of further proposals to hamper the free exchange of goods on which not only these schemes, but any possible hopes of restoring our own pre-war position, are entirely dependent. The fundamental principle of international barter, which in normal times is perhaps somewhat obscured by the smooth working of the exchanges, is that 'if thou wilt not buy, neither shalt thou sell.' It is most distressing to find that, at the very moment when one would have thought that this maxim was forcing itself upon the intelligence of the blindest, we should hear talk about 'anti-dumping,' 'key industries,' and the like, all of which is simply a demand for hampering, or even prohibiting the imports which are needed to pay for the goods of which our warehouses are at the moment full to overflowing, and for which a large part of Europe is hungering."

Copper.

It looks as if the market for Copper is on the mend, and we think it is high time, because no producer of Copper can do so profitably under existing prices.

Standard Copper is to-day quoted at about £72, with Electrolytic in the neighbourhood of £77, and even at this low figure there seems to be no big demand for it. On the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the accumulations of Copper are gradually being depleted, mainly from America, and it was announced a few days ago that the American Copper Export Association had sold about 200,000 tons of Electrolytic Copper to Germany, which is calculated to deplete the stocks in hand by nearly 50 per cent. The low price of Copper has also revived the report of an amalgamation of several of the Copper producers in America, which will represent 30 per cent. of the total American producers of the metal. There is bound very soon to be a great demand for Copper from most of the countries of Europe to re-establish their war wrecked industries, and no doubt the explanation of the big drop in the price of the metal—even below the cost of production—is forced liquidation. There was a decline of 10 per cent. in the production of the fine copper in America last year as compared with the year 1919, and the export from the United States was 28 per cent. of the refined production, practically the same as in 1919.

The smelting of Copper in England has been practically at a standstill, but there are indications that smelting is about to be resumed on this side, where the low grade ore of Rio Tinto and the like, mixed with the higher grade carbonates from the Colonies, has been usually treated.

During the past week a revival of the Copper trade in New South Wales has been reported, and there is every indication that the turn in trade has set in.

New Issues in January.

Considering the inactivity in Stock Markets, and the dullness of the month of January in financial circles generally, one is somewhat surprised to learn that the total of new issues for that month reached the high figure of £22,700,000. This, however, is mainly accounted for by the Local Loans Issue and the Australian Commonwealth Loan. The principal industrial issue was that of the Cunard 7 per cent. Debentures, which was such a pronounced success, and which it will be recollected was issued at £90 per cent. These are now quoted on the Stock Exchange in the neighbourhood of 7 per cent. premium. Little, if any, of the money was for the purpose of foreign enterprise. The total for January, 1920, was somewhat over £37,500,000, a comparatively modest figure apparently, having regard to the conditions then prevailing.

Indian Banking.

Following the example set by our own Banking houses here, these Institutions in India are carrying out the policy of amalgamation with a view, no doubt, to assisting and strengthening their relative positions in view of the industrial depression in India, mainly as a result of exchange trouble, seeing the rupee has depreciated to the neighbourhood of 1s. 4½d., which is nearly the pre-war figure. Notice has just been given that the businesses of the Bank of Bengal, Bank of Madras and Bank of Bombay have been transferred to and taken over by the Imperial Bank of India.

Dividends and Reports.

Lancashire & Yorkshire Wagon.—Interim dividend of 8s. per share, less tax, equal to 8 per cent. per annum.

Port of Manchester Marine Insurance.—Profit for year £20,004. Dividend of 5 per cent., less tax.

Blundell, Spense & Co.—Dividend of 16 per cent. on ordinary. £39,002 carried forward.

John Knight, Limited.—Half yearly dividend on Cumulative Preferred Ordinary Capital of 25 per cent. per annum, dividend on Ordinary Capital 10 per cent. per annum. £44,348 carried forward.

Maple & Co.—Subject to final audit, a balance dividend recommended of 15 per cent. on Ordinary, making total distributed for 1920 17½ per cent.

Linen Thread.—Net profit £545,614. Final dividend and bonus making 11 per cent., tax free, for year.

PARIS NOTES.

XXII.

Last week I could not express my amusement at the thought of the threat used by the "Allies" (yes, in inverted commas) against Germany to deprive her of the right of joining the League of Nations. I did think it humorous that "statesmen" (also in inverted commas) should seriously put such measures of reprisal on paper. The Germans simply thought it downright funny and—manners not being the strong point of our one-time enemies—roared with laughter at Dr. Simons' announcement of their excommunication. By some mysterious necromantic rites, Wilson's still-born Homunculus is kept in a semblance of life. As no one really believes in the League except the League officials, whose faith is built on the rock of £.s.d., somebody is being obviously fooled. Not the Germans—who publicly indulge in "innocent merriment" at the mere mention of the institution. Not America, who at her own free will subjected herself to the excommunication which was intended to make the flesh of the Germans creep. Not Japan, whose representatives stated at the Conference that they wanted the Pacific Islands; as to the mandate they did not mind what sort of paper was going to accompany their *beati possidentes*.

By the process of elimination we reduced the question to a dilemma. England or France? In England, of course, there always was a considerable number of political "souls" for ever bent on supplying infant negroes with moral pocket-handkerchiefs and who thought Woodrow Wilson "too bird." To their dreams of the lion lying with the lamb—a wish universally proclaimed after the war—the practical politicians of the Foreign Office used to add the *reservatio mentalis* that the lamb should be inside the lion. On these lines the "mandate system" worked with the rapidity of Mr. Ford's factory and France discovered a decided increase in the waist measurements of the lion throughout 1919, 1920 and 1921. Meanwhile France had to take her belt in more and more, and this process has not stopped even now. Of course, England has her troubles (unemployment, Ireland, India) but France has *nothing but* troubles.

Nevertheless these troubles have only begun! M. Tardieu the other day opened a vista which is bound to make the most sanguine optimist recoil. The total amount now considered due by Germany to France is 71 billion francs gold. Now supposing Anglo-Saxondom found it desirable in the interests of the economic reconstruction of the world to have Germany relieved of this financial handicap stretching over a period of 42 years? A concert of banks (see last week's PLAIN ENGLISH regarding Austria!) would be formed to take over the immediate discharge of their indebtedness at a discount of 8 per cent. The external debt of France—in which the said concert would take a keen interest—would be deducted and 37 billions francs gold paid down to France. After this "cash down" operation the territorial guarantees would cease and no restrictions on the future growth of German power remain. This possibility would seem to be the danger for France of a fixed indemnity, which the Paris Conference has established. I mentioned before that, talking American, Poland was "sick." I want to put again on record that Poland is very sick. The number of those who do not believe in the longevity of this state is growing, both in Germany and France. These pessimists say that Poland *must* disappear again either by a violent or a natural death. If the Bolsheviks resume their advance in the spring Poland will not be able to resist them. If the Bolsheviks are unfit for military operations or will be kept down by a power of the "Supreme Council" Poland will be gradually dissolved by the poison of all democracies—anarchy. Besides—the irony of it—Austrian, German and Russian Poles are all pulling their own way. Posen, Cracow and Warsaw are remembering the balmy days of the partition.

An English liberal once said to me that nations prefer self-government to good-government. I wonder! In the chaplet of republican beads now surrounding Bolshevia the process of decomposition is going fast, and as *cordon sanitaire* they have the efficiency of a butterfly net against a rhinoceros. Such things, of course, are only whispered. Pilsudske, nicknamed "the railway thief" for an incident of his revolutionary career, has arrived and occupied at the Hotel Crillon the rooms just vacated by the British Delegation. The Sorbonne feasted the Head of the Polish State. Children in school were all given a lecture on what Poland *was*. It is unkind to talk about what Poland *is*, and sad to think what it *will be*.

Paris, ENGO.
February 6th, 1921.

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

THE DEGRADATION OF THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS.

I.—PROCEEDINGS BEFORE FLOTATION.

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY has for some years preached in *John Bull* the advantage the nation would have if there was a Business Government. He has not told his readers, and perhaps he has not yet realised himself, that we have had for the last fifteen years a "Business is Business" Government; but as for the advantages, the British Public has "paid the piper," in cash, care and corpses, while gentlemen who belong to the same race as "The Prophet Elias" have nearly always called the tune. To-day, in the United Kingdom and in America, money and industrial blackmail are being used to prevent those of Anglo-Saxon blood from knowing the truth, but as gold is not the only thing the Gentile lives for and dreams about, it can now be said that "You cannot fool all the people all the time." Events of the last few years have shown, however, that despite all the talk about Democracy, you very rarely can make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear."

The Kaiser, in one of his speeches, soon after the war began, said that if the British public knew how they had been fooled by their Ministers, there would be a revolution; he never said a truer thing in his life. He did not give away by name those who had been his "dear friends," and the friends of his "Frankfort" partners; perhaps he thought that in time, with the aid of a little persuasion, of the type his agents knew so well how to arrange, some of these same "dear friends" might return to the fold. Events since 1917 have shown that although his late Jewish partners, assisted by the Northcliffe propaganda, have thrown him over like a sucked orange, yet his late friends from Frankfort-am-Main can say that some of their most useful "Marionettes" have returned to the fold, strings and all. Thousands of British prisoners in Germany suffered from the pre-war treachery of our professional politicians; and when hundreds were literally starved to death round Cambrai and Douai, and in some cases their shrunken bodies were dragged by ropes round their feet to the cemeteries, people wondered what was behind this savagery. The Germans before the war had paid their cash in return for lack of war preparations and vague hints of neutrality, and when in July, 1914, thanks to the Unionist Party leaders and the honour of the people, the old gang was not allowed to obey the orders of their Party Funds' Paymasters, the Hun was furious; he had paid the piper, and for once had not called the tune. Incident after incident during the war showed that there were people remaining in high places, who recognised that peace must come one day, and that by attention to details and hints they might be assured of the distinguished patronage of their old friends after the war once again.

Before dealing with the record of the "Business-is-Business" Government, it is worth while to look into past history and some of the events which took place before it began to "function" as a "Going Concern." For two hundred years efforts had been made to clean out the political "Augean Stables," which had probably been at their worst at the time of the early "Georges," and it must be said that political pamphleteers had a great influence for reform. The wars of Napoleon were fought and won by a Government based largely on "Pocket Boroughs," and it can be said that the Government did its duty according to the views of the day, and that most of the disasters which took place were due to pig-headed blundering rather than treacherous wire-pulling. Corruption by contractors did take place, especially in the Peninsular War, but then it must be remembered that the people were not living in an "enlightened age." Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington and others put their own value to Leagues of Nations, and nobody can say that in those dark days before "modern reforms," when Europe had to be re-arranged after Waterloo, the advice, wishes or orders of Levantine "Dagos," ex-enemy aliens or camouflaged Asiatics, came before the wishes or true interests of the Nation or our Allies. The troubles and scandals of those days were due to our own people not to those who were "running with the hare and hunting with the hounds."

Since those days laws, rules and regulations were passed year after year to limit political and departmental corruption, and when wars did take place, disasters like the terrible sickness in the Crimea were due mainly to stupidity, the worst war scandals being left to the Balkan States and Spanish America; the dirty work being mainly in the hands of men like the late Baron Hirsch.

The career of Benjamin Disraeli was simultaneously an advantage to the nation and a factor towards disaster. He did a great deal of good work ; he was not always understood but few questioned his integrity. It has never been seriously contended that he lined his own pockets at the public expense or those of his brother Jews, and he did not arrange jobs in the Government departments or in time of danger the War Office for pro-alien " oily cads." It is true that in some of his arrangements the advice of the Rothschilds was too readily accepted, but it can hardly be said that he was, to his own knowledge, supported by alien cash or influence.

His career did harm to the nation to this extent, that it put the public off their guard regarding the value of the Jew in politics, as, if we are to judge by the underground activities of Jewish politicians and Privy Councillors of nowadays, Disraeli must have been the exception which proved the rule. It is gradually coming out that many of the events which led up to the Jameson Raid and the Boer War were the results of Jewish intrigue, and, without being accused of being pro-Boer in sentiment, few persons who know the facts can deny that the Boer farmers were shamefully tricked out of their mineral rights by German Jews, many of whom damaged our prestige by posing as Englishmen. Apart from an absurd canard about Joe Chamberlain and Nettlefolds, no serious accusations were made against the Cabinet. The German Jews wanted to weaken the British Empire, but the results were contrary to their expectations, although the Government weakness over the " Bundersrath " affair greatly strengthened the work of the German Navy League. The Jews were much more successful regarding the Russo-Japanese War, which to a large extent led the way to disaster and ultimate revolution. The number of civilians called up during the South African War was not sufficient to give the openings for enemy peaceful penetration which were so convenient during the Great War.

The resignation of Lord Salisbury was a great advantage to our alien-minded " sojourners." Mr. Balfour, who, like several of his relations now living, might be termed a mental genius gone to seed, was too much mixed up with " Philosophic Doubt " to come down to mother earth and worry about real leadership and party reputation. His political managers improved on the business of sales of honours developed by his political rivals, one of the most notorious creations being the Michelham peerage. Lord Northcliffe put a pistol to the head of Mr. Balfour and demanded a peerage as an alternative to a change of politics of his journals. He got the peerage ; and on a number of important occasions later " queered the pitch " for the Unionist Party. Sir Ernest Cassel, who, seemingly for business purposes, called himself a Conservative, began to get much too much influence, but the Order of the Crown of Prussia, First Class, showed he had not forgotten the land of his birth.

In accordance with the principles so cleverly explained in the " Protocols," religious strife was organised to undermine the Unionist Party, the Rev. F. B. Meyer with his passive resisters being an important, though unscrupulous, means to the end. Against the wishes of many honest Dissenters, many chapels were turned into Radical committee-rooms. After Joe Chamberlain's scheme was put forward, the big German trusts began to get anxious, especially the Badische Chemical Combine, and with the assistance of the German Foreign Office, the godparent of the " Transportworkers," money was invested in Radical Party funds through dear brothers and friends in London. It was recognised that in accordance with the policy of Frederick the Great and Bismarck, there are more ways of getting results than with a bayonet ; and the alliance of the German Jew and the so-called English Jew with the Radical Little-Englander Party became very intimate. Huge foreign bond swindles in the 'seventies and 'eighties had helped to line the pockets of highly respected Jewish financial houses, and the profits from gold and diamonds from South Africa had added to the pernicious influence of the gold-grubbing race.

Several men were being carefully nursed for the future. Mr. Asquith, an educated man with an elastic conscience, with a pro-German household presided over by an intriguing woman, was a useful potential tool ; and he was ably assisted by Mr. Lloyd George, the harlequinade policeman of the Birmingham pantomime. Mr. Lloyd George, who had not exhibited excessive skill or acquired excessive confidence as a solicitor, was proving as a " Gay Lothario " and expert chapel-pulpit spouter that he had those attributes of cant, cunning and cupidity which, in accordance with the " Protocols," go towards the making of the ideal legislator, from the point of view of the Kosher half of the Great German Partnership. Winston Churchill, after his confidence-inspiring exploits at Pretoria, had wanted a Cabinet job, out of his turn ; so he changed his colours and ate his words with exemplary promptitude and rapidity, and then settled down to his apprenticeship for the world's greatest rival to " Ugo Biondi," the quick-change artist ; and he won his spurs over the notorious Chinese Slavery " inexactitude." The poor leadership of Mr. Balfour, the interference of the " Brothers Cecil " over Colonial Preference, and " dirty work " by some of those inside the Unionist Party assisted indirectly in the flotation of the " Business is Business " Government ; the expenses of the election and the strategy being mainly provided by Jews as a cent.-per-cent. investment. The bonds to bearer allotted to the British nation can now be seen in the cemeteries in Flanders.

REVIEWS.

The Autobiography of a Child. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Turner & Co.) 12s. net.

There is nothing of the flavour of " The Young Visiters " about this book. It is not written by a child, but is an adult's account of his childhood And its sub-title tells us it is written " from the psycho-sexual-analytical standpoint : for doctors, parents, teachers, and psychologists." We suppose our psycho-sexual-analytical perceptions are in a state of atrophy, for the book to us, to speak frankly, has the odour of filth. Did not some rather well-known writer once exclaim, " What, know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit ? " Here is an autobiographist recalling his childish propensity to place his temple of the Holy Spirit in proximity to skirts and his " strange desire to be present when nature demanded relief." We should regard it as a technical medical book were it not that it is written in something of the form of a novel, with its love-passages, personal reminiscences, portrait painting and digressions into religion. It leaves with us the odour of filth, not because it mentions evil propensities, but because its standard of morality is simply animal and natural. It is, we suppose, logical enough for the man who explains phenomena by the light of the doctrine of reincarnations to refer to the apparently " ripe old age " attained to by monkeys who " are excessive masturbators " and to say " as animals masturbate, many physicians have come to the conclusion that the practice is far from being so unnatural as the prudish and orthodox suppose " ; but that the writer is not fit to guide us is clear enough when he tells us that " the devout Roman Catholic who has no clairvoyant faculties " is " unable to perceive the tremendous forces at work " in the celebration of Mass, and that " the occult forces generated through that piece of ceremonial magic known as High Mass " may have a distinct effect on the sexual passions of the priest. The " tremendous forces " of Christianity are not " occult," but they are unperceived by the emotionalist of the water-closet.

His Own Soul. By William Arkwright (A. L. Humphreys).

" His Own Soul " is a title of which the real force is evident only on reading the book from cover to cover ; from it at first sight confessions might have been expected, or a record of personal life; but the manner of this singular and interesting collection of aphorisms, quips, and pictures is apparently impersonal and objective. Yet in the end, the picture of the writer is complete. The range of the actual wayfaring of the writer is considerable. He watches a thunderstorm in Asia Minor, and rows out on a moonlit tropical sea to hear the singing fish of Batticaloa, and returns to shore at daybreak wondering "whether from the mouths of fishes or the action of tides, or the spells of a magician had emerged those bitter-sweet harmonies" that he had heard on the boat.

In religious philosophy also he ranges widely. His present attitude finds impulsive expression in his dictum; "I am often anti-christian, but rarely anti-catholic." His sayings are always the frank expression of first-hand experience. "Celibacy (he writes) somehow stultifies in mankind that selfishness of which the family is the supposed sanctification." And again, "an observer from outside must be struck by the curious difference of attitude between any typical specimen of the Roman Catholic and of the Anglian priesthood; the dominant expression of the one being placidity, of the other restlessness—or if the former had found his treasure, or if the latter were ever seeking it." Of Protestantism, he only indicates the conventional absurdities, possibly from early memories of "those endless Sabbaths" to which the long-suffering children of his generation was condemned, when all weekday books were vigorously suppressed, and even the newspaper was forbidden, and one of his favourite games "used to consist of a competitive search after the slips made by the anonymous compiler of the Authorised Version." He also remembers the delight of matching the prefatory head-notes to each chapter of the Song of Solomon with the text, and savouring these "far-fetched attempts at whitewashing an Oriental love rhapsody." A friend of his used to tell of a certain Queen of Siam, who wrote a thousand verses about a pineapple, without once repeating herself. Mr. Arkwright also does not repeat himself, but continues his wayward and broken course, giving form to every fancy; and expression to every mood. If a perfectly fine style is, as has been said, the style of conversation at its best, it is reached here; for the book has the companionable and informal frankness of conversation, rising often to the imaginative heights, and to memorable expression, in which his prose is the raw material of poetry. "O keepers of game, beware lest by destroying the hawks you may promote disease among your birds!"

And "O keeper of souls, beware lest by grinding Pan under foot, you make smooth the path of Priapus."

His sayings do not come forward as full-dressed epigrams and aphorisms. He is often whimsical, attaching himself to verbal absurdities rather than essences, believing like Fortunio that a pun is a consolation for many ills, and a play upon words as good a way as another of playing with thoughts, actions and people. Perhaps he overdoes the pun, but he fortunately does not overstrain the paradox, which Mrs. Malaprop classes with Greek, simony and fluxions, as inflammatory branches of learning. For this we are grateful.

Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn. By W. H. Hudson. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

One would imagine that it is extremely difficult for a man with a mind like Mr. W. H. Hudson's to understand how a person might have the joyous faith "of an apple woman" and at the same time a very shrewd comprehension of scheming Cardinals, with their spit-licking satellites and fawning and opportunist followers. Mrs. Pardiggle's five sons, who figure in Dickens's "Bleak House," probably grew up not only with a bitter hatred of Tockahoopo Indians, superannuated widows and missionary enterprise, but with a tendency to see Christianity only in association with committee meetings, long speeches, and the appropriation of childhood's pocket-money to the hated "cause." To men like Mr. Hudson, lovers of nature in her open spaces and her freedom, the thought of ecclesiastic ceremonial must be as that of the tainted atmosphere of a sick-room. And when he recalls the fact that the scheming Cardinal, or the ambitious Archbishop, claims to speak directly in the name of the God who created the woodland, down and forest, and those wonderful creatures, the birds, he feels a sardonic pleasure in describing St. Dunstan, "the head shepherd of God's sheep, here in England," as a cruel and scheming prelate who had "ambitions of purging the Church of the order of priests or half-priests, or canons, who were in possession of most of the religious houses in England, and were priests that married wives and owned lands and had great power," and yet a prelate who made no "great pother" about the king's violation of nuns, "seeing that Edgar was so powerful a friend of the Church and of pure religion."

It is interesting to see what Alban Butler says of St. Dunstan's connivance at the king's misdeeds. He relates:—

> St. Dunstan, being informed of this scandal, went in haste to the court, and like another Nathan, reproved the king in a zealous, but respectful, manner. The prince, struck with remorse, begged with many tears that a suitable penance might be enjoined him, and became a faithful imitator of the perfect royal penitent, David. The Archbishop enjoined him a penance for seven years, during which term he was never to wear his crown, was ordered to fast twice a week, and to give large alms. Another part of his penance was to found a nunnery, in which many holy virgins might consecrate themselves chaste spouses to Christ, in satisfaction for his crime in having violated a virgin. These conditions the king faithfully performed, and founded a rich monastery and nuns at Shaftsbury.

If King Edgar considered, as Mr. Hudson does, that this was not a "great pother," he must have had a penitential zeal free from sarcasm for "the Church and pure religion." If we are not convinced by Mr. Hudson's psychological treatment of the above, we confess we relish his poetical treatment of the story in general. Having read it, the impression that remains is of the "beautiful lungwort blue colour" of Elfrida's eyes, and her long, abundant hair, and of her dead body lying on the pebbly bottom of the crystal stream, with the dead blue eyes, "like living eyes—living and gazing through the crystal-clear running water at the group of nuns staring down with horror-struck faces at her." The writer, with all his dislike of ceremonial, has a tender heart for the lungwort.

In the second story of the book, that of "An Old Thorn," we get the author's ire turned against the man-hanging, law-and-religion-upholding, cruel judges of the early ninteenth century, and his tender side studying a survival of "tree worship." The judge with "a bad liver" that he has in his indignant mind is Sir James Allan Park, who died in 1838. It seems very unfortunate that this gentleman, who on occasion spoke, the author says, as a human devil in a black cap, "was also the author of a religious work." His undiscriminating severity was both a horrible thing in itself and also typical of the times he lived in. Certainly Mr. Hudson enlists our sympathy for the poor "tree worshipper" who was hanged. But the thing that lingers in the mind is the picture of the gnarled old thorn tree standing solitary on the Wiltshire Downs, especially as its impression is aided by the second of the book's excellent illustrations.

Smithsonian Institution: Annual Report of the Board of Regents for 1918. (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1920.)

The Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, U.S.A., for 1918, contains an immense variety of information of great interest. Much of it is of a technical and scientific character, and belongs to the region of the specialist. But the ordinary reader can hardly fail to find his interest captivated by certain of the articles appended to the Reports of Secretary, Executive Committee and Regents, especially as they are many of them illustrated by remarkably fine plates.

The Board of Regents of the Institution have, from an early date, made it an object to enhance the annual report, which is required of them by law, with memoirs of scientific discovery in various directions. Reports of investigations made by collaborators of the Institution are given, and special topics of value or interest treated.

The Report therefore includes a miscellaneous selection of papers, some of them original and others reprinted after having appeared elsewhere.. A glance at one or two of the papers will indicate something of the range of treatment and suggest something of the interest they offer.

The death of Prince Kropotkin recently reported adds a personal touch to the interest of the paper by this "scientific revolutionist, who never contemplated or approved of physical force in revolution." And in a random glance at the Report it may be mentioned first. The article is on "The Direct Action of Environment and Evolution," and is a reproduction, by permission, of its appearance in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, of January, 1919. It consists of a consideration of the conclusions to be drawn from the researches and discussions of the last fifty years as to the part played by the direct action of environment in the evolution of new species. It is followed, in the Report, by essays on "The Law of Irreversible Evolution," by Dr. Petronievics, and on "The Fundamental Factor of Insect Evolution," by S. S. Chetverikov of Russia.

A very different subject, and one far less abstract, is that treated by Professor George E. Nichols in his Paper on Sphagnum Moss. This moss and its use in surgical dressings as a substitute for cotton, takes us back in mind to the war. A passage may be quoted :—

> The history of its use in the recent war is somewhat as follows: Shortly after the outbreak of the war it began to be feared in England that there might be a serious shortage of cotton, and experiments were made with various materials—oakum, wood pulp, and even sawdust—in the hope of finding some satisfactory substitute. It was at this time that attention was directed by C. W. Cathcart, an Edinburgh surgeon attached to the British Army medical forces, to the neglected possibilities of the sphagnum. In 1914 sphagnum dressings were given a thorough try-out at one of the large war hospitals in Scotland, and the results proved so satisfactory that sphagnum was at once recommended for general use. In September, 1915, sphagnum dressings were formally accepted by the British War Office. At this time the total British output of sphagnum surgical dressings was barely 250 a month. But the work rapidly assumed large proportions, and we are informed by the London *Graphic* for September 2, 1916, that the collecting and drying of sphagnum moss and making it up into surgical dressings "has become a national industry" in Scotland, and that "the work is being extended all over England, Ireland and Wales." By the end of 1916 the monthly output of sphagnum surgical dressings from British organizations had come to exceed 200,000.

The winds of heaven have their treatment in a Paper by Prof. Ward, on "The Tornadoes of the United States," "Wind Power," by James Carlill, and in an account of the persevering experiments in practical aviation made by the pioneer aviator Dr. S. Pierpont Langley. Helium, radioactive lead, international metal supplies, reptile reconstructions in the United States National Museum, paleobotany, sexual selection and bird song, marine camoufleurs and their camouflage, foot-plow agriculture in Peru, the Sun Worship of the Hopi Indians, the problem of degeneracy, twentieth century physics—are some of the diverse topics dealt with by experts in this interesting and suggestive compendium of some of the results of recent thought, science and research.

NOVELS.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT. By Ben Ames Williams. (Mills & Boon.) 8s. 6d. net.

"I'll be the next Mayor of Hardiston—sure," said Winthrop Chase, senior.

"Barring an accident," said the Congressman.

But Chase, senior, was not the next Mayor, and the great accident came off, and the story of it is the theme of the brightly written American pocket-drama, given us by Ben Ames Williams.

The question in Hardiston was whether the town was going "dry" or "wet." Whether law was to be enforced or its transgression winked at. And the circumstances which attended the election of Chase, junior, furnished him with a crisis in his life, and the author of the book the opportunity for an excellent story, which indeed he makes the most of.

How the strong opposing interests split up the dwellers in a small American town into antagonistic camps, how passions were aroused and mean plots formed, how false friends were proved false and true friends were gradually revealed as true, how love came into its own, and how the stubbornness of the hero came to his assistance and made a strong man of him, is all narrated effectively as the story proceeds.

Those who find a piquant flavour in the conversations of American provincial towns will find plenty of it here. In Hardiston, on meeting a friend you do not say "How do you do?" or even "How do you eat your rice?" You simply say, "How's tricks?" Something of the book's flavour can be gathered from the following scrap of conversation between Chase, senior, and the Congressman :—

"It was a dirty trick," Chase insisted. . . . .

Amos held up a heavy hand. "Wait a minute," he protested. "Wait a minute, Senior. Let me get this here straight. You come to me with a prop'sition. Wanted to get together. Said you had me licked. I told you if you was elected Mayor, we'd hitch up. Ain't that right now, Senior?"

Chase moved angrily. "Strictly true," he confessed. "That's why I call it tricky. You came to my own meeting, and said you were going to vote for me."

"Guess I said I was going to vote for a Chase, didn't I? Guess I did. And that's the way I voted."

"The town thought you meant me."

"Not long they didn't. Word went around what I meant, all in good time."

Chase got to his feet, his head back, his face flushed. He leaned down to face Amos, and he slapped his right fist into his left palm. "I tell you it was a trick," he insisted. "You know it. It was unworthy. And I give you due warning, Caretall—I'm out for your scalp now. I propose to get it. Take your measures accordingly."

REVELATION. By Dulcie Deamer. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8s. 6d. net.

We rather think this novel might be transplanted to the "movies." If it be, we shall have on the films the picture of Astarte, the heroine, raised from the dead by Jesus of Nazareth only to go and commit adultery with Valerius, Captain of the Roman Guard, and so present a further film picture of "the woman taken in adultery." Astarte is trained in the muscle dance, and the bee dance and the stomach dance, and sold and taken away by a hideous eunuch to the Court of Herod Antipas. There she blinks her eyes and says, among the other dancing girls: "I am so glad I was sold this morning and have come here. This is a very beautiful place." And the other girls say: "Oh, listen to her! Isn't she a darling?" And when she shakes her head in answer to the questions: "Then you've never been in love? Has no man ever kissed you?" they cry out: "Oh, you unborn babe! You little pigeon! . . . You're as wonderful as a miracle."

David, the hero, a free-thinking Jew, gets converted by the Messiah, so that "his eyes were open, and his faith burned like a flame"—until he found that Astarte had not been stoned after all. Then his flame of faith goes out pop, and he says "Astarte . . ." and she says "David . . ." and he says, "My happiness, my divinity, my heaven and earth! . . ." "You are my life. You—only you I worship." And so forth. But in order to produce the impression that the book is on the side of the angels, Astarte dies a second time, or, perhaps, like Zola's "La Grivotte," she found her miraculous resuscitation was not permanent, and David goes off, and takes the name of Stephen, "to signify the rebirth of the spirit that had dawned in him between the apple and almond trees of a garden," and provides an excellent opportunity for film-production as the first Christian martyr.

The book, it will be seen, is superficial and cheap in sentiment, and its main interest is in the dancing-girl quarter, but the plot, as such, is handled with considerable dexterity, and the book is brightly written. At the same time it cannot be regarded otherwise than as offering a painful travesty of sacred things.

Cloudy Jewel. By Grace Livingstone Hill (Mrs. Lutz). (Lippincott Company.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Lutz has previously given the public the novels "Exit Betty" and "The Enchanted Barn." If we permit ourselves the cheap gibe that "Cloudy Jewel" and her niece and nephew Leslie and Allison Cloud present us with a form of indefinite religion as cloudy as their own name, we can hasten to add that here we have a story in which even the glorification of "Christian Endeavour" elicits our sympathies, inasmuch as the authoress therein inculcates the doctrine that there are keener joys in life than are to be found in the mere enjoyment of the pleasures riches can purchase. The book takes its title from the pet name bestowed by her niece and nephew upon Julia Cloud, whom they have prevailed upon to come and share with them their wealthy home. They inherit the fortune of rich, dead parents; they are just of age; they are frivolous but affectionate; and their aunt, who has been rescued by their action from a life of drudgery, not only serves and watches over them with unselfish devotion, but by her sympathetic sweetness wins them away from frivolity to her own ideals as expressed in—Christian Endeavour. The fact, visible before them, of her own self-sacrificing work on their behalf, gives a force of inspiration to her affectionate counsel, and no one can read the book without feeling the appeal of its sincerity. One has often wondered why the excellent coloured picture on the paper wrapper of a novel is not incorporated in the work itself, to form a permanent part. And in this book it is pleasant to observe that the publishers have done so. The daintily coloured illustration by H. Weston Taylor, in itself suggestive of the unaffected sweetness of the story, is not only on the wrapper, but forms the frontispiece of the volume. We commend the book for its quality of what Americans call "uplift."

Something that begins with a "T." By Kay Cleaver Strahan. (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a decidedly refreshing book, and one which inculcates a wholesome and brave spirit in the face of calamity, where a cowardly and pessimistic attitude might have been expected. The something that begins with a "T" seems to be love regarded either as triumph or truth, though which of these is the final view the reader must ascertain for himself. The book contains that sort of humour which is indicative of a certain breadth of view, and its attitude towards nature is both accurate in description and convincing in presentment. Phyl, the heroine, writes her story of herself in a ledger given her to keep accounts in. At its start we find her staying with a married brother, whose wife is one of those pessimists who do so much to make life unendurable for those about them. A certain heavy blow which falls upon Phyl is met with such splendid pluck that on the very day of its falling she provides herself with a new interest in life by a purchase made with the remaining treasure of her vanished hopes. Her whole mind thereupon becomes absorbed in her new enterprise until the placid surface of life's stream is broken into ripples by the advent of Love, who comes with strangers. The story is not one of which exciting incidents form the main attraction; it is rather the quiet tale of the persistent practice of acts which go to make up the habit and the virtue of hope. Our attention is closely held throughout a charming sermon on the courage of joy as opposed to the selfishness of pessimism. The book is excellently illustrated by William A. Kirkpatrick and has a charming coloured frontispiece.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONSERVATIVES TO THE RESCUE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: Although not personally acquainted with your lordship, I must confess that the shameful placard of the *Evening News* yesterday announcing your death was a shock to me, but I was deeply thankful to read later in the day in another organ that there was not the slightest foundation for such a report.

I read with the greatest interest your excellent article in this week's issue of Plain English, headed "The Conservatives to the Rescue." I feel so strongly the need of a revived Conservative Party founded on sound and honest principles, that I hope you will see your way to announce in your next issue that you will be glad to receive the names and addresses of those of your readers who would support a body formed to bring such a Party together. Personally I should be delighted to devote some of my spare time towards the clerical work which would be involved. May I hope to hear from you in regard to this suggestion?

With renewed expressions of relief that you are still among the living, and wishing you every success in your noble efforts to call public attention to the political scandals of to-day.

I am, my Lord, yours faithfully,
Ernest James.

2, Cleveland Road,
Barnes, S.W. 13.
February 5, 1921.

[In our opinion there is nothing to be gained by forming new societies or Parties. The Conservative Party is in existence, with its powerful organisation; and all it has to do is to assert itself. If it fails to grasp its opportunity, the country will be past praying for.—Ed.]

THE JEWISH PERIL.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: Mr. Lucien Wolf's pamphlet, "The Jewish Bogey," 1920, issued at the offices of Messrs. Emanuel & Simons, solicitors, 23, Finsbury Square, at 2s. 6d., essays to discredit as forgeries the documents published about 1905 by Nilus in Russia as "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," of which an English translation was published early in 1920, namely, "The Jewish Peril," etc.

Full reliance, however, should not be placed in Mr. Wolf's Essays I. and II. condemning the original "Protocols" to be forgeries. This distrust in his arguments is strengthened in the course of his Essay III., in which he commits the error of inaccurate statements, either in ignorance or by design, misleading his readers as to the connection between "Jews and Bolshevism."

On page 39 Mr. Wolf challenges the belief that the Bolshevist revolution was engineered by Jews and is still controlled and directed by Jews. He brushes these notorious facts aside with the nursery claptrap of "The Jewish Bogey."

However, he admits that Trotski was a Jew. He does not pretend to deny that Trotski and Lenin were sent from Germany for the purpose of, and jointly succeeded in, forcing their German Jewish infidel Bolshevist revolution on Russia. This revolution these two German agents still control with their Jewish lieutenants in a majority in the Bolshevist administration.

On page 46 Mr. Wolf asserts that of the Cabinet of seventeen of the "Russian Soviet Republic" sixteen are indisputably Gentiles. He appeals to "What are the Facts?" The question he has raised is, Who controls and directs the Bolshevist revolution in Russia?

The answer is given in a list now before me of "The Personnel of the Soviet Bureaucracy," published in New York City by the "Association Unity of Russia, 1920," the same year as Mr. Wolf's "Bogey" essays. This document gives the names of the Jews engaged then on the staffs of various departments and their numerical majority over their Gentile colleagues, in figures scheduled below for convenience.

Department.	*Staff, Total.*	*Staff, Jews.*
Council of the People's Commissars...	22	17
War Commissariat	43	34
Commissariat of the Interior... ...	64	45
Committee of Foreign Affairs ...	17	13
Commissariat of the Exchequer ...	30	26
Commissary of Justice	19	18
Commission of Hygiene	5	4
Commissariat of Public Instruction...	53	44
Commission of Social Aid	6	6
Commission of Works...	8	7
Commission for Jaroslav	2	2
Delegates of Bolshevist Red Cross ...	8	8
Provincial Commissioners	23	21
Journalists, *Pravda, Isvestia, Financy i Narodne Khosiaistwo*	42	41
Commission on Officials of Empire ...	7	5
Committee as to Assassination of Emperor	10	7
Supreme Council of General Economy	56	45
Bureau of first Soviet, Moscow ...	23	19
Central Committee of Fourth Pan-Russian Cong.	34	33
Central Committee of Fifth Cong., etc.	62	43
Central Committee of Social Democ. Party of Workmen	12	9
	546	447

Jew majority, 447 ; Gentile minority, 99.

Further comment is hardly necessary as to the reliance to be placed on the credibility of Mr. Wolf's statements in condemning the "Protocols," etc., as forgeries in his Essays I. and II.

17, Worsley Road, I am, Sir,
East Heath, Your obedient servant,
Hampstead, N.W.3. A. TAULMIN SMITH.
February 2, 1921.

VENIZELOS' LITTLE GAME.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—When the people of Greece, in spite of the military autocracy maintained by M. Venizelos at the daily expense of one million drachmæ supplied by the British taxpayer, finally found their voice in a general election, M. Venizelos was driven from their country. He found refuge at Monte Carlo as the guest of M. Zervadakis, the sinister Jew, who hovered like a vulture over the British Embassy in Rome during the war. Having finished his holiday, M. Venizelos went to Paris, and made his political report to the *Grand Orient.* He is now in London to confer with the heads of that formidable sect, the Askenazim *money-bund.* His purpose here, so he tells Lady Bathurst's Mr. Gwynne and Lady Astor's Mr. Garvin, is to represent "the unredeemed Greeks." Among these are those whom he calls the Epirotes or the people of Southern Albania. May I be permitted to tell you the story of these most unhappy people whom M. Venizelos pretends he represents ?

Early in April, 1914, I arrived at the town of Koritza, near Lake Ochrida, in Southern Albania. I was invited to spend the night at the so-called American School, and was given a room in one wing of this building, which had obtained the name of "American School" because it had been given by a Mr. Charles Crane, of Chicago, for the purpose of teaching English and Albanian to the children of the district. At three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by rifle fire through my windows, and it was some time before I could realise that the school was being attacked by an armed force. In the school were five young women teachers, the Principal, who was a cripple, the Principal's wife, the well-known Madam Kyrias, her sister, her two children—both under four years—while our only fighting force was apparently the armed kavass and myself, who possessed a small sporting rifle. A high wall surrounded the school, and for the moment no attempt was made by our unknown attackers to scale this wall. They contented themselves with firing over it into the upper windows. After putting the children in the lower rooms, the kavass discovered in a store room five Mauser rifles and a quantity of ammunition which had been left behind by some of the stragglers of the Turkish Army which had a few months previously retreated upon Yanina. The young teachers, mere girls fresh from a missionary school, took these rifles, and for two days, by firing at every head appearing above the wall, the school was held. On the second day the Roumanian College, only a few hundred yards away, was set on fire. Then heavy street firing took place, and from the shouting outside the gate we learned that apparently people we knew were gaining possession of the town. A number of men, headed by Mr. Tsilka, a missionary from Elbasan, reached the school, which was then heavily attacked. One of the enemy actually succeeded in scaling the wall, and was within a few yards of us before he was killed by a shot from the kavass.

On the third day the town was again quiet, except for the casual fighting, which was necessary to dislodge those of the invaders who held out in captured houses. By questioning the men captured and by examining the dead, I learned that the invading force consisted of convicts released from the prisons of Crete. They had been fitted out in Salonica with machine guns and rifles, and reinforced by brigands from Thrace, officered by men from the regular Greek Army.

They were instructed to capture the beautiful, peaceful Albanian town of Koritza with its neighbouring coal deposits and declare an "unredeemed Greek" republic. Strange to say, the invaders had not shouted "Zito Constantino," but had instead shouted "Zito Venizelos," and had placarded the town with lithographs of that benign monster. Although our little band had remained frightened but unharmed, the condition of the Roumanian College was beyond description. The aged Bishop had been murdered and mutilated, various teachers had been so hacked and stabbed that their bodies could not be recognised.

Colonel Snellen Van Vollenhovan, a Dutch officer in charge of the Albanian gendarmes for the Koritza district, had been badly wounded by a young Greek schoolmaster, who went up to speak to him at the post office. His soldiers in the Kolonia district had been cut off and heavy firing was reported there. Various embassies in the Near East soon sent men to investigate the conditions. The world had been told through the Venizelos Press Bureau in Athens that "the unredeemed Greeks" of Southern Albania had risen in revolt and demanded annexation with Greece.

Prince Stroudza, who came to investigate the murder of his compatriots at the Roumanian College, reported to Bukarest that the work had been done by convicts released from the prisons of Crete through the orders of M. Venizelos, who wished to secure the valuable coal-lands of Koritza for the Jewish *money-bund* which Venizelos represented. Next, the young Count Altamont arrived on behalf of the French. It was not for some time that the late Charles Lister could reach Koritza from Constantinople. I left my badly riddled room ready for Lister and set off together with Prince Stroudza and Count Altamont for Kolonia. Upon reaching the village of Butka we saw before us in that fertile valley, which had been an ancient colony of the Empress Agrippa, the smoke of burning villages. We counted thirty villages in flames. There passed us a constant stream of panic-stricken refugees, all of whom told the same story. In their homes, just as at Koritza, armed bands of Cretans and "deserters" from the Greek Army had fallen upon them, firing and murdering everywhere. The refugees said that they were being closely pursued and that the invaders had *topa matha* (cannon) with them. This seemed impossible, for even if M. Venizelos's Cretan convicts were officered by Greek "deserters," the artillery of the Greek Army would hardly be able to "desert" as well. Yet through our glasses we could see along the broad Erseka road two field guns being brought up. The Bey of Butka had about 40 armed men commanded by his young son, Gani. Reinforced by some of the men among the refugees, Prince Stroudza, Count Altamont and myself agreed that it would be best to defend the village.

What happened is much too precious a memory to put even in a letter written from the depths of indignation. But I cannot help sending you this personal narrative to show you how false, how utterly hypocritical are the lies told by M. Venizelos in regard to the "unredeemed Greeks" of Southern Albania.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Feb. 7, 1921. POLITICAL OFFICER.

IS LORD NORTHCLIFFE A JEW?

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

Sir,—In your issue of January 29 last, you state in an editorial note to a correspondent, who signs "A. G. C.," on page 98, that the connection of the Harmsworths with the family of Stern is recorded on page 506 of the Gotha Almanac.

I have looked at that page in the 1920 edition of the "Almanach de Gotha" and find that it is devoted to the families of Sayn-et-Wittgenstein, Sayn-Witt-Genstein and Scilla.

I do not find the name of Stern in the accounts of any of these families. Neither do I find the name of Stern mentioned in the "Almanach."

February 6, 1921. A. N. L.

[The Almanac in question is the "Almanac Semi-Gotha," which is a record published at Munich of all Jewish families possessing titles of European nobility.—ED.]

NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The need for a new party in politics demands a new name. What is it to be? The term Liberal, as opposed to Conservative, no longer apply. Probably neither of these has been properly descriptive, since the Reform Bill has resulted in liberality creating universal greed amongst the crowd. As for Unionist, this is, of course, now merged in Imperialist, as every Briton, whether Colonial or European, is an Imperial Unionist, so that as a political form of domestic significance it no longer defines a creed. The Labour Party is not a political party—it is purely parochial and out for itself, not for the country. It provides little or nothing towards the services of the State, and its function seems confined to absorbing the hard-earned wages of the industrious. It is, in fact, a misnomer. The political fight will be Free Trade against Protection—a struggle on great business issues. There will be those who can and will do things and the others who will wait for results. But no artificial expedients will prevent the inevitable outcome and profit to the workers of all nations. It is a significant fact that our financial authorities and bankers, whose business it is to use money to its full earning power, are all in favour of Free Trade; it is likewise important to observe that few, if any, of our politicians are sufficiently versed in matters of economics to give a lead, and, consequently, in the big issues before us, they are little to be trusted.

During the campaign in Scotland in support of Mr. Asquith when he was Home Secretary, some 25 years ago, in the early days of his career as a Minister and hopeful then of taking up the mantle of the late Mr. Gladstone, his definition of Liberalism was given as, "Trust in the people qualified by prudence," and probably as a text it was helpful in its age and generation. Experience, however, has given a truer text of a more passive kind which the intelligent voter would do well to take to heart, "Mistrust of our politicians qualified by fear."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Junior Carlton Club, J. C.
February 7, 1921.

THE NAVY'S FUTURE.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR: I beg to enclose a copy of a letter which I sent to the *Morning Post.* The editor of that paper is seemingly too proud to publish letters, although not to receive the pennies of unofficial persons. He can find room for communications about the "Stymie," but not about the Navy, especially in connection with that great secret, Jutland. Does the present-day Press reflect, or stifle, public opinion? A Smillie or a Jew can obtain a ready hearing, but to us poor Conservative Gentiles appears to be decreed only the humble role of audience.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.
4, Gerard Road, Barnes, S.W. 13. W. B. LAURENCE.
February 3, 1921.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

4, Gerard Road, Barnes, S.W. 13.
February 1, 1921.

SIR: In Saturday's *Morning Post*, your Naval Correspondent bemoans, under title "The Navy's Future," the alleged fact that the future of the Navy is being made a political, as opposed to an Imperial matter.

But what else can you expect when, during the war and since the war, a conspiracy of silence seems to brood over all questions affecting the Navy? Only occasionally does one read any contribution in the Press likely to nourish public interest in a problem of first-rate importance to England. The Navy prides itself on being the "silent service." Englishmen have an instinctive respect for non-advertisement, but silence can surely be carried too far. From the time of Lord George Hamilton's Naval Defence Act down to 1914, the Press, public men and patriotically-inspired bodies, such as the Navy League, did their best to keep the Naval interests of the country before the public, but during the war and since the war, a curtain seems to have rung down by some influence or other on Naval affairs. One has only to mention the long-delayed Admiralty Memorandum on the Battle of Jutland, the suppression of Captain Harper's "popular" rendering of that Memorandum, the very strange absence since the official account of all comment on the battle in the newspapers (including the "independent," "fearless" and "the Services" (*Morning Post*) to give *prima facie* support to the foregoing statements. Quoting from another part of Saturday's *Morning Post*, the President Elect of the U.S. is reported to have written as follows:—

> More and more wars are won upon the sea. We have learnt that in the great war where so much attention was given to land fighting.

There is, of course, nothing new in "so much attention being given to the land fighting." In the popular histories references to the campaigns of this country on various continents practically fill the bill; the Navy coming in for "mention" only in such star turns as St. Vincent and the Nile, &c. Take again the war memorials of the present day, the Navy finds hardly a place. Is there some sinister influence, some real hidden hand in our midst striving to work the Navy out of the heart of the country, taking advantage, perhaps, of the professional pride (evinced in its silence) of the Navy itself? Was it not odd that during the war the attention of the First Naval Power should be so entirely directed to the land fighting? Was it not odd that the fatuous daily bulletins from G.H.Q. were not counterbalanced by, perhaps (to please the enemy) equally fatuous daily bulletins from the Admiralty to keep active the principle "The Navy and the Army"? But no sinister influence or hidden hand could more effectually have put this country "on the beach" than the £8,000,000,000 debt largely representing military bill and its concomitant commitments to placate the populace. But if we cannot for that or kindred reasons have a Navy, may we not still talk about our quondam glory? Must we maintain silence about even its last dying achievement, Jutland? I hope that the veil of the temple may be rent on this subject.

Your obedient servant,
W. B. LAURENCE.

IRISH-CATHOLICISM. THE NEW HERESY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The stress of private correspondence, which the recurrence of the great Christian festivals customarily brings, has prevented me for some time from sending you several extracts from the daily papers here, reporting things which might have interested you and your readers, and which it seemed to me right and useful you should know—together with brief comments of my own; but meanwhile some of these have probably reached you through the ordinary channels of the press; others are out of date; and none can have its pristine value.

I am, however, venturing to enclose you two rather long clippings of more recent date, which seem to me both seasonable and to call for notice and comment.

The first is the farewell to this land of mistaken hospitality, issued in the name of that Dago-Yankee Valera, who calls himself " President of the Irish Republic," on the announcement of his safe arrival in Ireland. The only comforting assurance to be derived from this dithyramb of slush, gush, and drivel is the admission that he failed to accomplish the purpose with which he came here—doubtless, the official recognition of his bastard " republic " by the Government of the U.S. What honours it has bestowed on him which it " has derived to Princes " I cannot guess. One can only in general terms congratulate the " Princes " on having providentially escaped such association; and regret that one Prince did not entirely do so. I refer, of course, to the conferring of the Freedom of the City of New York both on this rebel rogue and on the Prince of Wales, within a few days of one another. One would like to suggest, with all due submission, that it would be admirably in place for H.R.H. to return to the Tammany Fenians their mocking and vitiated " honour."

I observe that he closes one hysteric apostrophe to " Liberty's chosen champion " with the aspiration " and, oh, may you never know yourself the agony of a foreign master's lash ! "—containing the *suggestio falsi* that he has. If only he had, in all literalness, it would be some satisfaction ; but, as a matter of fact, it was only through the King's misplaced clemency in pardoning him his traitor's life after the Rebellion of '16 that he was able to use it to come here and (at a safe distance) foment murder and rebellion of the King's loyal subjects and his own misguided fellowers in the Kingdom of Ireland. Pæans are being sung here celebrating his " safe " return to the scene of his treason. If it prove to be, indeed, " safe," then those should hang who permitted it to be so. If he be in Ireland and the Government do not capture him, they should be turned out for incompetence. If they capture and do not hang him, then they should be impeached for misprision of Treason. Let me recall the manly and straightforward justification of his own conduct, by that loyal and ill-used servant of the Crown, Governor Eyre, in hanging the slimy rogue Gordon (a glib-tongued local Baptist preacher, and chief instigator of the negro insurrection in Jamaica in 1865). The Governor said, that had he punished as they deserved (and as he did) with flogging or death the poor deluded wretches—Gordon's dupes—and let the chief malefactor go free, he would have held himself for ever caitiff—a double-dyed traitor, both to conscience and the Queen. Leniency, pardon are wasted on that sort—worse than wasted—unjustly misplaced. They always have been—in Ireland and everywhere else. Let me quote some verses, addressed to such sneaking instigators of crime—authors of what in modern journalism *argot* is called—" propaganda "—which I recently discovered below a contemporary print of Louvel, the murderer of the Duke of Berri, in 1820 :—

Fiers devant la bonté, vils devant la puissance,
Sophistes corrupteurs ! vos bras de la licence
Ont dressé l'étandard.
Louvel boit le poison qui sort de votre bouche,
Et votre plume, aux mains de ce monstre farouche,
Se transforme en poignard !

Mutatis mutandis it might be addressed to the criminal Irish agitators of to-day.

So much, sir, for this precious farewell " message " of the evading Valera, which his secretary, one Boland, is giving out for publication on New Year's eve, declared had been " indited by the departing president the night before he took ship."

Now let me call your attention to the utterances last night (Jan. 6) at a great meeting of the Irish in Madison Square Garden of this same Boland—" private secretary and spokesman in this country " (I quote my morning's paper, the *Herald*) " for Eamon de Valera, ' President of the Irish Republic.' " [Are we to assume that these also were inspired by " the departing president the night before he took ship " ?]

Will quote only one paragraph, with the proviso—*ex uno disce omnes*. You have the full text yourself, sir (as the newspaper prints it) " to witness if I lie ! "

> " If England does not stop her campaign of murder in Ireland," shouted Mr. Boland, " we will preach a race vendetta all over the world, and when an Irishman is killed we will demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. (Sic !) We will call on our people all over the world to take up the struggle. We will tell them : "Anywhere you see anything British, by God, strike it down ! ' "

Of course one may say—But this is mere *brutum fulmen*, the sanguinary spume of an ensignman. Perhaps ; but it falls on willing ears, and remember the verses above, which experience has justified not once nor twice :—

Sophistes corrupteurs ! vos bras de la licence
Ont dressé l'étandard.
Louvel boit le poison qui sort de votre bouche,
Et votre plume, aux mains de ce monstre farouche,
Se transforme en poignard !

And Boland is " the private secretary and *spokesman in this country*, for Eamon de Valera, ' President of the Irish Republic.' " *Ergo ?*

Mary McSwiney, sister of the late suicide, also spoke, urging her hearers to make their American politics subservient to " Erin's wrongs," by instructing their Congressmen to vote for the instant recall of the English loan, unless Ireland be instantly " set free."

But the sting of the scorpion is (as always) in its tail. The newspaper account ends : " Other speakers were Frank P. Walsh and *Mgr. J. J. Dunne*. Mgr. Dunne *spoke on behalf of Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes*."

So once more the name and fame of the Catholic Church is, by deliberate act of her highest representative here, linked (in the eyes of all responsible and honourable American citizens) with Irish public advocacy of outrage and murder !

In desperation and indignation one asks, in the words of the motto of the Order of St. Patrick—*Quis separabit ?*

New York, R. T. N.
Jan. 7, 1921.

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—I have received the following :—

To the Hon. Secretary,
The English-Speaking Union,
Trafalgar Buildings,
1, Charing Cross, W.C. 2.

Please send me..............tickets at 15s.* each (exclusive of wines) for the Farewell Dinner to Lord Reading on Saturday, February 12, 1921. I enclose £ : s. d. in payment.

Signed ....
(*Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss ; give title or rank.*)

Address..

The names of my Guests are :..

* *A remittance must accompany all applications, and cheques should be made payable to " The English-Speaking Union " and crossed " Coutts & Co."*

Your courageous attacks on the growing Jew-power assures me that you will boldly lampoon this intent to camouflage the victory of Jew-power in India. It is a gross insult to ask Englishmen—and us who are of English descent—to bind ourselves to the triumphal chariot, in a willing subserviency. If you desire, I can send you list of London and vicinity members. Doubtless, if you can find one or more members to whom you can appeal, to use the opportunity to demand an outspoken reprobation by Lord Reading of the Jew brain-guided Bolshevism's cruelty and atheism.

As you know, Reading is a prominent official of (enclosed) " Union."

Most appreciatively,
H. W. SOUTHWORTH,
(U.S.A.).

LADY HARDINGE strongly recommends French lady to give lessons; would take daily engagements. Willing to travel.—Write to Mdlle. THIRION, 60, Gloucester Gardens, W. 2.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in each succeeding number, and are continued in our present issue.

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>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages ?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment ? If not, who has destroyed them ?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government :
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk ; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell ; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
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> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

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PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 32.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FEBRUARY 12, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

TEMPERANCE OR PROHIBITION.

TEMPERANCE is self-imposed, self-enforced.
PROHIBITION is imposed by others without your consent.

TEMPERANCE means your control of yourself.
PROHIBITION means other people's control of you.

TEMPERANCE implies use in moderation.
PROHIBITION forbids even use in moderation.

TEMPERANCE is a virtue.
PROHIBITION is a form of insanity.

TEMPERANCE can be defended; it cannot justly be attacked.
PROHIBITION cannot be defended, but must be attacked and destroyed.

EVERY ARGUMENT THAT PROVES
TEMPERANCE RIGHT
DEMONSTRATES THAT
PROHIBITION IS WRONG.

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IMPEACH CHURCHILL

PLAIN ENGLISH

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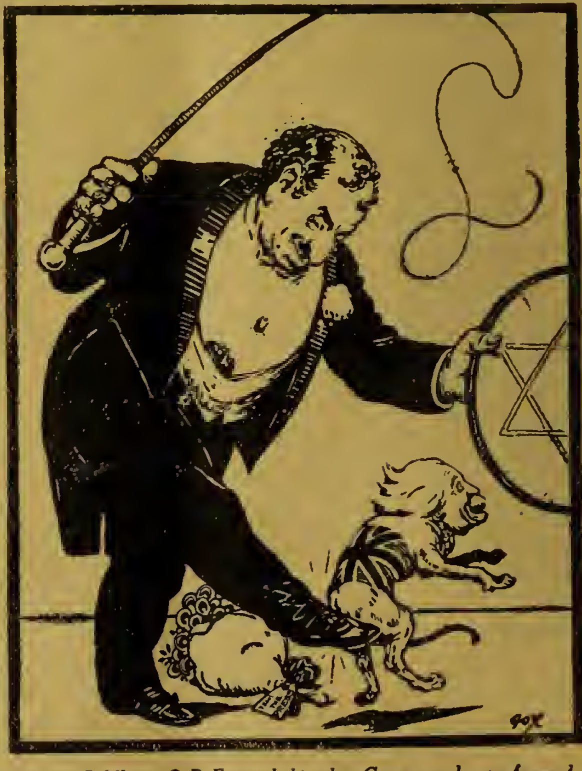

Prof. Goldlust, O.B.E. and his dog George, who performed at Spa, Lympne and Paris.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 143
Impeach Churchill 145
Churchill, Reading, and the English-speaking Union ... 146
The Strickland Report......... 147
Finance and Stock Markets... 148
Paris Notes....................... 149

PAGE
How the Vatican Saved the Mediterranean for British Naval Supremacy 150
A Business Government 151
A Russian View of the Jewish Question............... 153
Reviews 155
Correspondence 157

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Tel. No.—Museum 6893. *Telegrams—"Orthilico Westcent London."*

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

"Plain English" has been practically sold out for the last three weeks, and in consequence several of our regular readers have been unable to obtain their copies. In order to obviate this, regular readers should fill in the order form appearing on page 142, and send it with their subscription to the Manager, North British Publishing Co., Ltd., 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C., when the paper will be posted direct for the period required.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

A Hint or Two.

We hope that the Government's agent who, on Saturday last, was stationed in an adjoining room to overhear the conversation between the Editor and the assistant editor of this paper, and a certain gentleman residing at St. James's Court, was edified by the elegant little "frame-up" to which he (or she) was treated. The details of the lurid conversation and the evidences of the fearful "drunken orgie" which went on (on two siphons of soda water and an *empty* bottle of whisky) must form a valuable *pièce de conviction* when they are required. We also hope that the member of "the inner ring of the Government's profiteering camarilla" to whom we referred in our issue of January 22 in the course of an article entitled "A Scaffold for Jutland Traitors," will kindly take note that we have got our eye on him, and that his idiotic threats that "We" are going to "stop the issue of PLAIN ENGLISH in three weeks" merely cause us to smile our far-famed "curved archaic smile." He himself will smile on the wrong side of his mouth when we have finished with him, and the sooner he begins to realise the position in which his own misdeeds have landed him, and to "moderate his transports," the better chance he will have of escaping a public whipping.

Exit "The Athenæum."

Unwept, unhonoured and unsung, *The Athenœum* has gone down with the rabbit-skin coat of Frank Harris and the red shirt of H. G. Wells nailed to its mast, as it were. The paper, which was originally founded by James Silk Buckingham in 1828, subsequently became the property of the Dilkes. For many years it enjoyed a considerable reputation as a literary journal with a high and fastidious standard. It very nearly expired during the war, which proved fatal to *The Academy*, already scotched by the noble efforts of Lords Fitzwilliam and Howard de Walden, who bought the latter journal apparently for the express purpose of killing it. *The Athenœum* was, however, reconstituted after the war, and, under the editorship of Mr. Middleton Murry, it encouraged its backers for a short time. But when it took to "boosting" writers of the class of Harris, Wells and Lawrence, the author of "The Rainbow" (a book destroyed as obscene by order of the police, and which *The Athenœum* in a recent issue actually went out of its way to praise as "a great work of art"), its fate was sealed. A parting kick from PLAIN ENGLISH precipitated it into the arms of *The Nation*, where it has sunk to a fitting and lasting repose.

The Autobiography of a Child.

In last week's PLAIN ENGLISH we printed a review of a recently published book entitled "The Autogiography of a Child." The book is published by Kegan Paul, and the author's name is not given on the title page. The book was sent out by us for review to one of our best and most trusted reviewers, and his opinion of the book involved such severe condemnation that we almost hesitated to print his review without first satisfying ourselves that his strictures were justified. We have now had an opportunity of looking closely into the book ourselves, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is a disgraceful and diabolical publication, which no decent publisher ought to have published. We are amazed that a publisher of the reputation of Mr. Kegan Paul should have allowed such a book to go out with his imprint on the cover and title page. We refrain from quoting passages from the book, but we can safely say that if we cared to do so we could quote passage after passage which conclusively prove that the book should be destroyed as obscene by the Police. Before bringing the book to the notice of the Police, we wish to give its publisher a chance to withdraw it from circulation. If he fails to do so, we shall take such measures as are necessary to procure its forcible suppression. As to the author of the book, whose name we do not know, we will say that, whether the book is now withdrawn or not, he deserves to be sent to prison for having written it.

Cardinal Bourne and the Fenians.

Cardinal Bourne has followed the example of the late Cardinal Manning in solemnly condemning the Fenian organisation, better known as the Irish Republican Brotherhood. This condemnation was inevitable after the publication in PLAIN ENGLISH of the secret rules and oaths of this murder gang.

His Eminence says:—

> "The name 'Fenianism' is now no longer in use, but the activity that it connoted is still alive, and the denunciation of the second Archbishop of Westminster applies in unchanging measure to that activity to-day, by whatsoever name it may be called. It may be known unerringly by its principles, by its teachings, and by its fruits.
>
> "I desire the words of my predecessor to be used continually for the safeguarding of the whole flock."

Cardinal Manning's assurance that Fenianism is condemned by the Church may be quoted:—

> "First, it is not necessary that a secret society should be condemned by name. All seditious societies are condemned by definition, by description, and by identity with those which are condemned by name.
>
> "In the Allocution of September 14, 1865, the Holy Father, after renewing the condemnations of Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII., Leo XII., declares that the last-named Pontiff condemned all the clandestine societies which had been specially named, and 'all others whatsoever, by whatsoever name they might be called, which conspire against the Church and civil power, and prohibited them to all the faithful under the severest pain of excommunication.'"

It is natural that that peculiarly obnoxious person, "Jerry" McVeigh, M.P., should rush in to teach Cardinal Bourne his business. We await a protest by those Irish "patriots" who object to laymen discussing the political actions of Sinn Fein Bishops like the Bishop of Southwark. Now is their chance to prove that they were not actuated by political prejudice.

In the course of his impertinent communication, "Jerry" McVeigh comes out with a flat lie, which will be flatter when we have nailed it to the counter. Here it is:—

> If he has a shred of sympathy with the Irish people in the agonies through which they are at present passing, he has succeeded in keeping it well under control; and I cannot recall that he uttered a word of condemnation, or extended a helping hand, when his co-religionists *were being hunted from the factories, mills, and workshops of Belfast for no other crime than that they worship God at the same altar as himself.* Tens of thousands are in dire want to-day as a result of that campaign, and have received practical help from the great Cardinal Mercier; but not a word and not a penny from Cardinal Bourne, whose heart bleeds so for the women and children of Central Europe and for the devotion of Ireland to "the foolish catchword."

"Jerry" knows perfectly well that the loyal workers of Belfast refused to work beside Sinn Feiners so long as the murders continued. They issued a manifesto to the effect that they had no quarrel with loyal Catholics, and any man could resume his work on declaring that he dissociated himself from Sinn Fein and its crimes.

Yet we have this base and abominable attempt to make the Irish Question a religious one, and to involve the Catholic Church in the scandal of Sinn Fein.

Lord Hugh Cecil and Ireland.

Mr. Shane Leslie in the course of a letter to *The Times* says:—

> The day of bishops in Ireland, as elsewhere, is passed. They can no more stay Sinn Fein than the Italian bishops could stop Garibaldianism or the Protestant bishops Ritualism. That the Irish bishops exercised their authority longer than elsewhere is no reason for Lord Hugh Cecil's diatribe and condemnation, based on much ignorance of the last century. Archbishop Troy and his bishops crippled the rising of '98. The clergy snuffed out Smith O'Brien's rebellion. Cardinal Cullen devoted an unpopular reign to combating Fenianism, and successfully. Archbishops Croke and Walsh, by joining, constitutionalised the Land agitation of our times. But the Sinn Fein extremists, like the Garibaldians, have placed themselves outside the Church, which Lord Hugh's family tried so hard to destroy in these isles. There is one answer to his letter. Can he name a living Irish bishop who has not done all that can be possibly required of a Christian bishop to resist crime in his diocese? On behalf of friends in the Irish hierarchy, I venture to challenge him to name one. But he is ignorant of present as of past.

For our part, we can say that, in spite of the intimate knowledge which the Irish Bishops have of the activities of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, no attempt has been made in Ireland to cope with the renewed activities of this murder society, after the manner of Cardinal Cullen, who crushed the Fenianism of 1867-8.

It is absurd of Mr. Leslie to say that the "day of Bishops in Ireland is passed." Were they united in detestation of murder they could crush the murder gang by particular excommunication.

But the truth is that the apathy of the Irish Bishops, and the diabolical behaviour of the murder gang and their dupes and sympathisers, must be attributed to racial distinction. A study of Irish history would lay bare for any impartial student the horrible record of the Attacotti, with their periodical outbursts of blood lust.

Lord Hugh Cecil believes that this blood lust can be traced for 160 years. As a matter of fact, it can be traced for 2,600 years; and his lordship would be better employed in defending the honour of our brave officers' corps in Ireland than proposing that murder trials should be held in open court. Is it possible that he fails to realise that no jury could be persuaded to bring in a verdict of guilty? For every member of a jury which brought in a verdict of guilty at a trial for murder would be murdered.

The best treatment for sentimental people like Lord Hugh Cecil, who waver between loyalty and disloyalty and who charge our troops with horrid crimes, would be residence in such an abode of brotherly love as Castleisland, where the gentle inhabitants cut off human ears to convey a hint, and if the hint be not taken murder at sight.

Samuel Steals Our Silver.

By an Order in Council, published in Tuesday night's *Gazette*, the export of gold and silver coin and gold bullion is prohibited. What a farce it is to prohibit the export of "silver coin." Such coin no longer exists, and the public is forced to use a "token" coin of nickled copper furnished us by Guggenheim, Mond & Co. The actual silver is melted into bullion (note that the export of silver bullion is not prohibited) and it is being shipped by Samuel & Co. to fulfil their obligations in China. This is all part of the great betrayal. The head of Samuel & Co., who has robbed us of our silver, is Lord Swathling, whose brother, under the assumed name of Montagu, is ruining India. The Jew looks to China as the future field of exploitation. The Japanese are to be their agents. Hence all the talk of an Anglo-Japanese treaty, which is, in truth, merely a Rothschild-Japanese treaty.

"The present juncture," says a well-informed correspondent, "is favourable for reminding all people of certain general principles upon which the human institution of money is based. The expression 'Inflated Currency' is more than unfortunate; it is deliberately misleading, and has been invented as a substitute for the ugly but unmistakable expression 'Depreciated Money.' 'Depreciated Money' means simply that the value of money has been diminished. This can happen in two ways; either by debasing the gold and silver coin with an excess of alloy, or by issuing in enormous quantities money-tokens made of a practically valueless substance like paper, and asserting that these money-tokens are in all respects equal in *value* to the gold or silver coins, which they are supposed to represent. The fundamental principle of the institution of money is that money should have *value in itself*, *i.e.*, should be made of a valuable substance."

Second Thoughts.

It is pleasing to observe that our remarks about the *Sunday Evening Telegram* have led to a change of editorial (or, perhaps, proprietorial) heart. Among the sermons quoted in last Sunday's issue the Jewish religion took last place. Perhaps our old friends the Learned Elders are beginning to realise that they have been pushing things too far. For the apathy and indifference of the British public has given place to alertness and suspicion, and people are beginning to ask why they should have the Jewish religion thrust under their eyes week by week.

IMPEACH CHURCHILL.

THE evening papers of Monday last, the 14th of February, announced that "Mr. Winston Churchill *this morning* received the seals of office as Secretary of State for the Colonies." The untrue statement was thus put about all over London that Mr. Winston Churchill had got the seals of office (which had already been withheld from him for a week) on the morning of Monday, and without any trouble or difficulty.

The announcement made in all the evening papers was part of the plot engineered by the Press to smother our Jutland revelations by silence, and to convey the impression that they had been ignored and treated as non-existent by the rulers of the realm (who are ultimately the King and the Privy Council).

So far from this being the case, what really happened is as follows :—

On Monday morning (February 14th), at about 11.30, the following telegram was sent to the King by the editor of this paper :—

> **Appeal to your Majesty not to hand seals of office to Winston Churchill before he has publicly met the charges of treachery and fraud brought against him in last three issues of "Plain English" on question of Jutland despatch.**
>
> **ALFRED DOUGLAS, Editor of "Plain English."**

This telegram, provided that it was not intercepted, would be in His Majesty's hands not later than one o'clock.

At about 1.30 three marked copies of PLAIN ENGLISH, dated January 29th, February 5th and February 12th, in a sealed envelope, were taken by the hand of one having the *entrée* to Buckingham Palace, and sent up to His Majesty. They were placed in the hands of the King's private footman, with instructions that they were to be taken straight up to His Majesty, and not allowed to pass even through the hands of Lord Stamfordham. These instructions were carried out, and His Majesty duly received the marked copies of PLAIN ENGLISH within a minute of their being handed to the footman.

At five o'clock Mr. Balfour arrived at the Palace, in response to a summons from the King. He was asked what he had to say in answer to the statements made about him in PLAIN ENGLISH in connection with the Jutland despatch. We append the official announcement from the Court Circular recording the fact that Mr. Balfour had an audience with the King *before* the Council at which Mr. Churchill received the seals of office.

> **The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., had an audience of The King previous to the Council.**

Mr. Balfour frankly admitted that the whole story as related in PLAIN ENGLISH of his part in the transaction was correct. He pleaded complete ignorance of any financial plot, and declared that all he had done was to sign certain documents put before him for signature in the ordinary course.

The King then sent for Mr. Churchill, who saw His Majesty at 5.30. We append the official record of the interview from the Court Circular.

> **Previous to the Council the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., had an audience of His Majesty, and delivered up the Seals of Office as Secretary of State for War.**

His Majesty asked Mr. Churchill whether the account of the Jutland despatch as given in PLAIN ENGLISH was correct, and Mr. Churchill replied that, while he was unable to understand how PLAIN ENGLISH had obtained the information, he could not deny that it was substantially correct.

His Majesty then asked for an explanation, and Mr. Churchill informed him that the financial coup had been engineered and carried out solely for patriotic motives, and to obtain a large sum of money which would enable the war to be carried on.

After considerable discussion the King accepted this explanation, and handed the seals of office to Mr. Churchill at the Council which took place at 6 o'clock. We append the official record from the Court Circular.

> **The King held a Council this evening at 6 o'clock. There were present : The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. (Lord President), the Lord Lee of Fareham, the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby (Treasurer to The King and Keeper of the Privy Purse), and the Right Hon. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Bt., M.P.**
>
> **At the Council The King handed the Seals of Office as Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.**

We rejoice greatly that the King, whose throne and person we would lay down our lives to preserve at any moment, has shown that he is not merely a puppet in the hands of his Ministers as some have reported of him. We rejoice to think that the King, even before our final appeal to him, had refused to hand over the seals of office to Mr. Churchill at the bidding of Lloyd George and his gang. It is a great and inspiring thing to find that the King is determined to assert himself and the rights of the Throne, which are, if the working-men of this country only had the sense to understand it, their one and only safeguard against the tyranny and exploitation of Jews and profiteers on the one hand and their own mad or corrupt Bolshevised "leaders" on the other hand.

But, alas! we greatly fear that the King, for all his courage and good intentions, has been fooled. We ask this question : Will the people of this country believe as easily as the King has done that the sinister gang of German Jews, who were admittedly behind Mr. Churchill's clever piece of trickery, acted from patriotic motives ? We venture to think that they will not, and that now that the absolute accuracy of our account of this secret transaction has been admitted by the principal actors in the drama, more than ever will it appear necessary and imperative that a full public inquiry into the whole matter should take place. When we started to make these revelations we knew exactly what risks we were running. We will not deny that our main hope of getting matters cleared up lay in the belief that we could force Mr. Churchill to take criminal proceedings against the Editor of this paper and thus give him the opportunity to call his witnesses and justify up to the hilt every charge and every insinuation he had made against Mr. Churchill and the other parties to the plot.

It is not pleasant to be charged with a criminal offence even in the most righteous cause. Be one ever so sure of one's facts and the purity of one's motives, the evidence which is required for the justification of a terribly serious charge is in the long run but human after all. Witnesses have been "got out of the way" before now, and failure to establish the truth of an accusation would give to more than one judge on the Bench the chance of " paying off old scores " which would not be altogether without a sweet savour to those of them whose crookedness and corruption we have already exposed. Well, we took the risks and we think that we are therefore entitled to be listened to again. To cut a long story short, we consider that the mere denial of wrong motives, coupled as it is with a frank (because inevitable) admission of the truth of the facts alleged against him, can serve Winston Churchill neither a whit more nor a bit less than the technical " not guilty " plea of any man who is accused of any offence.

Churchill admits that every word of what we have alleged about his manœuvres in connection with the Jutland despatch is true. On the other hand, he protests that his motives for what he did were pure and patriotic. " Very well, then," we reply, " for our part we cannot accept your bare word and we remain totally unconvinced that your motives were either pure or patriotic. At the same time if you can satisfy an impartial tribunal that those motives were as you allege them to have been, we shall be the first to congratulate you, though even so we could go no further than to say that you had been absolved of definite criminal intention, but not of unjustifiable trickery and gross dereliction of duty as a public servant."

Accordingly, we call for the impeachment of Winston Churchill on the facts alleged against him in PLAIN ENGLISH in connection with his issue of a false report of the Battle of Jutland, which facts are admitted by him to be facts.

We consider that at the stage to which events have now arrived, and in view of the craven or corrupt attitude taken up by our unspeakable Press (including the *Morning Post*), it now rests with the Privy Council to carry the matter to its logical conclusion and to insist on the impeachment of Winston Churchill.

Mr. Churchill will then have an opportunity of explaining (1) how the enrichment, at the expense of British stockholders all over the world, of a gang of German Jew financiers can be said to have assisted in Great Britain's conduct of the war, and what precise connection there is between, say, Sir Ernest Cassel and the British Empire. (2) What particular impulse of purity or patriotism it was that prompted him to accept the gift of several thousand pounds' worth of furniture for his house in Eccleston Square from the aforesaid Sir Ernest Cassel within a few weeks of the issue of the false Jutland Report; and (3) how it comes about that, as a matter of fact, the whole profit of the transaction has gone into the hands of the *perpetui inimici* of Great Britain, of the British Empire and of all Christian kings and Governments all over the world.

As a pendant to the above, we now wish to set on record, as briefly as possible, the following facts :—

Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P. for East Herts, about three weeks ago, announced that he intended to ask a question in the House of Commons about the Jutland despatch, and to move the adjournment of the House on the answer.

Last Friday week Mr. Pemberton Billing was at Bristol, where he had a yacht lying in the harbour.

On Friday morning, the *Evening News*, an organ of the Northcliffe Press, announced the false news of the death of Lord Alfred Douglas, who, it alleged, had been found dead in his bed by a servant.

This news was telegraphed all over the world, and the correction did not become public till several hours after.

Mr. Pemberton Billing heard the news, and communicated it to his wife.

Later, a wireless message from Mr. Pemberton Billing at sea reached Mrs. Billing in Hertfordshire. Mrs. Billing was instructed to sell their house in Hertford, and to go to the South of France. Mr. Billing also gave as the address to which his letters were to be forwarded—a port in the West Indies.

Perhaps our gentle readers will not perceive any connection between the main portion of this article and the appended note about Mr. Pemberton Billing's sudden determination to give Parliament and London (the scene of what he no doubt took to be Lord Alfred Douglas's assassination) a wide berth (we use the words in their full nautical significance) ; on the other hand, perhaps they will.

CHURCHILL, READING, AND THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION.

IN spite of a dumb Press, and ingenious attempts to hide and discredit the truth which we have disclosed regarding the Jutland treachery, truth is winning.

The Government's folly in pushing forward Mr. Churchill as Colonial Secretary in the face of public opinion will become more obvious as time passes.

The Cabinet considers that safety lies in silence, in utterly ignoring our statements ; but its very silence is the one thing calculated to convict not only Mr. Churchill but every Member of the Government at the bar of public opinion.

If the Press is dumb, the people who really matter are by no means silent. The Jutland treachery is on every tongue ; and the decent people of this country are making up their minds to see this thing through.

The temperature of public indignation is slowly but surely rising.

Nothing is better calculated to exhibit the effects of our disclosures upon the public mind than the farewell dinner given by the English-Speaking Union, at the Hyde Park Hotel, to Lord Reading. The illustrated papers presented a rather unhappy-looking trio, namely Lord Reading, Mr. Churchill and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The daily press did its best by lying headlines to suggest that a distinguished company had gathered to bid Lord Reading farewell.

By way of proving the distinguished nature of the company the following were set down as the principal guests.

Be it remembered that this was a gathering arranged to bid farewell to a New Viceroy of India. Mr. Churchill was the only Minister present. We set down the following names as given in the Press, with our comments in brackets :—

> The Archbishop of Canterbury (who has been censured by one of his own bishops for selling church lands to the Jews).
>
> Lord Erleigh (son of Rufus Isaacs, who did no fighting in the war).
>
> Sir Hamar Greenwood (Jew).
>
> Sir Alfred and Lady Mond (Jews).
>
> Major Ffoulkes (appointed by Mond to Imperial War Museum. N.B., Robert Ross was appointed director of this museum by Mond).

Sir William Meyer (Jew; guilty of the death of 100,000 of our soldiers in Mesopotamia).

Sir Adolph Tuck (Jew).

Sir Charles des Graz (Jew, and father of the young Jew in charge of censorship in Liverpool!)

Sir John Henry (Jew).

Sir Ellis Hume-Williams (Maud Allan's lawyer, and George Lewis' principal counsel).

Sir Sidney Lee (Jew, real name Solomon Levi).

Sir Stuart Campbell (about whom we have made some interesting disclosures).

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs (of Marconi scandal fame).

Lt.-Col. Norman Thwaites (formerly valet to the blind Jew, Pulizter).

Two or three "no account Peers" and a small sprinkling of *soi-disant* society ladies who would go anywhere for a meal.

If the above list proves anything, it proves that decent people are avoiding association with Cabinet Ministers who sit down under charges of treachery and fraud.

Under ordinary circumstances at a dinner of this sort, given to a New Viceroy of India, one would expect to see every Cabinet Minister available, at least fifty leading Peers, and a large quota from the Judicial and Episcopal benches. Instead of which we see a motley gathering such as might be collected on any Saturday in the Whitechapel Synagogue.

THE STRICKLAND REPORT.

WE invite public attention to the following extraordinary utterance by the Prime Minister on the subject of the Cork burnings in the House of Commons on Tuesday last :—

> These inquiries are instituted with a view to informing the Government as to what action should be taken. As I shall point out, we have taken action. In this case there was not an agreed report, but there was enough in it to justify us in coming to the conclusion that there had been acts of indiscipline on the part of some of the auxiliary force. We have been unable, in spite of every effort, to find out who they are. We have already taken strong action in regard to certain members of the force. We have taken the sternest action with regard to offences committed by members of these forces in other cases. The officer in charge of the police took exactly the same steps to ascertain the facts and to identify those responsible. There were only very few, but we have taken very severe measures with regard to the particular company which was involved. The vast majority of them are not in the least implicated. Seven of them, of whom all we can say is that we suspect them of being responsible for acts of indiscipline, although we cannot identify them, have been dismissed.
>
> One of the difficulties in Ireland is to get evidence, and one of the most promising features in Ireland at the present moment is that for the first time we are beginning to get evidence. The officer in command has been suspended and the company have been dissolved. The other members have recruited into other companies, but there is no evidence to identify anybody, either auxiliaries or civilians, because civilians were found under conditions which were undoubtedly suspicious and justified us in coming to the conclusion that they were associated with the crimes; because, once the trouble began, the population from some of the lower quarters of Cork came forth and joined in the looting.

For months past a unique body of men, all of whom have held commissions in His Majesty's Army, has been in grips with a gang of cowardly and horrid murderers.

Until the murder of fifteen officers in Dublin the British public were apathetic, while a section of the people in this country could spare nothing but abuse for the brave and gallant officers of the Crown, who were every one hourly in danger of death. One has only to examine the files of *The Times* and the rest of the British Jew-owned press to realise how most of the papers in this country took the part of the murderers, and attacked that wonderful force, the Royal Irish Constabulary and the soldiers of the Crown in Ireland, who alone stood for the preservation of law and order in a country devoted to chaos and abominable crime.

As though this were not enough, our officers must be attacked by the Prime Minister.

What are the facts of these Cork burnings :—

(1) The shops burned were nearly all owned by loyalists.

(2) Though the staffs lived on the premises in most cases, and the fires began after curfew hour, nobody was burned, because the staff in each case had been warned to remain absent from home that night. These warnings were given by Sinn Feiners, and that is why civilian witnesses refused to give evidence at the inquiry instituted by General Strickland.

(3) P. H. Pearse declared in writing that the Irish people must not be dismayed if their freedom had to be won by the burning of towns. Scarcely had he penned this than he and Connolly let loose upon the noble City of Dublin the forces of ruin and destruction, and three millions worth of property was burnt, involving an area almost equal to the area of Soho.

(4) The Prime Minister admits that he had no evidence against our brave soldiers and police. Yet in the same breath he says that "we have taken very severe measures with regard to the company involved," and "seven of them . . . have been dismissed."

If words convey anything, this means that for an unproved offence seven officers have been dismissed the service.

Mr. Lloyd George may come forward and explain that these dismissals had nothing to do with the Cork fires. In fact he may do anything. But the Premier's secret mouthpiece, *The Times*, is explicit enough :—

> Would Mr. Thomas help to press the railwaymen to give information who fired the shots from the station that killed Mrs. King? Mr. Thomas said he would, but the question was not quite fair, for in discussing the Strickland Report the whole weight of the Prime Minister's argument was that the Government had failed to discover who started the arson at Cork. If the Government cannot discover the criminals who are known to exist in its own forces, which are under military discipline, how can he expect Mr. Thomas to be more successful? The Prime Minister admitted that the Auxiliary Police were guilty at Cork. One company had been broken up and its officer in command suspended; seven men dismissed. Dismissed! exclaimed Commander Kenworthy, contemptuously. Yes, was the reply, for you cannot do more without evidence. Then why dismiss? was the retort that got no answer.

For our part we say that if our officers are to be treated in this manner by the Prime Minister, the sooner he is kicked out of Downing Street into oblivion the better.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7 %. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5 %.

PRICE OF GOLD 105s. 1d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97 to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·35 to 11·36
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	230 to 231
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	50·80 to 50·90
CALCUTTA	Rupee	1s. 4d.	$16\frac{7}{16}$ to 16⅝
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	21·90 to 21·95
ITALY	Lire	25·22½	106 to 106½
MADRID	Pesetas	25·22½	27·60 to 27·65
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·44 to 4·46
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·92 to 3·92½
PARIS	France	25·22½	53 to 53·10
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	2s. 3¾d. to 2s. $3\frac{31}{32}$d
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	23·67 to 23·69
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	2/5⅞ to 2/6⅛

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING.

Now that the elections in South Africa have resulted in such a sweeping majority for General Smuts, giving his party a majority of at least 22 over all other parties, there seems every reason now that conditions will lead to increased prosperity in the near future, particularly in the mining districts. The break up of the Labour party should have the best effect, and increased confidence will accumulate as time goes on. It is highly satisfactory that the election has given such a strong repudiation to the Republican idea, and settled government is now likely to exist for years to come.

Most of the dividend-paying mining shares are marked ex the dividends just distributed, which in many cases are the highest on record, and returns of anything from 12 to 18 per cent. on the capital invested are quite usual at present prices. The shadow overhanging this market has been emphasised by the fact that enemy holdings are still a considerable influence, and as it is known that many large blocks of shares were held by Germans, the fear that these might be realised to the detriment of the market has kept holders from taking any hand. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that the custodian of the shares in South Africa has arrived in this country with a view no doubt to a conference with the Trustee on this side, and having gone thus far in the matter there is every reason to expect that an early settlement will be come to under which control of the large holdings of shares will be secured by the leading Kaffir houses. Once this matter is definitely settled a quick rise in all Kaffir shares is likely to take place, and bargains such as now exist will not very long be available. In the case of what probably is the leading share of Companies operating in the Far East Rand, viz., the New Modderfontein, the price at the present time, approximately 65s. per share, after deducting the half-yearly dividend of 5s. 9d. just paid, represents about 5½ years purchase of the annual dividends paid on it. It should be pointed out that the property is one of the best conducted and highly developed of those operating on the Far East Rand, with ore reserves of close on 9,000,000 tons of an average value of 8·4 dwts. As the monthly production has recently been increased by 10,000 tons, there is a very long life of the mine already assured. The ore crushed for 1920 was 1,056,400 tons, the value secured being 53s. 10d. per ton, costs 21s. 4d., a profit of 32s. 6d., and dividend paid 102½ per cent.

The results just published giving the outputs from the mines of the Transvaal for the month of January, show an increase of 19,378 ozs. over the previous month. There is also a satisfactory increase in the number of natives employed on the Rand of 5,616.

More Banking Information.

The lengthy and exhaustive speech of Lord Inchcape at the Annual General Meeting last week of the National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Limited, is full worthy of the attention and consideration of everyone interested in a review of the commercial conditions prevailing during the past year. His criticism of the Government and of the incapacity of their superfluous Ministries will be much appreciated by those who have suffered, and as the whole British public has done so, Lord Inchcape may be taken as their spokesman. The idea that there was an attempt on the part of the big banks to establish a "money trust," and to which so much publicity was given at the time has been successfully exploded. The following statement is of special interest :—

"A hare was started some years ago that the large joint stock banks had some idea of forming a 'money trust,' whatever that might be, which would squeeze the public. No greater delusion ever took possession of the human mind. The business of the banks is to encourage and foster legitimate trade. The prosperity of the country is the breath of their nostrils, there is keen competition among them for business, and it would be suicidal to adopt any course calculated to injure the trade of the country.

"Before the war we heard a good deal about the magnificent and statesmanlike management of the German banks, how they helped German industry and development by taking shares in all kinds of commercial enterprises, while the British joint stock banks did nothing of the kind. I think we have to thank our stars that the great joint stock banks of this country confined their operations to their legitimate business, and did not lock up either their own or their customers' money in all sorts of industrial undertakings. The great British banks have come through the ordeal of the last six years with their position unimpaired and their record untarnished, probably to a great extent because they succeeded in evading the withering and paralysing thraldom of Government control."

New Corporation Issues.

Although the last gilt-edged issue made by the Commonwealth of Australia resulted in the underwriters being left with nearly 50 per cent., still there seems every reason to suppose that the latest issue by the four Corporations of Birkenhead, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham and Salford, of a total amount of £3,750,000 6 per cent. Redeemable Stock will command a ready market. The issue price and the rate of interest are identical with those of the Bournemouth and other Corporation Stocks issues made some three months ago, some of which to-day stand at a premium, while others are at a modest discount. The brokers to the issue are those concerned in similar gilt-edged issues, and are likely to see that the stock is either taken up by the public or placed where it does not need to be sold with unnecessary haste, so that in the end the Stocks will probably see a premium. The issues are made with the sanction of the Ministry of Health, and provision for the redemption of the Stock by an annual sinking fund is created. The Stocks are, of course, an attractive investment for Trustees.

City of London Brewery.

The Chairman of the Company, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart., presiding at the Annual General Meeting of Shareholders last week, had the high appreciation and support of the shareholders in announcing their intention of pursuing the Company's policy of improving the character of their public houses, and making them proper rendezvous for those who desire pleasant surroundings. This has been the steady policy of the Company for some years.

The unique site of the Company's City property, with a splendid river frontage, is in the market for sale, and should command a very high price, to the benefit of the Debenture holders and shareholders. This Brewery Company, in common with others, is likely to reap considerable benefit from the abandonment of the Excess Profits Duty. The Ordinary shares last year received a Dividend of 25 per cent., and this on an enlarged capital. One might safely say that practically all the securities of this Company are a first rate investment—*i.e.*, the Ordinary, Preference shares and Debenture stocks. At the present time most Brewery securities are a dull market, but before long a general appreciation of the position is likely to quickly change this.

Dividends and Reports.

Read Bros.—Final dividends recommended of 2½ per cent. on Preference and 6 per cent. on Ordinary, less tax, carrying forward £22,148.

South Hetton Coal.—Profits for past half-year £80,086. Final dividend of 10s. per share on Ordinary, free of tax.

General Hydraulic Power.—Dividend for half-year at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on Preference and final dividend on Ordinary of 3½ per cent., less tax. £9,913 forward.

Smith's Dock Trust.—Final distribution by Liquidator to Ordinary shareholders works out at 5s. 7d. per share, which with 15s. previously paid makes 20s. 7d.

Jeremiah Rotherham & Co.—Net profit £172,626. Dividend on Preference shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for half-year; on Ordinary at rate of 10 per cent. per annum for half-year and bonus of 5 per cent.

Peek, Frean.—Dividend of 15 per cent., free of tax, on Ordinary shares. £107,435 carried forward.

Henley's Telegraph Works.—Final dividend on Ordinary shares issued prior to 1st Jan., 1921, of 2s. per share, less tax, making 3s. per share.

Speedie Bros.—Profits for past year £21,415. Dividend at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum on Ordinary shares.

PARIS NOTES.

XXIII.

The *Matin* published an interview with Dr. Nahum Sokoloff, the head of the Zionist movement. Dr. Nahum Sokoloff foresees the development and growth of universal "progress," and considers Zionist emigration the only solution to save Israel from literal destruction at the hand of the "goyim." Almost at the same time *Le Mercure de France*, *La Libre Parole* and *La Tribune Juive* published articles dealing with the world-wide revival of anti-Semitism. *La Tribune Juive* complains that the modern anti-Semitic movement seeks to establish a metaphysical foundation of its creed, a foundation which, according to the *Tribune*, "in spite of all its nullity, may be used for the justification of pogroms."

The Jews are, no doubt, very seriously alarmed, and with good reason. If one compares the present state of the public mind to that prevailing before the war one is surprised how everybody has become "Jew-conscious." In England in 1907, say, one could hardly find anyone to listen to one's warnings; in 1921 the Jewish peril is one of the usual topics of conversation.

The Jewish counterstroke against this awakening consciousness of all classes and countries took some time to organise. The task was difficult. The Moscow Jews having so blatantly "exceeded their instructions," and the racial weakness for self-advertisement and "bravado" having let the gigantic Red Cat out of the Bag of Judaic polities, something had to be done to allay the anti-Semitic panic. One could not disprove the overwhelming part played by Jews in the social revolution. One started therefore to prove that the mentality of that revolution was not Jewish, but a logical development of Christian civilisation. About a year ago Dr. Oscar Levy published articles in the *New Age* trying to prove that Bolshevism had its roots in Christianity. A few months later, in a preface to an anti-Bolshevik pamphlet, Dr. Oscar Levy expounded the idea that the Jews *had* contributed to the social revolution, but that they had been carried away by their imaginative temperament—merely their playfulness—and that now, sobered and repentant, they were ready, nay, anxious, to help us to clear up the ghastly mess and "take a hand" in reconstruction. On a much wider scale, exactly like the Germans rebuilding the devastated regions of France. I drew attention to this new tendency in No. 9 of PLAIN ENGLISH.

This line of argument, however, seems to be more significant than the brilliant but isolated articles of Dr. Oscar Levy. The other day, in Paris, in the "*Salle des Sociétiés Savantes*," Dr. Pasmannik—of the same firm but of its Russian branch—delivered a lecture on "Jews and Bolshevism" in which he upheld and developed the theses of Dr. Oscar Levy. The theses are: (1) The Jews are very sorry, (2) it was Christianity and not Judaism which led to Bolshevism, (3) give the poor Jews a chance, and they will re-build with the same gusto as they have destroyed.

The Jews forget that in the palmy days, when they were riding the revolutionary wave, they preached to us the indestructible force of ideas. "Jew-consciousness," once awakened, is bound to grow. Maddened Europe and anxious America have found the culprit, and will not "let go." It seems that Dr. Nahum Sokoloff's conception of Zionism—a retreat of divulged Jewry into its citadel—is the only solution yet open to the Jews.

The arrests of Bolshevik agents in France—Messrs. Abramowitch & Co.—are leading every day to new disclosures of a complete network of Communistic organisations. One begins to know a considerable amount about Bolshevist propaganda in Europe and in Asia. In December, 1920, a conference of leading Bolshevist agitators was held in great secrecy near Bremen. The debates and reports of the delegates are known. The Bolshevist agitators seem to be pessimistic as to their progress in England, most sanguine about France, hopeful about Germany, and positively sure of success in Italy, Checo-Slovakia and Austria. As regards the latter the "consortium" of banks won't rule that wretched country long. The intense misery of the population, the complete decomposition of the new army, which has soldiers' councils of an openly Bolshevik character, and the complete paralysis of economic life make Austria absolutely ripe for a social upheaval. The *Journal* says that the sufferings of all classes are such that everyone will welcome a crisis, were it only to bring death.

The East has been carefully prepared for Bolshevism. A network is spread over Persia, Afghanistan and India, and the Oriental emigration in Europe prepared and connected with local agitation. Angora and Moscow are in alliance. As the coming London Conference is going to deal with Eastern affairs it is well to sum up the Eastern situation to-day as it looks from here. Mustapha Kemal and Lenin are allies. Social revolution is served to Asiatics as the "Revival of the East," and its liberation from the European yoke. Europe must split this alliance or prevent the onward march of the Turko-Bolshevist armies towards India. The "*suave*" manner is to conciliate Kemal, to revise the Treaty of Sèvres at the expense of Greece, and to wean the Turk from Moscow. The "*manière forte*" is to put on the Greek army to attack Kemal, to harass his rear—*for he faces South-Eastward!*—to maintain the Treaty of Sèvres, and to uphold Greece. If Lenin promises to desist from propaganda in Asia—and keeps his promise!—one is going to trade with him. If not, Ludendorff from the West and Kemal from the South-East are going to tackle the Soviets once more.

ENGO

Paris, February 13th, 1921

HOW THE VATICAN SAVED THE MEDITERRANEAN FOR BRITISH NAVAL SUPREMACY.

By Uriah the Hittite.

FEW people realise the importance of the Italian-Turkish war in 1911-12 in relation to the Great War of 1914-18. Although the Press as a whole is becoming rapidly discredited now that the financial control behind the Press is common knowledge, yet the statements circulated during 1911-12 in regard to the "brigandage" of Italy still linger in the mind of the public.

Various stories circulated at the time would be amusing reading to-day if it were not that time seems to give these false tales true substance.

One from a German banking source, circulated by a gentleman named "E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.," is worth repeating as a type of such propaganda. The story is supposed to have been obtained from "a person high in authority." It is that Signor Facta, the Italian Minister of Finance in 1911, held a meeting in Turin with representatives of various German banking houses of the Deutscher group for the purpose of floating a large additional loan. He was met with this answer by the Germans: "After carefully considering your request, we do not see our way clear to grant it. Italy's financial position is, as you know, unsatisfactory; her national debt is enormous; we feel that you have already drawn far more heavily against the future than the resources or prospects of the nation warrant. After mature consideration, therefore, we deem it inadvisable to make any further loans on the security offered."

"But suppose, gentlemen," suggested the Italian Minister, "that we were in position to offer you greatly increased collateral—in other words, increased territory. Would you then be willing to float the loan?"

"That," responded the German spokesman, "would of course put a different complexion on the matter. What increase in territory do you contemplate?"

"Tripolitania," answered Signor Facto, "the country is large, and all it needs is decent treatment to make it rich, What the French have done for Algeria and Tunisia we can do for Tripolitania; it is at our very door. Turkey is poor and weak, with but a small army in Tripolitania and no navy worthy of the name; the natives hate the Turks and will welcome an Italian occupation; the country is there waiting for us, gentlemen—all we have to do is to reach out and take it. If we can add it to our dominions, would you then give favourable consideration to the matter of a loan?"

"Were Tripoli actually in Italy's possession, it is not unlikely that the obstacles in the way of a loan might be removed," was the reply of the Frankfort banker.

If it really had been the case that the German banks were behind Italy in the war which followed this supposed conversation between the Italian Minister of Finance and the German representative of Rothschild there is no question that the general tone of the Press in England would not have been so violently anti-Italian as it was.

Among certain notes bearing upon that I have a translation of an interview by the *Giornale d'Italia* with a foreign war correspondent in July, 1912. The translation was made by Rafael Sabatini, who was in the British Intelligence Corps. This interview says in part:

"Italy is not at war with Turkey. She is at war with the Hebrew bankers of three continents. And at the head of her foes stands, not the Committee of Young Turks but Sir Ernest Cassel and his bank. The State Department in Washington knows it and the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs knows it, also. But the United States are not interested in Mediterranean politics, whilst all England, from the Royal Family down to the last Member of Parliament, is under such obligations to the financial interests at the head of the bank of Cassel that they do not dare to frame a protest. One man alone, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, has dared to rise and protest, and as a result he has lost in the course of a year his seat in Parliament.

"This enormous influence will not, however, be able to avoid the inevitable.

"It is true that three-quarters of the subjects of the Turkish Empire are still in ignorance of the fact that their country is at war. But even the mutilated scraps of news that reach the Albanian and Macedonian leaders have led them to prepare an inconceivably vast plan of revolt, and what may happen in the Turkish Empire if 'the other half' comes to learn of the vain duel conducted towards certain defeat by the Young Turks is matter for fearful conjecture.

"You ask why the Press of the civilised world does not lift the veil concealing the machinations of the usurers in Constantinople. But this question is not asked by those who know by what powers the majority of our most influential newspapers are governed. The powers emanating from the banks interested in loans? Precisely. He who wishes to discover the motive of the anti-Italian campaign conducted by the English Press need only glance at the list of newspaper proprietors. The *Daily Telegraph* belongs to Lord Burnham, head of the Lawson family, whose real name is Levi. When Lord Burnham's father established himself in England his name was John Moses Levi. His nephew, Harry Lawson, takes an active part in the administration of the paper, and it is the general opinion of London's journalistic circle that the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* are papered with Turkish bonds. The editor of the *Daily Express* is Mr. Blumenfeld, the foreign section of the *Daily News* is directed by Mr. Theodor Rothstein, those of the *Graphic* and the *Daily Graphic* by Mr. Lucien Wolf, the same who offered his work gratis to any newspaper disposed to accept his articles against Italy.

"Sir Alfred Mond, an influential Jew, Member of Parliament, is the proprietor of the *Westminster Gazette*, and his *The English Review* is kept up for Lady Mond's amusement. The *Standard* was controlled by Pearson when it published a series of articles against Jewish immigration into England. A few discerning persons prophesied that the voice of the *Standard* would soon be silenced. In effect, a few months later the paper passed into the hands of Mr. Dalziel, who at that time was negotiating an important commission in Tripoli. And behind all this, as I have said, stands Sir Ernest Cassel with his bank."

This bold statement by a war correspondent in 1912 was reprinted all over Italy, and was again reprinted as late as last August in *La Vita Italiana* by Giovanni Preziosi. It shows beyond question that neither the Germans nor the Jews supported Italy in her conquest of Tripoli. As part of that campaign I was fortunate enough to spend in the field with the late Bennett Burleigh, I can say from personal experience that Germany, through her consul in Tripoli, Dr. Tilga, was actively against Italy, and the massacres of October, 1911, were instigated by agents of Dr. Tilga. The truth is that Germany wanted Tripolitania for herself. She had just been humiliated in the Morocco decision. With a German naval base in Morocco, the sea route to India by the Cape would be threatened, and the trade routes to South America as well. But the Jews behind the mailed fist of the Kaiser were overplayed and lost at Algeciras. They therefore made even a bolder move. The harbour of Torbuk, on the north coast of Africa, is one of the most perfect in the world. A fleet in this deep harbour, almost land-locked with high cliffs, would be in a safe base for raids in the Mediterranean. The Germans could render Gibraltar useless and threaten the Suez.

One of the cleverest men in the British Foreign Office, on a visit to Constantinople, found out that Germany had opened negotiations with Turkey for a ninety-nine year lease of Torbuk. The revolution had put men in power in Turkey who were not Turks. Enver Pasha was the son of a Hungarian Jew and a German woman. Djernal Bey was a Domneh, or converted Jew. Talaat was a gipsy, who only embraced Islam late in life. Remzi Bey and Mustapha Kemal, of present fame, belonged to the Spanish-Jew colony of Salonika, and at the time of the revolution by the Young Turks the latter's family lent money to them at 500 per cent. Frankfurt had also lent money to the Young Turks, because, since Weishaupt's deal with Rothschild in the French revolution the bankers of Frankfurt had found revolution " good business."

At first our Foreign Office tried to outbid the Germans, but the racial tie of the Jew made the Young Turks strong in their leaning towards Germany. Besides, the Rothschild, Cassel Mond group in London discouraged the Foreign Office and suggested that it might not be a bad thing to let Germany have " a place in the sun " through Turkish territory.

Downing Street was worried. Cassel and Speyer kept Asquith quiet. Lord Grey (then Sir Edward) thought France had quite enough of North Africa as it was, and was inclined to listen to Asquith's " inspeyered " advice.

It became necessary for a few ardent lovers of England to act independently of their chiefs. These men were Catholics as well as patriots. They knew the power of the Vatican in Italy. They conceived the brilliant plan of using Italy to frustrate Germany, and approached the Vatican as to whether the Church would support Italy in holding the Mediterranean for the Christian races. The Quirinal had to be approached as well. The whole matter was laid before Signor Tittoni, the Italian Ambassador to France, who perhaps is the man nearest the Italian sovereign. He saw that whoever held that wonderful natural harbour of Torbuk would eventually possess Tripolitania.

The Quiniral did not want Germany at both the top and the toe of the Italian geographical boot.

Taking his cue from the far-seeing men of the Foreign Office, Signor Tittoni sent word to Italy that Tripoli was hers for the taking, and that in this she would have the passive support of England. A long series of unsatisfied outrages were *causa belli.* Moreover, Italy was overcrowded. Tripoli was once a part of Rome, and why should not the original mother claim in the name of civilisation part of her once great family now held in stagnant bondage by Turkish rule ?

Italy was not ready for war, however. Most important was the knowledge of the attitude of France. It was here that Signor Tittoni really did important work. He approached the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and promised that if war with Germany came Italy would support France. Italy could not get in return a loan from France, and our Foreign Office grew impatient and repeatedly wired Rome to know the cause and to point out the danger of the delay. Finally political and financial matters were arranged, and Turkey was presented with an ultimatum. She could not answer in time, and in October, 1911, improvised transports steamed for Tripoli in the wake of Admiral Faravelli's grey painted fleet.

The Jews boiled with rage and swore that no penny of their wealth should go to Italy. As shown in the interview previously quoted, the Press of London poured abuse on Italy. The Jew Press in France, in Germany and in America did the same.

Immediately Italian bonds were placed on the market in London, Paris and Berlin. It was then that Italy did that which no other nation has ever been able to do in time of war. Italy bought in all of her bonds as fast as they were offered, and the market value only dropped from 103 to 96. Over 300,000,000 lire in gold was necessary for this transaction. Where Italy found the money was a mystery to the foaming Jews of Frankfurt and London.

It is now time to tell that it was the Vatican that supplied the financial support. It was the Vatican that stepped in and assisted Italy to keep Torbuk out of Germany's grasp for the sake of England. And it was England under the heel of the Jew who found it impossible to give Italy financial aid.

In one night chests containing over 50,000,000 lire in gold were taken from the Vatican to the offices of the Banca di Roma. This bank, together with the Banca di Napoli and Banca Italia, purchased most of the bonds thrown on the market by the Jews. At the end of the war in 1912 Italian bonds were about par, in spite of the fact that the war has cost 2,500,000 lire a day for over one year.

The actual work of transferring the gold from the Vatican was carried out by an Italian midshipman, Enrico Cavalletti, who was on the staff of the Duke of Abruzzi. He is now married to an English girl, and he has described to me the memorable night in which the Vatican by generous giving saved the naval supremacy of the Mediterranean for Britain.

Secure in its own knowledge of that service which it had rendered to the red cross of St. George, the Vatican itself has never published the circumstances of the assistance given in 1911. All through 1914-1918 the Press of the Allies led by the *Morning Post* slandered the Pope and the Vatican. The Church was represented as " pro-German." But many of us knew the truth, and now that PLAIN ENGLISH opens the way, we can tell the truth.

In 1911, just as in the Jutland treachery, Sir Ernest Cassel and all he means tried to ruin England and make Germany supreme at sea. By saving Torbuk for the Allies the Vatican saved the path of Empire to India. *The Vatican saved England.*

But the fight is not only on the sea. The fight is in the world of spirit as well. When the dormant, true conscience of Britain returns to the Faith and becomes one with Christ, then indeed we can say, the Vatican saved England.

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

II.

1906 TO AUGUST, 1914, THE GOING CONCERN

IN the last days of 1915 the " Business-is-Business " Government (Profits Unlimited) went into allotment. A few contracts had been disclosed in the Prospectus. One of these was a deal with the I.L.P. and Partners, to the effect that the Taff Vale Principle was to be set aside, Magna Charter torn up, and the organised loafer put above the law. In accordance with this contract the " Trades Disputes Act " was passed ; as anticipated and intended by wirepullers, the benefits of this Act to our foreign competitors has been enormous ; the individual worker has lost his right to earn his daily bread as he likes, and during the war it was worth thousands of shells and battalions of men to the Germans, who had " invested " in the 1905 election. This Act, and the total lack of common honesty on which it is based, are responsible for the cowardly policy adopted to-day towards " Labour " by the invertebrate government.

There were no Jews in the first cabinet, the time was not yet ripe, but Jew nominees began to swarm ; the Government was British in theory, but like so many " Anglo " and " British " organisations, it was run mainly by " British subjects " who could not boast of a drop of British blood in their veins. Before the first " Statutory Meeting " the Hebrew Underwriters, members of the Red-Shield-cum-Red-Flag Mafia, began to make " good business " by the practical destruction of the Alien Immigration Act ; showing to those who had eyes to see, that the Cabinet Directors were little better than Bubble Company " Guinea Pigs," although some honest dupes of the Old School gave a tone to the proceedings.

Ireland, which during the Unionist Administration had been peaceful and prosperous, largely owing to land purchase, was upset. Laws and regulations for the promotion of Law and Order were naturally cancelled, boycott was encouraged, and Mr. Birrell, apart from intervals devoted to sonnets, enjoyed a seat in his club, in which he apparently rested until the Easter Rebellion.

Act after Act was passed to tickle the mob, to discourage thrift among the workers, and to drive the middle classes to semi-suicide by family restriction; the average middle-class man being specially loathed by the Ghetto Taskmasters because he tries ts play the game. The best of our working men began to leave the country in shiploads, flying from the attractive Radical Utopia, and simultaneously the Winston-Rothschild hordes of "Semetic Refuse" flocked in by the "Ever-open-door."

It was not long before some of the "Principal Boys" of the Cabinet began to "feather their nests," thanks to coaching during opposition by selected Asiatics, those who participated took to new or, rather, revived system of politics like "ducks to water." Thanks to the characteristic lie about Chinese slavery, there was a labour shortage on the Rand and shares began to fall. When arrangements were made to send thousands of negroes from Central Africa, the shares rose, as might have been expected, and then the Nathan Rothschild trick was tried with success; a nice little share-out resulted; and as certain gentlemen then knew too much, rings were provided for the noses of those political Gentiles interested in the "scoop" and cords were attached, the ends being held by gentlemen who had cousins and friends in the Fatherland. When details began to leak out, the simple "Victorian" public, with out-of-date ideas regarding the honour of "Statesmen," said that it was impossible that men in public service should take advantage of their positions to line their pockets. It was one of the preliminary canters for the Marconi deal. The "Friends of the People" sowed their financial wild oats, and during the war the nation reaped a record crop of "White Crosses." If the real "secret history" of the last sixteen years could be written and published for the benefit of the women electors of England, there would be a sudden demand for single tickets to the Continent.

At first the Jews kept underground, but in increasing numbers sons of naturalised German Jews were encouraged to get into Government employ, so that when *Der Tag* arrived there could be, as far as possible, a pro-Jewish sentry on every door, and an affable advisor at the elbow of those who were purposely given positions where they would be "square pegs in round holes."

Throughout the country Jews organised peaceful penetration to get our industries in the hands of Friends of Germany, every conceivable assistance was given by those Anglo-Alien Finance houses which were out of loyalty and philanthropy advising the Cabinet. "British" companies, which had "selected" expert technical and other advisors, often found that German firms were the only concerns which could comply at reasonable cost with their specifications, which by merest accident often resembled details given in German catalogues, Some of these advisors strange to say, were also specialists at second-sight and telepathy, as they often seemed to know as well as "kindred spirits" in Frankfort, Berlin or New York, which tender would, when opened, prove to be the most favourable. That this system was not contrary to the policy or desires of the Government, can be inferred from the number of such specialists who were given responsible positions during the war; though some people consider that this timely recognition was given as a solatium to those who had temporarily lost direct touch with their dear friends on the other side of the German Ocean. Such specialists did not feel lonely in Government employ, they usually found many co-enthusiasts in financially-advantageous positions.

Soon after the Radicals got into power nearly every act passed, supposed to be for the furtherance of Social Reform, necessitated scores of officials; and, strange to say, Jews, and others with Socialistic instincts, seemed to find their way to many key positions. Naturally such a policy meant increased taxation, but the extra burdens did not seem to inconvenience greatly those gentlemen who found that it was as easy to change the places where coupons could be cashed, as it was to change their own names or nationality. It was not long before many old Free Trade Manufacturers began to find out that their political friends were "doing them no good," and began to cut off their subscriptions; the great "Sir Moritz," with his characteristic Anglo-Saxon accent has been known to bewail this loss; though doubtless some of the enthusiastic followers of Cobden among the Members of German "Cartels" were in a position to offer him their deepest sympathy. After Mr. Asquith came into power Downing Street, under the regime of the accomplished "Margot," became nearly as much a Mecca for German-Speaking Jews as Lowndes Square. Whenever the Radical Party began to get short of funds "Fairy Godfathers" seemed to appear with modest donations; the I.L.P. being at times similarly favoured.

Information was received from Germany from time to time regarding the very great interest which a number of leading manufacturers were taking in British politics; it was no doubt realised that investments in British Business-Government Funds would yield cent.-per-cent. dividends with the probability of huge bonuses in case of war, without deduction for Income Tax; and "conciliatory treatment" even in the event of failure of military operations.

The attack on the House of Lords to please John Redmond and our loyal plutocrats was a blow to the Constitution and to the whole Empire, as a strong upper House was a barrier against the Coterie of Jew-ridden politicians. Few men, and no British Monarch before him, loved his country more than King Edward, and in a notable speech from the Throne regarding the impending alteration to the "Ship of State" he said the words: "In the opinion of my Advisors"; he knew what would come, and he washed his hands of it. To get their results, those who had used every Semetic trick to encourage extravagence and undesirable plutocrat associates, came down upon him with threats and pressure, using Lloyd George and Winston Churchill as willing tools for their dirty work. Then as a result largely of anxiety and worry, he was driven to his grave before his time. Mr. Lloyd George, who narrowly escaped being "scragged" for a second time in his life, heard a "home truth" inside the Palace, which, if he has a conscience, will ring in his ears till his dying day. The Parliament Bill was passed, payment of members followed, and then every trick customary in Dago Republics soon became normal for the "Mother of Parliaments." Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone and many of those statesmen who had raised our Parliament to be a pattern for the whole world, must have turned in their graves. German and Jew subscribers to Party funds often wanted something on account, as a guarantee of good faith; the contract for German Synthetic Indigo to the detriment of the loyal British planters in India, was one of the many instalments.

The Jew for a long time has been practising peaceful penetration in India, and an important move was the appointment of Sir Felix Schuster (founder of the German Bank of London), to the Council of India; some highly instructive correspondence connected with the Montague family and the Silver Contracts was disclosed,later,after pressure by Unionist members who were at that time loyal to their party and principles. The Montague, Meyer, and Reading appointments are the natural sequence of the backstairs moves which then took place.

Sir Felix Schuster, who, unlike his two brothers, was not born in Frankfort, was for many years in the closest touch with his Father's-Land, to such an extent that people who wanted to do business with the German Government, used to seek his advice and "good offices"; naturally under the loyal Radical regime, the Cabinet was delighted to avail itself also of his financial genius. This man did everything conceiveable to grab hold of and eliminate the old genuinely British private banks, which somehow were never as favourable to German interests and enterprise as the London finance houses which were in such close touch with his Bank; the "New Witness" had, during the war, some interesting remarks to make about this gentleman.

Mr. Lucien Wolf, who wrote the notorious Pro-German articles in the "Daily Graphic" before the war, and who, we are asssured, worked so very hard for the interests of the Allies at the Peace Conference, says that the Protocols are an impudent forgery. As a prophetic forgery it is interesting to note that the attack on the aristocracy and landowners as detailed on page 23 of the Britons Edition of the Protocols, has been carried out by the Business Government in England to a remarkable degree. The following quotation is interesting

"The aristocracy of the Gentiles, as a political power, is no more. But as landowners they are still dangerous to us, because their INDEPENDENT EXISTENCE is ensured through their resources. Therefore it is essential for us, at all costs, to deprive the aristocracy of their lands. To attain this purpose the best method is to force up rates and taxes. These methods will keep the landed interests at their lowest possible ebb. The Aristocrats of the Gentiles will soon be ruined." (Let us hope that some of those who have sold their lands have not invested the proceeds in business requiring chemicals such as arsenic; as they might then meet with further interference with their rights as citizens and with their "independent existence.")

Before the war, at the dictation of the Jews, every possible low-down trick was used to "harry" owners of land and property, some of the most notorious Jew agitators being themselves interested in "Unearned Increment" abroad, especially in South America. Speculative house-building nearly came to a stop, unrest among the working classes naturally followed as intended, and the country will have to pay many millions a year in interest to make up for this specially-designed shortage. One enthusiastic worker for the Business Government who repeatedly attacked landowners was a notorious Stock Exchange Shylock, who expected to make unearned increment, not by waiting years, but by waiting between settling days. Like 99 per cent. of the City Jews with German-born friends, he ridiculed the possibility of war with Germany. This delightful "Country Gentleman" deliberately insulted the Navy, a Service that most of his race had always avoided, and he was treated by his admirers to a nautical frog-march round the Stock Exchange. He subsequently received a title from a grateful "Business Government" as a paid-for gift.

The Jews knew that the brewery trade was a constitutional pillar, so under the distinguished premiership of a "champagne-swilling drunkard," who on certain historic occasions was told to "sit down," temperance legislation was passed intending to damage all those interested in "liquor." Despite this unfair legislation, the sons of our British brewers seemed to be much more anxious to get into combatant khaki in 1914 than the sons of most of the Hebrew plutocrats.

Godfrey Isaacs, after an edifying apprenticeship in company finance, got interested in the development of Wireless Telegraphy, knowing very well, like the old Rothschild Swindlers, with their pigeon post, the advantage of getting early news regarding world events. Finding he could not get enough Government support, knowing the character of the "Friends of the People," he put the Cabinet on a "Good Thing." It was during the attempts to whitewash this scandal that the Cabinet advisers developed the "Packed Commission," which was used again last year for the so-called inquiry into the coal trade. "Rufus Isaacs" having been compromised in the Marconi affair, was naturally rewarded with the job of Lord Chief Justice; with the presumed proviso that he could leave the Bench for other jobs, as and when convenient to the Ghetto wirepullers. The action of the Government regarding Marconi and the appointment of Rufus, the ex-hammered-infant-prodigy, struck a blow at the prestige of the whole Empire; and low-class politicians abroad told resident Englishmen that they could not throw any more stones. After such an exhibition, no Power trusted the British Government, nor is it, nor has it been since, worthy of trust.

During the Balkan wars, information was poured into the War Office by our small but efficient Intelligence Department, and the French repeatedly warned us. The latter, caring for the safety of their country, passed the Three Years Measure while Lord Haldane and Mr. Asquith were jeering at Lord Roberts. The Government preferred the Hebrew and Hun cash, and the "Loafer Vote," to National Duty, Safety and Honour. Machine guns were asked for over and over again, there being no secret regarding the quantities prepared for Germany. In a lecture by a War Office historian last week, the statement was made that if our men had had the machine guns they wanted, there would have been no retreat from Mons. Lord Haldane now gives away prizes at Girls' Schools. His "carcase" was not then in danger, and the "Shylocks" who had financed the Cabinet in return for services rendered and to be rendered, got their "tons of flesh with all the blood."

In 1914, in accordance with instructions from their guides, philosophers and paymasters, the Cabinet continued to ignore the German preparations for war, and pushed on the scheme for the punishment of Ulster, and, with intelligence reports under their very noses, boasted about their relations with Germany, and pushed forward the agreements regarding the Bagdad Railway. The French financiers who had known as much as the so-called English financiers about what was in the wind had withdrawn many millions of credit from Germany, whereas the financial advisers and loyal confidants of our Cabinet had been sending hundredweights of bonds into Germany, while the Cabinet looked the other way. In the few days before the war, it is not far wrong to say that every penny spent by German Jews on the Radical Government and the Cabinet, from about 1902 onwards, was repaid to them directly, through the forwarding of securities to Germany which would otherwise have fallen ultimately into the hands of the Public Trustee. The powers behind the Business-is-Business Government not merely got their money back, but later had more dividends and bonuses. We shall pay for them for the rest of our lives. Several hundred thousand mothers and widows amongst us have received as bonus "the benefits" of an "empty chair." The intrigues of Marlborough were child's play, compared with those of the callously corrupt leaders of the "Great New World."

A RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE JEWISH QUESTION.

To those who are watching the signs of the times it is clear that there is now arising a world-wide feeling of intense antipathy to the Jews, a feeling which during the next few years will become so universal that the Russian word "pogrom" will make itself as international as the Jew himself.

The causes are too many and too highly controversial to enter into here, being partly due to prejudices of thousands of years, and partly to causes entirely new; but in view of the fact that every Russian is convinced that the Jewish question is at the root of the present state of affairs in Russia, it is interesting to consider it from their point of view as well as from ours.

The ideas of the average Englishman on the subject are simple and typically British. To him the Jews in Russia are a harshly treated minority, and the fact of them being in a minority puts them in the right and their opponents in the wrong, making it unnecessary to probe further into the matter.

Such is the attitude of most Englishmen who arrive in Russia for the first time, and such were my feelings when I arrived there just over a year ago; nor were they disturbed very much at first by the anti-Jewish sentiments expressed by all the Russians with whom I came into contact, for it was natural to attribute these to the anti-Semitic propaganda which was formerly employed on occasion by a corrupt officialdom in order to divert the popular wrath from itself into safer channels; or else to some peculiar kink in the Slav character which makes them instinctively hate Jews, just as women do earwigs. But, while living with Russians, hosts of small incidents began to throw a very different light on the subject.

INSTINCTIVE FEAR OF THE JEW.

While romping with some children soon after my arrival, one of them cried out in fun: "The Englishman has a big nose, he must be a Jew!" I prepared myself for the onslaught of a mimic pogrom; but, to my surprise, they all ran away to hide in terror, calling to one another "He is a Jew and is coming to beat us!"

A stolid bearded peasant standing by the door of his lonely cottage on the steppe began to discuss politics, and suddenly asked: "Have you Jews in England?" And on being told that there were Jews there, he asked: "And how do they treat you?"

A young girl describing the delights of Kier, the theatres, the boulevards and the fine houses, finished her panegyric by saying: "And, best of all, people could live happily there, because Jews were not allowed in the town."

There are two Russian words used to denote the chosen people: "Jeed," or Jew, is derogatory, whilst "yevrayets," or Hebrew, is the polite word. It is noticeable that Russians who in their own houses use the word "Jew," when in the street always say "Hebrew," and many a time have I seen them unconsciously glance round nervously when I have been talking with them in a public place and used the word "Jeed."

Hundreds of such instances in many parts of Russia showed that beyond any doubt the attitude of the Russians towards the Jews is one of defence, and not of aggression. Nor is the reason far to seek.

The Jew is cleverer than the Russian, he works harder and has more initiative. Thus the property, money and business came to be controlled almost exclusively by the Jews, and hard masters they proved themselves, grinding down the workers in a way which would have been impossible in a more enlightened country.

As a measure of protection, the Russians passed laws preventing the Jews from holding land, and tried to restrain their activities by means of numerous harassing restrictions, which the wily Hebrew usually succeeded in evading by trickery or bribery, oppressing the Russians in return, until the people, realising their inferiority to their persecutors and cursing the corruption and inefficiency of their officials for failing to put the law into effect, used to turn and have a "pogrom."

Thus oppression by the Jew and persecution by the Russian acted and re-acted on one another in a vicious circle. The Jew, on the whole, keeping the upper hand, and the Russian struggling spasmodically and ineffectively to rid himself of his small opponent, like a buck rabbit trying to defend himself against a stoat.

THE JEWISH GRIP ON BUSINESS LIFE.

The firm hold of the Jew on Russian industrial life was brought very forcibly to my notice a few months ago while in Uzovka, a mining town in South Russia, which derived its name from an Englishman named Hughes, who founded it originally.

Going to a bank to cash a cheque I saw the manager, a Jew, who offered me such a low rate of exchange that I went to another bank; here the manager was also a Jew, and would not improve on the rate offered by the first bank; at the third bank exactly the same happened; to cut a long story short, every bank and business house in the place was controlled by Jews, the shops and restaurants were run by Jews, the stallholders in the bazaar were Jews, so were the very pedlars in the gutter. No business transaction, from high finance to buying a pair of boot-laces, could be carried out except through the Jews.

I commented on this state of affairs to a local Russian, who despairingly shrugged his shoulders and said: "Here, as everywhere, we are in the power of the Hebrews." And his remark is echoed by every Russian in Russia.

BOLSHEVISM AND JUDAISM.

The very large majority of Russians, both educated and uneducated, regard Bolshevism as a Jewish attempt to rule Russia.

Peasants when speaking of the Reds use the words "Bolshevik" and "Jew" indifferently, and the star which Bolsheviks wear in their hat is known as "the Jewish star." It used to be the six-point star composed of two triangles which is used by the Freemasons, and may be seen over the entrances of the synagogues in many parts of Europe; it has now been changed to a five-point star.

Once when riding into a town which the Bolsheviks had just left my Cossack groom muttered: "Look!" and pointed to the battered remains of the church on one side of the road, and to the undamaged synagogue on the other; this is a phenomenon to be seen in thousands of Russian towns and villages.

The "Whites" regard the war as one of defence against Jewish aggression, while the Russians in Sovdepia, as they call Soviet Russia, look upon themselves as temporarily under Jewish dominance, and accept the situation with typical Slavonic fortitude. But just as the Germans awaited "der Tag," so are the Russians in Red Russia awaiting "den Pogroma" (the day of the pogrom), which they think will give them release from Bolshevism, revenge on their persecutors, and freedom to live.

When this day comes Europe must be prepared to watch the killing of Jews on a scale never before seen in the world's history for the slow Russian, when really roused, is terrible in his wrath.

Referring to this coming pogrom, an exile Russian said the other day: "Every man can stand a certain number of bugs sucking his blood, but when they become more than he can bear, he must rouse himself and kill them; our poor Russia has more Jews than she can carry, and must rouse herself."

I went to Russia not only prejudiced in favour of the Jews, but even prepared to champion their cause for the sake of my Jewish friends in England, but a year spent in Russia could not but force upon anybody that the Russians on the whole are correct in their views as to the authors of their present misery.

It may be, as many allege, that Bolshevism is a Jewish plot, or it may be that 90 per cent. of the men who push themselves to the top of the Bolshevik movement happen to be Jews; but the fact remains that Bolshevism in Russia is controlled by them, and that deprived of their brains and driving power it would collapse in a week. Nobody accuses them of being Bolsheviks or Communists by conviction—for the Jew is much too clever to believe in such creeds, but the general idea among Russians is that the Jews use these movements in order to attain their own ends.

An old Russian shopkeeper said to me the other day: "The Jews want three things, Revenge for pogroms, Power and Money." And no onlooker of the Russian tragedy can deny that the Jew in Russia has obtained Revenge, Power any Money.

REVIEWS.

Novels and Stories by Henry James. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The New York edition of Henry James's novels excluded pieces such as "The Bostonians" either because they did not satisfy James at that period, or because he could not find room for them in the limited number of volumes of that edition. In the present edition, however, all the fiction he published in book form will be reprinted, and it will therefore be as complete as could reasonably be desired, omitting (as it does) only some very early pieces written for magazines and his plays. The question is, Do we want a new edition, in thirty-five volumes, of Henry James?

Before he was thirty-one James had written only work of slight account, lingering, as he says of Balzac, hopelessly at the ladder-base of fame. "Roderick Hudson," begun at Florence in 1874 (the first volume in the present and the New York edition), is his first attempt at a novel, a long fiction with a complicated subject. In the preface he compares himself to a young embroiderer of the canvas of life, who "soon began to work in terror, fairly, of the vast expanse of that surface, of the boundless number of its distinct perforations for the needle, and of the tendency inherent in his many-coloured flowers and figures to cover and consume as many as possible of the little holes. The development of the flower, of the figure, involved thus an immense counting of holes and a careful selection among them" (p. 10). There is something significant in this comparison by James of himself to a needlewoman, and his work to some pale embroidery. The colours have indeed faded.

In spite of the patience, the scrupulous care of his work, the immensity of his labours, his curiosity, his sensitive talent, and fine critical facility which plays about every single story in the bewildering prefaces of the collected edition, there is something meagre and unsatisfying in his novels from first to last. The material of their treatment is limited in the main to the cosmopolitan and leisured class. In the preface to one of his novels he admits he could never bring himself to treat of a "down town" subject, an American expression for business. But the greatest English novelist has a limited field. James has not only a limited field, but a limited public. He has said that the fault of the English novel was lack of subject. His own do not seem *about* anything significant. There is a certain initiation (it has been said) necessary for the enjoyment of James. He presupposes a cosmopolitan outlook, a certain interest in art, and social artifice, and no little abstract curiosity about the workings of the human mechanism

The difficulty in reading him is due to his technique that "can fix the most elusive phrase of character and render the most baffling surface," but with all his skill, he seems at times to present but a kaleidoscopic succession of aspects. He dazzles, and, later, he tires. The drawback to James's later style is that it obscures his subject by its exuberance and ingenuity; there is hardly a verb that is not adverbially qualified, and qualified many times over. Sentences such as "Wasn't I myself, for that matter, even at that time, all acutely and yet resignedly, even quite fatalistically, aware of what to think of this," are difficult reading. For the earlier novels, such as "Roderick Hudson," James's style is simple and clear and unencumbered. It is still clear and direct until we reach "What Maisie Knew," and from that date until its climax in books such as "A Small Boy" and "The Ivory Tower" it reaches a baffling and unendurable complexity. Was it because, as he told a friend, there was too much to say about everything, and that was what was felt by one, such as himself, not entirely without perceptions? Or was it the habit he had got into of dictation in later life? The result was a manner that lent itself to parody, and of one successful version of his style he used to say, "It is so good that now, whenever I write, I have an uneasy feeling of parodying myself." That, it hardly needs saying, is not the attitude of a great artist, and the answer to the question, Do we want a new edition of James in thirty-five volumes?

Wealth and Work. By George W. Gough, M.A. (George Philip & Son, Ltd.) 2s. 6d. net limp, 3s. 6d. "boards."

The author of this volume in Philips' "New Era" series not only gives the impression of a mastery of the subject treated but also of the power of presenting it. It is a brilliant attempt to make the subject of Economics as fascinating to the modern student as a tale of Red Indians to the ordinary schoolboy. The old topics of supply and demand, the margin of profit, incomes and wages are here treated in a way which makes them thoroughly interesting reading. The word "economics" has often an unpleasant association of ideas in the mind of the general reader. And this is unfortunate, because a real interest in the subject and its study with spontaneous instead of voluntary attention on the part of the average member of the community would go a long way towards the facilitating the solution of many pressing present-day problems. Mr. Gough's little book is of an admirable quality in doing more than cater for the spontaneous desire for knowledge of economics. It positively creates the desire during the process of perusal. It does not take its place among other volumes as a text-book, or supply a number of "tips" of information likely to be of service to the candidate for some examination with economics in its list of subjects. It suggests to the student that the economic questions of the day are neither wearisomely dry, nor burningly controversial, but that, if looked at again under the guidance of one who knows, and who can impart his own personal interest to the inquirer, are of absorbing interest and capable of presentment in accordance with the dictates of justice and prudence. Mr. Gough has a significant little comment on the actual meaning of the word "wealth." He points out that its older and finer signification is "welfare," and not merely welfare's material basis. "No amount of wealth," he remarks, "will compensate either an individual or a country if its growth is accompanied by a weakening of moral fibre and a diminishing enjoyment of the foods of the mind."

The Gateways of Commerce. By J. Fairgrieve and E. Young. (George Philip & Sons, Ltd.) 2s. 6d. limp, 3s. 6d. "boards."

The appeal to the student in this little volume of George Philips, "New Era" Series is that alluring one of "following up," or, if you will, exploring. Just as the etymologist holds in his mind an association of ideas connecting the word "trivial" with "Diana of the Crossways," or "the man in the street," so here the student-reader is given association in his mind of a loaf of bread with, say, Carfax at Oxford, Ceres, or Canada, and a cotton pocket handkerchief with America, *The Manchester Guardian*, or the organisation of industry. Thus the reading of this book leads him from the particular to the general, from an ear of corn to imports and transports, wheat areas and climatic conditions, from a lump of coal to the consideration of wasteful consumption, from his bicycle tyre to equatorial forests, or from his breakfast table to Arabia. Fifty years ago how many teachers of geography taught their weary pupils patiently and persistently—to hate geography for life! Lists and numbers, statistics, and meaningless details to be swallowed in as large doses as the child could be prevailed upon to take, and only absorbed with the aid of the prospect of subsequent oblivion. A book like "The Gateways of Commerce" reveals the intimate connection of things, and gives something of the geographical pleasure gained by reading Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," or Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." Moreover, the student is led on to feel the connection between geography and economic questions, and follow up a path befitting the citizen of the British Empire. From simple facts and ideas he is drawn on to the more complex, and gradually he is led to something of a geographic and economic outlook which has the world itself for prospect. It is the study of commerce that brings to him his interest in all that is involved. The market of his nearest country town was his particular starting point; the world-market is the subject of his more mature study. Means of communication, transport, the functions of the newspaper, the work of organisation, all are involved, and finally, the growing perception of the intercommunity of the whole human race.

THE NEW ERA IN EDUCATION. Edited by Ernest Young, B.Sc. (Geo. Philip & Son, Ltd.)

Modern educationists are somewhat like the ancient Athenians who "employed themselves in nothing else, but either in telling or in hearing some new thing." We think this has something to do with the turning out of so many beastly mannered children. Spanking is abolished, discipline is suspect, the teacher is the servant of the class, and to be popular and successful he, or she, must find some new thing, must cater for the democracy of the class-room, and the dear children grow up so strenuously catered for that the luckless parents who fail to carry on the system, when the child leaves school, find themselves written about in articles in the daily papers under such a heading as "The Abolition of Fathers," and so forth. The little book on education published in the "New Era Library" gives a number of educational novelties. A new method of instruction is not to be judged evil merely because it is new, any more than it is to be judged good. Nor are we of the opinion that the interest and even the enthusiasm of learners is not an eminently desirable thing. All we observe is that the way to success for the pupil in this life does not lie merely in being wooed to it, and that education which omits the inculcation of self-discipline and hard endeavour is of the nature of a fraud.

Among the many new devices recorded we have a partnership system among boys in learning French verbs and other subjects, a co-operative student class, the teaching of practical civics in the formation and organisation of an exhibition illustrating the history of the town in which the school existed, the patrol system introduced into an elementary school, a scheme of self-government, &c. One of the most interesting passages in the book is the "transmutation" or written verbal interpretation of a waltz by Earnshaw. It is too long to quote, but the child of twelve who produced it, shows strong poetic feeling, and a constructive gift. This transmutation tells of a child standing on the shore, conscious of the "call" of the sea, as it lapped about her feet—a call she did not understand. On a wooded hill-side in Menaggio, North Italy, the same "call" came through beckoning trees. But it was only in St. Mark's, Venice, that the mystic voice was understood, and the child slept, to wake no more, under a picture of the Crucifixion. For a child of twelve this is good work. And these "transmutation" exercises cater for a side of the student's being that is finally more important than even its commercial faculty.

PILGRIMAGES IN ITALY. Translated from the French of Gabriel Faure by B. H. Morgan. (Nelson.) 2s. 6d. net.

The glamour of Italy is conveyed to us in English wording in the pages of Gabriel Faure's book translated by B. H. Mason. The fine reproductions of photographs with which the book is enriched add to the spell. Perugia and Assisi, Montefalco and Siena, names already of romantic association in English minds, are here recalled, and come before us once again redolent with the spiritual perfumes of St. Francis, St. Bernardine and St. Catherine, and reminding us once again of Sienese and Aurbrian art. Who that has visited Siena has not seen Sodoma's frescoes in the San Domenico? To behold this artist's portrait painted by himself and reproduced in the book in black and white is to perceive something of his personality apart from what we gather from his work. His "Madonna and Child with Saints," purchased for our National Gallery in 1883, or the fragment—"Head of Our Lord"—added in 1891, or again, in the same Gallery, his painting of the figure of the Holy Child in Signorelli's large panel of the Circumcision are negligible details in our national collection, but the frescoes of the "Svenimento" or "Ecstasy" of St. Catherine, of the "Execution of Niccolo Tuldo," and of the "Communion of St. Catherine" in her chapel in St. Dominic's Church, in her native town, are among the pictures which reproduction has made popular in England. And from these reproductions the critic perceives that Sodoma, or Bazzi, had artistic strength, fertility of imagination, a certain gracious facility and charm, combined with numerous technical and intellectual faults, while the fresco portrait of him that he himself presents, with its eyes near a-twinkle, its sensual mouth, and sumptuous raiment, help us to understand why the monks called him "*il mattaccio*"—the crazy madcap, or how he came to include in his record of his possessions "a talking raven entrusted with the task of teaching eloquence to an ass—a theologian in a cage." The author of this "Pilgrimages in Italy" links together the names of Giovanni Bazzi, or Sodoma, and Alfred de Musset, and we may find a further link in the fact that while Sainte-Beuve in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* classed de Musset among the third-rate poets, so Vasari in his first edition of the "Lives of Artists" omitted Sodoma altogether.

M. Faure, in speaking of the Italian artistic renaissance and apologetically supporting Renan's hyperbolic dictum that "the sordid beggar of Assisi was the father of Italian art," deprecates the union of the names of St. Francis and St. Dominic in this connection. Admitting the employment of art as a means of education and diffusion of their teaching by the Preaching Friars, he yet claims as a proof that "they had no influence on the new movement in art, that we know of very few portraits of St. Dominic and his disciples, while those of the 'little poor man of Assisi' can be counted by thousands." The Dominicans, he says, "did not inspire directly the artists." But surely at least they *produced* them? What is Fra Angelico, or shall we not rather say, who is Fra Angelico, if he is not a Dominican Religious, a member of that joyous order to whom M. Faure assigns "cold and doctrinal minds"? And he at least has left a portrait of St. Dominic. And it was Fra Angelico (whose actual *name* is Fra Giovanni) who was the master and teacher of Benozzo Gozzoli of Foligno, whose painting M. Faure so much admires. Dominican, too, was that "star of the Florentine school," Fra Bartolomeo della Porta, master of Raphael and friend of Michael Angelo. But probably M. Faure is right in so far as the influence of St. Dominic was probably less direct and popular in art, and flowed rather in the writings of men like Bl. Albert the Great and St. Thomas Aquinas on the essence of beauty, or in "The Golden Legend" of Bl. James of Voragine.

But whether in this detail M. Faure is right or wrong, we appreciate his lament that the paintings of so many of these early artists are no longer in the churches for which they executed them. Has one not felt this incongruity among the pictures in Trafalgar Square? Is it not, at least, incongruous to find "your gentle Madonnas, troubled at the approach of the Archangel Gabriel, hung side by side with bathing nymphs or provoking Ledas"? Yet this becomes more or less inevitable in a public gallery.

M. Faure is like Professor Edmund Gardner in linking St. Catherine's name with Dante. In her interventions between the sovereigns and the factions who at that time divided up the peninsula, she was "not such a particularist as Dante and less indifferent than Petrarch," he says. Well, her work in the world was of a different kind. But it is interesting to locate these three names chronologically. Petrarch was born at Arezzo in 1304, some seventeen years before Dante's death at Ravenna, and Catherine Benincasa was born in 1347, in the year of Rienzi's revolution at Rome, and the year previous to the death of Petrarch's "Laura."

M. Faure's pilgrimage is full of fascinating details and raises many and interesting points. Storied Italy is a wondrous land, and this glimpse at it stirs gratitude.

NOVELS.

The Guarded Room. By G. I. Whitham. (John Lane.)

The guarded room is the room round which this story revolves, the room in which the mother of the Bowes family, after the loss of husband and son, spends her poor existence, shielded carefylly from everything that could presumably harm her, and guarded in particular by one daughter, Helen, whose health and life are sacrificed in the work. All the precautions taken to prevent shock to the invalid are in evidence as the story opens. "Pull gently" on the bell handle, "For the doctor only" higher up by the electric bell, drawn blinds and muffled sounds, a house bristling with precaution, all these Roger Bowes finds awaiting him on his return, at his sister's request, from farming in Australia. The sister who sacrificed herself to his mother is replaced by a girl friend, Judith, who leaves a valuable post to take up the work for friendship sake. And after all the guarding, after all this mere existence in the guarded room, the mother of the Bowes family suddenly evinces an energetic interest in passing events, does things unprecedented, even makes a daring journey to the home of old associations. The physical effort, the revival of old memories, the desire to make provision for her children, the upheaval in her moribund existence prove too much, and the end comes. The family re-sorts itself. The warning to "ring gently," disappears, a new dynasty enters on the domain of protected quiet. Visitors flock, and a new green door with brass handle replaces the old cumbersome one that once gave entrance to the house of the guarded room. Involved in the above main thread of story are other characters and incidents. There is the loss of certain manuscripts and their disposal. There are the love-affairs of the family. There is the story of the "eccentric brother," and the results of his eccentric conduct, for his wife. There is some clever characterisation and there is a distinctive style shown in the telling of a somewhat attenuated theme.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLONEL DRURY AND LORD SYDENHAM.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: In your last issue you quoted part of a letter from Colonel Drury, the original of which was published in the *Western Morning News.* Colonel Drury referred to the "pro-native" administration of Lord Sydenham, while the latter was Governor of Bombay.

It is only fair to state that in 1908 Lord Sydenham took very strong measures to stamp out sedition, which were successful; and the result was that he left Bombay in a perfectly tranquil state. Certainly no Member of the House of Lords spoke so strongly against Montagu's Bill as did Lord Sydenham.

The situation in India is grave, and news is evidently being kept back. Not long ago a large number of British merchants' offices in Calcutta were forced to close because of death among their staff from cholera. This cholera did not touch the native, but most of the young Scots who had been sent out from Dundee to the jute establishments died.

Sir John Ironside, of Bird & Company, succumbed.

The cholera was traced to "pasteurised" milk which was served to the European colony by a German-Jew.

The medical inspector for the Calcutta district (one of Sir William Meyer's gang) refused to prosecute the German-Jew proprietor of the poisoned milk company because "it might ruin his business."

The Japanese are getting all the carrying trade, previously held by British shipping interests, from Calcutta. If India, through agitation, throws off the protection of the Briton, if the Aryans of India fail to see in Britons fellow-members of the Great White Race, then India is doomed to come under the "black and tan" tyranny of a Jew-Jap combine.

More power to your elbow and to the whole House of Douglas. They have fought with brain and brawn for the Empire in the past, and may you now live to fight a winning fight with brain and pen.

I am, your obedient servant,

St. James's Court, S.W. Anglo-Indian.

IS LORD NORTHCLIFFE A JEW?

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—I have not read the "Semi-gotha," but I have a copy of "Semi-Kürschner," 1913, which quotes on p. 352 from the "Semi-gotha" as follows:

> "Northcliffe, früher Harmsworth, aber urspr. Stern aus Frankfurt, Baron, Lord.—H. der galben *Daily Mail*, London. Semi-gotha i, 138, 185-7."

This means:

> "Northcliffe, formerly Harmsworth, but by origin Stern of Frankfurt, Baron, Lord.—Publisher of the yellow *Daily Mail*, London."

Albermarle Club, Yours, &c.,

Briton.

SCOTTISH GENEROSITY.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: As a fellow countryman, I cordially endorse your remarks in Plain English of last week regarding the generous Scot. One thought, naturally, that after all that has been said on the subject the "meanness" myth had long ago been exploded, but evidently John Bull even now is still so bovine that he cannot grasp facts connected with certain matters of custom. I know personally of cases where English guests while enjoying the best of hospitality—shooting in Scotland—the host himself a Scot—have recounted to him with great relish stories they had heard proving, as they said, the meanness of the race. Well, heaven help the Sassenach's sense of humour!

It is something nowadays to have a paper such as yours, in London doing a little even to arouse the Scots to a keener sense of their greatness, and to awaken their pride of worth. To-day, there is no newspaper in London devoted exclusively or mainly to upholding the merits of our race. Perhaps you will say they do not need it,—that his force of character and his power are strong enough without a paper "puff." However, in these days, propaganda is a very necessary equipment and it would be a great disaster to the world if the records of those great Scotsmen who have been the founders and builders of the Empire should get clouded or be forgotten by succeeding generations. There is now too much heartless surrender of good principles to cash advantages fostered by alien and Semitic ideas. We need good healthy sermons in our everyday life. So let the Scottish lion ramp round a bit and clear the arena of the cowardly and tainted.

I am, Sir, Your Obedient Servant,

St. James's Club. Another Lowlander.

SCOTLAND TO THE RESCUE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—If Scotland is needed to safeguard the nation why do the political organisers not visit the King with a list of gentlemen who are debarred from sitting at Westminster for lack of English titles, and have the unfair obstruction removed? King George does as hard a day's work as anyone, and surely he would see the wisdom of being surrounded by patriots when so many agitators seem leading to "rocks and disasters ahead."

Annandale-Fife.

14th February, 1921. Montrose-Dundee.

A VOICE FROM SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—As one who realises what "the name that was a name at Chevy Chase" stands for in Scotland, I have always meant to write and congratulate you upon the great and valuable work you are doing through the columns of your unique paper, which I have read from the first number. It may be some satisfaction to you to know that you have many friends and readers in that part of Scotland known as "the Douglas country," and it is with joy that we who live close to that famous old abbey where certain of your illustrious ancestors lie buried, see you fighting so splendidly against the gigantic forces of evil which are so manifest in our midst. I endorse every word you have written concerning the Northcliffe Press, the scandalous Robert Ross presentation, poisonous H. G. Wells, the scoundrel, Frank Harris, &c. So far as I can see you have only one fault—you are too honest; but if ever there was a time when honesty and courage were needed that time is the present. PLAIN ENGLISH makes for truth and it is the truth we want, nothing else than the truth. It is idle for the London *Evening News* to write of the noble house to which you belong as a family of degenerates. It is a maliciously untrue statement and certainly such a view is not entertained in Scotland, where Scotsmen would dearly like to see the Douglas family again settled. Wishing you every success in the noble work you are doing through the columns of your brilliant paper,

Believe me, your obedient servant,
Galashiels, W. SORLEY BROWN.
February 12th, 1921.

CHRISTIAN MONARCHY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR: The enclosed, which I clip from to-day's *New York Herald*, is, on considering the traditional attitude of the American press to the "effete monarchies of Europe," an amazing tribute to the efficiency of at least one King.

To us unflinching Royalists there is, of course, nothing amazing in this fact. It is only what we should expect from a King with a sense of his duty and the courage of his convictions. That it should be the Spanish and Catholic Majesty, and the last reigning Bourbon, who thus courgaeously performs the duty of a Christian Sovereign towards his people in their need, adds, of course, tremendously to our pride and jubilation, and vindicates the claims we have always made for Christian Monarchy.

King Alfonso's success—"even his enemies themselves being judges"—and the triumphant return of King Constantine, on the overwhelming wave of his people's enthusiasm and trust, are the two gleams of Hope amid the reeking gloom of the present "democratic" chaos. They encourage us to believe that under the guidance of their old God-given Rulers (when these have the courage and faith to claim it) one by one the ancient kingdoms of Christian Europe may emerge to assume the tradition of civilisation—constitute once more a *Republica Christiana*—which, because it is vitally and avowedly Christian, will, better than any crack-brained, atheistic philanthropy, League of Nations, or what not, ensure an honourable and lasting Peace.

It must be either this or the Bolshevik-Hebrew reign of Anti-Christ.

Believe me, Sir,
Very Loyally Yours,
61, Washington Square, New York. R. T. NICHOL.
Feb. 1, 1921.

PUSH "PLAIN ENGLISH."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—For you to form a party would, I think, be a mistake. You are splendid as a "Free Lance" and would be hampered by a "tail" of jealous, squabbling followers who buzz around any leader.

Still, it is a pity well-wishers are not given a chance to work "on their own." I suggest (with your approval—and the manager's) persons with spare time, take out newspaper licences (how much ?) at their own expense and proceed to sell copies of PLAIN ENGLISH while travelling to and from business, *en route* to the golf links, and by cycle or car. A fine bold poster calling attention to their wares.

Twice I have failed to get the journal at places where it was at one time sold. Therefore (if) there is a scheme to hamper the sale, let well-wishers hustle along and raise the circulation.

Yours, &c.,
14th February, 1921. J. Scott.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Recently I sent several copies of PLAIN ENGLISH to friends abroad and have received some interesting replies.

An officer on duty with the British Commission in Vienna writes:—

> "Many thanks for PLAIN ENGLISH. A few more copies of it here might be a good thing. Vienna was never so overrun with Jews. At the same time, I do not know what would happen if they were taken away. Vienna has no brains or enterprise as the Nordic population has been killed in the war or driven out of their homes. We have snow here and the people are freezing except the poor Jewish families, who seem to bag all relief food and funds, while the rich Jews fill the cafés and guzzle champagne all around the *ring*."

The head of the Department of English in a well-known military school in the United States writes:—

> "I enjoyed looking over PLAIN ENGLISH, but I can't say that I am always impressed by the language, and the attempt made by some pious souls to attribute all the evil in the history of the world to the hooked noses isn't convincing. I want to know more about the authenticity of the Protocols. A lot depends on that. The editor of PLAIN ENGLISH, when he is out of breath lets out a cuss or two at my own country—"the land of suffragists and spiritualists," for example—as though the Pankhursts and Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle belonged to us. I admit the strictures on Prohibition and long for a glass of good beer."

From Florence a well-known Englishwoman writes:

> "All Italy is talking about PLAIN ENGLISH and the 'Hythe Report.' Gabriel, Lord Hythe, Sir Rennell Rodd and Zervadaties are so well known here. Of course something will be done to hush the whole affair or the cat will be out of the bag even to the facts about the *Hampshire*."

From Tripoli in Barbery a friend in the Consular Corps says:

> "We have stopped all weekly papers except the *Illustrated*, the *Near East* and PLAIN ENGLISH."

It is only a matter of time, if these letters of mine can be taken as a straw, before PLAIN ENGLISH remains the only sixpenny literary weekly in England.

I am, Sir,
The Travellers' Club, H. S. P.
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

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LADY HARDINGE strongly recommends French lady to give lessons; would take daily engagements. Willing to travel.—Write to Mdlle. THIRION, 60, Gloucester Gardens, W. 2.

Now Ready.

THE ROSSIAD,

A Satire by

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

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***The Hidden Hand,* the organ of "the Britons" says:**

"THE ROSSIAD."

"Let us popularise vice amongst the multitudes . . . It is corruption *en masse* that we have undertaken."—Haute Vente Romaine, M.S. (1825).

"The people of the Goys are stupefied by spirituous liquors; their youth is driven crazy by classics and early debauchery to which they have been instigated by our agents—tutors, valets and governesses—in rich houses, by clerks and so forth, and by our women in the pleasure places of the Goys. Among the latter I include the so-called 'society women,' their volunteer followers in vice and luxury."—Zionist Protocol I (1901).

"It is necessary to disturb the relationship between the people and the government in all countries, and so to exhaust everybody by hatred, hunger, *inoculation of disease* . . . that the Goys should not see any exit from their troubles other than an appeal for the protection of our money and our complete sovereignty."—Zionist Protocol X (1901).

"We are the world's seducers."—Dr. Oscar Levy (1920).

"In the spring of 1914, Mr. Crosland, and later, Lord Alfred Douglas were prosecuted for libel at the Old Bailey by the late Mr. Robert Ross. In both cases the actions failed, and as a consequence Ross stood convicted of unnatural offences. Thereafter a testimonial to Ross was promoted, and of the signatories a large proportion were Jews, including two Monds. The effect of the testimonial was to whitewash the culprit and defame his accusers. "The Rossiad" is the retaliation, but so for it has been almost completely boycotted by the Jew-controlled press. It is a terribly brilliant satire, and it bears out the diabolical ethics of the "Protocols" and of the monopolists of White Slave Traffic and compilers of black books, with their methods of controlling Ministers of State. Without the propagation of vice among the Gentiles and its glorification, the King of Zion could never attain his throne. When Ross died, a poem in his praise was published in the *Nation* by the Jew Siegfried Sassoon. By this trenchant exposure Lord Alfred Douglas has laid bare one of the most deadly weapons of the Jew in his never-resting war on the non-Jew world."

Orders can be placed at the office of PLAIN ENGLISH and should be addressed to the Manager.

The present edition contains a new preface by the author.

Published by ROBERT DAWSON, High St., Galashiels, Scotland.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 33.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FEBRUARY 19, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

TEMPERANCE OR PROHIBITION.

TEMPERANCE is self-imposed, self-enforced.
PROHIBITION is imposed by others without your consent.

TEMPERANCE means your control of yourself.
PROHIBITION means other people's control of you.

TEMPERANCE implies use in moderation.
PROHIBITION forbids even use in moderation.

TEMPERANCE is a virtue.
PROHIBITION is a form of insanity.

TEMPERANCE can be defended; it cannot justly be attacked.
PROHIBITION cannot be defended, but must be attacked and destroyed.

EVERY ARGUMENT THAT PROVES
TEMPERANCE RIGHT
DEMONSTRATES THAT
PROHIBITION IS WRONG.

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AMERICA DEMANDS JUTLAND INQUIRY.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 34.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FEBRUARY 26, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in each succeeding number, and are continued in our present issue.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages ?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment ? If not, who has destroyed them ?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government :
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk ; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell ; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

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Winter is now at hand and thousands of our clients are still unprovided for.

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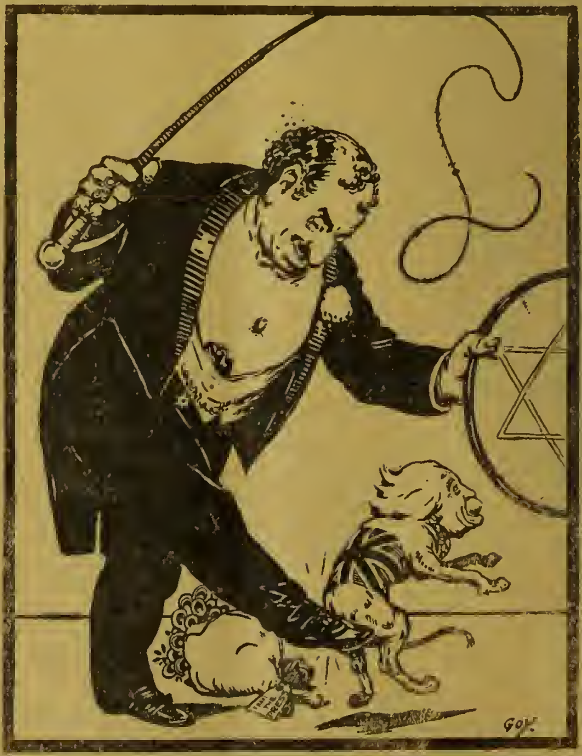

Prof. Goldlust, O.B.E, and his dog George, who performed at Spa, Lympne and Paris.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 163
The Seller of the Pass......... 166
America Demands Jutland Enquiry 166
Greenwood's Little Game.... 167
The Pot and the Kettle at Cardigan 168
Finance and Stock Markets 169
PAGE
Paris Notes 170
New York Notes.............. 170
"No Better Englishman Now Breathes" 171
A Business Government...... 172
Acting in Modern Farce...... 174
Review 175
Correspondence 177

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STOP PRESS.

Just as we go to press the news reaches us that negotiations are proceeding for the sale of "The Morning Post" to a Jewish Syndicate. We invite our readers to note that we have for months past been calling attention to the strange policy of the "Morning Post" which, while "leading the attack" on Jewish corruption on the one hand, has on the other hand been quietly supporting and encouraging it. The passing of the "Morning Post," into Jewish hands will mark the final phase of the capture of the entire London daily Press by the Jews or their agents.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Mr. Pemberton-Billing and Jutland.

We have received the following letter from a gentleman who is apparently an admirer of Mr. Pemberton Billing :—

> MY LORD : 21/2/21.
>
> I have the honour to address you. In an article under the heading "Impeach Churchill" in your issue of the 19th inst. reference is made to Mr. Billing, M.P., having left England, and you invite the "gentle reader" to form a conclusion which, for his benefit, you have made perfectly plain ; I suggest that such conclusion is totally incorrect.
>
> Is it not a fact that a company known as the Pemberton-Billing Economic Homes, Ltd., of which Mr. Billing was Managing Director, is in voluntary liquidation ? Is it not also a fact that the speciality of this Company was the Pemberton-Billing Economic Stove ? Again, did not Mr. Billing publicly state at a meeting of the shareholders of the above-named Company, held the second week in January, 1921, that owing to the refusal of the British manufacturers to make the stove he intended sailing for America at an early date, such journey to be paid for out of his private purse ?
>
> This thought of leaving London was not, as was stated in your article, a "sudden determination," owing to your death, and no object can be gained by your not stating the port at which he was calling in the West Indies. Is it not Jamaica ? It is ; and I assure you the fact is public knowledge, and also that he was to sail some time during the week commencing the 8th February, 1921. This fact was known before the rumour of your death was circulated, consequently in my opinion your statement was wholly incorrect.
>
> My lord, I look to you to correct this obvious error, especially as your paper, which I incidentally admire, is purporting to speak the truth and nothing but the truth.
>
> I have the honour to be, my lord,
> Yours obediently,
> E. BEER.
>
> Windermere, Lower Road,
> Chorley Wood, Bucks.

In reply we have addressed the following letter to Mr. Beer :—

> PLAIN ENGLISH,
> 22*nd February*, 1921.
>
> DEAR SIR :
>
> In reply to your letter, I know nothing whatever about Mr. Pemberton Billing and his "companies" and commercial schemes. I have not seen or spoken to him since, in the public interest, I gave evidence on his behalf at his trial at the Old Bailey. I may add that the opinion I have formed of Mr. Billing's line of conduct since that time does not impress me with any desire to renew the acquaintance. If Mr. Billing or any of his friends object to the conclusions which I have drawn from his sudden disappearance from England on the eve of the opening of Parliament, and after he had signified his intention of raising the Jutland question, on which he knows almost as much as I do, they are welcome to my correspondence columns for any explanation they may care to make. But until they produce some very cogent explanation I shall continue to draw my own conclusions from the facts.
>
> Yours very truly,
> ALFRED DOUGLAS.
>
> E. BEER, Esq.

The "English Review" and Frank Harris.

A person calling himself "Lucifer" writes a pæan of praise, in this month's *English Review*, of the scoundrel Frank Harris. We quote the beginning of this fatuous article :—

> Some years ago I was motoring with Frank Harris on the Cornici road, and as we approached a lonely, strangely romantic building, built right down to and even overhanging the sea, Harris pointed excitedly and stood up. "That is my hotel. I sank my all in that. It is gone." Naturally, I was interested. Harris the critic, the Shakespearean (not scholar) interpreter, the splendid editor, the whilom financier, the man with the great voice, picked out in the 'nineties by a society-leader as capable of rising to the Premiership "if only he could restrain himself"; Harris the dueller of Fleet Street, the philosopher of pity, the fierce Elizabethan born three hundred years out of his time [Query, Ancient Pistol ?—*Ed.*, P.E.]—I never imagined he was in the hotel business : I stared at the picturesque, *baroque*, theatrical-looking erection in astonishment, and then I noted that it was shut off from all approach ; it just stood, beetling over the Mediterranean, quite superb in its insulation, its honeymoon inaccessibility, on rock, a thing of defiance, like the man, a hotel which had no communications, a lure, a delusion, and into that splendid fastness, for so it seemed, the literary-critic had put his money, as a man at Monte Carlo might stake his all on the throw of a croupier.
>
> The thing was so inexpressibly comic that we laughed. "So I am on the road once more," Harris said, and he has been on the *via dura* ever since. It was my first lesson in finance.

The Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH well remembers Harris's Hotel and Restaurant at Eze, a few miles from Monte Carlo. He has good reasons to remember it, for Harris, "the Shakespearean critic, the splendid editor, the whilom (sic) financier, the dueller of Fleet Street, the philosopher of pity," &c., &c., extracted two thousand pounds out of him for "investment" in this "gold mine," as he described it to us in our foolish youth. In Harris's book about Oscar Wilde there is the account (pages 518-22) of a conversation (chiefly imaginary) which he had with our simple selves in Paris in 1900. In the course of this conversation we are recorded to have discussed with "the world's greatest wearer of rabbit-skin coats" the question as to whether or not it would be advisable for us to hand over a sum of two thousand pounds to Oscar Wilde, who was then "starving" in Paris on about twenty-five pounds a week, mostly supplied by ourselves. Harris's recollection of the conversation differs from ours in several very important particulars. For instance he has forgotten that so far from deprecating, he strongly applauded, our resolution not to give Wilde £2,000 (out of our patrimony which amounted to less than £15,000) on the ground that if we did Wilde would certainly get rid of the money in less than six months. He has also forgotten to mention that he went on to tell us that he had a proposition for an investment which would bring in at least 100 per cent., and that if (as appeared to be the case) we had two thousand pounds to spare, he could put us in the way of making at least two thousand a year for life out of it. A few months later he unfolded the proposition to us at Monte Carlo. It was, precisely, to invest the sum of two thousand pounds in this very hotel at Eze, which he took us to see, and which was then sumptuously furnished, and doing an apparently roaring trade as a restaurant under the management of "Césari." Harris explained to us that he had secured a gambling concession from the French Government, and that the profits of the place would shortly be enormous. We blush to say that, being young and foolish, we "fell" to the bait and parted with the two thousand pounds, receiving in return some worthless scrip, which we still possess. The hotel itself had been purchased and fitted up out of money which Harris plundered by means best known to himself from the late Wernher Beit, the South African millionaire. So "Lucifer" of the *English Review* may spare his tears and his bleats for the loss of Harris's "all." What Harris did not know about the kind of "finance" which consists in lifting money off young men (or women) by variations of the confidence trick, was not worth knowing, even as long ago as the year 1900. Needless to say, Harris had no gambling concession from the French Government, and at the time he got our money the hotel was mortgaged up to the hilt, and was closed down a few months later. The whole thing was a common fraud. We never saw again one penny piece of our two thousand pounds, and what is more, Harris got eight thousand pounds more from our brother the late Marquis of Queensberry by the same swindle. It is quite in keeping with Harris's character that, having victimised us, he never forgave us (though we never so much as reproached him with the loss of our money), and has now eased his rancour by writing his pleasant little volume of "reminiscences." It is a curious psychological fact that a man who injures another almost invariably conceives a dislike of his victim. Few, however, even of the world's greatest villains, have carried their rancour quite so far as Harris has done in his foul book about Wilde, whose friend no less than ours he professes to have been.

The "Morning Post's" Idea of Great Poetry.

The poor old *Morning Post*, in its issue of last Wednesday, lifted up its voice and gave vent, to change the metaphor, to the appended egg of "literary criticism," *apropos* of "The John Keats Memorial Volume," a collection of prose and verse issued by the Keats House Committee in celebration of the centenary of the death of Keats.

> So many votive offerings are here rendered up at the shrine of Keats's hundredth heavenly birthday, that it is embarrassing to have to choose a few examples. Mr. Thomas Hardy's "At a House in Hampstead" must, of course, take precedence if only because the author is the greatest of living English poets who has attained the vivid exactness (sometimes) and the sad earnestness (always) to which Keats aspired in the shadow of advancing death. Mr. Hardy imagines the poet revisiting his old abode and ancient tree, and wonders if he would be troubled at the changes wrought in Rome being wrought yet more on the misty hill one time his home:
>
> Or will you, softening, the while
> You further and yet further look
> Learn that a laggard few would fain
> Preserve your nook? . . .
>
> Where the Piazza steps incline,
> And catch late light at eventide,
> I once stood, in that Rome, and thought,
> "'Twas here he died."
>
> I drew to a violet-sprinkled spot,
> Where day and night a pyramid keeps
> Uplifted its white hand, and said,
> "'Tis there he sleeps."
>
> Pleasanter now it is to hold,
> That here where sang he, more of him
> Remains than where he, tuneless, cold,
> Passed to the dim.
>
> Many other poets, English and American, pay their tribute here—but more than any other Mr. Hardy's has the ringing weight of gold, the far odour of frankincense, the bitter perfume of myrrh.

Mr. Hardy has about as much claim to be called "the greatest of living English poets" as he has to be called the discoverer of the "binomial theorem." The plain truth is that Mr. Hardy is not even a moderately good vesifier. He is a fair second-rate novelist who until he launched out into the dubious and unsavoury in "Jude the Obscure," was rather unfairly neglected by the critics. From the moment he wrote "Jude the Obscure," however, his fortune was made and he has lived in a chorus of silly and ignorant adulation ever since. When he had completely written himself out as a purveyor of dubious fiction, Mr. Hardy betook himself in his dotage to the writing of "poetry." The lines quoted by the *Morning Post* are a fair sample of his quality. They are clumsy, obscure, ugly, halting, and devoid either of emotion or even passable technical correctness. The first two lines of the third stanza quoted do not scan, and throughout the feeble composition the rhymes which any real poet would have supplied, for verse of this kind, in the first and third lines, are lacking. The whole performance is considerably below the level of the kind of verse that Sir Owen Seaman churns out week by week for *Punch*. That such pitiable doggerel should be quoted by the *Morning Post* as an example of the work of "the greatest of living English poets" shows that to the kind of critic who commends himself to the *Morning Post*, words have ceased to have any meaning. It would really be difficult to find even in "modern poetry" a worse example of verse than the last stanza quoted by the *Morning Post*.

Pleasanter now it is to hold
That here, when sang he, more of him
Remains than where he, tuneless, cold,
Passed to the dim.

How does one set about "passing to the dim," Mr. Hardy? The words make no sense, and are not even good grammar. We ourselves were asked, nay pressed, to write "a little something" for the "John Keats Memorial Volume." We declined the flattering invitation on the ground that we did not choose to have our name associated with certain of the other "Singing birds" (and signatories to the Ross Testimonial) who were advertised as contributors to the same anthology. But if we were so inclined we would undertake to write better stuff than Mr. Hardy's on the subject of Keats "eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted."

A Damp Squib.

We cannot congratulate the Government on their first attempt to fulfil our prediction as to "arranged questions and answers" in the House of Commons on our Jutland disclosures.

Frankly, we consider that Mr. Short was given a task for which he had no taste; and, if one may read between the lines, there are men in the Cabinet who feel their position keenly, and whose patriotic instinct has been outraged.

There is an old saying that the best time to travel on a railway is immediately after a big accident, and that the worst time to attack a country is immediately after it has concluded a big war.

Were we assailable by the usual means we should have been assailed long ago, not on the Jutland question, but on some totally irrelevant matter. But the days for such gymnastics are over, thanks to the activities of Sir George Lewis and his associates.

After all, you can't attack men for excessive patriotism when you allow traitors to go free.

The Attack on Shakespeare.

Again and again we have urged theatrical managers to produce that incomparable historical comedy *Henry IV.*, and it delights us to record the fact that Mr. Fagan has adopted our suggestion as offered in PLAIN ENGLISH of 11th December as follows:—

> Even in these depressing days one can find cause for hope. Some time ago we bemoaned the fact that Shakespeare was boycotted in London. That complaint can no longer be sustained. The pages of PLAIN ENGLISH prove that so many plays of Shakespeare are being presented that it has been possible, for a considerable time, to notice a new play each week. If the people of this country can be persuaded to love Shakespeare as they did half a century ago, there will be hope for Britain. And viewing the matter in this light, we can but regard the opening of the Court Theatre by Mr. J. B. Fagan as an event of national importance. The theatre itself has been beautifully and simply decorated, and those who attended the opening performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were informed by special notice that:—
>
> > "Since September, 1918, the theatre has been under the direction of Mr. J. B. Fagan, who proposes in future that it shall be devoted to revivals of Shakespeare's plays."
>
> Among these, let us hope, we shall have *Henry IV.*, which contains some of Shakespeare's greatest comedy.

We hope to review the production of *Henry IV.* at the Court Theatre in the near future. Meantime it is worth recording the fact that the Jewish assault on Shakespeare, which began some years ago in America, is being transferred to this country.

Sir Alfred Mond opened the campaign in the *Westminster Gazette* by an attack on *Henry V.*, and since then productions of Shakespeare, in which the acting has been well-nigh perfect, have been condemned by our Jew-ridden press.

The latest example of this is the press offensive directed against *Henry IV.* at the Court Theatre.

Perhaps the enemy will realise that in attempting to destroy the greatest English poet, who stands in the way of their plan for degrading the language and spirit of the people, they are over-reaching themselves.

The American Admiral at Dantzig Recalled by President Wilson.

Rear-Admiral Hughes, United States Navy, who has been in charge of the American forces in Dantzig, has just been recalled from his post. This action was taken by Josephus Daniels upon the President's orders when they received an urgent report from Rear-Admiral Hughes upon the class of emigrant being shipped to the United States in the famous "kosher" ships of the Harrimann-Hamburg line. These ships were fitted out by a Mr. Krushnitz, of New York, with rabbinically superintended kitchens in order to cater for the Jews fleeing from Russia and Poland with their plunder.

Rear-Admiral Hughes visited the camps of these Jews and found them full of the lowest types of criminal humanity. But, even more strange, he found the camps in charge of men dressed as officers and soldiers of the United States regular army. He knew no such force was in Poland, and he demanded the authority of the men (who were all East-end New York Jews) for wearing the United States uniform. The Jews replied they were members of the B'nai Brith, or Sons of the Covenant. They said that Mr. Henry Morganthau, a friend of President Wilson's, had given them permission to wear uniform and they were paid through the Warburg's bank.

Naturally the United States Admiral reported this wholesale swindle and mis-use of American uniform—and as a result of telling the truth he has been recalled and the affair remains as hushed-up as Jutland.

The Jewish Calendar in Boots' Diaries.

With regard to our Editorial in last week's issue headed "Second Thoughts," about the Synagogue Sermons which were given priority in the *Sunday Evening Telegram*, our attention has been drawn to something curious. In the "Home Diary and Ladies' Note Book," published by Boots, the Jewish Calendar is given as the first piece of information after the Contents Page and list of Boots' Shops, the Christian modern calendar following.

We were under the impression that Sir Jesse Boot was a decent Englishman, that is to say, something that no orthodox inbred Jew can ever hope to be, and something that very few of the Race can even imitate with any degree of success. It is difficult to understand how he has allowed somebody, presumably some Semitic wirepuller, to put the Jewish Calendar first. If it was 1925, the year when the Jews hope to turn this country into a glorified Russian Bolshevik Ghetto, it would be another matter.

This is a Christian country, and although such preference may be very comforting for such families as the Guedallas, Belishas, Goezes, Isaacs, Bambergers and Detmolds, groaning as they must be under those persecutions that most Jews talk about, yet until "Der Tag" arrives there are many people who will not buy a diary from Boots again when their attention has been drawn to this.

Not Mr. Edward Shanks.

Some weeks ago we referred in the course of an article called "The Blue-faced Ape of Horus" to a certain Mr. Shanks, who is the translator of the "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," and occupies a position in the Chief Whip's Office. This gentleman is the son of a Russian Jewess, and was born in Moscow. By an inadvertence we endowed him with the christian name of "Edward," whereas his real name is George. The mistake as to Mr. Shanks's christian name was rectified in PLAIN ENGLISH of February 5 in a letter from Mr. Patrick Hamilton. We have been asked by no less than three different persons to state that they are not the Mr. Shanks referred to in our article. One of these is Mr. Edward Shanks, the poet, who is private secretary to the editor of the *London Mercury*, another is Mr. Edward Shanks, the American poet, who is known in America as the "Poet Laureate of Virginia," and the third is a compositor in the employment of the Fleetway Press, the printers of PLAIN ENGLISH. Needless to say, the article "The Blue-faced Ape of Horus" was not intended to reflect in the slightest degree on any of the gentlemen named. We repeat that the Mr. Shanks to whom the article referred is Mr. George Shanks, and our calling him Edward was simply the result of a slip of the pen.

THE SELLER OF THE PASS.

What was there, tell me, that you might have sold,
And did not sell ?
What secret was there that you might have told,
And did not tell ?
And did you pave with no convenient gold
Your path to Hell ?

You point, indignant, to the scantiness
That wraps you round.
Your squalor and the meanness of your dress
Conspire to sound
A "poor but honest" note ; nevertheless
Your shame is found.

Judas, for certain pieces, sold his Lord,
And you sold yours.
Neither to him nor you did they afford
The overtures
Of guarded gates that bar the rank reward
Which still allures.

Go, read the Book, and look into the glass
Of that dark page,
Whose is the hand that takes from Caiaphas
A bloody wage ?
Whose but the eternal seller of the pass
From age to age ?

For still the seller sells and still he buys,
With that foul fee,
But food to feed the worm that never dies
In Hell's red sea,
And still in Haceldama's field he lies
Eternally.

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

AMERICA DEMANDS JUTLAND ENQUIRY.

Last week, in a leading article entitled "Impeach Churchill," we printed the following paragraphs :—

> **We consider that at the stage to which events have now arrived, and in view of the craven or corrupt attitude taken up by our unspeakable Press (including the "Morning Post"), it now rests with the Privy Council to carry the matter to its logical conclusion, and to insist on the impeachment of Winston Churchill.**
>
> **Mr. Churchill will then have an opportunity of explaining (1) how the enrichment, at the expense of British stockholders all over the world, of a gang of German Jew financiers can be said to have assisted in Great Britain's conduct of the war, and what precise connection there is, between say, Sir Ernest Cassel and the British Empire. (2) What particular impulse of purity or patriotism it was that prompted him to accept the gift of several thousand pounds' worth of furniture for his house in Eccleston Square from the aforesaid Sir Ernest Cassel within a few weeks of the issue of the false Jutland Report ; and (3) how it comes about that, as a matter of fact, the whole profit of the transaction has gone into the hands of the "perpetui inimici" of Great Britain, of the British Empire and of all Christian kings and Governments all over the world.**

Up to the time of going to press we have not heard a word from Mr. Winston Churchill or his solicitors, so we take it that the Minister for the Colonies (God save them !) has made up his mind to "take it lying down." Mr. Churchill does not deny our accusation, and he does not dare to take proceedings against us, because he knows full well that if he did, we should justify our charges against him up to the hilt before a British jury, according to the far-famed methods of *le systéme Douglas*, which is based ultimately upon a translation into the sphere of the intellect of the "Queensberry Rules." Our readers will doubtless be aware that the main feature of the Queensberry Rules, which differentiates them from the rules which formerly obtained in the Prize Ring, is the "count-out." Mr. Churchill has failed to "come up to time," and consequently, morally speaking, he is "down and out."

But Mr. Churchill (God save us !) does not mind. The Press of this country, securely and firmly "nobbled" and muzzled from the foremost leader-writer on the *Morning Post* down to the lowest street-hawker of the Northcliffe or Hulton press, preserves a discreet silence about his Jutland activities, while, on the other hand, it keeps his name well before the public on other and less dangerous issues.

The House of Commons remains equally silent. The six hundred odd gentlemen who make up that august assembly feel no more qualms about supporting and bolstering up the manipulator of the false Jutland report than they did on a former occasion in cheering Mr. Asquith when damaging and unrefuted statements had been made about him in the course of a case in the law courts. The House of Commons continues to live up to its proud traditions in the way of "playing the game." Our democratically elected representatives, of all parties, will support each other to the last. If a member of the House is "attacked" (*i.e.*, if someone outside the House tells the plain truth about him) they "rally round" him, irrespective of party, they "cheer" him, and let the Empire and the honour of Great Britain go hang. Their "loyalty" (to themselves) is truly touching and edifying.

But there is just one little rift within the lute which produces this harmonious "noise." Mr. Churchill and his supporters (or, perhaps, we should say the supporters of his masters) in the Press and the House of Commons have overlooked the foreign Press. The papers of the Continent (in France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, &c., &c.) and the papers of the United States, not being susceptible to the system of control which is so powerful in this country, have been so indiscreet as to give world-wide publicity to our Jutland disclosures, and the consequence has been that the matter has developed an enormous international importance, which, if it had been dealt with promptly and honestly in our own country, it would never have assumed.

The new U.S.A. Administration, with Mr. Harding as President, comes into being on March 4th. Overtures have been made by our Treasury to the United States, in which it was suggested that the United States Government should help to re-establish British credit and to stabilise the exchange by making enormous investments in British stock. The negotiations involved were in progress, and nearing a satisfactory completion, when our Jutland disclosures began to appear. The U.S.A. Government immediately began to take the greatest interest in them. Its administrators waited, at first confidently, then hopefully but amazedly, for the refutation of the charges which they expected from our own Government. Simultaneously they waited for the action to vindicate his character which they took it for granted must come from Mr. Churchill, not to mention the other gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in PLAIN ENGLISH in connection with the affair. They waited in vain, as our readers know. And to cut a long story short, they have now intimated to our Government that until the Jutland affair is cleared up they decline to invest so much as a penny piece of American money in British stock.

The U.S.A. Administration's line of argument is as follows: "We have always believed in British credit, and British honour. The necessities of the case have compelled us to know and understand the methods of finance of the Rothschilds and other Jewish bankers. We are up to all their games, and we are not liable to be deceived by them. But in the case of Great Britain we have always acted on the principle that we had nothing to fear in the way of trickery and sharp financial practice. The Jutland disclosures in PLAIN ENGLISH, however, put a new complexion on the state of British credit and British honour. Unless the Government can clear itself of the definite charges brought against it, it must be assumed that we are no longer dealing with a normal British Administration. The principal assets of the British Empire which can be offered to the Government of the U.S.A. as security for the investment of United States funds in British stock are India, Egypt and Mesopotamia. What security have we that Mr. Churchill will not repeat his tricks in the Middle East, and how are we to be certain that when that area is under such control we may not one day be informed that the Arabs and the Bolsheviks have captured Mesopotamia, and what assurance have we, under the present Administration, that India and Egypt may not be lost under similar conditions?"

So much for the result of our Jutland disclosures, as far as the United States is concerned.

Following the example of the United States, the Dutch Government is adopting a similar attitude.

The Coalition Government had better, therefore, take counsel and make up its mind whether its continued support of Mr. Churchill for the six months or so which is the outside limit of his further political or public career, is worth the final smash-up of British credit which it would involve. The trouble is, of course, that most of the Government are so deeply involved in the discreditable business that Mr. Churchill is in a position to say to them, "If you abandon me I will pull you down with me."

Well, it is not for us to help the Government out of its mess. We will confine ourselves to repeating what we have said before, that the next move appears to us to rest with the King and the Privy Council.

GREENWOOD'S LITTLE GAME.

SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD'S administration in Ireland has, we admit, appealed to us all along as fearless and statesmanlike; yet it has been marked by blunders, blunders which we attributed to a zealous executive face to face with something worse than war.

Evidence which has reached us, however, tends to mark these blunders as the product of deliberate policy.

The Irish situation is so terrible, and the task before the loyal executive so difficult, that we have hesitated to deal with this matter, lest we should embarass the brave servants of the Crown in Ireland, or add to the troubles of the Irish Office and Dublin Castle. There is a time for telling the truth in public; and after most careful consideration we have decided that the time has come for laying before the people of this country certain facts in our possession.

In dealing with a savage enemy, reprisals are not only legitimate but unquestionably necessary. Reprisals have taken place in Ireland, but it seems beyond question that some of these were undertaken with private official sanction. Of late, reprisals have been officially ordered; but before this system was adopted they were undertaken in a manner likely to inflame the Irish native temper.

Why was this done? And why did Sir Hamar Greenwood give secret instructions to the Cadets?

We should like an answer to these two questions. We should also like to know why the loyal minority in the South and West of Ireland—ground as they are between the upper and neither millstones of barbaric civil war—have been cold-shouldered and rendered inarticulate. The plight of these unfortunate folk is indescribable; and they have no outlet. The Jew-controlled press is closed to them. No loyalist utterance can find a place in the London press. Even the *Morning Post* has, to our certain knowledge, been definitely closed to important statements, though these statements were backed up by Sir Edward Carson.

The Executive in Ireland, and the officers of police are drawn from the loyal minority. Is it fantastic to suppose that the game of crushing the loyalist, as played by Montagu in India, is being played by his brother Jew, Greenwood, in Ireland?

We confess to have had suspicion forced upon us.

The Government, very properly, has searched certain religious houses in Ireland; and in these houses they have discovered many "wanted" men.

We should like to know, however, why this searching was extended to those Religious Orders which were known to be unsympathetic to Sinn Fein; and why instructions were given for the digging up of nun's graves with the alleged object of finding concealed arms?

For every grave thus disturbed the Irish Republican Army has secured twenty recruits.

Can we suppose that such incredible stupidity is merely the outcome of blundering administration?

Taken in conjunction with the points which we have raised, it seems to us that Sir Hamar Greenwood has found it impossible to forget his origin.

We are prepared to offer evidence taken down from a leading Sinn Feiner "on the run" to the effect that Sir Hamar Greenwood is by no means obnoxious to Sinn Fein; that he is recognised to be associated with American Jews, who are in touch with the Irish-American element, and that his policy is appreciated by the Irish extremists as directed from Frankfort. "Sir Hamar Greenwood," said the Sinn Feiner in question, "can walk undisturbed through the streets of Dublin. We would not dream of molesting him. We know the part he is playing, and we appreciate it."

In conclusion, we should like to know what Sir Hamar Greenwood intends to do with the men who have been interned in Ireland? Are they to be liberated, and allowed to carry on the work which led to their arrest and internment?

Your Irish native does not fear death or imprisonment. In fact, there is only one thing which he fears; and that is permanent banishment. Does Sir Hamar Greenwood propose to banish the interned men to some island in the Southern Hemisphere? Or does he intend to liberate them at a fitting time, when the fortunes of the Empire are in a precarious state, to commit once more the diabolical outrages which have revealed their savage nature?

THE POT & THE KETTLE AT CARDIGAN.

THE dumb Press of this country which refuses to produce a word about Jutland while the entire press of Europe is discussing our revelations burst into song on Sunday and Monday last. To adopt Tennyson:—

> "They sing but as the linnet sings:
> They simply sing because they must."

And what was the burden of their song? "Coalition Victory at Cardigan," "Triumph for Lloyd George." After a journalistic experience running over a good many years, we can recollect no by-election result which was given greater prominence in the press than this Cardigan result.

For our part, we took no interest in the contest, and we did not devote a single line to the subject. The contest was one between a Lloyd George Liberal and an Asquithian Liberal.. Captain Evans, as Mr. Lloyd George's secretary, represented with peculiar accuracy the most corrupt and Jew-ridden Government that has ever cursed this country.

Mr. Lewelyn Williams, simply because he represented Mr. Asquith, stood for what might be even worse than political corruption in public life.

So the choice lay between the pot and the kettle, and for a few weeks these domestic utensils found expression through the rival candidates.

Had Captain Evans been opposed by a Conservative, he would have been wiped off the political map. In fact, we have good reason to know that Mr. Asquith is working in closer harmony with Lloyd George than most people suppose; and that the setting up of a "Wee Free" to oppose a Lloyd-Georger was what might be called a requisite and necessary move in the political game.

The voters at Cardigan had no hesitation in accepting the devil they knew instead of the devil they didn't know. They had a firm conviction that if anything could be worse than a Lloyd-Georger that something would be a "Wee Free."

And look at the creatures whom Asquith sent down to assist his candidate.

Kenworthy, after his disloyal record, could only damn any candidate for whom he spoke. And backing him up was a tribe of slouch-hatted, greasy-skinned, sloppily-clad "Liberals," with hardly a clean collar among them.

The whole play was well staged, but, unfortunately, a few people in the boxes got a glimpse beyond the stage; and when necessary we shall record some of these glimpses.

Lloyd George says that he has the confidence of Wales. That confidence has been shaken for quite a long time, ever since December, 1910, when he was opposed by Mr. Austin Lloyd Jones.

Mr. Jones pulled down his majority considerably, and the figures for the election of December, 1910, were as follows:—

L. George	3,112
A. L. Jones	1,904
Majority	1,208

After his terrible record, and supported as he would be by his Jewish masters, Lloyd George would go down before any honest man of ability who cared to oppose him.

Mr. Austin Lloyd Jones informs us that he has decided not to offer himself as candidate opposed to Lloyd George at the next election. Why does a man of his conspicuous ability and conservative principles refuse to take a place for which he is so perfectly suited? He could unseat the Prime Minister, for he is locally popular and is a fluent Welsh speaker. Welsh or no Welsh, we would oppose the Assistant Editor of this paper to the Prime Minister at the next election with the utmost confidence in the result.

Mr. Lloyd George is welcome to any consolation he can derive from the Cardigan result. And the Press—which plainly yelled out the Cardigan result as who should say: "That will stop your mouths, you Jutland-disclosure-mongers"—is welcome to any content which it can discover in its breast.

A rotten Government and a rotten press have got to face the inevitable. Let the time be short, let it be long, the day of reckoning will come.

Perhaps it is entering the mind of the Government that by keeping the press dumb it is merely shortening its own life. When the stables are cleaned they will be cleaned in earnest.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 105s. 6d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	53·55 to 53·60
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·34 to 11·35
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	237 to 238
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	51·30 to 51·35
CALCUTTA	Rupees	1s. 4d.	1/3¾ to 1/3⅞
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	22·30 to 22·35
ITALY	Lire	25·22½	106 to 106¼
MADRID	Pesetas	25·22½	27·85 to 27·95
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·45 to 4·47
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·88½ to 3.88¾
PARIS	Francs	25·22½	53·55 to 53·60
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	2/3¾ to 2/3 31/32d
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	23·42 to 23·43
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	2/5⅝ to 2/5¾

HOME RAILWAYS.

The dividends declared by the railway companies for the half-year ending 1920 have now been published, and very little, if any, alteration is shown. Probably never in the history of British railways has there been such a high return on securities as can now be secured by investors. The guarantee of the Government for the period during which they have run the railways, though it may have been disastrous to the taxpayer in general, has certainly secured for the railway stockholder a continuance of a reasonable return on his money, and particularly so in the case of those who have recently become stockholders. On the other hand, those who were investors prior to the war have seen their stocks deteriorate in market value by probably an average of 50 per cent., but in this respect they are not alone. Even the holders of Consols and Government securities and other like gilt-edged investments have had a similar experience.

The following is a list of the principal railway investments with the respective returns :—

	Price.	Yield.
Caledonian Def.	6⅞	£10 0 0
Glasgow & S.W. Def.	20	12 3 0
North British Def.	10¾	13 13 0
North Eastern	73	10 16 0
Great Northern Def.	26½	11 11 6
Great Central Pref.	30	11 2 0
Great Eastern	26½ ex. d.	10 7 6
Hull & Barnsley	45	10 14 0
Lancs. & Yorkshire	50	9 19 0
Midland Def.	43½	11 8 0
London Brighton Def.	42	12 0 0
London, Chatham 2nd Pref.	25	13 12 6
L. & North West.	71	11 4 0
L. & South West. Def.	18¼	12 19 0

Capital Invested.

At the meeting of stockholders of the Great Northern Railway Company held the other week, the chairman, Sir F. G. Banbury, Bart., M.P., in presiding, gave the usual review of the position of the Company for the past year and had the usual trenchant observations to make. His opinion with regard to the necessity of restoring the railways to the pre-war profit earning footing was strongly supported by the shareholders, and as will be seen from the following extract from his speech, the investors in railway securities are large and varied, and representative of the great body of capitalists, large and small :—

> The money invested in railway stocks amounts to some 1,300 millions, and is held by a large number of people, many of whom are dependent on the dividends they receive for their living. In addition it must not be forgotten that the debenture and preference stocks of the railways are stocks in which trustees are authorised to invest by Act of Parliament, that is to say, the debenture and preference stocks of railways which for the last ten years have paid a dividend of 3 per cent. on their ordinary stocks are specially authorised by Act of Parliament as being stocks in which trustees can invest, and the debenture and preference stocks of all railways which for the last ten years have declared a dividend on their ordinary stocks. Parliament has expressly authorised the Court of Chancery to declare them trustees' stocks; and it must also be remembered that, in addition to the people whom I mentioned above as holding these stocks, a very large portion of the funds belonging to charitable and other institutions are invested in these stocks. Anything which would jeopardise the payment of the interest on these stocks would be nothing short of a national disaster. It is therefore essential that the railways should be restored to a revenue-earning position, and that is the duty of the Government.

New Capital Issues.

The improvement, slight though it is, in financial and commercial circles, is having the effect of encouraging appeals to the public for fresh money. No doubt the great success of the Cunard Debenture issue, and the substantial premium at which these now stand is encouraging other big enterprises to try their luck The most important to mention is the proposed issue of Second Preference shares by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd., who are increasing their capital by the creation of 10,000,000 Second Preference shares, and by an additional 5,000,000 First Preference shares. The First Preference shares now existing carry a fixed cumulative dividend of 6 per cent., with the right to participate up to a further 2 per cent. (non-cumulative). It is now the intention of the Company to make the full 8 per cent. cumulative. The issue will no doubt be readily taken up by the existing Preference shareholders of the Company, and by the public, if the latter have the opportunity. The fresh money required is for the purpose of enabling the company itself to develop its markets for its refined products independently of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, through whose organisation the business is at the present time done, but with whom the existing arrangements will soon terminate. The Ordinary shares of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are held jointly by the Government and the Burmah Oil Corporation. The Ordinary shares of the Burmah Company are in the hands of the general public, who thereby participate in the high profits which the Anglo-Persian Oil Company have been earning and are likely to earn for many years to come. In that way an investment in the shares of the Burmah Oil Corporation is to be commended, and at the present price are very attractive. It should be pointed out, however, in the capital arrangements now proposed that the voting powers of the Preference shareholders will be restricted from one vote per share to one vote for every five Preference shares, this applying to both the existing First and Second Preference. The change no doubt is necessary and being made to enable the holders of the Ordinary shares to have a predominating voice in the administration.

Another important new issue is the £4,000,000 7 per cent. debentures of Lever Bros., to be made to the public, we believe, at 92½ per cent. The debentures will have a life of twenty years and be redeemable by means of a sinking fund of 2 per cent., to commence after three years. It should be noted that this is the first debenture issue made by Lever Bros. Hitherto their enterprises have been financed by issues of preference shares to the public, and behind the security of the debentures there is the enormous issued share capital of £43,170,000. This company has recently been in the money market on several occasions in connection with the general expansion of its business. It is understood that the new money is not for the purpose of any fresh acquisition, but is needed to place the company's floating debt on a more permanent basis.

There is also some talk of an issue by Vickers, Ltd., but up to the time of writing no details are available.

Dividends and Reports.

Telegraph Construction and Maintenance.—Subject to audit, further dividend of 7½ per cent. recommended.

New Monkton Collieries.—Interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on ordinary, free of tax. Also usual dividend on preference.

Country Life.—Net profit for 1920 amounts to £21,521. Dividend recommended of 12½ per cent.

Bovril, Ltd.—Net profit for 1920, £219,738. Balance dividend proposed at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum on preference; balance dividend on ordinary at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum, making 7 per cent. for the year; a dividend of 8 per cent. for year on deferred.

Maple & Co.—Balance of profit, £387,195. Final dividend on ordinary shares of 15 per cent., making 17½ per cent.

International Sponge Importers.—Net profit, £18,041. Final dividend of 2½ per cent., making 5 per cent. on ordinary shares for the year.

Mather & Platt.—Dividend of 7 per cent., tax free, making 10 per cent. for year.

London & Liverpool Bank of Commerce.—Net profit for 1920, £17,807 plus £19,019 brought forward. Dividend recommended of 4s. per share, less tax, carrying forward £20,026.

National Gas Engine.—Net profit, £92,062. Final dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on ordinary shares, less tax, together with bonus of 9d. per share, free of tax.

PARIS NOTES.

XXIV.

For some time—ever since the Paris Conference—it was said in political salons that Briand *avait de plomb dans l'aile,* and that his Government was not going to last. The famous parliamentary 'cello failed to charm the anxious audience of the Chamber, which remains hostile. This hostile audience would, perhaps, have taken more decisive steps even now but for the ridicule of upsetting our Government before the Paris Conference and its successor—before the London Conference. The continuity of democratic government!

So M. Briand will go to London. The 'cello will be taken across the Channel to perform the " Swan Song."

What next? M. Poincaré. *Persona non grata* in England—those common battlefields do build up such solid affections!—and the strong partisan of the *manière forte* as regards Germany. This *manière forte* is not fashionable anywhere else it seems. Anxious and lonely as we feel here, we visualise—is it an hallucination?—a distinct tendency towards an understanding between England and Germany as regards Eastern and Russian questions. The almost acrobatic pliability of M. Briand will avoid for a long time the dotting of i's and the crossing of t's. As regards the policy of the square fist, there will be no velvet glove around it.

Pilsudski has not been a success. First of all he declared that nothing was wrong with Poland. It was not a bit afraid of the Bolsheviks; it expected to have a vassal in the shape of a Polophil Ukraine, and to form a barrier from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Meanwhile . . . he solicited France's support and help. One of two things, said the French: "either you feel very happy and strong, and then you do not need our help again, or you feel wobbly, and then what is all this talk about a great, and a greater, and a still greater Poland?"

To bring home the greatness of Poland, the head of that State adopted manners almost Napoleonic. *D'un geste à faire envier un roi*, he took from his breast the cross of the *Virtus militaris*, and pinned it on—Marshal Foch. Marshal Foch winced, and at the bottom of his heart thought it a liberty.

Marshal Joffre was given a Polish medal. He declared that he was going to send it to his country house, where he kept his collection of minor trophies. He was surprised the Poles had already so many various decorations. After all, he, too, was Marshal of France, a very real Marshal, whereas Poland was not a real country—was it? Joffre won the Battle of the Marne in the days when Pilsudski was commanding in the Austrian Army a " legion" of ragged students and schoolboys whose name was *not* legion.

Political thought, meanwhile, has made great strides, and politicians have almost arrived at the conclusion that Bolshevism *is* a world peril, and that something ought really to be done about it.

Although we have in Poland the bulwark of Western civilisation against Asiatic barbarism, we are not sure that in the *virtutes militares* will be as common among the Polish rank and file at the front as in the coats of French marshals. Czecho-Slovakia has great commercial schemes, and displays brilliant diplomatic acumen in the person of Dr. Benès; but the agents of the Third International declare in their reports that this country is their *chef d'œuve* in propaganda; in fact, a sort of model farm for the cultivation of communism. The Rumanian Army is said to be contaminated by propaganda.

Hungary is sound, but her armaments are going to be reduced in the near future to 25,000 men and 24 guns—a penalty for being royalist.

" We'll have none of that," says the League of Nations.

Admiral Horty is a mere sailor. He says that, as a loyal subject of his King, he would blush to offer his Apostolic Majesty a mere fragment of his realm. Admiral Horty is a sailor, and means to sail his King's ships before he has done with it. In order to do so, he must get hold of some piece of water which, according to the saying of an Irish philosopher, as an element for sailing ships upon can " hardly be surpassed."

Thus, in the chain of European States stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, one is " taboo " and the rest rotten.

Military pressure being thus difficult to organise, one will have to resort to some other drastic measure, such as announcing to the Bolsheviks that unless they really do stop their tricks and their manners they will never be admitted to the League of Nations!

Paris, February 20, 1921. Engo.

NEW YORK NOTES.

I.

United States District Judge Kenesaw Landis (Jew) recently was elected supreme Commissioner of American baseball at a salary of $5,000.000 yearly. No member of the United States bench has ever before attempted such a step. The case is under investigation in Congress at Washington, and will likely be decided against Landis, who will then probably resign from the Baseball emolument because he can wield more influence for his racial brethren while presiding over a District Court.

By the way, honest sport in this country has been demoralised in the past twenty-five years because of the Jews introducing gambling into every form of it. It was Jews who caused the State to enact laws against horse-racing. And in other sports they have allowed their filthy desire for lucre to dominate decent enjoyment of the simple pleasures, in which Gentiles as a whole can find amusement without thought or desire for money gains.

A friend of mine (whom I had not even suspected as being a student of the Jew question) in casual conversation surprised me yesterday when he said : " Do you know who own the five largest industries in the United States ? " Desiring to find out how much he really knew, I said I should very much like to know who owned the five largest industries. He named them as follows : 1. The steel industry (nominally, a Gentile institution with a gentile front) the chief and majority stockholders in which are Jewish banks and bankers. 2. The clothing industry (90 per cent. of which is owned and controlled by Jews). 3. The lumber industry (Jews own the entire output of the state of Washington). 4. The theatrical industry (Jews completely own and control the legitimate and moving picture business). 5. Transportation (land and sea), both American and British shipping is owned by Jews. The railroads are controlled by Jewish bankers.

Had this information been given me by anyone but an informal financial investigator I should have hesitated to accept its veracity with respect to item No. 1. I had always believed that at least the Steel Trust was a Gentile combination. I knew the owners of the ammunition, chemical, &c., plants were Jews (including the du Ponts, an American-Jewish family of three generations), but I was unprepared to hear that Judge Gary's institution was owned by our Semitic sojourners.

Of the 28 bombs sent to " Capitalists " last year by " Revolutionaries," not one was sent to a Jew Capitalist. When one remembers that 80 per cent. of the so-called capitalists in the United States are Jews, one wonders that not one bomb was sent to any of them. Strange also that thirty-eight Gentiles were killed in the Wall Street disaster last summer —not one Jew. But stranger still is the fact that this bomb was placed in front of the offices of the only International *Christian* banker in the world—J. P. Morgan. Since Morgan has to get his money from or through Jewish International bankers who own or control the money of the world, is it not significant that he was selected rather than one of the bigger financiers—one of the Jews. Surely no Gentile needs stronger evidence that the Jewish world plot is working along clear-cut lines.

Brindell, the Jew, just sentenced to 15 years, for profiteering in building construction, is but one of the race which leads in all crimes in this country. A prominent police official of this city recently told me that 79 per cent. of the criminals in New York State are Jews. " Of course," he said, " the great majority of them bear Gentile names, mostly Anglo-Saxon. While they are changing their names they decide to choose a good old-fashioned English cognomen. Unfortunately the public is not aware of this fact. The time is near, however, when either the real names of criminals will be printed by the Press, or none will be given out for publication."

A society of which I am a member recently discussed the reason for the selection of Jews for all or nearly all the ambassadorships from this country. Someone said : " England has been doing the same thing." Someone else inquired as to who held the power of selecting ambassadors. The consensus of opinion was that a secret order of Jews (probably the Jewish freemasons) was responsible for the selection of diplomats in the United States. Then a prominent society woman whispered in my ear : " Did you know that three of our Presidents were Jews ? " It was news to me, but, of course, I had long heard it reported that Abraham Lincoln was of Jewish extraction. I inquired if she knew the names of the three Jewish Presidents, and she answered : " Thomas Jefferson, Grover Cleveland and Abraham Lincoln."

I expected she would mention Woodrow Wilson. But I feel the cause for the suspicion hovering around this poor man is the fact that his wife is a Jewish-American. Apropos of this matter, it is a fact that recently the Jewish herd are doing everything possible to discredit Mr. Wilson. Having sucked the orange dry they now discard the rind. His refusal to pardon Debs, the arch-conspirator against American traditions and institutions, has inspired the organised Semitic forces to further revenge. It is my firm belief that Mr. Wilson is " wise " at last, to the way he has been " manhandled " by the descendants of Shem, and I look for further surprises from him within the next two months.

Count Czechenyi is at present in this City, and in an interview I had with him, he talked very plainly on the Jewish situation in Hungary. His story of how ninety per cent. of the Bela Kun (Joseph Cohen) gang, which tried to run Hungary for a while, were Jews, surprised many in this country, for Americans, that is the Anglo-Saxon type, are difficult to interest in foreign political matters. The entire country, however, is being slowly, but surely, aroused to the seriousness of our political situation, being about the same as the Bela Kun dynasty in Hungary, so far as the proportionate representation of Jews in politics and industry. There are many new publications cropping up, which seem to be armed with the class of facts and material which is sure to get a hearing. Meanwhile the Jewish Societies meet and discuss the " Anti-Semitic Wave," and compose " Protests " for wide publicity in the Press, which they easily secure seeing that the American Press is controlled, if not actually owned, by the Jews. The truth about the " protocols," and the plan for world domination outlined in them, is given no notice in the Press. Personally, I have sent scores of letters on this question to New York City newspapers, but only two of my letters were printed. There is not a Gentile-owned daily newspaper in New York City. Of course, I exclude religious and a few insignificant newspapers.

Perhaps you may be able to trace some connection between the traitors who sent out the Jutland lying reports, and the Jewish Count Tillinski, whom our Jewish-English news correspondents claim was " a friend of the Russian Emperor," now dead and unable to disclaim said " friendship." It is commonly known in this country that in the war with Japan the Russian battleships were sunk or disabled by Jews whom the Russian Government trusted. That they took bribes from the Japanese to commit their crimes was not so generally reported, but that it is unquestionably true, goes without saying. We are all hoping in America that PLAIN ENGLISH will be given a chance to show up the " Jewish traitors " in England. A plan is working out in America, whereby the acts of traitors in this country during the war will be published. It may be said in advance that there will not be found therein any names of real Anglo-Saxons, or in fact, I might say, of genuine Gentiles.

February 5, 1921. HERCULES.

"NO BETTER ENGLISHMAN NOW BREATHES."

FOR the past fortnight in the Harmsworth Press all over England, and particularly in the Harmsworth Sunday newspapers printed in London, large advertisements have appeared in which the question is asked in big black letters, " Who is this Man ? " Under this arresting question is a photograph of a decidedly cruel, cynical and criminal type of Jewish face. It might be a youthful photograph of Béla Kun (or Cohen) at about the time he embezzled the funds belonging to the Labourers' Relief Office at Kolozsvár, six years before he became world-famous by converting Budapest into a veritable shambles of murdered Christians.

The Harmsworth Press, under the revolting photograph in the advertisement mentioned, prints the following :—

> " The author of that remarkable book of political portraiture *The Mirrors of Downing Street*, who still hides his identity behind the pen-name of ' A Gentleman with a Duster,' declares that the man whose photograph appears above should be Prime Minister of Great Britain. There is no man better fitted for the office.
>
> " ' A Gentleman with a Duster ' says of him : ' I know no man whose moral nature is more stable, whose intellect is more flexible, and whose spirit is so secure in its balance. His judgment has a quality of penetration to the one main essential of a problem, but a penetration which is creative and fertile of solution. In my experience *no better Englishman now breathes*.' "
>
> " *Who is he ?* "

We are in a position to answer not only the question asked by " A Gentleman with a Duster " as to the identity of " no better Englishman now breathes," but we are able to hazard a guess as to the identity of " A Gentleman with a Duster " himself. The original of the much advertised photograph is a young German Jew named Alfred Zimmern. Alfred Zimmern is possessed of the same type of brain as the late lamented Karl Marx, who was in reality a Frankfurt Jew named Mordecai, a man who, according to his own granddaughter, had dedicated his life to the preparation of mental poison for the Gentile masses, in order that they should exterminate their natural leaders, and in that way through their own folly come under the heel of the Jew.

Zimmern, in his own way, has succeeded to a greater extent than Marx, for Zimmern wormed his way into the inner circles of that vigorous clean-thinking body of young Britons known as the Round Table group. Philip Kerr was easily duped by the scheming Zimmern, and when Philip Kerr moved to Downing Street to play Narcissus to Mr. George's Silenus, then Zimmern put himself into the saddle at 175, Piccadilly, and the *Round Table*, which was founded upon the Christian traditions of Joseph of Arimathea, became no better than the tables of the money-changers which were overturned by Christ in the Temple. It is interesting to note that reference is made to Zimmern in the letters of Nietsche to his sister. Nietsche writes that " I have just met a most intelligent woman from England, but, of course, she is not English. Her name is Helen Zimmern; she is a Jewess and a sister of the clever young Alfred Zimmern. She thoroughly understands my ideas, and I am beginning to realise that only among the Jews am I understood and appreciated."

Zimmern is the author of a book which found its way into the library of Hatfield and gave the anæmic brains of the Cecil brothers (the Lords Robert and Hugh) some perverted ideas, which, judging by their recent speeches, still linger. On page 98 of *Nationality and Government*, Zimmern says : " The best exponents of national theory in modern times have been the Jews . . . . I cannot speak of the work of the great Jewish philosopher of nationalism, Asher Ginzberg, known to his fellow-countrymen as Achad Ha'am, who is living here in our midst in London practically unknown to English readers and thinkers." Why cannot Mr. Zimmern speak of Achad, the Rabbi of Tring Park ? Is Achad one of the secret Kahal, one of the formidable learned Elders of Zion ? And who are the " fellow-countrymen of Achad " ? Are they the Britons over whom Zimmern is proposed as a possible Prime Minister ? They are not, for on page 99 we read, " Why do Palestine, which is the size of Wales, and Attica, which is smaller than Yorkshire, mean more to mankind than the whole of the New World ? [A nasty one for the U.S.A.] Why do the fruits of the human spirit, as a great Welshman has said [note the sugar for Mr. George] grow best on little trees — ? "

Now, when Mr. Zimmern brings Palestine into the story, as his spiritual home, one expects the answer as to the reason of the world's love for Palestine to be because it was the scene of the birth of the Christ. But the Jew Zimmern having rejected Christ, and being given up with all the rest of his tribe " to a reprobate sense," makes his answer, " Because it is the old nations [the Jews] who have learned to cherish internationalism [in others] without cutting their own roots . . . It was one of the wisest teachers among the oldest of the nations [the Jews], whose long exile is just ending, who summed up his sense of what he owed to his country in the performance of the everyday work of the world, in words which it is fitting that this long argument should conclude :—

" *When I forget thee, O Jerusalem, then let my right hand forget its cunning.*"

From Zimmern's own words we see that his object is to destroy all idea of nationality in Christian nations and to superimpose upon the weakened peoples a national Government of Jewry. Why should a man whose right hand has not forgotten either its cunning or Jerusalem, desire through the Harmsworth Press to advertise the idea that he should be Prime Minister of Great Britain ? Why should a " Gentleman with a Duster " say that there is no man better fitted for the office, no man whose moral nature is more stable, and no man whose intellect is more flexible ? Why should the anonymous dustman say of a German Jew with a criminal face that " no better Englishman now breathes " ?

Mr. Zimmern may be as chaste as Mr. Philip Kerr, as " broad-minded " as Mr. Asquith or as impotent as Lord Grey, but that does not give him (who is an alien in common law and a perpetual enemy of the Empire of the King, of Christ) a right to be advertised as a possible Prime Minister of Great Britain.

It may be that no better Englishman now breathes than this German Jew, but with all his virtues why does he not desire to give his intellectual gifts to his own people and apply for the position of the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem ?

Alfred is indeed a name that arouses pictures of the glory and the chivalry of England, but even the Harmsworth Press cannot by a system of visual education, so earnestly advocated by the Learned Elders of Zion, induce the British public to gaze upon the face of Alfred Zimmern, and subconsciously accept the statement " no better Englishman now breathes." We have had occasion to remark in reference to another Alfred, that great Welsh chieftain, Alfred Moritz Mond, that whatever may be the mental capacities of the electorate of Swansea, in Scotland " Alfred " of the *English Review* would be turned down on his face alone.

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

III.

" WAR THE JEWS HARVEST "

—(WERNER SOMBART):

DURING the great world war the Allies fought for freedom, and after " oceans of blood " has been spilt they have ended up with more Jewish domination than ever before in the world's history.

There were momentous days in July, 1914 ; thanks to General Gough and many of his brave officers, Ulster was not coerced, and after the declaration of war by Austria on Servia, the neutrality of the British Empire hung in the balance. The Unionist party, backed up by the nation, threw its whole weight in favour of the honourable course, Mr. Lloyd George was for dishonour. Germany and the Jews having financed the Radical party since about 1900, expected and had paid for neutrality. The country, however, had not yet fallen to the depths of degradation the Hebrew wirepullers had expected, and Mr. Asquith, *malgrê lui*, had to declare war, despite the pressure of practically the whole of the " Patriotic " Jewish community in London. The San-Thomé Cocoa Press had proposed that we should remain neutral, in order to trade with both parties, a proposal not quite as bad as the proposal to deal with the Bolsheviks in exchange for stolen goods.

Mr. Asquith, forced by the people superficially to do his duty, was determined to recognise as much as he could the interests of the alien enemies who had helped to finance three elections, and over and over again he allowed himself to be led by those, who he must have known to be pro-Germans to the backbone. Within a matter of a few days the notorious pro-German financier Baron Bruno Von Schröder was naturalised, and then before long dozens of dangerous Germans and Jews were naturalised, and equally dangerous naturalised Germans were kept free from effective supervision by order. As Sir Alfred Moritz Mond had been a Vice-President of the British Navy League, it would be interesting to know the extent of his then efforts to get prominent members of the German *Flotten Verein* put behind barbed wire. Event after event showed that the Hebrew wirepullers had prepared for all emergencies. They were naturally disappointed that the country had not remained neutral until France had been crushed, but their friends and nominees right through the war did their best through their efforts to console those who had been temporarily disappointed.

The British Expeditionary Force had gone to France, without that proper complement of machine guns, that some of the selected sycophants of the Army Council had been too politic to ask for as an alternative to resignation *en bloc*, unlike the action of the Admiralty over capital ships. The old Army Council members drew their pay and many thousand widows began to draw their pensions.. Before August, 1914, knowing the danger our troops would be up against in the "impossible" great war the instructors at the School of Musketry at Hythe, despite the miserable sum allowed per year for experimental work, had developed the "fifteen rounds rapid." This system of fire often put the "fear of God" into troops that had come from that "Spiritual Home," that so many ardent supporters of Little Englandism and many of the Chief Rabbis had also come from. The party-fund bribes of Hebrews might have stopped orders for machine guns, but they could not stamp out the spirit of the English infantryman, who had showed the world something at Crécy, Agincourt and Waterloo.

When war broke out, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, among others, offered to put their whole organisation at the disposal of the War Office to help the motor transport. The offer was turned down, practically without thanks; big orders were placed with several selected firms. The offers from some of the best technical experts in the country were ignored, and some of them were offered subordinate positions in branches in which they had no inconvenient experience. Within a few days after the beginning of August nearly every first class engineering firm in the United Kingdom offered to make shell and munitions; wirepullers in the War Office did not want the Armament ring to be interfered with; as a contrast, almost the day the war started the French had put nearly every available workshop on to the job of making shells, and our gunners, for months rationed to a few shells a day, saw limbers going up to French batteries. If our gunners could have caught some of those responsible there would have been another instance of men being blown in pig's skins from the cannon's mouth.

In August, once war was declared, the Jews, *faute de mieux*, came to the conclusion that even if the country would not remain desirably neutral, it ought at least to be made as far as possible financially and commercially impotent, so every possible effort was made to encourage strikes and extravagance. Hebrew shops for the sale of trash, from plated silverware to faked furs, were opened everywhere where munition workers could squander their money; thrift was jeered at, every increase in pay meaning more business for the duty-and-income-tax-shirking Jew traders, and more power for Jew financiers, profiteering by Trade Unions being continuously encouraged through unmolested underground channels. In times before the country was run for the benefit of the Jews, the days of war were to a large extent days of sacrifice, when statesmen reduced or relinquished their salaries, and workers at home put their backs into their work for the sake of the men in the firing line. Under the Jew, to encourage slackness orders were given that no reductions in piecework rates were to be made at Arsenals and Dockyards, it being well known that such a policy, in view of the greater facilities for output which would follow increased demands, would be bound to lead to gross overpayment and discontent. Orders were given that boys should be overpaid. At one of the dockyards some men on night shift, on coming off work, used to boast that they had slept most of the night, and in many establishments it was only when women began to get to work that many mechanics attempted to do an honest day's work. Many so-called unskilled women, who during the greatest war in history were graciously allowed into workshops through the noble patriotism of Trade Union leaders, were able to turn out two or three times as much work as many of the self-styled skilled mechanics, the reason being that they had not been saturated with sponging Socialism by hired emissaries from "British Subjects." In order to upset the economic basis of labour payment, orders were given that in all trades wages should increase with the cost of living, so it was not in the interest of any Trade Union leaders to encourage hard work, as the masses were too ignorant to understand that decreased output must mean increased cost of munitions, and household supplies, and taxes. As might be expected, some of the best workers in the country volunteered for war. This move gave the opportunity for factory slackers to increase their powers. In 1915 some returned wounded soldiers were set to work at Southampton, The noble Trade Unionists ordered a strike. Naturally the Hun-loving Cabinet supported the Socialists against the men who had fought and bled. The men who had been "fools" enough to do their duty naturally deserved nothing at the hands of those who had become professional politicians, because the word duty is not in the vocabulary of the normal professional politician. From that time onwards orders were given that wounded men were to be sent back to the trenches in preference to an exchange of places with able-bodied Trade Unionists in the workshops. Many men came from America and Canada to work in factories, and after a few months many went home because the Hun-subsidised shop stewards would not allow them to do an honest day's work.

To help the enemy, sectional strikes were arranged to hold up special parts of guns and fittings for ships, those responsible were merely deported to another town; and Polish and Russian Jew agitators were allowed the run of the country, in accordance with instructions given by those who had to obey the orders of their Jew taskmasters. Scores of men in the firing line, whose nerves were shattered by the pounding of enemy shell, assisted by the knowledge that they could not adequately retaliate for want of munitions, were "shot at dawn" for desertion; while those who were deliberately holding up supplies in the workshops and in the docks, men living in comfort with very high pay, were after desertion patted on the back by degraded M.P.'s, and found better jobs by Jew agents in Government employ. To-day thousands of returned soldiers are not allowed to earn an honest living, preference being naturally given to those who deliberately "slacked" to forward the interests of those who had subsidised the I.L.P.

In order to fool the public, orders were made for the internment of enemy aliens, and many harmless old men largely German Gentiles were interned, while many dangerous men were not molested, the number of spies executed in the Tower being simply ludicrous. It is well known that Jack Tar made short work of a number of men he got hold of, as he knew by experience that the powers that be had a remarkable solicitude for friends of Germany. At a time when mail and other steamers were being sunk by submarines, as in the case of the "Appam," and submarine commanders admitted they knew what they had on board, paid Government touts boasted that there was no spying going on at our ports.

From the day war began the Navy was greatly hampered in its blockade work, the Declaration of London drafted to please the "*London Flotten Verein*," was a great obstacle, and for some months German Reservists were allowed to return from America in Neutral ships ; this was put a stop to mainly through the efforts of the *Morning Post*, which same journal got the notorious German born Jew "agent" Sir Edgar Speyer sent off to New York, this patriotic P.C., tearing himself with reluctance away from Downing Street, where he apparently had had interesting conversations on the War. In 1914 the Germans had obtained options on large quantities of cotton, if the supply had been cut off some of our leading chemists say the war could have been stopped within a year. Wilson's Yiddish friends made a demonstration on this side about the effect of interruption of Trade on relations with the U.S.A. ; although no American could have complained if the whole of the available crop had been purchased by the Allies. The Government was delighted to let cotton into Germany, month after month, to please those who had subscribed *so much* and who knew *too much*. Time and again men like the late Professor Ramsay urged the Governemnt to act ; when cotton was made contraband naturally Baltic countries were allowed to import many times their normal consumption, and when the Germans had perfected their process for making explosives out of wood pulp and other substitutes, the enthusiasm for effective blockade underwent a remarkable change for the better.

After the Easter Rebellion, in accordance with orders received Mr. Asquith rushed to Dublin and showed every anxiety to oblige those who had stabbed the nation in the back. He now says he did not shake hands with the murderers ; he did better, he let most of them off after a month or so and thereby fanned the Sein Fein movement once again into flame.

The "Goeben and Breslau" had been allowed to escape by deliberately contradictory orders and the alliance of the "Sephardim" and the German Jews made war with Turkey inevitable. It is amusing to note that Turkish diamond dealers were allowed free entry and freedom from proper supervision in England, because Turkish Jews, the race that organised the Armenian Massacres were always so harmless and friendly to the Allies. Perhaps Basil Zaharoff was not then in a position to give our Government the benefits of his unrivalled experience regarding the reliability of Turkish and Levantine Jews in general.

When the Gallipoli expedition was decided on, in the absence of adequate supplies of munitions, Sir Ian Hamilton, who was *persona grata* with the Cabinet because of his pre-war efforts to upset Lord Roberts over National Service, was chosen to to command. According to some accounts he found life on shipboard more comfortable than work on shore. At a time when victory was near and Constantinople was in a panic, and troops were pushing forward, reinforcements were hung up. At a critical moment contradictory orders were sent around, of a character which seemed often to be sent at different times during the war, when things were very critical. We are expected to believe that this was a mere accident, and not a "Jutland stunt."

Thousands of Australians left their bones on the Peninsular, the expedition was a failure, and then to hush up matters and draw a red herring over the whole affair the Messapotamia expedition was started. Jews in the India Office and in India acted as normal Jews might be expected to act, and the result was the shocking disaster at Kut.

The *Morning Post* published a poem of Rudyard Kipling in which the following lines are found :—

They shall not return to us, the resolute, the young,
  The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave,
But the men who left them thriftily to die in their own dung
  Shall they come with years and honours to the grave ?

* * * * *

Our dead shall not return to us while day and night divide ;
  Never while the bars of sunset hold.
But the idle-minded overlings who quibbled as they died,
  Shall they thrust for high employment as of old.

* * * * *

Their lives cannot repay us, their death could not undo
  The shame that they have laid upon our race.
But the slothfulness that wasted and the arrogance that slew
  Shall we leave it unabated in its place ?

The answer of the Government, Edwin Montagu and the Jews is "in the affirmative." It would be difficult to say now that any man who was really an important factor in the Kut "Murders" failed later to get promotion or some other good job. Thanks to underground influence it was the same story right through the war. When the world-wide Jew state is set up to commemorate the thousands of allied Gentiles slaughtered perhaps a supplementary feast of Purim will be arranged.

There were a number of Jews who joined up in 1914 who did their duty like men, all honour to them ; if they had been in the majority there would probably be no Jewish question to-day. Those who realise the treachery during the great war of the leaders of the Jews can never forgive or forget. One of the greatest hopes for the future is the fact that despite continuous backstairs treachery, military victory was won at last, and now that men of European blood are beginning to realise who are the world-wide enemies of civilisation and real progress, they will set to work to put them back into such places as their mentality renders them fit to occupy.

When one contemplates the hundreds of thousands of brave lives lost, the aching voids in many families, and then observe how the most of the Jews as a race, with a few honourable exceptions, fattened like carrion crows, one is tempted to cry out : "How long, Oh Lord, how long ?"

ACTING IN MODERN FARCE.

FARCE has generally been regarded as the actor's happy hunting ground. Molière, himself a comedian, deliberately allowed for the ingenuity and resource of the players, by leaving places in the text for elaboration *ad libitum*. Shakespeare's injunction to the clowns "to speak no more than is set down for them" was probably well merited ; for the loose construction of the Elizabethan play, and its method of presentation both offered opportunity enough for the fool to overstep his folly. But there is a world of difference between horseplay upon an open platform and improvisation upon the modern stage. Molière was wise in his generation ; he knew that the theatre had developed sufficiently to allow for that judicious co-operation between playwright and player which has been so beneficial to the art of both. In the higher realms of Drama, the actor has sometimes to restrain himself to the extent of exercising only that side of his histrionic skill—such as recitative—which is necessary in order to express the symbolic meaning of the dramatist. But in Farce, which deals primarily with situations, the honours are fairly even. The actor can scarcely err on the side of over elaboration. He comes on the stage with his bagful of tricks ; and the writer of farce is to be congratulated if he has allowed for the utmost exercise of all and every kind of pantomimic display.

Two famous English farces of modern times owe their success to the influence of the actor. "Charley's Aunt" was written in order to indulge a comedian's whim, and its sentimental story had to be altered before Penley could make his great hit. "When Knights Were Bold" was originally conceived as a serious romantic drama, and it needed the genius of the late James Welch to translate the material of the play in its proper terms. It is conceivable that many other plays, intended by their authors as serious contributions to literature, might submit to this process of toning down and turn out to be bright entertainments. Solemn diatribes upon the times, plays about eugenics, over-earnest comedies, sex tragedies, and so forth, are very often no more than embryonic farces. The writers of philosophical treatises who make use of dialogue and situation in order to enforce a doctrine would probably bitterly resent such treatment of their efforts ; but they can scarcely blame the actor for perceiving, in the material and treatment, possibilities undreamt of in the study. The instinct of the actor may be taken as a test. He will never see comedy where real tragedy is intended, but he will instantly perceive comedy where the tragedy is false. He will sometimes reproduce comedy in terms of farce, but if he does so it is generally because the playwright has failed to lift his characters into the real atmosphere of the comic spirit. The current confusion about these matters is so great that it might almost be stated that our tragedies are merely badly written farces, and that what farces are genuinely offered as such have an air of having been originally conceived as comedies.

"Hanky Panky John," at the Playhouse, is an example of a farce spoilt in the making because Mr. Hastings is not sufficiently aware of this dangerous tendency in himself and other playwrights to develop a theme in a haphazard fashion. At one moment in the play the audience is listening to semi-serious conversations about psychology ; for long periods it is invited to snigger over smart witticisms ; it is shown lovers sitting together in the dark and talking "big," and a realistic representation of a reconstructed crime. Only for a short while is there anything like a genuine attempt to offer farcical entertainment. Mr. Hastings has written a play with only one idea in it, and he has tried to make up for the deficiency by making the characters talk about themselves much in the style of the flippant essayists in the pages of *Pan* and other journals of an amusing nature. Moreover, when several of them remark that "they are always clear-headed in the morning," we cannot but assume that it is Mr. Hastings who suffers from this mental peculiarity. There is pretence of characterisation, without the power to create a single outstanding character of originality.

Since farce depends so much upon rapid action it is essential that the theme should be disclosed as quickly as possible. But we have no clear idea of Mr. Hastings' intention in this respect until the fall of the curtain upon a dull first act. Mr. Kees, who is an author of works on psychology as well as a landlord, decides upon a trick in order to test the sincerity and honesty of his tenants, most of whom we are told make use of him for the purpose of raising small loans. On the eve of a dinner-party he feigns death ; and it is left to his son, John (who has been condemned to act as his father's butler in order to overcome a certain kink in his character known as hanky-panky-ness) to explain to the shocked and barely-convinced guests that bequests of a hundred pounds apiece have been made to them. Mr. Hastings is careful to suggest that his guests are all either at their wits' end for want of money or entirely witless through having too much. The trouble commences when one of the hundred pound notes is stolen ; but the fun only begins in the second act, when each one of the guests pretends that they were responsible for the theft.

Here was some opportunity, at least, for the actors. The guests had each, in turn, to protest, expostulate, and perjure themselves in order that the rest of the company might feel comfortable. Mr. Ben Field, as Sir Thomas Twinn, did succeed in conveying his determination to be sent to prison ; but he did not *act* the feelings of a man voluntarily undertaking disgrace and hardship. However serious the matter might appear, he should have expressed his personal attitude more strongly ; we should then have laughed more heartily over the absurdity of his situation. Mr. Field made his points as though the producer or author had directed him too closely upon the subject ; he lacked freedom of manner and gesture, and was altogether too precise and careful over the "holding" of effects. An actor of genius would have made the audience realise exactly what it felt like for a man to assume guilt where there was none, and in such ludicrous circumstances. But Mr. Field merely started the ball rolling ; and the others who followed did not succeed in persuading us that they had any deep motive for incriminating themselves. Mr. Stanley Logan, as "John," did not persuade us that there was any deeper kink in his character other than a taste for florid dressing-gowns. Miss Kate Cutler performed adequately as the shallow, naive Lady Lepard, whose anxiety that nobody's character should be impugned provided a tinge of natural and homely humour. It was necessary to introduce one character in the piece utterly without conscience, but Lady Lepard is little more than a piece of social furniture ; she does not really help the play along. The audience were chiefly amused by the circumstances arising from the scene taking place in Sir Thomas Twinn's bedroom, and the ladies making their appearance in night attire.

After that glimmer of farce, the play collapses altogether. The whole of the last act is devoted to the explanation of how the note was stolen. The material of the play could be boiled down and made into a music hall sketch of half an hour's duration. There are far too many characters, and many of the players had little more to do than hover in the background, read newspapers, and talk to each other in alcoves. Good farces cannot be made out of a single idea. There must be variety, not only of situation, but of motive force ; a fund of cross-purposes, plot and sub-plot, continual action. If Mr. Hastings had written a play called "The Kleptomaniacs," in which he had developed the central figure through the medium of a series of incidents arising out of so interesting a state of mind, the result might have been a good farce. He might have made his Sir Thomas Twinn a disciple of Bernard Shaw, and his Lady Lepard an embodiment of the modern pathological attitude towards crime. The atmosphere of "Hanky Panky John" is suggestive enough, but nothing is resolutely handled, and the play never crystallises into shape. Mr. Hastings has not yet shaken off the influence of the modern realistic school. He has to learn that farce lies below the surface of humanity, just as much as tragedy ; and that the material for both has to be patiently unearthed. He has written an ostensible farce, which the best actors in the world could hardly improve. One of the main causes of the degeneracy of the modern theatre is that the actor has been relegated to the background. The play's the thing. But, as a rule, it is a thing not worth troubling about. We recommend those actors who still care for the essentials of their art to advertise for plays of any and all descriptions by unknown authors. A good many of them would be found to contain a considerable germ of farce, and those in which the author had taken himself and his characters with portentous seriousness might yield to the process of treatment suggested above, and shine in the reflected glory of accidental virtues. E. V. ODLE.

REVIEWS.

THE POEMS OF EDWARD DE VERE (SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD). J. Thomas Looney. (Cecil Palmer.) 7s, net.

Mr. J. Thomas Looney has followed up his "'Shakespeare' Identified" of last year with a collection of poems of which he assigns the authorship to Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Of these, the first two groups are those accepted as authentic by Dr. Grosart ; the third consists of lyrics from Lyly's plays ; the fourth, of poems which appeared in "England's Helicon," published in 1600 or 1614, above the signature "Ignoto." The volume before us is, of course, no mere collection of verses ; it is a continuation of Mr. Looney's argument that the author of the plays reckoned to be William Shakespeare's for centuries is in reality Edward de Vere. The poems are therefore supplied with notes, and we have something of a biographical outline of Edward de Vere and other matters in support of Mr. Looney's contention.

We have no intention of entering upon the controversy with which Mr. Looney is immediately concerned. We are not now dealing with his former book, but only with the volume before us. Mr. Looney's theory may be shortly relegated to oblivion, or he may be the pioneer in a reconstruction of our view of Elizabethan literature. All we intend to do in the space at our disposal is to set down one or two general thoughts that occur.

The first is that it is unfortunate for any new discoverer of Shakespeare's identity that the dramatist has already been identified in such different directions. The " Baconists " have of themselves produced an atmosphere in which a new theorist finds it hard to breathe. The works of William Shakespeare are in one way like the Holy Scriptures. One can prove so many different things out of them. For instance, if we remember aright, Shakespeare has been " proved" a Catholic by a learned Jesuit, a Protestant by Professor Dowden, and an atheist by Birch in his " Enquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Shakespeare," of 1848. Therefore when a new claimant to the authorship is brought forward it becomes imperative, if conviction is to be spread, to produce as much external evidence as possible, and not rely upon internal, however forcible it may be. Now, Mr. Looney points to the fact that the Earl of Oxford participated in 1586 at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, in 1589 at that of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, in 1601 at that of the Earls of Essex and Southampton. Between 1586 and 1601, in fact in 1593, the poem " Venus and Adonis " was printed, and its dedication to the Earl of Southampton is signed by William Shakespeare. Mr. Looney points out how the poem's polished and courtly style is inconsistent with our idea of what would be likely to emanate from a rustic from the country. But the signature to the dedication is external evidence. There it stands. How, if the poem was written by the Earl of Oxford, did this come about ? A literary critic asked, concerning Shakespeare, the other day: " Was there ever an artist who was more detached from his work ? " But Mr. Looney suggests a detachment which requires explanation as complete as itself.

Yet of external evidence we have a consoling quota. For instance, the inclusion of the Lyly lyrics within the present volume is not only based upon their intrinsic superiority to the matter of the plays themselves. The author of " Euphues " is known to have been in the service of the Earl of Oxford, and to have left plays which were written by him for the Earl's " Oxford Boys " and while in the Earl's employ. The highest authorities on the work of both Lyly and Shakespeare, we are told, recognise a close connection between the two. Mr. Looney's suggestion is that de Vere, who is traditionally known as Shakespeare, was Lyly's literary master and that the poems which Mr. Warwick Bond, M.A., the biographer of Lyly and the editor of Lyly's work, ascribes to the disciple, were really from the master's pen. And thus Mr. Looney regards them as a link between the early and known lyrics of the Earl of Oxford (one of which is to be found in Palgrave's " Golden Treasury ") and the subsequent dramas, at a time when de Vere was gaining experience in dramatic writing and working in something resembling collaboration with such men as John Lyly and Anthony Munday.

Mr. Looney is tilting at a long-established tradition, but if he only proved his case what a new world of interest would the Shakespeare reader find ! The plays would be written by an aristocrat, a Lancastrian sympathiser, an hereditary Catholic of a long and honourable line. When his Hamlet exclaims, with that sudden spasm of action so at variance with the contemplative wisdom that baffled all his resolves, " How now ! A rat ? Dead, for a ducat, dead ! " one would see the suggestion in Polonius' fall and Lord Burleigh's, with de Vere holding the vindictive rapier. (The Earl of Oxford acted thus, we are told, in real life, on an eavesdropping servant in Burleigh's house). Hamlet's contest between action and that abstraction which John Keats said was the peculiar property of men of genius, as distinguished from men of action, would be a self-revelation of that genius of imagination who represented an old line, confronted with men of new title like Lord Burleigh, and of action like his foe, Sir Philip Sidney. Professor Dowden speaks of Shakespeare's dual personality—says that he moved in two worlds, one limited, practical, positive, and the other opening into two infinities, of thought and passion. If de Vere were author of the plays, a man of hereditary traditions and instincts, living in the midst of stirring times after the greatest upheaval in the history of his country, can we not imagine the Earl voicing some of his own inner problems in the soliloquies of Hamlet ? Critics commenting on the present accepted tradition of authorship have ever and anon to exclaim—for example on the question why there was no national expression of feeling on the death of the poet of Stratford—" these are the problems about Shakespeare which always seem so mysterious " (W. L. Courtney, in the *Daily Telegraph*) ; shall we demand that any new theorist shall leave *no* mystery unsolved ? Hardly. But it seems fair to ask of Mr. Looney a reasonable explanation of " The Tempest," and a convincing reason why the Earl of Oxford should publish, in his lifetime, poems under the name of William Shakespeare.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. (Macmillan.)
Two vols., 12s. vol.

A brave and sustained fight against disease has an appeal within itself. It promoted the popularity of Barbellion's " Journal of a Disappointed Man," and it is inseparably associated with Henley. He has rendered it inseparable by his Hospital Poems. His name recalls to mind a man of indomitable courage and a life-long invalid. To the mass of men a poet is often really known by but a single lyric. Keats goes with the nightingale, Shelley soars with the skylark, Francis Thompson is dragged into appreciation by the Hound of Heaven, and Thomas Hood sang the Song of the Shirt. Life is too short for the mass of men to gather more. Henley, they have a vague idea, was a fine fellow who had dark night all round him, and yet was master of his fate and captain of his soul. If they study more of him, that is how they begin. For how many brave lives given in the Great war Was not the sum-total of their religion expressed in the two lines :—

I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

Yet the poet wrote them in memory of R. T. Hamilton Bruce Henley as a poet had the power of stating bold, clear thought. He had also a strong sense of form. He enjoyed the exercise of the fastidious workmanship required in making real music in the form of the ballad or the villanelle. No doubt he found the strict laws of such difficult pieces rich in suggestion for him. His fancy was forced to search, and he made discoveries by the way. He writes a Ballade of a Toyokuni Colour-print, and finds his subject as inspiring as Keats finds a Grecian urn. But his *Envoy* is a thousand miles away from Keats, and is characteristic " Henley "—

Dear, 'twas a dozen lives ago ;
But that I was a lucky man
The Toyokuni here will show :
I loved you—once—in old Japan.

Of the villanelle he has recorded his opinion in the fetters of his choice. It is a dainty thing, a jewel in rhyme and serves its purpose passing well. He contributed ballads, rondels, Sicilian octaves, villanelles and triolets to many a London magazine, and sometimes in them we get glimpses of his love of London. But this characteristic love of his is clear and loud in his London Voluntaries and his London Types. He sings of the spirit of October sauntering down " the ancient Strand " ; he " thumb-nails " 'bus-driver (eheu, fugaces ! the old horse-type), beef-eater, sandwich-man and flower-girl. And there is appended to his poems that beautiful thing this record of love and gratitude to his " wife of twenty years." Henley edited several magazines, wrote much stimulating criticism, and prefaced various works with essays. The second volume of the present edition of his works contains essays from his pen on Fielding, Smollett, Hazlitt and Burns, and Byron. An interesting bit of writing is his paper on "T. E. B."—the Manxman T. E. Brown, who took part in the Gaelic Revival—and to whom Henley ascribes a powerful and uplifting influence on himself. Henley's plays, written in collaboration with R. L. Stevenson, his reviews and verse for boys, are comprised in this series of volumes. And if Henry James is to have his thirty-five volumes, we shall not grudge Henley his modest five.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"OSTARA."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Since the policy of PLAIN ENGLISH endorses all that helps to make again life worth living for the decent and honourable species of humanity, I beg to render your attention to a movement little known in the Anglo-Saxon countries. This world-wide movement calls itself "Ostara," that is, Easter or Resurrection. It was founded in 1905 by Dr. Georges Lanz de Liebenfels, a Belgian, who has devoted the last 25 years to the one aim of promoting highest humanity and to find out the cause and effect of human incline and decline. Like the Frenchman, Count Gobineau and others, he came to the same conclusion: All is race! All culture rises and falls with the blood purity of the leading race. This is especially the case with the Northic folks, such as Anglo-Saxons, Teutons, Franco-Normans, Danes, Icelanders, Goths, &c., who belong to the Aryan race. All culture was born and would die out with the Aryan race element. Not the Orient, but the Northern countries, are the original homeland of culture. Near the Northern Sea are the lands of the golden hair, the blue eye, and the frank brow, so much sung of by poets. Through their expeditions by land and sea the Aryans became the states founders and culture carriers into all parts of the world, and thus were a blessing. However, through circumstantial inter-breeding with the darker natives they always went down in the ocean of race-inferiority, leaving nothing behind them but a traditional fluidum of mythical greatness. Such was the rise and fall of the Egyptians, Syrians, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, &c. Is not the English nation a blending of several strains of Aryan race, especially of Teutons? Is it not this famous Northern breed which made England a World Empire, second to none? Yes, England belongs to the Aryan race and to none other. But where there is rising there is risk of falling. England is standing at its apex of accomplishment. What is required is judgment and prudence to prevent its downfall. All is race! Reformation, French Revolution, World-War and World-Revolution, all is race! Aryan-Christianity is cult of superiority, Judaic Christianity is cult of inferiority. Both cults represent race motives, viz., inferiority against superiority, tolerance against authority, World-War and World-Revolution are race struggles. Darkness against light. Lemuria against Culturia.

History is only of value if we learn from it. History teaches us the drama of ascending races, and illustrates to us the comedy and tragedy of descending races. Whatever we learn from the past is our prudence for the future, lest we be morians who do not learn from experience. We must awake from the lethargy of equalitarian quietism, before it is roo late. A revaluation of values is imperative. The fictitious values introduced by some tribes of the Mediterranean race must be abolished and the real and ideal values of Aryan origin must be reasserted to their fullest power in order to save the jewels of highest nationalism. But a revaluation of values will bring about again the recognition of inequality not only among individuals, but especially between races. Dr. de Liebenfels in his scientific diagnosis of races was able to prove that the four elemental human races, viz., Aryans, Mediterraneans, Mongolians and Negroes, not only distinguish themselves as to colour, sound and form, but that there are striking differences between the four races from the bio-chemical, electro-physiological and morphologic-metric standpoint, not to forget the variations of races as to race-ethology. There are not such things as sociology and social problems, but there are such things as anthropology and race problems. No diplomat of an autonom mentality ever found such a "fruit" in the realm of diplomacy such as "international law" (droit international). But there is the possibility of inter-racial law (droit inter-racial) which simply awaits its application.

Dr. de Liebenfels is author of over 200 treatises on Ariosophy which were partly published in several languages and are to be translated into English. Prominent writers like August Strindberg, &c., have been greatly influenced by the "Ostara" publications (*see* works of Strindberg, "Blue Book" and "Book of Love"). The late Lord Kitchener not only was an ardent reader of "Ostara," but he is said to have applied the principles of "Ostara" in his genial, strategic plans to the disadvantage of the Germans during the World-War.

"Ostara" is the first and only illustrated collection of Aryan-Aristocratic and Christian-International writings for the Mastership of the Blond. In word and picture "Ostara" is to prove that the blond heroic man at all times and of all peoples and languages represented the ethic-æsthetic noble, idealistic, genial and religious type of humanity. This type alone was the originator, creator and preserver of science, art and all other cultural endeavour. He was the principal messenger and High-Priest of Divinity. All ugliness and evil were caused by race mixture to which the woman for physiological reasons became and still is more subjected than man.

Thus in this present period in which the cult of perversity, effemination and race inferiority begets its orgies, annihilating in a most merciless and beastly manner the blond heroic mankind through World-War and World-Revolution, "Ostara" has become the final sanctuary of all noble beauty, truth, life purpose and God-seeking Idealists.

It is suggested that under the sanction of Dr. de Liebenfels an "Ostara" centre in England is to be founded very soon. Preliminary applications and inquiries for the realisation of this plan are invited.

I beg to remain,
Sir,
Most faithfully yours,
ORLO LYNUS.

19, Newton Road,
W.2.

EMIGRATION AND IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

DEAR SIR,—The two German or Jewish hybrids who have had charge of the Colonial Department since the war ended were successful, apparently, in inducing many thousands of persons in this country to emigrate.

Now, if these emigrants belong to the fragrant breed which during the war produced such a swarm of conscription invaders, bomb-dodgers, enemy traders, swindling army contractors, German spies, food hoarders, treason preachers, &c., there would be no objection to their going. But this is not the case. Messrs. Milner and Amery have not induced a single member of the Trotsky, Kerensky and Bela Cohen tribe to depart from our shores as the unfortunate emigrants consist entirely of the men who fought for their country, and the widows and children of the men who died for their country. It is possible that many of these exiles were unemployed after the war because their jobs or businesses had been grabbed by the Yiddish coolies whom Sir Herbert Samuel, the then President of the Local Government Board, imported in such swarms and at the British taxpayers' expense—as "Belgian war refugees." It is scarcely necessary to say that this emigration scheme has been cordially approved of by all the Kosher organs, including Messrs. Arnolz, Ellerman, and Harmsworth's *Times*, Levy's *Daily Telegraph,* Blumenfeld's *Daily Express*, and Mond and Company's *Westminster.* Levy's organ is particularly enthusiastic. The only London daily newspaper claiming to be under British control which has approved of it is Lady Bathurst's *Morning Post,* which during the war was the only Metropolitan daily under British control to publish anything in favour of importing coloured labour to take the place of the men fighting for their country.

Lord Milner has now left the Colonial Office, and his place has been taken by Mr. Winston Churchill, who, it may be remembered, acquired the favour of our Jewish conquerors by leading the opposition to the Act which, properly enforced, would have stopped the invasion and pollution of our country with the diseased, pauper and criminal scum of the Continental Ghetti. It may be remembered also that it was Churchill who, upon his services being rewarded with the Home Secretaryship, received the praise of the Jewish journals for the promptitude and thoroughness with which he carried out his promises to the Yiddish carrion of N.W. Manchester to strive his utmost to destroy what he described as the " Ridiculous and idiotic (Aliens) Act." Such being his record, it is safe to predict that he will be as anxious to promote the exile of our ex-soldiers and the widows and children of our dead soldiers as his fellow hyphenates. The real object of this emigration scheme is, of course, not to reduce the number of our unemployed, or to increase the population of our colonies, but to make more room for the huge hordes of Yiddish coolies and harpies which will be coming here as " political " or " religious refugees " as soon as the Russians regain possession of their country. These undesirables are already arriving in considerable numbers, and the wretched creatures who edit the metropolitan daily papers have received orders to keep quiet on the subject. Only recently the *Jewish Chronicle* published an appeal for funds for the relief of the Yids arriving at Liverpool from Central Europe, and who, owing to their diseased and destitute condition, are refused passage to the United States or Canada. But when Russia succeeds in freeing herself of the Jewish yoke, and the Jews are no longer able to plunder and to batten on the Russian people, the Yiddish influx to this country will be enormous. It is useless to expect the Home Office to stop the inundation. As Shortt refuses to act, we can scarcely expect Montagu, when he becomes Home Secretary, to do anything. His racial loyalty will impel him to encourage the influx. While Churchill promotes the export of Englishmen, Montagu will do his best to promote the import of Jews. In view of this, one may realise the absurdity of the *Jewish Chronicle* and Israel Zangwill in wasting their time in inventing excuses for their refusal and that of their fellow Zionists in England to return to Palestine.

Respectfully yours.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

40, Mazenod Avenue, Quex Road,
West Hampstead, N.W.6,
February 18, 1921.

SAMUEL STEALS OUR SILVER.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—As usual, yours is the only paper in England to have the courage to mention how our coin is being debased and our silver stolen. Once they hanged men at Tyburn for coin clipping ; now they make them viceroys.

May I call your attention to an extremely grave matter in connection with the Paper " Money " which you mention. It is one which will place an extremely powerful weapon in your hands if you can obtain the final proof of what I now consider is an established fact. Ever since I returned to England last Spring I have been struck by the enormous number of new half-a-crowns in circulation bearing dates from 1915-1919. It was the appearance of these coins also which attracted my attention and aroused my suspicions. They did not at all present the appearance of standard silver coins with their 37/40 parts (weight) of pure silver and 3/40 parts copper as alloy, but presented on the contrary the appearance of a coin with a very large amount of nickel in its composition.

As I daresay you know, on February 19th last year Chamberlain passed his infamous Bill for debasing the British silver coinage—the first time the silver coinage had been debased for 400 years ! (Having stolen the nation's gold, these rascals now debase our silver). Now at the end of December last the new base silver coinage was brought into circulation officially, but if my suspicions are correct an enormous quantity of this base silver coinage was put into circulation years before they had Parliamentary sanction to do so ! The banks received instructions at the same time, last December, as the new base coinage was issued to collect and withdraw every piece of genuine old silver coinage, presumably all silver up to and including that dated 1919. This, of course, they are doing with the keenest avidity, as each genuine old silver coin contains almost twice as much pure silver as the corresponding new base coinage. My contention is that the Government has been deliberately back-dating this new base coinage to confuse and bewilder the public and to prevent the latter, by this false dating, from discriminating between genuine old silver coins and back-dated base silver coins. It is either this or the alternative, viz., that the Government issued this base silver before they had Parliamentary sanction. No sophistry can obscure this argument.

On Monday last I received from a shop a brand new shilling ; it must have come straight from the bank to the tradesman ; at the most it cannot have been more than a day or two in circulation. On examination the date proved to be 1915—six years ago. The coin from its yellowish tinge was obviously of the new coinage—but the date ? I have taken this coin to the Public Analyst. He is " afraid " to analyse it into its component metals by fusion—the most convincing method—and to furnish an official report thereon because he thinks the the Government would proceed against him for " breaking-down " coin, but he is willing to make a specific gravity test and a spectroscopic test, neither of which of course furnish the convincing evidence of a quantitative analysis. I have paid him his fee and told him to furnish a report based on these last two methods. I must get one of these coins analysed by fusion later on in the presence of witnesses who would be present at the test and when the contents were sealed to be sent to the Treasury. Perhaps you could make some suggestion or help in this matter. One must always keep in mind that it was Rufus Isaacs who introduced the Paper " Money " in 1914 through his Marconi chum Lloyd George, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, that it was Rufus Isaacs who went to the U.S. in the autumn of 1915 to fake the exchanges and arrange the loan and that it is Rufus Isaacs, the Jew, who is behind this silver business with the whole tribe of Samuel.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
" WELLINGTON HOUSE."

February 19th, 1921.

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"It is necessary to disturb the relationship between the people and the government in all countries, and so to exhaust everybody by hatred, hunger, *inoculation of disease* . . . that the Goys should not see any exit from their troubles other than an appeal for the protection of our money and our complete sovereignty."—Zionist Protocol X (1901).

"We are the world's seducers."—Dr. Oscar Levy (1920).

"In the spring of 1914, Mr. Crosland, and later, Lord Alfred Douglas were prosecuted for libel at the Old Bailey by the late Mr. Robert Ross. In both cases the actions failed, and as a consequence Ross stood convicted of unnatural offences. Thereafter a testimonial to Ross was promoted, and of the signatories a large proportion were Jews, including two Monds. The effect of the testimonial was to whitewash the culprit and defame his accusers. "The Rossiad" is the retaliation, but so far it has been almost completely boycotted by the Jew-controlled press. It is a terribly brilliant satire, and it bears out the diabolical ethics of the "Protocols" and of the monopolists of White Slave Traffic and compilers of black books, with their methods of controlling Ministers of State. Without the propagation of vice among the Gentiles and its glorification, the King of Zion could never attain his throne. When Ross died, a poem in his praise was published in the *Nation* by the Jew Siegfried Sassoon. By this trenchant exposure Lord Alfred Douglas has laid bare one of the most deadly weapons of the Jew in his never-resting war on the non-Jew world."

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The present edition contains a new preface by the author.

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Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 34.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FEBRUARY 26, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

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OR
PROHIBITION.

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PROHIBITION is imposed by others without your consent.

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PROHIBITION means other people's control of you.

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WHO CONTROLS THE "MORNING POST"?

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Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 35.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MARCH 5, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in each succeeding number, and are continued in our present issue.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

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ALL without fuel.
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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 183
The Tragedy of Child Rowland 186
Who Controls the *Morning Post ?*............... 188
Banishment for Sinn Feiners 189
The Murders of the Three Czars 190
Finance and Stock Markets 191
The Primary Cause of Unemployment 192
A Business Government...... 193
World Revolution 195
Reviews 196
Correspondence 197

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Tel. No.—Museum 6893. *Telegrams—"Orthilico Westcent London."*

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

"Plain English" has been practically sold out for the last three weeks, and in consequence several of our regular readers have been unable to obtain their copies. In order to obviate this, regular readers should fill in the order form appearing on page 182, and send it with their subscription to the Manager, North British Publishing Co., Ltd., 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C., when the paper will be posted direct for the period required.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

A Warning to our Readers.

It has come to our knowledge that a certain person hailing from America who goes by the name of Sebastian (or Dorian) Hope has represented that he is the assistant editor of PLAIN ENGLISH. The gentleman in question has not, and never has had, any connection at all with this paper. We would be greatly obliged if any one of our readers who may have received any communication from Mr. Hope purporting to emanate from PLAIN ENGLISH would supply us with details in confidence.

"Aristocratic" Oafs and Flannelled Fools.

The meeting of members of both Houses of Parliament to consider the world-wide revolutionary movement, a report of above proceedings we give in another part of the present issue of PLAIN ENGLISH, does not give one much hope for the future of the country. The highly-placed individuals who met together to discuss the situation give signs of being a typically hopeless collection of brainless nincompoops. They ignore nearly all the real dangers, mistake friends for enemies and enemies for friends, and generally speaking, exhibit all the characteristics of British stupidity which make the task of trying to serve one's country a wellnigh hopeless one. The average Englishman may, as a general rule, be infallibly trusted to lose no opportunity of abusing,stabbing in the back and calumniating any one who tries, at great personal risk and without hope of reward, to help him. On the other hand he rarely fails to fall down in idolatrous adoration before the more brazenly obvious charlatan and false friend. What is to be thought of an association of peers and members of the House of Commons, under the leadership of the titular Head of the great House of Smithson, who pin their faith to Sir Stuart Campbell and the Northcliffe press, who refuse to believe anything gainst that "high-souled patriot," Mr. Winston Churchill, and who regale themselves by retailing stale and exploded scandals about the men who are risking their lives and their liberty to help the country ? In another sphere of English societythe same phenomenon exhibits itself. We had recently reported to us the remarks of a certain "flannelled fool" who made the brilliant reflection to a friend of ours apropos of our Jutland disclosures that 'no public-school man would ever again believe anything that 'Bosie Douglas' said after what he had written about public school morals." The silly person who made this fatuous remark and who (on the strength of having been asked for his autograph as "a great cricketer" by innumerable snotty-nosed little boys) imagines himself to be "riding the whirlwind and directing the storm," knows just as well as we do that every word we have written about public school morals is true and incontrovertible, but he belongs to the great English tribe of idiots who invariably lose their tempers whenever they hear the truth, and who would rather be told flattering lies by a German Jew than be helped along the path of decency by their natural leaders and betters. Salvation for England may yet come, but it will not come by way either of both Houses of Parliament (who cannot between the two of them muster up enough pluck to get one man to stand up and bring Winston Churchill to book) or by way of the sporting or cricketing crowd who will be playing or watching their favourite games and holding racing glasses to their silly eyes when the British Empire is crumbling beneath their feet and the Royal Family are being murdered in their beds by the agents of the persons whom they look up to as "awfully clever fellows—don't you know." Nobody can accuse us of democratic leanings or of failure to respect good birth and breeding (when they happen to co-exist) but for our part (and we speak as one of the few now in Great Britain who can lay claim to have inherited the true aristocratic tradition) we would rather look for salvation and iniative to Tower Hill than to both Houses of Parliament or the grown-up schoolboys of the "playing fields of Eton," "when the revolution comes."

"Hee-Haws" from Higham.

We reproduce from the *Morning Post* the report of the questions and answers in the House of Commons about PLAIN ENGLISH the week before last.

> DETRIMENTAL TO THE STATE.
>
> Mr. HIGHAM (Co. U., Islington, South) asked the Home Secretary whether he was aware that articles detrimental to the best interests of the State were appearing regularly in a certain newspaper ; was he aware of the fact that the police authorities would take action but for certain instructions from his office ; and would he explain why restraint was placed upon the Commissioner of Police in carrying out what he considered to be his duty in this matter.
>
> Mr. SHORTT : Articles which seem detrimental to the best interests of the State appear from time to time in more than one newspaper—(ironical cheers)—but no action can be taken unless the law is violated, and even then it may be a question whether a prosecution would not do more harm by advertising the paper than any good that would come of it. I have not issued any general instructions in this matter, and no restraint is put on the Commissioner by the Home Office ; and I may point out that it would not be for him, but for the Director of Public Prosecutions to take any action.
>
> Captain R. TERRELL (Co. U., Henley) : Will the right hon. gentleman undertake to suppress the *Daily Herald* ? (Labour laughter.)
>
> Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS : Have any of the articles in question been submitted to the Director of Public Prosecutions to see whether a prosecution should take place ?
>
> Mr. SHORTT : Yes, constantly.

> Mr. A. M. SAMUEL (Co. U., Farnham): Is there any truth in the suggestion conveyed in the question that there is a conflict of opinion between the Commissioner of Police and the Home Secretary; and, if so, will the right hon. gentleman give an assurance that he, who is responsible to the House, will continue his own policy?
>
> Mr. SHORTT: There is not the faintest ground for the suggestion.

It is interesting to observe that the person who asked the first hostile question is a Jew, Mr. Higham, while on the other hand the gentleman who was so anxious to get an assurance from the Home Secretary that on no account would he be stampeded into starting a prosecution (which would result in a complete public "show-up" of the whole Jutland business, and a good many other "little matters"), is also a Jew, Mr. Samuel. Mr. Shortt is right in saying that "no action can be taken unless the law is violated," and as no law has been violated, it is ludicrous to suppose that the Public Prosecutor could possibly take proceedings against the Editor of this paper for telling the truth about scoundrels in high places, and sticking up for his King and country. On the other hand an action, either in the civil or criminal courts, could have been started long ago against the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH by Winston Churchill, Cassel, Mond or Amery, to name only a few of those whose conduct we have exposed. But these gentlemen don't want a public enquiry, and they would as soon think of committing suicide as of taking any action which would result in a public trial before a British jury. If Mr. Higham wants a prosecution, he should give up talking childish and ignorant nonsense about the "Police," and try to induce one or other of the gentlemen whose conduct we have attacked to summon up enough pluck to take proceedings against us, and thus enable us to justify up to the hilt every word we have written about them. The function of the Police, strange as it may appear to Mr. Higham, is to protect the public against malefactors, and not to prosecute anyone who happens to have courage enough to expose villainy and wickedness among the Jews and their hired agents. We hope the electors of Islington will take note of the scandalous attitude adopted by their Semitic representative who is so anxious to enlist the Police on the side of the suppression of truth.

Mr. Pemberton Billing.

Our attention has been called to the fact that our remarks about Mr. Pemberton Billing have been misunderstood by a section of the public for whose opinion we have great respect. These good people are surprised at the attitude we have taken up, and what they say amounts to something like this: "Why should Lord Alfred Douglas, whose evidence on Mr. Billing's behalf was, at least, a very important factor in securing his acquittal, now go out of his way to 'attack' the man whom he formerly supported and defended?" Our reply is that we supported Mr. Billing at a time when (consciously or unconsciously) he was standing for everything that is decent in England, and if he had continued to act on the lines which at that time he was following, we would have gone on supporting and defending him to the last. But, as a matter of fact, what has Mr. Billing done? He obtained the support and backing of a large section of the loyal and patriotic public on the strength of the fine fight against the forces of foulness, treachery and judicial crookedness which he put up at the time of his prosecution at the Old Bailey by Maud Allan (who was a mere figurehead or stalking-horse for certain black forces). Mr. Billing, when he left the Old Bailey after his acquittal, and after the discomfiture of Mr. Justice Darling (who is the only judge on the Bench who has been called "a d——d liar" in open court without daring to commit the man who so described him), was in a position to clean up all the corruption of English public life. He had all the decent people in the country behind him, and if he had followed up his advantage he might to-day have been a great man and not much less than the saviour of his country. But what did Mr. Billing do? He made a demonstration in the House of Commons and was carried out. From that moment he has, for all intents and purposes, never so much as opened his mouth to say "Boh" to a goose. From being a thorn in the side of the powers of corruption and political trickery, he has become the model of the silent and well-behaved Member who is "popular with all parties." What occurred that brought about this wonderful change in the fighting "P. B."? Well—we happen to know what occurred, and, as we have said before in these columns, the knowledge does not impress us with any desire to renew our short acquaintance with Mr. Billing. If Mr. Billing wants any more details, he can have them.

Lincoln and the Sinn Feiners.

An unusually sane letter appeared on Tuesday in *The Times* over the signature of Lord Charnwood, from which we extract the following passage:—

> I do not wish to strain an analogy; there may be other considerations here; but there are surely these considerations, too: What effects is the acknowledgment, not by Great Britain alone, but by the Birtish Empire, of which the Government is the trustee, of belligerent and treaty-making rights on the part of assassins, going to have in a hundred unexpected directions the world over? Above all—for Ireland is nearest us—what effect is it going to have on the life of countless Irish villages, and on the whole life of an Irish State, Dominion, or (if you will) Republic, that its manifest heroes, and founders, and fathers will be the men who have persevered to the last in unmitigated atrocity? Having weighed these questions, surely we shall let it be known that, at any cost, we shall fight this fight out, please God, with cleaner, but, please God also with no less resolute hands.

But the vital part of his Lordship's letter was his reference to Lincoln's treatment of the Irish rebels in America. He very properly and truly says:—

> "Americans have had in their own country experiences of Irish crime, almost as costly in life as the present struggle in Ireland, of which those who think it solely due to English oppression can hardly be aware."

This is an obvious reference to the Irish attempt at insurrection which was suppressed by Lincoln. At the moment we have no definite figures to guide us; but from memory we are disposed to assert that more Irish were killed in New York alone in one day at Lincoln's orders than have been killed by the British Government in Ireland during the past two centuries.

The sooner the British people realise that the Irish problem has nothing to do with the Island called Ireland the better. It is a race problem; and elsewhere we give an analysis of some characteristics which distinguish the Irish Attacotti from other peoples.

Sloppy Sentimentalism.

The death of Mr. Charles Palmer, the late assistant editor of *John Bull*, has proved a grave loss to that journal.

In the place of Mr. Palmer there has arisen a certain Mr. W. Charles Pilley, whose present condition of mind seems to arise from the fact that he passed through his childhood without having been smacked. He closely resembles an enraged coal-heaver who sets out to assault some schoolmaster who has dared to slap his unruly offspring.

The gentry of this country send their children to schools where corporal punishment is administered. The average father who sends his son to a public school has been a public schoolboy himself, and knows how much advantage he has derived from the Spartan regime of such institutions. If a duke's son can stand a whipping with the approval of his father, and be the better for it, surely the humbler folk in this country should have sufficient sense to smile when Mr. W. Charles Pilley yells hysterically like a scolding fishwife.

There is a stage in the life of every child when admonition becomes useless and nothing but a good whipping will serve to prevent the ruin of that child. All this is bound up with that mysterious problem, the problem of pain. And among the pernicious heresies which flourish in these days there is none more deadly than the heresy that pain is bad for mankind.

The most superficial observation will reveal the fact that those who have suffered most in this world are generally most kindly, gentle and attractive.

Parents and teachers who spare the rod will inevitably spoil the child, and to spoil is to ruin.

Mr. Pilley's unchastened soul is disturbed because, most properly, the Metropolitan Asylums Board has refused to abolish corporal punishment in its institutions; and he proceeds to draw harrowing pictures of sick children being "thrashed" by brutal "officials." He pours out such phrases as "whipping of little invalids," "physical torture," "flogging of sick children," and condemns a member of the Board for describing the attempt to ruin the discipline of its institutions as "sloppy sentimentalism."

Here is Mr. Pilley at his pawkiest:—

> It is apparently considered an impertinence on the part of a newspaper to discuss the disciplinary methods in vogue at institutions supported from public funds and tenanted by children of the ratepayers. Such an attitude is unworthy of serious attention. The situation is one calling for the plainest speech. The facts are clear, and should be made universally known. The regulations of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, in regard to the "discipline" of sick children, specifically authorise caning on the hands or body, and the use of the birch-rod on the bare flesh. I say, deliberately, that the mere existence of these sanctions is a gross and barbarous outrage. In the case of healthy children there would be much to be said against the entrusting of such powers of punishment to teachers or others in authority. And it really passes belief that such a condition of affairs as that obtaining in the Metropolitan Asylums Board's institutions should so long have escaped criticism and condemnation.

The children in charge of the Metropolitan Asylums Board represent all classes of children requiring public care; and if the hands of the Board are to be tied by such meddlesome cranks as Mr. Pilley, we can look forward to a time when pandemonium will reign in the Metropolitan Asylums.

Children who are naughty must be punished, and it is far kinder, and far better for the child, to smack it than to lock it up or punish it by impositions and the curtailment of playtime.

We suggest to Mr. Pilley and to persons like him that they would be better employed in tackling the incredible savagery and brutality of Bolshevist Jews than in trying to undermine the authority of parents, teachers and officials.

A Distinct Improvement.

We are glad to observe that our remarks about the curious behaviour of the *Sunday Evening Telegram* have led to a distinct improvement in the behaviour of that newspaper. In the first instance, we pointed out that it used to be the custom of the *Telegram* to report Catholic sermons, but that for a considerable time past such reports had been excluded, and in their place had appeared week by week extracts from Jewish sermons. Our last reference to this matter took the form of an expression of astonishment that the editor of the *Telegram* had thought fit to place a Jewish before a Christian sermon.

Last week the *Telegram* excluded the usual Jewish sermon and put a Catholic sermon in its place. "For this relief much thanks."

Attack on Shakespeare.

Mr. Fagan has called our attention to the fact that our remarks on the subject of a press attack on his production of *Henry IV.* at the Court Theatre were hardly accurate. Our remarks were based on the behaviour of several leading journals, Jew-owned or Jew-controlled; and in the attitude of those papers we clearly saw the cloven hoof of Sir Alfred Mond and his associates. Sir Alfred began the attack on Shakespeare by an outrageous critiism of *Henry IV.* in the *Westminster Gazette*, in which foul abuse was hurled at the greatest English poet. Sir Alfred and his arrogant band of Asiatics see in Shakespeare a power for righteousness, and a never failing source of patriotism, beauty and nobility. So long as Shakespeare holds the British stage, Britain will be safe. Naturally such an obstacle in the way of the plans of the Learned Elders of Zion for the demoralisation of our people must be removed.

But it will require more than the power of the occult Emperors to remove Shakespeare.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Fagan's excellent production of *Henry IV.* was reviewed most favourably by at least a dozen of the leading journals.

Trade with Russia.

Before the opening of the Parliamentary Session, inspired notices appeared in a number of papers to the effect that, subject to signature of a Trade agreement with Russia, a number of locomotives for Russia would be built and repaired by Armstrongs, which would give employment to hundreds of workers. When Parliament opened, by arrangement a question was asked.

Another puff has appeared regarding the Slough Trading Co., and we shall expect another question in Parliament. This is all part of a prearranged plan. The Labour Party will then cry out for recognition of the Soviets, ready for the return of Krassin.

The Government in Russia is in the hands of usurpers of alien race and sympathy; no decent Russian would recognise them. In order to trade something must be exchanged, unless our Monds, Sassoons and Rothschilds are able to force the Government to finance the Bolshevik Jew murderers with British taxpayers' money, as export credits.

The Bolsheviks have nothing to exchange but stolen gold and jewels, stolen bonds, stolen works of art, stolen goods, and concessions stolen from the real Russian people or from foreign, including British pre-revolution concessionaires.

Already one "honest" firm had arranged to purchase stolen goods from the Soviets belonging to a British company, and the Courts in London decided that this could not be allowed until the Soviet Government had been recognised; once this is done scores of so-called respectable Jew firms will rush in to take part in their traditional business—the handling of stolen goods. Both Armstrongs and the Slough Trading Co. are practically under the thumb of the Jews, and there is a rumour that the former company is going to join with Bazil Zaharoff's Company—Vickers. The combine will then become manufacturers of munitions to the Yiddish Empire.

All trade with Russia has to be with the "usurpers." The Co-operative Societies are simply the Bolsheviks. As long as the Soviets remain in power everyone trading with Russia is helping these murderers to grind the Russian Slav loyalists to powder.

It must be remembered that when the real Russians come to their own again, they will be perfectly justified in repudiating every contract made by the Bolsheviks, including concessions.

It will be very nice in a few months' time for British shareholders in Russian industries and concessions to realise that Mr. Lloyd George, to please the Anglo-Alien Jews, has recognised the theft of their property. Perhaps companies will be floated to handle concessions stolen from British or French shareholders. Some of the London finance companies which corresponded with and assisted Red Russia since 1916 will be delighted to assist in such flotations, as such a policy will be in accordance with Rufus Isaacs' ideals of "liberty and justice" in the "Great New World." England has been degraded in the eyes of the world thanks to the efforts of the Jews; commencing with the Marconi scandal, then Jutland and then the farcical Peace Treaty, it cannot go much further down the slope before falling into the abyss of corruption and bankruptcy.

THE TRAGEDY OF CHILD ROWLAND.

"Child Rowland to the dark Tower came."—
Edgar's unfinished song in *Lear*.

Advertisement.—The author feels it requisite to dedicate this poem, which was written eighteen years ago under no ordinary conditions, to the innocent dupes of such leaders of modern necromancy as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lady Glenconner. Magic, banned and condemned by all civilised governments for the past thirty centuries, has of late gained a place in popular esteem which it never before enjoyed; and its votaries now present that ancient diabolic horror disguised in the trappings of science and recommended by the advantage which it is supposed to offer to those whose hearts are broken by bereavement.

Experts in spiritism will recognise that this poem is no ordinary poem. Little more than this need be said, save perhaps that *The Tragedy of Child Rowland* actually lifts for a moment the curtain which hides Hell from us, and reveals a soul in the grip of the indescribably hideous.

Modern necromancers are fond of assuring us that they are raising good spirits because they employ holy names and pious incantations.

This is an old device, and Marlowe knew of it, as witness :—

Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world into the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations
And try if devils will obey thy hest.
Since thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them
Within this circle in Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd
The breviated names of holy saints . . .
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform . . .

Enter Mephistophilis.
I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.
Doctor Faustus. Scene III.

THE TRAGEDY OF CHILD ROWLAND.

Sir Oliver.
Of this vain search I grow most monstrous sick!
Since you persuaded me to leave my lodge,
And forfeit all the ease and reputation
Which have been mine since first the rabble found
That I could give them words instead of truth,
I have been dubious of my sanity.
Why came I forth while printing-presses poured
Upon the people in a mighty flood
That mass of necromancy which I serve
In tempting volumes for those vulgar souls
Who see in Nothing less than it contains?

Child Rowland.
You came with me to search for a dark tower.

Sir Oliver.
To search for something that has no existence
Save in the mind, is madness gone insane.

Child Rowland.
You know that since the light first looked on me,
I've dreamed of towers, and thought of their dark walls
Creeping in majesty to meet the moon
That skips across the cloud spume of the sky.
A dark tower is my destiny, my all;
My very life: it is a friend whose face
Ever before me lingers.

Sir Oliver.
Foolish boy.
You are the prey of dreams and lunacies;
Whilst I, a wise and sober alchemist,
Am howling and most miserably mad
To wander after phantoms and dark towers.

Child Rowland.
You may be mad; but I feel strangely sane,
And hot enough to set my clothes on fire.
Indeed, with all my heart, I'd lend my ears,
And shave my eyebrows, if by doing so
I could produce in this most brilliant noon
A dark tower and a cellar full of beer,
Where I could cool my broiled anatomy.

Sir Oliver.

A cellar full of beer is beautiful
To contemplate. The thought of it inspires
A man to greatness. But what chance could turn
So fair an image to reality ?

Child Rowland.

Men say, Sir Oliver, that you are wise
In all that appertains to ghostly learning.
Say, can you make no use of magic here,
To form a fountain at our very feet,
Or build a dark tower in this horrid heat ?

Sir Oliver.

Such learning as I have is dangerous ;
For spirits are most wayward, and the worl
That swarms about us is more terrible
Than ignorant men believe. Yet will I try
If magic can release us from our plight.

Sir Oliver steps from his horse, and begins to utter strange words, and to make signs with his hands in the air.

Child Rowland (*aside*).

I tremble in my saddle, though I trust
That good may come of this ; and yet I fear,
In drawing forth his powers, Sir Oliver
Has laid his hand upon the door of death.
By Jupiter ! The spell is acting now :
Apollo's flame-fanned face sinks in the West,
And Night rides out upon her sable steed,
While children of the darkness strew her path
With silver shadows ; and the birds of eve
Come forth to sing a tired world's lullaby.

Sir Oliver.

My charm has proved that magic is not dead !
Methinks it was a dark tower you desired ;
And is not all the world a tower of darkness ?
And is not all the darkness but a tower
Into which Night leads this unhappy orb,
So that the weary may have time to sleep,
And thieves an hour or so to call their own,
And devils freedom to torment good men ?
Come ! turn your eyes, and you shall see, methinks,
A curious vision of three withered men
Who sit upon a heap of rotting bones,
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon.

Child Rowland.

It is no vision ! They are beauteous !
They are most lovely, most delectable !
What has the world to offer after this ?
What dainties of the mind can satisfy
Since I have looked on these most glorious men ?
Surely in heaven no treasures can exist—
In all the stars that people the pale sky—
That may be compeers of these withered men
Who sit upon a heap of rotting bones,
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon.
I cast my dark tower to oblivion,
Sir Oliver, and lodge me in this land ;
So that beside these gracious men I may
Repose in splendid happiness, and gaze
With rapture on them—ravish my tired eyes,
So tired with searching for a trivial tower—
And gaze for ever at these withered men
Who sit upon a heap of rotting bones
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon.

Sir Oliver.

And for this folly we have travelled so far !

Child Rowland.

Say not for folly, good Sir Oliver ;
Say rather that the dark tower was a flare
Of madness troubling our diseasèd minds.
What is a dark tower to three withered men
Who sit upon a heap of rotting bones
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon ?

Sir Oliver.

Child Rowland, you are capturêd of Hell :—
Strange spells have wound themselves about your soul,
And you are dragged into delirium,
And see in this foul sight a noble thing.

Child Rowland.

Aye, Oliver, the noblest in the world !

Sir Oliver.

Then am I certain you are surely lost.

Child Rowland.

Rather say found, my dear Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver.

To reason with you is to waste good words.
I leave you to your foul and withered men
Who sit upon a heap of rotting bones,
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon.
Say, when the moon hath fled her from the sky,
How shall your glorious and most withered men
Make idiot mirth at the dark dome of heaven ?

Child Rowland.

For them the moon is always in the sky ;
And always too it is the harvest moon ;
Yet, should the moon forsake them,they have light,
The flame of fermentation from the bones
On which they sit.

Sir Oliver.

It is high time to fly
From this detestable insanity.

Child Rowland.

Though you should go, my home's for ever here ;
Yet how unkind a friend to leave me thus !

Sir Oliver.

'Tis you who stay ; 'tis I who must away.

Child Rowland.

Where would you go, when three most withered men
Do sit upon a heap of rotting bones
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon ?

Sir Oliver.

I go to Bath. To Bath goes Oliver.
There is a goldsmith in that ancient town
Who carves most cunningly on coffin lids.
I go to have a name engraved in gold
Upon a coffin-plate ; and it should be
Most useful when you twist you off the world,
And spill your soul in this least loveliest land,
And fall a corpse before your withered men,
Who sit upon a heap of rotting bones,
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon.

Child Rowland.

Thus ends our pilgrimage! But, ere you go,
See where I sit, and take my horse from me,
Then set you forth with your gold graven plate;
And if you see a dark tower, take three nails—
Three nails in memory of three withered men—
And spike the inscription on the dark tower's door;
And have it written thus, Sir Oliver:—
This is Child Rowland's golden coffin plate,
Nailed to a dark tower which he never found.
And now for endless days doth Rowland sit
Upon a great stone in the wilderness,
Before a sacred sight—three withered men
Who sit upon a heap of rotting bones,
And laugh insanely at the harvest moon.

Herbert Moore Pim.

WHO CONTROLS THE "MORNING POST"?

LAST week, just as we were going to press on Thursday afternoon, the news reached us from a very reliable source that negotiations were on foot for the sale of the *Morning Post* to a syndicate of Jews. Our informant was most anxious that we should give publicity to the news because, he pointed out, the best chance there was of preventing the scheme from being carried through was to make it prematurely public. Accordingly we put a "Stop Press" announcement in last week's Plain English, which was on sale early on Friday morning. The *Morning Post* immediately appeared with a second edition of its Friday issue in which it gave publicity, in the most prominent part of the paper, to the following announcement:—

> Lady Bathurst wishes to say that the rumours which are being spread, to the effect that the *Morning Post* is to be sold, are totally without foundation.
>
> It is not, perhaps, difficult to guess where these rumours originate. There are many organisations which wish to buy the paper to ensure its silence.
>
> Lady Bathurst begs to say once more—and she hopes finally—that she has no intention of selling the *Morning Post.*

We are very glad to hear that the scheme for buying up the *Morning Post* has fallen through, and we sincerely congratulate Lady Bathurst on her determination to stick to the paper. At the same time, we would respectfully suggest to her ladyship that while the Jews may not have succeeded in getting complete control of her paper, there are not lacking signs that they have been able to make their influence felt in a very disquieting way in its columns. Just a month ago, in our issue of Plain English dated January 29th, we published an article entitled "The Enigma of the *Morning Post.*" It is with no desire to be offensive to Lady Bathurst and with no wish to "rub it in" unduly that we reproduce here an extract from that article. On the contrary, our desire is to help Lady Bathurst in the fight she is (we venture to hope) making to rid her paper of Jewish influence. Here is the extract from the article in Plain English referred to:—

> Consciously or unconsciously the *Morning Post* is lending itself to the campaign which the "Learned Elders" are trying (with great success) to put into operation. A false friend is more dangerous than an open enemy. Most of the London Press is so frankly or blatantly anti-British in tone and sentiment that it can only take in very stupid people. The *Morning Post,* on the other hand, goes in for an exalted patriotism, and is for ever boasting of its own high ideals. And yet here are a few of the facts which we can bring against it: (1) While professing to be leading a campaign against the preponderating Jewish influence which permeates our political and social system, it employs a German Jew solicitor, Sir George Lewis, and a German Jew "American correspondent," Maurice Low. (2) It supported Robert Ross (one of the most deadly agents in the Jewish scheme for the moral corruption of this country) for all it was worth, and employed him for years as a contributor, as well as his "private secretaries," Freddie Smith (the ex-choir boy, son of a charwoman living in a basement in Tottenham Court Road), and his other "private secretary," Christopher Millard, who has twice been imprisoned for unnatural offences (a delightful trio of literary contributors" for a *soi-disant* respectable daily paper). (3) It maintains as complete a silence on the Jutland disclosures made in Plain English as any of the other Jew or Jew-controlled papers, although Lady Bathurst, its owner, and Mr. H. E. Gwynne, its editor, know just as well as we do, that by keeping silence about the Jutland scandal they are shielding the very inner circle of Jewish and Jew-controlled treachery from the popular fury which would inevitably lead its members to the scaffold if the whole facts were made public by an enquiry which the *Morning Post* could, if it would, do so much to force.

To this fairly serious indictment we may add the campaign conducted by the *Morning Post* with extraordinary virulence against King Constantine and in favour of the Jew-controlled demagogue Venizelos, some details of whose black record were made public in our issue of February 12th in a letter entitled "Venizelos' Little Game," signed by a Political Officer, who was an actual eye-witness in Albania of the terrible facts related in his letter. We have now ascertained that the "Special Greek Correspondent" of the *Morning Post* who wrote the articles attacking King Constantine and beslavering Venizelos with fulsome adulation, was a Jew called Leper.

The *Morning Post* has now dropped its anti-Constantine and pro-Venizelos campaign, and in a recent issue it showed signs that it was beginning to be aware of the evil effect which it had helped to produce by the aforesaid campaign. At any rate, it showed signs of grace in the line it took up against the Turks and in favour of the Greek cause before the London Conference. It is precisely these signs that our own campaign (which has been carried on for months on behalf of the *Morning Post's* better self) has been to a great extent successful, which encourage us once more to appeal to Lady Bathurst to break the silence in her paper about the Jutland disclosures which Plain English has made.

In her notice to her readers in the *Morning Post* of February 26th, Lady Bathurst says that "there are many organisations which wish to buy the paper to ensure its silence." But what organisation, even of the richest Jews in the world, would wish to buy for a large price what it has already got for nothing? The silence of the *Morning Post* about the Jutland treachery and our pitiless exposure of Winston Churchill which brands him as a man unfit for any kind of public office, no less than for association with men of honour in private life, is just as complete and just as absolute as the Jews would wish it to be if they were actually in complete possession of the *Morning Post*. The *Morning Post* has indeed done more than shield Mr. Churchill by its silent acquiescence in his assumption of the seals of office as Colonial Secretary in face of the gravest charges that have ever been brought against a Cabinet Minister in the whole history of British politics; it actually has gone out of its way to join the rest of the Jew-controlled London Press in an attempt to "write up" Mr. Churchill, to whom it has always hitherto been strongly opposed.

In the very issue containing Lady Bathurst's brave words about the failure of certain "organisations" to buy the silence of her paper, there appeared a long letter entitled "Mr. Churchill's Opportunity: Will He Use It?" signed "One Who Knows." The editor of the *Morning Post* knows just as well as we do that if he desired to encourage and bolster up Mr. Churchill in face of the charges made against him, he could do him no greater service than to keep silence about the accusations made against him on the one hand, and to admit into his columns a long letter "making an appeal" to him in a patriotic sense on the other.

It all comes to this: Either the *Morning Post* is controlled by Jewish influence or it is not. If it is so controlled, then the mere question as to whether or not it openly passes into the hands of a Jewish syndicate or remains nominally the property of Lady Bathurst matters little or nothing. If, on the other hand (as Lady Bathurst declares and as we would wish to believe) it is under no compact of silence and in no way interested in the suppression of truth which might injuriously affect the Jews, why does it continue to connive at the shielding of traitors and scoundrels as it is doing at present?

BANISHMENT FOR SINN FEINERS.

THE renewed outburst of crime in Ireland, in particular the murder of unarmed soldiers in Cork this week, should convince the people of this country that the Irish Executive is in grips with a gang which refuses to be subdued by ordinary methods of repression.

Reprisals have been tried. Executions have been tried. Imprisonment has been tried. Yet the orgy of murder continues. Why? Because the Irish native differs in some respects from the native of other countries. The Irish peasants (and the Sinn Fein war is a class war) are nearly all, as we have pointed out before, of Attacottic or slave origin. They have certain characteristics hardly ever found in other races; and they lack certain characteristics invariably found among civilised peoples.

To be particular:—

(1) They are subject to periodic attacks of blood-lust.

(2) They have little or no respect for truth.

(3) They are impulsive, highly emotional and flare up with amazing suddenness.

(4) They are conceited to an almost incredible degree, and regard themselves as the salt of the earth.

(5) They are extremely sensitive to criticism, especially criticism which touches their pride. Indeed, pride in its worst form is at the back of the whole Irish trouble.

As to the common characteristics of civilised peoples which the Irish natives lack, two may be named:—

(1) They are devoid of aesthetic instinct.

(2) They are utterly lacking in what might be called collective sympathy.

We propose, in the present instance, to confine ourselves to the last statement, because it requires some explanation, and because it is bound up with the problem which at present confronts the Irish Executive.

By "collective sympathy" we mean a sympathy which extends to unknown persons of the same race. And it is because the Irish native lacks collective sympathy that official reprisals have had no effect upon the volume of Irish outrages and murders.

An illustration of the operation of collective sympathy will make our meaning clear.

When Germany invaded Belgium, many patriotic Belgian civilians were so infuriated that they fired upon German troops. Germany indulged in wholesale reprisals, and the immediate effect of these reprisals was the cessation of all civilian attempts to carry on illegitimate warfare.

The Belgians are a highly civilised people; and individuals among them realised that the advantage to be gained by civilian participation in war could not compensate for the injury which such participation would bring upon towns and villages.

In dealing with savage peoples, punitive expeditions are successful because of latent collective sympathy, but more especially because the savage imagination pictures the punitive injury as inevitably directed against those who have given offence.

But in Ireland the murder gang have no sympathy for anyone; and lacking as they do an appreciation of the sacredness of human life, they are prepared to continue their policy of murder until they have exhausted their blood lust.

They do not fear death. Their extraordinary conceit, which they call patriotism, leads them to go to their death in the best of spirits, knowing that they will be enshrined as martyrs by their fellow-countrymen. They do not fear imprisonment for the same reason.

There is one thing, however, which they do fear—permanent banishment, a banishment which will remove them from the applause and appreciation of their fellow-countrymen.

It would be difficult to explain to Englishmen why the Irish native fears banishment. Involved in this problem is the existence of certain forces which are not manifest in England, but which in Ireland play a large part in the daily life of the people, and which the Irish Executive are inclined to recognise as responsible for much of the diabolic crime which has disgraced Ireland so often.

These forces are spiritual forces. The Catholic Church has done its best to wean the Attacottic peoples of Ireland from contact with these forces, but the success of the Church has been comparatively slight.

It would be hard to define what these forces are. They are not, properly speaking, diabolic; though they urge men to devilish deeds. They partake of the nature of some spiritual binding forces. They grip the Irish native like an octopus, and when he is compelled to leave his own country he feels that part of him is being torn away.

Banishment has terrors for Irish natives which no death, violence or imprisonment can have; and in their blind folly the Irish natives are heading for banishment.

Sinn Feiners have been burning English farms. Now the Englishman is hard to rouse. He will submit to a great deal before he will strike back. But when it comes to the destruction of English farms, Sinn Fein must realise that there is a limit to English patience.

Sinn Fein realises that banishment is on the horizon; but it feels that such banishment would only be temporary, because it foolishly imagines that the Labour Party would revoke all banishment orders were it to come into power.

What Sinn Fein overlooks is the fact that the world is rapidly returning to conservative principles, and that the power of labour will not be felt for the next fifty years. The world is in no mood for "democratic" experiments. And Sinn Fein, in outraging the feelings of the British people, is asking for trouble.

At the present moment the Irish Executive know pretty accurately all the dangerous men in Ireland, and if outrages continue there can be one, and only one, remedy for them—the permanent removal of all political criminals from Ireland to some convenient and humid spot in the Southern Hemisphere.

The Irish Executive desire it to be understood that they are most seriously considering the question of the permanent banishment of Irish political criminals and their associates and assistants.

Sinn Fein will say: "You cannot banish the Irish from Ireland."

No. The people who are causing the trouble are by no means in the majority; and their banishment would be a comparatively easy matter. Its effect would be to end violence and murder in Ireland for two centuries, and give the country a chance to develop itself along normal and rational lines. In the disturbed state of the world, Britain cannot afford to have a tribe of furious murderers at her very doors; and Britain, if she be further outraged, will see to it that those who are offending her and attempting to destroy the very principles of government and order—not to mention righteousness and honour—are safely conveyed to some part of the vast British Empire where the climate will modify their character, as the climate of Tasmania modified the character of John Mitchel.

THE MURDERS OF THE THREE CZARS.

In our issue of February 12th we printed from the Official White Book on Bolshevism a telegram from General Knox to the War Office describing the massacre in a hideous manner of the Czar Nicholas II., of his young daughters, and of the boy heir. The murder was arranged, General Knox reported, by "two Jews, by name Vainen and Safarof, who went with Lenin when he made a journey across Germany."

We pointed out how this telegram from General Knox demonstrated by official document the truth of "The Hythe Report," which was printed in the issue of Plain English for December 25th, and which told how a certain British officer in Rome reported to the late Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd, that, "at the moment, May, 1917, there was a meeting of German-Jews in Copenhagen. They had agreed to send Lenin to Russia and create a revolution, which would anticipate and prevent a revolution of Russians, and would release the Jews from the Pale. Then by a policy of extermination they would make themselves sole masters of Russia. Accompanying Lenin from Germany were to be sent *Vainen and Safarof, two Jew fanatics*, who could be depended upon to organise thorough extermination of all elements dangerous because of wealth or brains to the German-Jewish programme. The only outside capital allowed commercial concessions, when Russia became more malleable, would be from Frankfort banks. Real English, German, and American capital would be excluded unless future revolutions should put such capital into the hands of the Jews, posing as Socialists."

Although Sir Rennell Rodd under the terrifying grip of the Jew Zervadakis (who had been Sir Ernest Cassel's agent in Egypt) refused to accept this report in May, 1917, there is ample evidence that in August, 1917, the report was in the hands of Mr. Philip Kerr at 10, Downing Street. Mr. Kerr was then treating with the Zionists, or rather receiving their orders to pass them on to Mr. George. Consequently nothing was done for the moment, and later the "Hythe Report" disappeared from Mr. Kerr's dispatch box. At first Mrs. Flower, who acted as Mr. Philip Kerr's private secretary, was not suspected, because of her pious "Christian" Science activities. However, her antecedents were eventually unearthed, and the fact discovered that she had been "planted" upon Mr. Kerr by a young Mr. Rothschild, also a pious "Christian" Scientist. The result was that although Mrs. Flower left 10, Downing Street and lost her post as private secretary to the private secretary of the Prime Minister, a new post was created. As told in Plain English in an article entitled "The Blue-Faced Ape of Horus," Sir Philip Sassoon arrived to fill that post. The warning in the "Hythe Report" was never acted upon, and the Czar was murdered as planned.

The arrogance of the Jew over the success of his crimes has enabled the Russian Association of New York to show that not only are the Russian people innocent of the blood of their Czar, but that "three Russian Emperors consecutively were murdered by Jews." The first was Alexander II., who freed twenty million peasants from a condition of serfdom and who was known throughout Russia as the "Liberator."

His murder, evidence now shows, was planned in 1876 by a revolutionary committee composed almost entirely of Jews, who had their headquarters in London. Just as the Samuels, Isaacs, Shinwells and Glassmanns plan the destruction of the British throne to-day, so in 1876 three Jews, Libermann, Goldenberg and Zukerman planned, financed, furthered and actually carried out the scheme for the murder of Alexander II., the "Liberator," and father of Alexander III., who was known as the "Peacemaker."

Until recently there was no official record as to the way in which the Emperor Alexander III. was murdered. When, in 1894, this Czar unexpectedly died in the Crimea, vague rumours were current that he had been poisoned, but there was no official confirmation of these rumours, and, therefore, his death was veiled in mystery. At present, however, a Jewish book-publishing firm in New York City (Boni & Liveright) published a book written by a Jew, Edgar Saltus, entitled "The Imperial Orgy." We quote pages 212, 213, 214 and 215 of this book.

> "Meanwhile Israel agonized. In a district where other game was scant, a prince hunted Jews. One appeal re-

mained, it was to God. In secret synagogues, the candles were reversed, and in the name that contains forty-two letters: in the name of the Tetragrammaton; in the name of the Globes and the Wheels; in the name of Him who said, 'I am that I am and who shall be,' the great ban, Schammatha, was pronounced. Ofanim were implored to repeat the malediction. Jehovah was supplicated to rain on the Tsar every curse in the Roll of the Law. The Lord of Hosts was adjured to blot him out from under the sky.

"In the Orient, mantras are believed to be effective. Russia was always Asiatic. The incantations of the secret synagogues vibrated, ascended and perhaps were heard.

"At Livadia, the Emperor fell ill. The ailment was slight, an attack of coryza, which normally lasts a week, unless the patient is carefully tended, in which event it may persist. The imperial coryza persisted and pleurisy developed.

"In Moscow, at the time, was a specialist, eccentric and successful. His name was Zakkarin. Summoned to the Crimea, he came and diagnosed. It would have been interesting to have seen him at it. If he had been a terrorist he could have killed the Tsar, and been torn to bits the next minute. Zakkarin was not a terrorist. He was a physician. As physician he prescribed a remedy which, precautionally, he had brought. Uncomplainingly the august patient deigned to take it. Zakkarin was looking at him.

"It would have been still more interesting to have seen that look. Shakesperian, disquieting and yet serene, it was a look that said, 'At last!'

"There was not much room in the camp-cot which the third Alexander habitually used, but in it, from before that look, he shrank.

"Beside him, stood the physician. The room, vast, high-ceiled, furnished in the large Victorian manner, was covered with wall-paper manufactured in Manchester to frighten children. Behind Zakkarin, was Dagmar. Behind her was the procurator of the holy synod, together with an officer of the household. In the hall were servants. Beyond were guards. Without, enveloping the palace, was a sotnia of Cossacks. Yet, unperceived, unheralded, unannounced, with no show of royal honours, a great king had come.

"The Emperor, unaware as yet of that, but subconsciously stirred, poked his head at the physician.

"'What are you?'

"Zakkarin, leaning forward, whispered it. 'A Jew.'

"'A Jew!' the obese butcher shrieked.

"Zakkarin turned and explained. 'His majesty is delirious.'

"He turned anew to his patient and whispered again. 'You are doomed.'

"Alexander, to shriek his fright, had raised himself. But the whispers were potent. More potent still was the drug. He fell back. The ban, too, had fallen. Israel had triumphed where terrorism failed.

"'Weep, Russia!' ran the official notice in the next issue of the Novoye Vremya. 'The Emperor is dead!'

"Zakkarin was given the Nevski decoration and the usual diamonds. In derision, he accepted them."

We have nothing to add to this cynical account. If the learned Elders of Zion have their way, the year 1924 will mark the end of our Royal family and the destruction of the Empire. But we say, with "the hooked-nose fellow of Rome," *Prœmonitus Prœmunitus.*

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 106s. 1d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·33 to 11·33½
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	243 to 243½
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	51·93 to 51·97
CALCUTTA	Rupees	1s. 4d.	$15\frac{5}{16}$ to $15\frac{9}{16}$
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	22·58 to 22·63
ITALY	Lire	25·22½	106¼ to 106½
MADRID	Pesetas	25·22½	27·95 to 28
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·41 to 4·43
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·86⅝ to 3·86⅞
PARIS	Francs	25·22½	54·35 to 54·40
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	2·3¾ to $2{\cdot}3\frac{31}{32}$
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	23·33 to 23·35
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	2/5¾ to 2/5⅞

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL.

The necessary resolutions increasing the capital of this company were passed at the extraordinary general meeting held last week, so that the Preference Share Capital of the Company authorised is now £20,000,000. It has already been mentioned by us that the British Government own one-half of the ordinary share capital of the Company.

The progress of the Company seems to go on by leaps and bounds, and has turned out doubtless to be the best commercial investment the Government has ever made, as will be seen from the following remarks of the Chairman, Sir Charles Greenway, Bart., at the meeting referred to:—

> "Gentlemen, you will no doubt desire, in view of the proposed increase of capital, to hear something as to the Company's progress in the matter of profits. As you are aware, the net profits for the year ended March 31, 1920, after making liberal allowances for depreciation, and paying debenture interest, income tax and royalty, amounted to £2,611,615. I am now in a position to say that the net profits, after making the same deductions, for the year ending on March 31 next will not be less than £4,000,000, which is sufficient to cover the dividend on the existing Preference shares ten times over. And there is no reason for anticipating any falling off in these profits, but quite the contrary, for our throughput of oil is rapidly increasing as our various extensions come into operation, and, as you are aware, we have not benefited to any great extent from the high prices which have been ruling for petroleum products during and since the war, owing to the fact that the bulk of our production was contracted for before the war on the basis of pre-war prices. Consequently the Company will not suffer to any large extent, if at all, should prices fall to the pre-war level, and any loss that may be sustained in this way will in all probability be far more than compensated for by our largely increased throughput, and by the advantages we shall gain from our additional refineries, and by carrying out our own transport and distribution."

Credit Foncier 6 per cent. Loan.

This well-known institution commands the highest confidence of the French investor, and no better evidence of this can be shown than the fact that the recent issue of 1,200,000,000 francs in 6½ per cent. Mortgage Debenture Bonds of 500 francs each, issued at 490 francs per bond, was applied for within about a week after the list was opened, though, according to the terms of issue, the list need not have closed until 1st March. A feature of the response from the public was the number of small subscribers. The Bonds of the French Credit Foncier are secured and guaranteed by mortgage on real estate, and also on revenues of District and Parish Councils. It is significant to contrast the response in this case to some of the Government issues, but doubtless a big attraction is the prizes or premiums that result by means of drawings. Now that the French Courts have decided that the winner of a premium is not liable to be taxed therefor, greater attention than ever is likely to be paid to investments with plums of this sort.

Far East Rand.

The *Stock Exchange Gazette*, in their issue of the 24th February, give some important facts with regard to the effect on Rand profits of a continuance of the reduction of the gold premium, pointing out that unless working costs are relatively reduced there is the immediate fear of a further shutting down of some of the " expiring " mines of the old Central Rand. It is shown by the figures submitted that the salvation of our gold production lies in the further development of the gold areas of the Far East Rand, where the yield is so much higher than was ever shown on the old Central Rand, and where working costs are likely to be retained at a normal figure.

The series of articles by their Special Commissioner on the Far Eastern Rand is being continued, and are of exceptional interest. He mentions the theory that the various sedimentary deposits of sand, mud, small pebbles, &c., that now form the rocks of Witwatersrand were derived from an ancient land surface lying to the North-west of the Rand, and were deposited near the mouth of one of the great rivers draining such an area. In their general character and sequence they exhibit a close analogy with the deposits which are being laid down at the present time in the deltas of some of the great rivers of the world. The Commissioner states that he does not presume to guess at the source of the gold in these rocks, and only accepts the fact that gold exists.

The following is a copy of a cable received from the Chairman of Houtpoort, Limited, who own several valuable leases on the Far East Rand. The Chairman is now in South Africa on the affairs of the Company :—

> " Van Ryn Reef has been struck in new prospecting shaft Klippoortje, panning 1 oz. over 26 inches (I) inspected (it) yesterday; reef identical (with) New Modder; consider (it is) proving quite equal to other Van Ryn Reef Mines (of the) Far East Rand.—BLWLOCH, Chairman."

Dividends and Reports.

J. & N. Phillips.—Net profit £151,100. Dividend of 10 per cent.

Henry Bessemer.—Profit £29,431. Dividend of 5 per cent. on ordinary shares, making 10 per cent., less tax.

Woolcombers Ltd.—Net profit £87,429. Dividend on ordinary shares at 2s. 3d. per share.

British Linen Bank.—Net profit £340,427. Dividend for second half-year at the rate of 16 per cent., less tax making 16 per cent. for year.

Fife Coal.—Dividend of 12½ per cent. on ordinary shares, making 17½ per cent., free of tax. £112,543 carried forward.

British Wagon.—Further dividend of 4s. per share on £3 paid up, and 1s. 4d. per share on £1 paid up, less tax.

United Turkey Red.—Final dividend on ordinary shares of 7½ per cent., making 10 per cent., free of tax.

Standard Bank of South Africa.—Second interim dividend of 7s. per share, subject to tax.

C. & E. Morton.—Final dividend on ordinary shares, making 20 per cent. for year, and further 1 per cent. on 6 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares, in addition to bonus of 1 per cent.

Consolidated Cambrian.—Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on Preference and 5 per cent. on Ordinary, making 10 per cent. for the year, less tax.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

What is the primary cause of the present wave of unemployment ?

There are, of course, several causes for the present state of affairs, and they may be stated in the following order of of importance :—

(1) The high rate of interest on the War Loans.

(2) The attitude of Labour.

(3) The indefinite and ill-defined Fiscal Policy of the Government.

(4) The movement towards Prohibition (Liquol Control).

All these factors have combined to produce a state of unemployment which will soon be almost unparalleled in the history of the nation, and although the prohibition movement may be regarded by some as negligible, yet it is " the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

We are principally concerned with the primary cause of unemployment, because in all the moanings which appear in the Press as to the cause of the trouble, the one that is given the greatest prominence is Labour, on the principle that " any stick is good enough with which to beat a bad dog," and, of course, our usurers are only too pleased to find some tangible excuse which will throw dust in the eyes and blind the general unthinking public as to the real primary cause of unemployment.

It is not to be wondered at when we are aware that practically the whole of the Press is controlled by our Jewish taskmasters, for they, of course, are more greatly interested and concerned in the sweating of Labour, and in the usury in the shape of interest, which after all has to be earned by the working population. This interest, as we know, amounts to over £350 millions annually, which is more than £150 millions greater than our pre-war Budget of expenditure.

Most of us who are interested in this matter have read the reports of the annual meetings of the various great banks; we have also had the reports of the great Shipping Companies, and up to the time of writing, the reports of the leading British Railways. The keynote of all and the principal string that is harped upon is the high cost of labour. Of course, some attention is paid to the difficulty of Foreign Exchanges, and the writer recognises that the matter of exchange is a very difficult problem.

It is somewhat unfortunate that by the nature of their business the banks are usurers, and that the prominent directors voice Free Trade principles, This also applies in the latter respect to the directors of our principal shipping companies. In the case of the bankers, their attitude is perhaps natural and excusable by reason of their training in the antiquated school of economics ; but it is difficult to understand why men of the type of Lord Inchcape should, after the lessons of the war, hold such views. Perhaps in his case it is not after all so remarkable to those who know something of his character and history. Some inkling of his worship of the fetish of cheapness (cheap labour) he gave in his speech at the meeting of the P. & O. and B.I.S.N. Companies, when he stated it would soon pay the companies to lay up their Fleet in the charge of 70-year-old caretakers and charwomen. Those who remember his lordship when he was Mr. James L. Mackay are aware that if monkeys could man his companies' ships, he would engage them in his worship of "economy," because he is more concerned in the earning of big dividends for his shareholders than in our national security.

Apart from the reasons which the Press have so far given as the principal cause of unemployment, we have the general outcry against the Government for extravagance and waste. That there is, and has been, extravagance and waste on the part of the Government, more particularly since the cessation of hostilities, is beyond denial, but more especially is this the case in the handling of the financial measures which have been necessary to finance the war, and it is a standing disgrace on the part of the Treasury officials that the coming Budget is the third since the Armistice, and yet apparently the Treasury have not discovered any remedy (at any rate, no steps have been taken) for dealing with the burden of the National Debt.

The red light of the present financial crisis was visible to those who took an interest in national matters as far back as the first year of the war, and the Treasury, through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have been warned and given suggestions which, if acted upon in the golden days of the war, would have placed us in a very different position from that in which we find ourselves at the present time.

To a certain extent the Treasury have accepted and adopted some of the suggestions which have been made, such as the issue of War Saving Certificates; again the payment for death duties in certain of the War Loans, and also the issue of Victory Bonds redeemable at a premium. We have also their latest attempt to tackle the floating loan by the issue of Exchequer Bonds, but in all these attempts the movement guided by their Jewish taskmasters has been ever towards a higher rate of interest, until it seems we shall end in being landed with the "shent-per-shent" so dear to the hearts of the worshippers of Mammon.

Early in 1919, within three weeks of the Treasury receiving fresh warnings and suggestions upon the financial position, there appeared an apparently Government-inspired offer in the *Statist* of 1,000 guineas for the best scheme for dealing with the Nation's War Debt, the competition closing on 1st December, 1919. The competitors were told to use a nom-de-plume and for secrecy to enclose in a separate sealed envelope their names and addresses; but much to their surprise their manuscripts were returned to them, and they were told the closing date of the competition had been postponed to a date of which they would be notified, and this when the amount of the indemnity to be paid by Germany was known. Nothing further has been heard from the *Statist.*

Following this apparent move on the part of the Treasury, we had the farcical sittings of "The Taxation of War Wealth Committee," Sir William Pearce being the chairman. We all remember its fulminations, which, I suppose, may be added as another contributory cause of the present unemployment, and if not, doubtless it served a useful purpose in depressing share values by which our Jewish financiers were able to bring off another coup, this possibly being its object as in the case of the false news of the battle of Jutland.

Whilst reviewing the bad conduct by the Government of the nation's war finance, the visit of Lord Reading (a Jew) to America for the purpose of raising a loan should not be over looked, and it was considered such a brilliant achievement, for which he received recognition, that he was able at a bound to put British credit on a 6½ per cent. basis in that country, whilst money was being raised here at 5 per cent. This disgraceful sacrifice of British credit was applauded by the short-sighted Liberals and men like them with the Bolshevik taint, without recognising its damaging effect upon British Trade, and now these "mutton-headed" financiers are at their wits' end to know how they are to meet the Promissory Notes which were given to America. They value British prestige so lightly that as a way out of their blunders a prominent Treasury Official, during a visit to America, dared to suggest that we are prepared to allow our Allies to repudiate their obligations to us if America will allow us to repudiate ours to her. These Treasury financial simpletons, who, apparently, have not got beyond a schoolboy's simplicity and innocence, imagine that the American financiers (mostly Jews) are as simple as they, but it can be imagined that Jonathan put his tongue in his cheek, and his fingers to his nose, and under his breath said: "I guess I know the value of British credit, if you don't. I've got some British 'scraps of paper,' and I'm thinking they are worth a trifle more than the rotten 'scraps of paper' that you have got from some of your Allies. We are not crying quits, thanks, old boy. Go back and think of something better." After this rebuff of our innocents, when some of the suggestions which they made filtered through to this country, the Treasury were obliged to announce what they considered to be a magnanimous offer of the British Government, viz., the cancellation or *repudiation* of the Allies' debts to us in return for our cancellation or *repudiation* of our debts to America, the former being double the amount of the latter. Wonderful, marvellous finance, isn't it?

It is not possible without being tedious to review the whole of the antiquated and muddleheaded financial measures which our Treasury simpletons resorted to during the war; but it really does not occasion much surprise when we know how saturated the Government is with Liberal and Socialist advisers backed up by members of the greatest money-juggling race in the world (the Jews).

The position up to date is that we have the Treasury still bungling and floundering in the mire and mess they have made of British credit, from which they appear to think they will escape by advertising widely the sale of 7 per cent. Exchequer Bonds. The result has been a further depreciation of all War Loans and industrial scrip. Whilst this is proceeding apace, we have the National Liberal Federation (those gentlemen who were rightly described by the late J. Spencer Leigh Hughes as "the goody-goody, Quaker-cum-cocoa, better than anyone else, with one eye on heaven and the other on the main chance") seriously considering a capital levy or a repudiation of our war debts. These men of short vision, these dreamers who were the cause of the late war and its horrible mess, which if left to them would have resulted in us being by now a German Colony, appear to be anxious to make as big a mess of the horrible peace by creating a financial panic.

I propose to show in a further article the pernicious effects of the high rate of interest on the national loans upon the trade and industries of this country, together with some suggestions which have been made and can even now be adopted for relieving the burden of the National Debt without *repudiation* of our "scraps of paper" and with beneficial effect upon our trade and prosperity generally.

R. N.

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

IV.

THE GERMANS AND THE JEWS FIGHTING THE ALLIES, 1915-1918.

WHEN the war got into full swing the Jews in high places decided that although the loyal section of the public had forced the hand of the would-be neutral Cabinet, there was no reason why things should not be arranged so that after hostilities the Jews should be the actual victors, with increased power with the minimum of inconvenience and sacrifice. A certain number of Jews did their duty, but on the balance of numbers the scale has been weighted down with intrigue and treachery. In these days some people think the word treachery is out of date and they smile in a superior way, but if they knew how and why some of their "dear ones" had lost their lives they might change their minds.

There were certain features which cropped up over and over again, and among these were the encouragement of the incompetent, the failures, the Pro-Germans, and the efforts to put men in positions for which they had no training and not too much aptitude. This practice was partly due to the Pre-War Limehouse Policy, and partly due to underground influence. At the beginning of the war the Jews wanted to keep Lord Kitchener out of the way, because he was honest; and failing in that they tied his hands as much as they could, and finally sent him to his death in the *Hampshire*. In South Africa, under his direction, if a man was given a responsible job and he failed at the critical moment, whether he was the son of a duke or of a grocer, he was Stellenbosched or sent home; every man was made to feel that he must "get on or get out." In the Great War those who made a mess of any important job were nearly certain of another one, preferably a well-paid safe one; the failure was an asset to the Hidden Hand. The same with Ministers and Officials, Sir Matthew Nathan (late R.E.), Sir William Meyer, Lord Hardinge, Edwin Montague, Winston Churchill, and many others, the only Scapegoat of importance being Mr. Birrell, and having served his purpose in letting things slide up to the Easter Rebellion, he was kicked out.

The most notorious pre-war Pro-Germans were treated with important posts and honours. A number of Wirepullers were made Privy Councillors for their services to the Fatherland. Sir Ernest Cassel became financial advisor to the Government before and after the Jutland Battle ; on one occasion he went to America with a financial mission as a sort of stowaway plutocrat. The Cabinet knew he was up to no good and therefore they tried to conceal his journey from the public. Lord Roberts had showed the nation what Duty really meant, but Downing Street only understood the meaning of the word expediency.

To prevent Members of Parliament being too much influenced by their duty towards their country, scores of highly-paid jobs were arranged, on the understanding that if such members failed to walk into the division lobby when wanted, or asked awkward questions, they could lose their jobs and so much a year. In all branches of the combatent and civil services extravagance was encouraged ; it meant profits for the Jews and helplessness for the Gentile public after the war, even if we did win. In the Army and Air Force waste was often a royal road to promotion, and in offices at home the salaries of chief officials were usually based not on the importance of the work being done or of the services rendered, but on the number of assistants ; naturally form filling and time wasting became the order of the day. As soon as it became necessary to control work and commodities scores of Jews were put into key positions, not usually at the head of affairs, but in positions where they could switch work on to their friends or hold things up until benefits were received. Some men who came from South America to help in the war have said that many of our war-time temporary officials had nothing to learn from Spanish-America in the way of bribery.

Scores of inspectorships were given to Jews, especially with regard to clothing, one or two prosecutions were taken up to gull the public, while bribery was rampant. One Jew fainted in the dock when sentenced for a characteristic fraud, the public did not realise that it was as unfair to punish a Jew for bribery as it would be to punish an ourang-outang at the Zoo for scratching itself ; both being the result of normal inborn instincts.

The Cabinet was appealed to to lead the country regarding economy and make some personal sacrifice as the Cabinet had done during the Napoleonic Wars. The King showed the way, but our " Arrivistes " naturally refused, and increased the Members' salaries by making an unauthorised Income Tax allowance. Even those who offered their services to the state for nothing were paid, as to accept such offers in the spirit in which they were often given, would be the negation of the spirit of the " Great New World " that was dawning. Patriotism for Cash being the Government motto.

When the Air Force was developed naturally scores of Jews were put into responsible administrative positions at home, where they could " wangle " contracts and find soft jobs for their friends ; many West-End Souteneurs were found convenient positions, and later when women were brought in to assist, such men were at times given scope for their talents. Many of our best experimental officers lost their lives through extraordinary accidents, important parts which were supposed to have been tested failed, there being more in many such accidents than " met the eye." " The Voice " which sent the Handley-Page into the German lines has never been identified ; like many other voices which sent messages during the war over our telephone lines which turned out to the Germans' advantage. Owing largely to pressure by the Jews the D.S.O. and the New M.C., which were intended for gallantry on the field were given to " Office-Wallahs," and all sorts of international wirepullers, like Basil Zaharoff, were decorated for services rendered presumably to some interests other than their own.

Soon after the war began the Jews began to buy up all sorts of things likely to be wanted by the Government, and when lists of traders in each particular line were drawn up naturally such speculators were rarely left out, even if their pre-war knowledge of the business was nil. Many orders were given to men who had never handled the items in question in their lives, and often important scientific articles were rejected when offered direct. In some cases things were rejected which were alleged to have been tested, and which had not even been adjusted or put into a condition for testing. Sometimes men on the different fronts who had had business experience in the work they were doing, found out what was available through private channels, arranged their requirements to suit, and then informed men in buying departments where such things were to be got, only to be told later that things which had never been officially asked for from the real makers could not be obtained. In such cases after delay, things made by unknown firms or handled by intermediaries were usually supplied. There has always been corruption in every war, but never have the Jews got such a harvest, especially as owing to " wangling " no section of the community paid such a small percentage of their due taxation. For hundreds of Jewish firms proper books were not kept.

To encourage extravagence, that is profits for the Jews, those who tried to economise were told that " as we are spending so many millions a day what does a few pounds matter ? " and even certain men on the General Staff had been taught that in warfare money does not matter ; perhaps when they grumble about Income Tax now they may realise that it is a factor in life. During and after the war, many men who tried to economise were thwarted, and it was not possible to put all such actions down to mere stupidity.

When Mr. Asquith found that he would be forced into some form of compulsory service, his advisors arranged so that all the unfair features of Conscription should remain, with the maximum number of loopholes for wirepullers ; the Local Tribunal system being specially designed to that end ; it was not astonishing that Jews swarmed everywhere in the streets during the worst days of the war, and that apart from those good fellows who joined up in 1914 and 1915 the Jews were " the last in the Army and the first out." Sir John Simon, who had been a rampant Pro-German and opponent of National Service was rewarded with a job in the Air Force over the heads of many men who had joined up in 1914, and after the war he broke the traditions of the Army he had only gone into to save his face, by asking the Commander-in-Chief for a Testimonial before an election, at which he was very properly defeated, showing by his action that " blood will out."

The different Censorship and Intelligence Departments were most useful to a number of Pro-Germans and Bolshevics, it was not remarkable therefore that so much useful information got over the water. Many such men have come out in their true light during the last few months, the Northcliffe Anti-Dynastic Campaign proving to be a happy and useful hunting ground for such gentry and proving a useful training for much of the Bolshevic underground activity that is going on to-day " under distinguished patronage."

In order to create dissensions a number of trades were declared immune from recruiting, among them being that of the Electrical Trade Union, an organisation under Bolshevic control, a nucleus for trouble all over the country. Quarrels took place between different Unions, owing to jealousy because prize slackers were not being protected, and Union leaders often blurted out the truth about one another. To keep the maximum number of men at home, German prisoners were not allowed to do a useful day's work, and they cost much more than their labour was worth, while in France a number of public works were completed by them. In many trades, to keep men out of the ranks, women were not allowed to take work which they could carry out easily, and in consequence to-day much work of such trades is going back to Germany, for instance music engraving, as intended by those who enforced such unpatriotic rules. Leipsic Jews are delighted.

To please the Labour Party the Excess Profits Duty was introduced, the extra being simply put on the price of Government stores and handed back ; Jewish firms with their experience in tax dodging, the results of many centuries of experience, coming off best; the continuation of this tax after the war being advocated by Jews in the Cabinet.

The Jews in Russia in 1916-17 cut off supplies to the Russian Army, and then with the aid of Kerensky organised the revolution; the Eastern German Army was released and the whole British line was in danger; Mr. Lloyd George was advised by "whisperers" that the sending of more troops to France would mean a revolution, and childish rumours were spread about an invasion; thousands of troops were then kept at home despite the appeals from G.H.Q. In March, 1918, when the German push began, chaos was skilfully engineered, a man who had been a failure was in command, and contradictory orders were sent in every direction by agents. Orders were given by "Staff Officers" that millions of pounds worth of stores were not to be burned "for fear of injuring the morale of the troops in retreat," and Tommy Atkins in a thin line finally held up the Huns in front of Amiens, much to the disgust of those "British Subjects" who had hoped to see them driven into the sea; then at last the reserve troops were sent to France; square miles of country being littered with our dead. Many incidents connected with the Fifth Army disaster have never been explained, but there is little doubt in the minds of some men, that there were a number of events which went off "as arranged." When the tide turned arrangements were made to let the "Spiritual Home" down easy, and the Armistice was the result; the Underground German Jew element having in fact much more to do with the terms than the soldier who had fought and bled.

The Great War, the Bumper Harvest for the Jews, has brought sorrow and comparative poverty to millions of people of the British race, but with the exception of a small percentage of loyal families, it has brought wealth and power to the Jews. If we were to judge by the actual results of the war, and if it were not for a conviction of a future life which will put many things right, one would be tempted to believe that Duty, Honour and Justice are as far as results are concerned, mere sentimental shams. You cannot "fool all the people all the time," the eyes of the public are being opened, and the women of England and America are spreading the truth in a way that Press Censorship and even postal censorship cannot stop. It will not be long before some of those who have betrayed the country of their birth or adoption, will wish they had acted as honourable citizens, and not as thieves, swindlers and murderers.

Those who have financed and controlled the "Business Government" for so many years have received dividends to be calculated in thousands per cent., but unless all faith is vain, there will come a crash which will shake Jewry in every corner of the globe. Once people begin to think, it will not be long before they act, and then we shall "see what we shall see."

WORLD REVOLUTION.

PROOFS OF A CONSPIRACY TO DESTROY THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC STRUCTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

APPEAL TO THE NATION.

A number of Members of the British Houses of Parliament met on the 1st inst. in one of the Committee Rooms to consider a Report on the International Revolutionary Movement.

The Duke of Northumberland said that at the previous meeting on the 7th July last, he had put before them proofs that the Rebellion in Ireland far from being merely a National movement, was only part of a deep laid International plot conceived by the promoters of the Russian Soviet Revolution for the overthrow of the British Empire. A deputation subsequently waited upon the Prime Minister and placed the facts before him.

A Committee had since gone into the matter, new evidence was forthcoming, and he had asked those present to meet him to consider the important conclusions in the Report. It was manifest that there is a Conspiracy at work which aims at the destruction of all Religion, all moral laws, all property and all forms of Government throughout the United Kingdom, India, our Colonies, France and America.

Our democratic institutions, and particularly the Trades Unions, are to be destroyed and replaced by an autocratic Dictatorship of a small minority worse than any tyranny known in History. The Irish Rebellion is only part of the Movement. Ireland is at the present time the battle front of the Revolutionaries, their immediate aim being to compel us to keep so large a garrison in that country that the forces left in Great Britain will be inadequate to deal with the Communist rising which is being prepared. In these circumstances it will be fatal if the Government should show any weakness in dealing with the murder and arson campaign now carried on there—or reward the revolutionaries with political concessions as some "peace negotiators" suggest. Equally serious is the outlook in India and Egypt. We find that the Revolutionary Movements in these countries are of comparatively recent growth and were first inspired from America in the offices of a certain Pro-German Irish American newspaper in New York, and have all along been closely allied with their Irish Republican Brotherhood—the heads of which with their Indian accomplices were taken into the German Secret Service during the War.

It is for this meeting to consider what action should be taken on the startling facts disclosed, but he (the Duke) suggested that the following steps should be taken:—

(1) Inform the British Nation of the danger.

(2) Press the Government to take firmer action than they are now doing to put down sedition.

(3) Strengthen the Criminal Law, with the object of stopping the foreign money and propaganda now being so freely imparted for the purpose of setting class against class and inciting to violent revolution. The alien revolutionaries are a very small body who are hired by our enemies on weekly salaries. Stop money and the Communist Party in Great Britain will collapse.

(4) Stop the policy of making concessions to Revolutionaries which do but "whet their appetite for more and still more" (quotation from Revolutionary Press).

Now is the time when all those who realise the imminence and extent of the danger, to whatever party they belong, should combine to impress upon the Government and Nation the necessity of taking adequate steps to defend our institutions against this formidable Conspiracy.

The Report of the Committee, which is a lengthy document, accompanied with documentary proofs, was then considered and the following summary of their conclusions was handed to the Press:—

(1) We find that the National Power of Great Britain and other Allied States is to be broken down by the fomenting of internal revolutions through appeals to class hatred and by pretended efforts to obtain greater freedom and privileges for certain classes of the people by using the words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" merely as catch words to gain recruits for their revolutionary Societies Governments which are strong are, in the first instance to be weakened by the introduction of Socialism, which will pave the way to Anarchy. It should be noted how the so-called "Moderates" in the Labour Movement are driven to play into the hands of the Extremists. It is the declared intention of the latter to use the Labour Party as pawns in their game by first placing them in power and then sweeping them aside by a Communist coup d'etat. The "Moderates" have spread the fiction that they and they alone are the only bulwark of Trade Unionism against revolutionary influences, whereas every indication points to their becoming only tools in the hands of the latter.

2) The International is to be strengthened at the expense of National rights of the several Allied Nations. In this connection it is significant that the International Council of Trade Unions has been formed to federate all Trade Unions of the world inside the Third International and thus endeavours to establish the control of foreign revolutionaries over British Labour.

(3) False and conflicting political policies are to be promoted by obtaining secret control over the actions of public officials by the manipulation of the Press and the gradual elimination of free speech. The method by which the Press is to be manipulated was disclosed after the Railway Strike of 1919, the Revolutionaries boasting of the success they had attained in this experiment.

(4) Governments where Socialism prevails and are necessarily weak are to be further weakened by the destruction of Religion, since it is only the conservative and moral force of Religion which in such states renders Government possible.

The Destruction of Property.

(5) Property owning must be rendered so unbearable by means of a thousand laws, restrictions and burdensome taxation, that the property owners should be happy to surrender their properties to the State. In those States where resistance is offered, the Revolutionaries must resort to violence, cunning, hypocrisy, fraud and treason, and the seizure of capital and property by force.

(6) The destruction of such States is to be further brought about by destroying industrial prosperity through continual strikes "throwing masses of workpeople out of employment," artificially raising wages, then increasing the cost of living, and finally bringing about a general economic crisis and the disorganisation of financial systems—thus leading to national bankruptcy.

(7) Upon the social and political chaos created by these means a dictatorship of the proletariat is to be built up, which enforces its terrible authority by an army of terror, as in Russia to-day.

(8) During the period of transition from what is called the "Capitalist State" to the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat"—and by "Proletariat" is meant a small Communist minority—there is to be created a Government through Secret Revolutionary Societies (as in Ireland to-day) brought about through manipulation of the Press, misleading public opinion, mass terror, weakening the authority of Parliaments, misdirecting education and sowing discord among the people. For these purposes Revolutionary Secret Societies have been organised in the various countries federated in one international association which openly avows its policy to be the destruction of "all religious," "all moral laws," "all forms of Government," "all property" which are the pillars supporting the structure of civilisation. Against these their efforts must be directed.

The societies were controlled and fostered by the German Secret Service, in preparation for the war, and during the war, and it is believed that certain German influences are still in control in their headquarters. The societies are affiliated and controlled through the Third International by a complicated network of federation. Chief among these societies is the "Irish Republican Brotherhood" (a copy of the constitution of which is appended). This is the body which forms the Secret Government of the "Irish Republic," and is responsible for the campaign of murder and arson now being carried on in Irreland. It is identical with the "Irish Republican Army." The system of organisation takes a Masonic form—local circles or societies send a head man to district lodges—these district lodges of head men (known as head centres) send a head man to the County Lodges, and so the County to the Provincial, and the Provincial to the Supreme Council of 15, which is the high authority and has power of life and death over every member down to the local circle. Young men are unwillingly drawn into this terrible society, and once they become initiated and sworn there is no drawing back. If ordered to commit murder, they must do it or be murdered by order of the Supreme Council. It is believed that most of the young men in Munster have been conscripted, often against their better judgment. Many are trying to leave the country, but the I.R.B. have endeavoured to stop them by seizing their passports and threatening them with death. (Recent occurrences in Lancashire, Cheshire and London.)

They have extended the campaign of murder and arson to Great Britain. It should be borne in mind that the immediate aim of the Irish rebellion is to compel us to maintain so large a garrison in Ireland that we shall not have sufficient force to deal with the Communist rising which is in course of preparation in this country. A society similar to the I.R.B. has spread to India, and was organised by the same pro-Germans in New York as are head of the I.R.B. This Indian society is believed to be one which has promoted murder and rebellion in India during the past few years. The situation in India may become even more perilous than in Ireland, owing to the small number of Europeans in that country. A special report on India accompanies this report.

It is known that the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the Revolutionary Societies in India, the Communist Party in Great Britain, the Independent Workers of the World (America and Australia), and the various advanced revolutionary Labour societies are affiliated with the Third International through exchange of members, and it is believed are all working in a common cause against the Empire.

The Communist Party exerts its power under Moscow in Great Britain through the Press, through paid organisers and by a process which Lenin describes as "boring from within," in other words, inoculating ideas of Red Revolution into the minds of the working classes. His paid agents are present in every trade union. The shop stewards are some of his most obedient servants. Communist schools have been established for perverting the young and teaching Communism and Atheism (see Special Report).

Patriotism is to be laid aside. The first commandment of the Communist creed is "Thou shalt not be a Patriot; a Patriot is an International blackleg." Nationalism is only encouraged in dependencies of the Empire (Ireland, India, Egypt and the Colonies) as a subterfuge to create confusion and as a step towards "Soviets."

An important discussion took place, and the consideration as to what action should be taken was adjourned to a further meeting.

Lord Sydenham called attention to the "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," and pointed out that the whole plan of world revolution was contained in those documents. Reference was made to the strange conduct of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was losing the confidence of the Church of England because of his so-called "Fabian" policy.

REVIEWS.

Twentieth Century Reciter's Treasury. Compiled and edited by Ernest Guy Pertwee. (George Routledge & Sons.)

Mr. Pertwee adds to his series of books serving the cause of elocution and recitation this collection of verses, and so gives the student, or teacher of elocution, access to some of the best specimens of recent verse. We have, included in the same volume, the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," and such up-to-date selections as "After the War," or "The Mother of a Dead V.C.," by C. A. Renshaw. Francis Thompson's "Daisy" has its place among the others. Mr. Pertwee's experience in the teaching of elocution at the City of London School leads him to provide useful indices at the end of his volume, so that it is possible to find a lyric which may be known to the searcher only by its authorship, only by its title, or only by its first line; while each class of verse, serious or humorous, has a separate index of its own. This adds much to the usefulness and handiness of the volume. In the index of authors Newbolt and Noyes are nextdoor neighbours to Barry Pain and Patmore; Leigh Hunt to Lionel Johnson, and William Wordsworth to W. B. Yeats. In addition there are over a score of selections from anonymous authors. This suggests something of the range covered by nearly three hundred lyrics suitable for recitation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SO-CALLED CHOSEN RACE.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—It is strange to find myself pilloried by a fellow Protestant in a Catholic paper! Yet so it is, and I am singled out by your "Protestant" correspondent as a deluded individual, suborned by the deceitful Jew for the undoing of my own country!

It's a funny old world, this; and especially to-day when "men's hearts are failing them for fear," and in every shadow an enemy is seen!

Now, for two years before the war I was working with the gentle Hun in far Brazil, what time he was furbishing up his sword for my destruction.

And in April, 1914, I discovered him. I realised at last that "the best of them was a briar," and that in his heart was no trace of the Divine Spirit! For when I was tending a poor miserable German who had fallen upon evil days, in my office in Rio, not a fellow countryman of his own would lift a finger to assist. The finest Hun I ever knew refused point blank, saying that "it was no affair of his or mine," and advised me with emphasis to "turn the fellow into the street, and have no more to do with him."

And when at last I persuaded the German consul to take him off my hands he did, and found a refuge for his unhappy fellow countryman in—the British Seamen's Mission!

But this is one instance out of a score. The Hun is a beast, and can never become anything but a beast, unless he humble himself "beneath the Mighty Hand of God." And here I come to grips with your correspondent, as you yourself have done.

For our God is The Lord God of Israel, and there is none other God but He!

And this is what the Hun "Psuche" knows; which supplies the clue to William's theatrical "entry" to Jerusalem, and the erection of the "Thrones" in the Hospital, of which no doubt your correspondent has at least seen a photograph.

When I arrived in Seclin, immediately after the Bosche had retired in October, 1918, the Maire met me, and told me of his indignation against the womenfolk. "Ah, Monsieur, si nos femmes ont fait ces choses parmi leurs ennemis, Mon Dieu! Je me demande ce qu'elles ont fait parmi vos soldats étant leurs amis?" The Maire informed me that he had registered no less than 60 babies of German fatherhood, while as many more were "expected." I assured him that during all my years in France I had only come across two cases of this evil, and that in each case the soldier responsible had married the girl. (I am not speaking of prostitution, which does not enter the argument.)

M. C——, at whose house I was lodged in Seclin, told me that my predecessor, a Bosche "Commandant" had by some means drawn his wife into his bedroom, whereon he shut the door, and politely told her what he expected of her. He did his utmost to prevail over her by blandishments and promises, and then when she finally remained firm, he opened the door and dismissed her.

The great French Revolution was brought into being after the founding of the first Lodge of the "Illuminati" in Paris by Mirabeau. But the Society was Hun in origin, and Hun in aim. Its founder was Weishaupt, and his expressed aim was the removal of all restrictions, moral or religious. It appears certain that "Illumination" was through sexual evil; and to assist the French to get the thing going, one "Anacharsis Clootz" was sent from Germany to Paris at Mirabeau's request. Clootz was (as Mrs. Webster in her noble* work points out so lucidly) one of the foremost figures in the Reign of Terror; and it was through his efforts that every cemetery in France bore the "illuminatus" inscription: "Death is an eternal sleep."

Now what was Clootz's ultimate objective? This he gave away in his speech to the Assembly on September 9, 1792, when he declared his ideals—which I give in Mrs. Webster's words: "Briefly all nations of the earth were to be welded into one as members of 'the only nation' (la nation unique), which, by a play on the word GERMAN, that is to say, 'closely allied,' he suggested, with an ingenuity worthy of his race, should be known as 'the immutable empire of Great Germany, the Universal Republic.'"

I suggest that this disclosure of the "illuminatus" Clootz reveals the root cause of all the trouble in the world.

This "bloody and deceitful man" declared himself in the Assembly to be "The Orator of mankind: the personal enemy of Jesus Christ and all Revealed Religion."

This "mark of the Beast" lies deeper in the German soul to-day than it did in the day of the great Revolution in which Clootz took so prominent a part.

But Clootz's head fell into the basket, and Germany's hope of destroying the barrier of France that separated her from England, the object of her rage, was for the moment blown upon.

Nor was the German plot to subdivide France into separate "Communes," each with its own government and its own "army," which was the programme of the next Revolution, more successful in its issue.

It remained for "philosophy and vain deceit" to do the work more effectively!

Now the psychology of the Marxian Movement of 1847 onwards has not had the consideration that it merits. For I suggest that everything depends upon a proper understanding of its meaning.

Marx was the son of Jewish parents. His father apostatized from his Faith at the bidding of the Prussian Government. He preferred the mess of Prussian pottage to losing his job. So these Jews were baptized into the Lutheran church! But Marx, the son, quickly proved the result of such conversion, becoming one of the most devilish menaces that the human race has ever been confronted with. Having been unfaithed and denationalized, what was left for him but to be an "internationalist"? But the German "Psuche" was there, as in the case of Clootz! And who shall fathom its depth of iniquity?

Thus, in London, Marx produced his monumental work of Germanized-Jew hypocrisy—*Das Kapital*, a work which is the "text-book" of every British revolutionary to-day, but which not one of the rank and file has read.

In his preface to this book, Engels states that as Marx had made a life-long study of British labour conditions, it was due to his labours that Englishmen (the "working class") should profit by it! Marx himself states in his preface of '67:—" . . . . the conditions of things (in German factories) is much worse than in England, because the counterpoise of the

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* "The French Revolution," by Mrs. Neta Webster. (Constable)

Factory Act is wanting . . ." Nevertheless it is not the German "working class" that is advised to profit by Marx's discoveries, but the "British workers"!

The Spartacist Manifesto, German made for German consumption, categorically declares that "the proletarian revolution requires no terror for the realization of its aims; it looks upon manslaughter with hatred and aversion . . ."

But Friedrich Engels, Marx's intimate friend and collaborator, declares for the benefit of all humanity outside of Germany that "a revolution is that by which one class dispossesses another by rifles, bayonets and other such authoritarian means . . ."

As one who is "fighting with beasts" every day, may I urge upon your correspondent that Karl Marx is the apostle and high priest of this devilish movement, and that nothing in the world would please the German devil more than to see us put off the scent and hounded after the orthodox British Jew, who still clings to his Messianic hope (the "Hope of Israel" was, as Paul declared, the reason for his "chains"!), and uses the same Scriptures as Christ Jesus had, and the early apostles of our Christian Faith.

"If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they believe even though one were to rise from the dead." These were the words of Him whom as Christians we own as Lord, and they are surely enough to disprove "Protestant's" contention, without reference to the hundreds of passages throughout the Gospels and Epistles which emphasise this one and only Christian teaching.

There is, I submit, all the difference imaginable between the Germanized materialistic Jew (like Hertzl, for instance, the chief figure in the "Protocols") and the British Jew who still cleaves to his Faith, and has not rejected the Scriptures that utter the Messianic Hope. He crucified The Christ because he had his eye on material benefits. He will soon (unless he has sold himself utterly to the German devil) be undeceived, when the rage of the Beast breaks its bounds and he stands revealed!

May I suggest that Germany is the national expression of the "serpent" who broke through the hedge that guarded the Eden Sanctuary and compassed the ruin of our first Mother, Eve.

May I further suggest that the war we are now engaged upon is a war between the Seed of Adam, as longing for the re-establishing of Eden in the world, and the pre-Adamic man, reverted to beast type and finally apostatized from Christ. Or are we so forgetful that Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate" might have never reached our ears?

I am, Yours, &c.,
Leine Longfield. (*Major*).

THE CONSERVATIVES TO THE RESCUE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Referring to your comment upon my letter which appeared in your issue of the 12th inst., I am afraid that you do not quite appreciate the actual position.

In the first place, there is no Conservative Party in existence officially, as it became entirely submerged by Unionism when the late Lord Salisbury retired from its leadership. Therefore, it does not possess a "powerful organisation," and, consequently, cannot "assert itself."

What is known as the Unionist Central Association has at the present moment complete control over the various Unionist political bodies throughout the Kingdom, and its managers are directing all their energies towards the establishment of some permanent combination to include both wings of the present Coalition. Such a body, with Mr. George at its head would stink in the nostrils of all genuine Conservatives, and is as unthinkable as it would be intolerable to them.

In order, therefore, to counteract so pernicious a political influence, it will be necessary to form some Society to marshal the forces of Conservatism which have lain dormant for many years past, as has been abundantly evidenced by the wholesale abstentions at the polls of the General Elections held during the past two decades. It is no exaggeration to say that the bulk of those abstentions were drawn from Conservatives, who refused to support a Party whose leaders have so consistently betrayed them and sacrificed their principles.

If Conservatives are ever again to become a real live factor in the political arena, they must bestir themselves without delay, and rally under the banner of leaders who not only profess but put into practice sound and honest principles.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
2, Cleveland Road, Barnes, S.W.13. Ernest James.
28th February, 1921.

VISUAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—In your last issue, under the title, "No better Englishman now Breathes," you ask a question: Why should the anonymous dustman say of a German Jew with a criminal face that "No better Englishman now breathes"? and that there is no man better fitted to be England's Prime Minister than this same Jew, who might be a twin brother of Bela Kun?

In these days if any question in politics requires a solution, the place in which one is most likely to find it is the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion.* At the end of Protocol XVI. we find the following:—

"A system of enslaving thought is already in operation through so-called "Visual Education," *which will turn the Gentiles into thoughtless, obedient animals,* who must see in order to understand."

As the Learned Elders of Zion already control almost the entire Press, especially the pictorial Press, and all cinemas and cinema films, they have every opportunity for debasing and controlling the ideals of the Gentile populace. If they can only impress the simple minds of Britons with a taste for the heroic lineaments of Bela Kun and Bronstein-Trotsky, the British Islands will soon become "Eretz Israel"—Israel's Land—without a struggle. That is apparently the dustman's aim.

Yours, etc.,
February 28. J. H. C.

"OSTARA."

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—The letter, published in your latest issue, from Mr. (?) Orlo Lynus has rather mystified me. In fact, it seems to savour of some new heresy.

I hope I am not to assume that it has your tacit approval.

The cry that "Aryan-Christianity is cult of superiority, Judaic-Christianity is cult of inferiority," is, to say the least, unorthodox; or perhaps it is a development of Baur's "Pauline" theory.

In any case, it is decidedly un-Christian.

Again, do we not regard world upheavals as dependent on the struggle between righteousness and sin (as instanced in the Jewish Peril) rather than on the "bio-chemical" and other "racial differences"?

I venture to assert that surely no Catholic, or Protestant—as I am—either, will have anything to do with any Ostara or other "final Sanctuary *for God-seeking idealists.*"

For, having sought, we have already found.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
104, Whitehorse Road, West Croydon. W. L. Denny.
February 26th, 1921.

[The publication of a letter in Plain English does not imply approval of its contents on the part of the Editor.—Ed.]

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***The Hidden Hand*, the organ of "the Britons" says:**

"THE ROSSIAD."

"Let us popularise vice amongst the multitudes . . . It is corruption *en masse* that we have undertaken."—Haute Vente Romaine, M.S. (1825).

"The people of the Goys are stupefied by spirituous liquors; their youth is driven crazy by classics and early debauchery to which they have been instigated by our agents—tutors, valets and governesses—in rich houses, by clerks and so forth, and by our women in the pleasure places of the Goys. Among the latter I include the so-called 'society women,' their volunteer followers in vice and luxury."—Zionist Protocol I (1901).

"It is necessary to disturb the relationship between the people and the government in all countries, and so to exhaust everybody by hatred, hunger, *inoculation of disease* . . . that the Goys should not see any exit from their troubles other than an appeal for the protection of our money and our complete sovereignty."—Zionist Protocol X (1901).

"We are the world's seducers."—Dr. Oscar Levy (1920).

"In the spring of 1914, Mr. Crosland, and later, Lord Alfred Douglas were prosecuted for libel at the Old Bailey by the late Mr. Robert Ross. In both cases the actions failed, and as a consequence Ross stood convicted of unnatural offences. Thereafter a testimonial to Ross was promoted, and of the signatories a large proportion were Jews, including two Monds. The effect of the testimonial was to whitewash the culprit and defame his accusers. "The Rossiad" is the retaliation, but so far it has been almost completely boycotted by the Jew-controlled press. It is a terribly brilliant satire, and it bears out the diabolical ethics of the "Protocols" and of the monopolists of White Slave Traffic and compilers of black books, with their methods of controlling Ministers of State. Without the propagation of vice among the Gentiles and its glorification, the King of Zion could never attain his throne. When Ross died, a poem in his praise was published in the *Nation* by the Jew Siegfried Sassoon. By this trenchant exposure Lord Alfred Douglas has laid bare one of the most deadly weapons of the Jew in his never-resting war on the non-Jew world."

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters.................. 203
Joachim Du Bellay 205
The German Code at Jutland 206
Achad Ha'am, Occult Ruler of Britain 206
The Truth is Not in Them...... 208
Another Whitewashing Committee 210
Finance and Stock Markets... 210
New York Notes 211
Henry IV. at the Court Theatre 212
Lenin and the Jews 213
The Primary Cause of Unemployment 214
Reviews 215
Novels............................. 217
Correspondence 217
Books Received.................. 218

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

"Plain English" has been practically sold out for the last four weeks, and in consequence several of our regular readers have been unable to obtain their copies. In order to obviate this, regular readers should fill in an order form and send it with their subscription to the Manager, North British Publishing Co., Ltd., 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C., when the paper will be posted direct for the period required.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

The Last Hope for Britain.

Three by-elections have now gone against the Coalition Government in the course of one week. In every case a labour candidate has been returned. This is the beginning of the end of the Coalition Government, and as the rising tide of indignation caused by our Jutland disclosures and the rage felt at the continued bolstering up of Churchill increases, more and more will the disastrous result be produced that "Labour" will gain the upper hand. Once more, before it is too late, we urge and implore the Conservative and Unionist party to break away from Lloyd George, Mond, Churchill, Montagu and the rest of the Liberal gang. If they will do this, and present to the country the chance of putting into power a Conservative Government such as ruled the country under Lord Salisbury, they will be returned by a large majority at the next election. If they continue to tie themselves to the tail of Lloyd George and his Jew-controlled gang of traitors, false report manipulators and Empire wreckers, they will be precipitated with him into the abyss for which he is heading. The influence and popularity of Lloyd George are disappearing with headlong rapidity. His fall when it comes will be as complete and as dramatic as that of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Bonar Law has sold and betrayed the cause of Conservatism and Unionism. How this fifth-rate, commonplace, incompetent, and uninspired little person ever got himself into the position which he has held with such disastrous results since the retirement of Mr. Balfour, is a mystery which will probably never be solved. But however Mr. Bonar Law came to be adopted as the leader of the party whose activities and influence he has almost entirely destroyed, the fact remains that there he is, and that he continues to play his part of "sitting on the head" of the forces of Conservatism and Unionism. Let the Conservative and Unionist party once rise up and shake him off and it will soon find that the dissociation from Lloyd George & Co. will follow easily and naturally. The alternative to the action proposed by us is nothing less than a Labour Government in power, followed in due course by a Soviet, the destruction of the dynasty and the disappearance of the Royal Family. We should be glad if anyone who thinks we are "talking through our hat" will point to a single instance in which PLAIN ENGLISH has been wrong in its prognostications on political matters. We will also ask the same critics, if they exist, to name any single public man whom we have accused who has ventured to attempt to dispute the accuracy of our indictments, let alone to take proceedings against us for libel. We repeat that unless the Conservative and Unionist party breaks away from Lloyd George it is doomed and damned.

Who Controls the "Morning Post"?

Further evidences of the pro-Jew element in the *Morning Post* is contained in the appended paragraph, taken from our contemporary's issue of March 5th :—

> All kinds of names are being mentioned for the successor to Lieutenant-Colonel Amery at the Colonial Office, it being assumed that he will be moved in the coming reshuffle of Under-Secretaries. *That he deserves promotion all will admit, and there are many who think that he should have been appointed to succeed Viscount Milner.* He has done invaluable work for the Empire long before he was associated with any Ministry, and in his present post has achieved many valuable results, though not much has been heard about them. In particular one may remark that under his auspices much more attention is being devoted to the Crown Colonies. He is imbued with the Chamberlain faith as to the importance of these undeveloped assets of the Empire, and there are few, if any, of the minor Ministers who have his knowledge of or enthusiasm for the Imperial side of politics.
>
> But there will soon be Front Bench men out of a job; and if some of the names suggested for the Colonial Under-Secretaryship have any sort of semi-official inspiration it is clear that administrative efficiency is to be sacrficed to political pressure.

The italics are ours. Colonel Amery is a Jew, and those of our readers who have not already read the series of articles called "The Hythe Report," which appeared in our issue of December 25th and the four succeeding numbers of PLAIN ENGLISH, are invited to read them and the apalling indictment against Colonel Amery which they contain. Colonel Amery has made no attempt either to deny or to explain the damning facts recorded in the Hythe Report. The *Morning Post* ignores them, and goes out of its way to give a special "puff" to this Jew, just as it has gone out of its way to applaud and "write-up" Winston Churchill ever since we exposed the infamous part he played in the Jutland business. Will Lady Bathurst kindly explain?

The Attack on Christian Marriage.

We have received the following letter from Lady Beecham, who, as Hon. Secretary of the "Marriage Defence Council," has done such fine work in opposing the wicked attempt to destroy Christian marriage, which was embodied in Lord Buckmaster's divorce bill, now dead (largely owing to the attack made on it in PLAIN ENGLISH, as Lady Beecham informs us). Another attempt to rush an equally pernicious bill through Parliament is being made by Lord Gorrell, whose divorce bill will have been read a second time in the House of Lords by the time these words appear in print.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

DEAR SIR,

I wish to point out the grave and serious objections to Lord Gorell's Divorce Bill which is due for 2nd. reading on March 10th.

An attempt is being made to rush this bill through Parliament on the assumption that it is being backed by the churches, which is also not true.

Under this bill, section 7, either party to a marriage who has been living apart for seven years might suddenly find themselves divorced, without having an opportunity to oppose the measure; they might not even hear of it until a new partner of their former wife or husband was introduced to the "presumed dead."

This situation would occur by one of the parties applying to court for the dissolution of the marriage on the ground of seven years' absence. As the other is to be presumed dead, naturally they would not be notified, and the bill carefully dispenses with a jury and also the public, and also the Press are forbidden by the bill to publish any announcement as to proceedings until the decree is pronounced.

The court, please note, is to consist of one judge, who may be of any or no religion, and have no principle, and to whom is given absolute power with further new power to grant decrees absolute *at once*, leaving the guilty party free to contract another marriage as soon as he or she leaves the court; thus there is no chance for an appeal should the belated news accidently reach the innocent party.

This is secret divorce "made easy"; no divorce proceedings being necessary, but simply "death" presumed, while judges are given autocratic powers throughout the country to dispose of people's "lives" and property at will.

Thus a judicial separation after seven years becomes a divorce through presumption of "death," and since cruelty and drunkenness are grounds for judicial separation (clause 4), it follows that they in course of time are grounds for presumption of "death."

To sum up, should this bill become law, then cruelty, drunkenness, insanity and epilepsy at time of marriage, mere absence, desertion and all kinds of separation, mutual, legal or otherwise, will all become grounds for divorce.

Yours very truly,
UTICA BEECHAM.

Marriage Defence Council,
6, Clements Inn, Strand, W.C.2.

All the usual "free-divorce" gang whose discreditable manœuvres we have already exposed in PLAIN ENGLISH are once more "on the job." Hygienic Inge, the dingy "free-thinking" Dean of St. Paul's, the Apostle of "birth-control" and the enemy of all supernatural religion, weighed in a few days ago with a poisonous article in the *Evening Standard* (the property of Sir Edward Hulton). This article contained all the abominable and dishonest attempts to distort the plain meaning of the words of our Lord in the Gospels with which the "free-divorcers" (including Chapman Cohen, the Jew editor of the anti-Christian paper, *The Freethinker*) have already familiarised us. Following on this we had an article in the same organ of the Hulton press from the pen of Lord Buckmaster, who, one might have hoped, would have had the grace to retire into silence after the defeat of his own disgraceful bill. It is idle to expect any "mitigation or remorse" from these and other untiring enemies of Christian marriage. They have sworn not to rest until they have reduced marriage to the state in which it now is in America, where it is possible (as recently happened) for one woman to have thirteen different "husbands" alive at the same time. The only way to stop these unscrupulous persons (another we may name is Lady Frances Balfour, the defender and admirer of Mrs. Asquith's memoirs) is to attack them in a straightforward way without mincing words. Publicity as to their real designs and motives is what they dread. This publicity which was given in PLAIN ENGLISH, when every other paper in London was howling for free divorce, has already killed Lord Buckmaster's bill. It will just as inevitably kill Lord Gorrell's bill, which is every whit as bad and as immoral as Lord Buckmaster's. Sir George Lewis, the notorious German Jew solicitor, was, as we have already pointed out in PLAIN ENGLISH, at the back of Lord Buckmaster's bill, and the present bill is simply a slightly disguised variation of the former bill. Behind it are the Jews and all the forces of corruption and the enemies of Christianity.

Attacottic Conceit.

As though to prove our statement in last issue that the Irish natives of Attacottic origin are "conceited to an almost incredible degree, and regard themselves as the salt of the earth," one of the Attacotti, Mr, Joseph Devlin, M.P., speaking at a Labour meeting in Fakenham on Saturday last, said: "The most ancient, the most civilised, and the most peaceful small nation in Europe had not only been denied its freedom, but, as a substitute for that freedom, all the horrors of the military system of Prussia had been introduced, and military terrorism and all its consequent abominations had been brought into play to destroy the spirit of a people rightly struggling to be free."

What is to be done with people of this kind? For our part, we consider that the only thing to be done is to put them in their proper place, and keep them there.

To answer Mr. Devlin one may appeal to Irish history and to modern conditions, and assert:—

> (1) That Ireland never was a nation.
>
> (2) That, with the exception of the civilisation wiped out by the Attacottic murderers in the first century, there was never any civilisation in Ireland.
>
> (3) That as for Ireland being a "peaceful nation," no country in the world has exhibited such a record of turmoil and crime over a period of twenty centuries.

"Baldy Joe" should leave history alone, and confine himself to his former business of bating Catholic Bishops and thumping tubs.

Encouraging Crime.

The renewed outburst of crime in Ireland, which involved the death of a Brigadier-General, may be directly traced to the action of certain individuals in this country who, by "crying peace when there is no peace," give encouragement to bloodthirsty criminals. We are disposed to assert that the force which caused Lord Lansdowne to write his famous "peace with Germany" letter is the same force which led General Cockerill to bleat in *The Times* on the subject of peace with Sinn Fein. Those who know of General Cockerill's association with British Intelligence will not be surprised at his conduct; and they will appreciate our remark that the force which moves him is the force which moved Lord Lansdowne.

The result of Lord Lansdowne's letter was just the result which was expected from it. German *morale* was immensely improved, and the Germans broke through our lines.

General Cockerill's letter and the preposterous utterances of Lord Robert Cecil are having a similar effect in Ireland.

Behind the Sinn Fein murders there are a number of cunning and clever men, partly directed by American

Jews; and these persons, whether they believe it or not, assert to their dupes that when proposals for peace appear in English newspapers, the British Government is preparing to yield to Sinn Fein. All, they declare, that is necessary for the forcing of England to her knees is an intensified campaign of murder.

And so it comes about that upon General Cockerill and his like must fall the blame for the murder of gallant soldiers and policemen in Ireland.

Such behaviour on the part of intelligent people in this country is inexcusable, but that does not mean that it is not understandable.

We are maintaining close watch on birds of the Cockerill breed; and perhaps we may have something further to say about their activities and motives in the near future, if they fail to take the hint which we now politely offer them.

Half-Boiled Prohibition.

In a most able and timely article in the *Evening Standard* Col. Sir Frederick Hall, D.S.O., M.P., says:—

> "D.O.R.A." is supposed to be dead. The war, too, is supposed to be over. But if these much-to-be-desired things have happened, why is it that one of the most tyrannical and autocratic of the authorities set up under the Defence of the Realm Act is still in existence, and that its "win the war" regulations continue to restrict British liberty and engender irritation and very natural resentment?
>
> Both inside and outside Parliament there is a consensus of opinion that the Liquor Control Board must go. The public want to put an end to the methods of war and to return to the British ideas of liberty. Until this is done there will be no real peace or good will or industrial rest. No section of the community, especially the industrial part of it, will settle down to work unless there is real peace conditions and no interference with the personal liberty of the subject.

If Sir Frederick wants to know why we are compelled to submit to half-boiled prohibition, we can tell him. The Jewish paymasters and blackmailers of our Cabinet Ministers have made it plain that they insist on "liquor control," and that is why it has not been removed. These Jewish paymasters know that had it not been for prohibition in Russia, and the consequent irritation among the working people, there would have been no revolution. They hope to reduce the workers of this country to an irritable state for their own evil purposes; and they desire to wreck the Empire because, out of the wreck of Empires, they can make even greater fortunes than they can make out of wars. They are preparing for revolution by purchasing all the real estate on which they can lay their hands; and almost the whole of Mayfair is now owned by Jews.

In Ireland they see a stick with which to strike the Empire from behind, and in America they see a stick with which to strike the Empire on the face.

So the evil game goes on. And those who would compel the British lion to lick the dust, and crawl before murderers, feel convinced that in his humiliation there lies their own advancement.

In dealing with your Jew, it must be realised that you are dealing with an insolent and conceited being of almost infinite ambition, a never-resting soul whose scheming mind is always struggling for power and yet more power.

But the apathy of the people of this country is yielding to suspicion, and soon suspicion will be followed by rage.

We assure our Jewish exploiters that in the long run cunning never wins. The plain, honest, open-eyed, straight man is the man who "gets there." And if the British people desire to save themselves, they must keep the Jew at arm's length.

The Lane Collection.

Several writers to *The Times* have been discoursing upon the wickedness of the National Gallery in retaining those pictures left to it under the will of the late Sir Hugh Lane. In the course of the correspondence a fact emerged which is worth noting, namely, that the National Gallery proposed to share the pictures with the Dublin Corporation, but that their proposal was instantly rejected.

In the last issue of PLAIN ENGLISH we asserted that the Attacotti in Ireland were devoid of æsthetic instinct; and it is worth bearing in mind that the Dublin Corporation has been for many years almost entirely composed of Attacottic members, in view of the facts which, for the benefit of all concerned, we now propose to make public.

In the year 1914, Sir Hugh Lane presented what Lavery recently described as "the finest collection of modern paintings in the world" to Dublin, on one condition—he knew his Attacottic native!—that they should be properly housed in a gallery to be erected under his supervision, and to the building of which he would himself give £20,000. He employed one of the greatest living architects to draw plans for this structure, which was to be built over the River Liffey, in place of a hideous little iron bridge which now stands as an abomination over a river which might grace Florence itself. What did the Nationalists do? They flung Sir Hugh Lane's pictures and his money in his face, and theoretically spat upon his plans for a gallery. He was insulted in every possible way, and abused both in the press and in the speeches of City councillors.

So Sir Hugh Lane left the French section of the collection to the National Gallery in London, and another section to Belfast.

Now the Nationalist Attacotti are howling about the wickedness of the English in retaining pictures which were left to them under Sir Hugh Lane's will, and which the Nationalists had refused with scorn and insult during his lifetime.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

On His Deafness.

When that I might—but now the time is o'er—
Feed on your gracious honeyed company,
You turned the heaven that is your face from me
And your fair eyes whose sovereignty I bore;
And, now my heavy eares have made me more
Dull than "the beachèd margin of the sea,"
You send for this same cold mortality
That waits upon the night's eternal shore.

O heavy singularity, that I
Can picture still, as 'twere an idle show
That fair that only serves to make me die;
Can touch the whiteness of that hand and know
The language of those eyes, but never cry
Nor gracious utterance that could salve my woe.

—M. J.

THE GERMAN CODE AT JUTLAND.

A NAVAL officer writes as follows: "I was much interested when, a week ago, I saw your poster advertising PLAIN ENGLISH. I had never seen the paper before, and so bought a copy immediately. Now having read that number, and also the latest one, I am delighted with the views expressed in it, and intend to take it in regularly.

"But there is one point on the front page, which I think could be altered with advantage to the paper. I mean that anyone who knows something about the subject, and there are many such, realises that the remark about the 'German code' being discovered during the action, and messages being 'rapidly translated' is nonsense. I don't say that the codes used by the Germans at the time were not partially known, for I am not in a position to be able to say, but what I do say is that it takes several days or probably weeks for a code to be broken to any useful extent. I also suggest that no man in any ship at sea was in a position to be able to decode the German messages, either during or after the action. And I also affirm that the man whom you quote as being your authority for your statement is not speaking the exact truth, or else is not in a position to be entrusted with highly confidential material. I would also suggest that it would be humanly impossible for any person or persons, however treacherous, to be able to devise means of escape for the enemy by means of a few wireless signals without being discovered by the Fleet at sea.

"I make these remarks because I have heard so many people besides myself ridicule your paper on this account alone. I am a naval officer myself, and so presume to know something about that which I write."

We are grateful to our correspondent for raising these questions, because we were unaware of any ridiculing of our statements, except by those whose interest it was to do so, though they have recently been carefully examined by a well-known Admiral who discussed the matter fully with us.

During the battle of Jutland a spy was in our Admiralty, and he was in possession of the German code. Having learned the German position he acted in the manner fully set out in past numbers of PLAIN ENGLISH. In the first place he gave a false report of the German Fleet's position to our Fleet, and in the second place he recalled the destroyers which had set out to cut off the German retreat. These facts cannot be denied.

We may inform our correspondent that the man who disclosed the facts to us was not a naval officer, nor was he at sea when he translated the code. He himself was one of the possible six persons who possess what amounts to clairvoyant power to translate a code. He translated the code in a few minutes, and as the messages passed before him he realised that fearful treachery was afoot. This man is highly placed in Secret Service at this moment, and we have no intention of disclosing his identity, for unless he had the protection of a court of inquiry, premature disclosure of his name would let loose upon him the fury of those members of the Cabinet whom we have deliberately charged with treachery.

We suggest to our correspondent that a perusal of the back numbers of PLAIN ENGLISH will convince him that had our statements and charges been incorrect the Editor of this paper would now be in prison.

The truth of the matter is that the Government cannot deny our statements, and if the people of this country had required convincing as to their accuracy, they have been convinced by the silence of the Government and the Press.

The most powerful financial and political combination in the world is shielding the traitors whom we have described or named. Yet we are confident that the forces of politics and finance will prove impotent in the face of rapidly-growing public indignation.

The Jutland treachery, as we have proved, was from first to last the work of the Jews, and their paid agents in the Government and the Senior Service. Until the Jews are forced to relax their stranglehold on the State, and are excluded from the Government and the services, there can be no hope for this country.

ACHAD HA'AM, OCCULT RULER OF BRITAIN.

ON November 23, 1917, a lecture was delivered at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, by Mr. Alfred Zimmern, to whom reference was made in the issue of PLAIN ENGLISH for February 26th, under the title "No Better Englishman now Breathes." The lecture was given on the invitation of Mr. Sidney Webb, who is a Fabian, a Jew and Professor of Public Administration in the University of London. As pointed out on February 26th, the lecturer, Mr. Alfred Zimmern, is also a Jew and when we consider that the title of his lecture was "The Passing of Nationality," we can surmise that it is the passing of English Nationality that is meant, and we are not surprised upon reading the lecture to learn that it is in truth a lecture which refers to the triumph "of the Jewish nationalist movement." It is a strange trait of the Jew to call actions by a name contrary in meaning to the act. For example, in speaking of "The Passing of Nationality," Mr. Zimmern said:—

> "The best exponents of nationalist theory in modern times have been the Jews, who have, I believe, made in this region a contribution, if not comparable, at least worthy to be mentioned side by side with their contribution to the world's advance in the field of religion. I cannot speak of the work of the great Jewish philosopher of nationalism, Asher Ginzberg, known to his fellow-countrymen as Achad Ha'am, who is living here in our midst in London practically unknown to English readers and thinkers. I can only read you a document in which is enshrined the result of the sustained thought and devoted work of the Jewish nationalist movement."

Mr. Zimmern then read what is now known as the "Balfour Declaration," describing it as being "one historic sentence." Although he admits this "one historic sentence" to be the work of Achad Ha'am, he does not tear down the camouflage of its popular name of the "Balfour declaration." A writer in PLAIN ENGLISH, in speaking of Mr. Zimmern's reticence to tell us more about Achad Ha'am asked in the issue of February 26th, "Why cannot Mr. Zimmern speak of Achad Ginzberg, the Rabbi of Tring Park? Is Achad one of the secret Kahal, one of the formidable learned Elders of Zion?"

Fortunately, the clue to the answer is supplied to us by an unquestionable Jewish source. This source tells us what Mr. Zimmern told his London audience he could not reveal. This source reveals that the world war, the peace conference and the "Balfour Declaration" was planned, discussed, and plans completed by 1903.

The source is a copy of the *American Jewish News*, of September 19, 1919. The front page reads :—

"WHEN PROPHETS SPEAK

By Litman Rosenthal

Many years ago Nordau prophesied the Balfour Declaration. Litman Rosenthal, his intimate friend, relates this incident in a fascinating memoir."

The article referred to begins on page 464 of the paper. It first speaks of the Sixth Zionist Congress held at Basle in August, 1903. It was at this conference that Dr. Herzl read in Yiddish the famous Protocols of the learned Elders of Zion to the assembled delegates. Previously he had read them in French to the 33rd degree members of the *Grand Orient*, met together in Paris. It was the notes of these Paris lectures, taken to Russia and published, that make it possible to-day for the intended victims to be able to read the infamous plot in every language.

Litman Rosenthal in this memoir of September, 1919, describes his experience at Basil in August, 1903 :—

> On entering the lobby of the hotel I met Herzl's mother who welcomed me with her usual gracious friendliness, and asked me whether the feelings of the Russian Zionists were now calmer.
>
> "Why just the Russian Zionists, Frau Herzl ?" I asked. "Why do you only inquire about these ?"
>
> "Because my son," she explained, "is mostly interested in the Russian Zionists. He considers them the quintessence, the most vital part of the Jewish people."
>
> At this Sixth Congress the British Government ("Herzl and his agents had kept in contact with the English Government"—*Jewish Encyclopedia*, Vol. 12, page 678) had offered the Jews a colony in Uganda, East Africa. Herzl was in favour of taking it, not as a substitute for Palestine, but as a step toward it. It was this which formed the chief topic of conversation between Herzl and Litman Rosenthal in that Basle hotel. Herzl said to Rosenthal, as reported in this article : "There is a difference between the final aim and the ways we have to go to achieve this aim."

Rosenthal was unable to reply, according to his own narrative, because Max Nordau suddenly entered the room. This same Nordau left France during the war and made his headquarters in Spain where Otto Kahan, Marcus Samuel and other Jews visited him. He was then Herzl's successor, and in July, 1920, he presided at the world conference of Jews held in London.

As Rosenthal continues his story (the italics are those of Mr. Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*, which reprinted this memoir in its issue for August, 1920) we see the development of the scheme for world-war and through world-war conquest.

> About a month later I went on a business trip to France. On my way to Lyons I stopped in Paris and there I visited, as usual, our Zionists friends. One of them told me that this very same evening Dr. Nordau was scheduled to speak about the Sixth Congress, and I, naturally, interrupted my journey to be present at this meeting and to hear Dr Nordau's report. When we reached the hall in the evening we found it filled to overflowing and all were waiting impatiently for *the great master*, Nordau, who, on entering, received a tremendous ovation. But Nordau, without paying heed to the applause showered upon him, began his speech immediately, and said :—
>
> "You all came here with a question burning in your hearts and trembling on your lips, and the question is, indeed, a great one, and of vital importance. I am willing to answer it. What you want to ask is : How could I—I who was one of those who formulated the Basle programme—how could I dare to speak in favour of the English proposition concerning Uganda, how could Herzl as well as I betray our ideal of Palestine, because you surely think that we have betrayed it and forgotten it. Yet, listen to what I have to say to you. I spoke in favour of Uganda after long and careful consideration ; deliberately I advised the Congress to consider and to accept the proposal of the English Government, a proposal made to the Jewish nation through the Zionist Congress, and my reasons—but instead of my reasons let me tell you a political story as a kind of allegory.
>
> "I want to speak of a time which is now almost forgotten, a time when the European powers had decided to send a fleet against the fortress of Sebastopol. At this time Italy, the United Kingdom of Italy, did not exist. Italy was in reality only a little principality of Sardinia, and the great, free and united Italy was but a dream, a fervent wish, a far ideal of all Italian patriots. The leaders of Sardinia, who were fighting for and planning this free and united Italy, were the three great popular heroes : Garibaldi, Mazzini and Cavour.
>
> "The European powers invited Sardinia to join in the demonstration at Sebastopol and to send also a fleet to help in the siege of this fortress, and this proposal gave rise to a dissension among the leaders of Sardinia. Garibaldi and Mazzini did not want to send a fleet to the help of England and France and they said : 'Our programme, the work to which we are pledged, is a free and united Italy. What have we to do with Sebastopol ? Sebastopol is nothing to us, and we should concentrate all our energies on our original programme so that we may realise our ideal as soon as possible.'"
>
> But Cavour, who even at this time was the most prominent, the most able, and the most far-sighted statesman of Sardinia, insisted that his country should send a fleet and beleaguer with the other powers Sebastopol, and, at last, he carried his point. *Perhaps it will interest you to know that the right hand of Cavour, his friend and adviser, was his secretary, Hartum, a Jew*, and in those circles, which were in opposition to the government, one spoke fulminantly of Jewish treason. And once at an assembly of Italian patriots one called wildly for Cavour's secretary, Hartum, and demanded of him to defend his dangerous and treasonable political actions. And this is what he said : "Our dream, our fight, our ideal, an ideal for which we have paid already in blood and tears, in sorrow and despair, with the life of our sons and the anguish of our mothers, our one wish and one aim is a free and united Italy. *All means are sacred if they lead to this great and glorious goal.* Cavour knows full well that after the fight before Sebastopol *sooner or later a peace conference will have to be held*, and at this peace conference *those powers will participate who have joined in the fight.* True, Sardinia has no immediate concern, no direct interest at Sebastopol, but if we will help now with our fleet, *we will sit at the future peace conference, enjoying equal rights with the other powers*, and at this peace conference Cavour, as the representative of Sardinia, will proclaim the free and independent, united Italy. Thus our dream for which we have suffered and died, will become, at last, a wonderful and happy reality. And if you now ask me again, what has Sardinia to do at Sebas-

> topol, then let me tell you the following words, *like the steps of a ladder*: Cavour, Sardinia, the siege of Sebastopol, the future European peace conference, the proclamation of a free and united Italy."
>
> The whole assembly was under the spell of Nordau's beautiful, truly poetic and exalted diction, and his exquisite, musical French delighted the hearers with an almost sensual pleasure. For a few seconds the speaker paused, and the public, absolutely intoxicated by his splendid oratory, applauded frantically. But soon Nordau asked for silence and continued:
>
> "'Now this great progressive world power, England, has after the pogroms of Kishineff, in token of her sympathy with our poor people, offered through the Zionist Congress the autonomous colony of Uganda to the Jewish nation. Of course, Uganda is in Africa, and Africa is not Zion and never will be Zion, to quote Herzl's own words. But Herzl knows full well that *nothing is so valuable to the cause of Zionism as amicable political relations* with such a power as England is, and so much more valuable as England's main interest is concentrated in the Orient. Nowhere else is precedent as powerful as in England, and so it is most important to accept a colony out of the hands of England and create thus a precedent in our favour. Sooner or later the Oriental question will have to be solved, and the Oriental question means, naturally, also the question of Palestine. England, who had addressed a formal, political note to the Zionist Congress—the Zionist Congress which is pledged to the Basle programme—England will have the deciding voice in the final solution of the Oriental question, and Herzl has considered it his duty to maintain valuable relations with this great and progressive power. *Herzl knows that we stand before a tremendous upheaval of the whole world. Soon, perhaps, some kind of a world-congress will have to be called*, and England, the great, free and powerful England, will then continue the work it has begun with its generous offer to the Sixth Congress. And if you ask me now what has Israel to do in Uganda, then let me tell you as the answer the words of the statesmen of Sardinia, only applied to our case and given in our version; let me tell you the following words as if I were showing you *the rungs of a ladder leading upward and upward*: *Herzl, the Zionistic Congress*, the English Uganda proposition, *the future world war, the peace conference* where with the help of England a free and Jewish Palestine will be created.'"
>
> "Like a mighty thunder these last words came to us, and we all were trembling and awestruck as if we had seen a vision of old. And in my ears were sounding the words of our great brother Achad Ha'am, who said of Nordau's address at the First Congress:
>
> "'I felt that one of the great old prophets was speaking to us, that his voice came down from the free hills of Judea, and our hearts were burning in us when we heard his words, filled with wonder, wisdom and vision.'"

The remarkable confession ends with this tremendous cry of Jewish nationalism. Here we have the true aim of the Jew. Here we have "the words of our great brother Achad Ha'am," and here we have no futile prattling of "inter-nationalism."

Mr. Ford's editor makes this comment:

> "The amazing thing is that this article by Litman Rosenthal should ever have been permitted to see print. But it did not see print until after the Balfour Declaration about Palestine, and it never would have seen print had not the Jews believed that one part of their program had been accomplished.
>
> "The Jew never betrays himself until he believes that what he seeks has been won, then he lets himself go. It was only to Jews that the 1903 'program of the Ladder'—*the future world war, the peace conference, the Jewish program*—was communicated. When the ascent of that ladder seemed to be complete, then came the public talk."

No other paper in America says a word, however, and silent is the Press of Britain. Does not the Protocols say: "We shall saddle the Press and keep a tight rein upon it." But Alfred Zimmern, although he said, "I cannot speak of the work of the great Jewish philosopher of nationalism, Asher Ginzberg, known to his fellow-countrymen as Achad Haam," has let the cat out of the bag. We were warned. The warning has found fulfilment in the boastings of Litman Rosenthal. We are no longer blinded. We cannot be fooled by tales of "Balfour Declaration" and "League of Nations." Mr. Balfour no more wrote his "Declaration" than he wrote the false Jutland Dispatch. We can now see the pitiless world conquest of the Jews progressing before the stupid eyes of duped nations. There is only one refuge, one defence, and that is in the Catholic Church.

THE TRUTH IS NOT IN THEM.

By Herbert Moore Pim.

By way of discounting the influence of Plain English in national affairs, such as the Jutland scandal, a vigorous attempt is being made to assail the character of Lord Alfred Douglas. The Learned Elders of Zion have invented and circulated some extraordinary stories, one of which is typical—that the Editor of this paper has for years lived by blackmail.

Now what is to be said in answer to such a charge? That, on the face of it, it is absurd. Certainly. But there are thousands of people eager and willing to swallow and circulate such a lie.

It seems to me that Lord Alfred Douglas has spent quite enough time in answering his enemies and critics; and it is highly desirable that the unedifying and symbolic squabble in which he has been involved for years should be lifted out of the mire of personalities and placed where all sane and proper men of future generations will take care that it shall remain.

By a series of events, which, for my part, I regard as providential, Lord Alfred Douglas has become associated in the public mind, through Plain English, with matters of vital national importance. Any other man handling, let us say, the Jutland disclosures, would have been effectually crushed by the enemy in at least two ways, by bribery and intimidation. But Douglas, unlike a certain publicist who recently accepted hush money to the tune of £40,000, can neither be bought nor frightened; and the enemy know it.

They remember an incident which is worth recalling. In the old days of *The Academy* that paper began saying unpleasant things about Germany, and among other things it predicted the Great War. In due course Lord Alfred had a visitor who said he was so interested in the splendid work of *The Academy* that he proposed to invest £5,000 in the paper, but, as an investor, he would like to make one condition, i.e., that *The Academy* would refrain from attacking Germany.

This agent of Germany was literally kicked down the office stairs by Lord Alfred Douglas in the year 1909.

I venture to suggest that he was accorded a very different reception by some of the editors of our daily and weekly journals. I happen to possess a pretty exact knowledge of his "investments" in London newspapers. And perhaps this little revelation will assist the public to understand why the war was allowed to overwhelm the British public with such suddenness; and why the unpurchasable editor who predicted the war was compelled to put up an incredible fight against German Jews and the debauchers of his country, in the courts, where he finally smashed them. But the Press gave no publicity to this victory, though it was compelled afterwards, in the Billing case, to report a great deal of what it previously suppressed. Owing to the action of Lord Alfred Douglas, the vilest gang in London was broken up and 650 arrests made, of which the public heard nothing. We may judge a man by the enemies he makes.

The Press which is dumb about Jutland was dumb about Germany, and was dumb about Germany's horrid agents in this country when Lord Alfred forced them to prosecute him for libel at the Old Bailey. One trial lasted eight days, and the enemy of this country was smashed; but scarcely a word appeared in the Press. The public now knows the reason why there was only one journal in London, namely, *The Academy*, which told the truth, and declared as far back as 1909 that Germany would make war in two or three years. But before she declared war Germany had been making war upon the honour and decency of England; and only one man had the courage to put up an open fight against the German-Jew army of corruption.

So much for the conduct of an editor whom the agents of the Hidden Hand are charging with having lived for years by blackmail. No wonder they charge him with the offence by which they justify their hideous existence to their infernal master.

In addition to spreading lies, the Hidden Hand is circulating a very abominable book—"Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions," by Frank Harris.

I have read this book carefully. It is written by a man who robbed Lord Alfred and his brother of £10,000; and who, having injured them, could not forgive them. It is written by a Bolshevist, an associate of Satanists, an international criminal, and man of vile life.

So eager was Frank Harris to hurt Lord Alfred Douglas that he wrote his book in great haste. Harris is a curious blend of cunning and impulsiveness. He is the incarnation of Ancient Pistol. There is in him all the swagger of his prototype; and, amazing though it may seem, he plays the part of Shakespeare's character so closely that he copies Pistol in that "Captain's" assumption of erudition.

Frank Harris has no claims to scholarship; yet throughout his book we are treated to classical references which are only equalled by Pistol's utterance :—

> "Shall pack-horses,
> And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
> Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
> Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
> And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with
> King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
> Shall we fall foul for toys?"

When a man proves himself a pretentious humbug by a false claim to learning, we must discount his less dignified pretentions.

Let us examine Frank Harris as a scholar. Two examples will suffice, and to them may be added my assurance that there is hardly an accurate classical reference throughout the whole of his two volumes, though he has the audacity to quote Greek, which he might rightly say "is Greek to me."

Here is Frank Harris at his classical best: *Apropos* of Wilde, Harris says: "Socrates was found guilty of corrupting the young"; and his later references to the philosopher whose detestation of vice is shown in the *Phœdrus* and the *Symposium*, prove that by this statement he would claim Socrates as a forerunner of Wilde.

Elsewhere he assures his readers that in spite of his "ignorance of Hebrew" he was always attracted by the four Gospels.

Again and again we are confronted by absurdities of this kind. So much for the author. Let us examine his hero.

Oscar Wilde had many of the good, and all the bad, qualities of a Dublin "shoneen." The Irish word "shoneen" is difficult to translate, partly because the type so designated has no counterpart among other races. One might say that "shoneen" means a little more than snob and less than rogue. The "inventive" powers of your "shoneen" are amazing; and for the sake of effect he will, in the telling of a story, introduce statements which are neither more nor less than flat lies.

Frank Harris for years followed Wilde about, and *à la* Boswell, took notes of his conversations. So the public can estimate the value of a book which depends for its accuracy upon the utterances of Oscar Wilde re-hashed by a man burning with hatred for Lord Alfred Douglas, and, if it comes to that, for any man of good family. Not the least abominable part of his book is the attack which he makes upon Lord Alfred's father, the Marquis of Queensberry, a fine sportsman and the author of the Queensberry Rules.

The most objectionable story in the book is the "Goring episode," a story in which there is not a word of truth. In fact, were one to come down to details, a refutation of the charges made in Frank Harris' two volumes would consist of a wearisome repetition of the word "lie." One lie, however, requires to be dragged out and nailed, namely that Lord Alfred Douglas was sent down from Oxford.

But fortunately no such refutation is required; for Harris, writing in haste and spurred on by hatred, contradicts himself at every turn. And I am disposed to say that he has unconsciously done a considerable service to Lord Alfred Douglas, especially in publishing the unissued portion of "De Profundis."

He brings in George Bernard Shaw, and Shaw, instead of coming to the rescue, proceeds to smash Wilde's reputation, as witness: "Externally, in the ordinary action of life as distinguished from the literary action proper to his genius, he was no doubt sluggish and weak because of his giantism (a disease which he inherited from his mother). He ended as an unproductive drunkard and swindler; for the repeated sales of the Daventry plot, in so far as they imposed on the buyers, and were not transparent excuses for begging, were undeniably swindles. For all that, he does not appear in his writing a selfish or base-minded man. He is at his worst and weakest in the suppressed part of 'De Profundis'; but in my opinion it had better be published, for several reasons." Years before Harris wrote his book, Lord Alfred Douglas had published his "Oscar Wilde and Myself," a cheap edition of which is advertised in the current issue of PLAIN ENGLISH. I have carefully compared the contradictory statements in Harris' work with the straightforward narrative in "Oscar Wilde and Myself," and I can say that every charge made by Harris had, by anticipation, been dealt with by Lord Alfred. The truth is that Wilde was a hopeless decadent, while Douglas, a mere boy when Wilde, with the approval of Dr. Warren of Magdalen, gained his friendship, was a perfectly normal youth, who had created a steeplechase record at Winchester, and who won the mile and two-mile races at Magdalen sports. While Wilde was playing the part of "an unproductive drunkard" in Paris, Douglas was getting up at six in the morning to ride his own racehorses. The legend of Lord Alfred Douglas, decadent, doesn't "cut any ice." He was merely a normal and very brilliant youth who, being naturally conceited, was pleased by the flattery that Wilde knew so well how to bestow. He knew Wilde to be a "rotter," but he was the only one who stuck to his friend when that friend was "down and out," and in Holloway Jail. For his charity Douglas has paid a terrible price.

The fact that Lord Alfred's book preceded Harris's by several years adds immensely to its value. And those who are anxious to know the true facts about this matter should avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the issue of a cheap edition.

Only general treatment of the subject is possible within the limits of the present article; and I may conclude by asserting that this whole tragic business is no mere conflict of personalities, it is something which, as it were, indicates the awful struggle between the forces of good and evil that is raging, and will continue to rage till the end of time.

ANOTHER WHITEWASHING COMMITTEE.

We take the following from the *Morning Post* of Thursday last:—

> MUNITIONS INQUIRY.
>
> THE ALLEGED DESTRUCTION OF WORKING PAPERS.
>
> Viscount Cave will be Chairman of the Committee which is to investigate the order, alleged to have been given by an official of the Ministry of Munitions, to destroy working papers or to conceal them from the Exchequer and Audit Department. The terms of reference were communicated to the House of Commons yesterday.
>
> Captain Watson (Co. L, Stockton-on-Tees) asked the Lord Privy Seal when the Committee was to be appointed to investigate the charges made in conneciton with working papers of the Ministry of Munitions; whether the personnel had yet been selected; what would be the terms of reference; and whether the proceedings would be open to the public.
>
> Mr. A. Chamberlain (Chancellor of the Exchequer)—My right hon. friend (Mr. Bonar Law), who is prevented from being present to-day, has asked me to say that he has been in communication with Viscount Cave, Lord Inchcape, and Sir William Plender, who have kindly consented to form a Committee, with Lord Cave in the chair. The terms of reference are as follows.

We protest with all the vigour in our power against the constitution of this Committee. Sir William Plender is the Jew who was entrusted with the winding up of the German Jew banks in London. Everyone knows the farce that this "winding-up" became in his hands. The Ministry of Munitions has from the moment of its inception been saturated with Jew influence, and now, when it is under suspicion and a grave charge has been made against it, a Committee is proposed which bears on its face all the marks of a whitewashing scheme, *à la* Douglas Pennant enquiry. This scheme must be nipped in the bud. We object to Sir William Plender as a member of the Committee, we object to Lord Cave as chairman, and we do not share Mr. Austin Chamberlain's strange inability to see any "advantage in adding a member of the House of Commons" to the Committee,

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE, 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE, 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD, 105s. 6d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA ...	Piastres ...	... 97¼ ...	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM ...	Florins ...	... 12·1 ...	11·35 to 11·36
BERLIN ...	Marks ...	... 20·43 ...	247 to 248
BRUSSELS ...	Francs ...	... 25·22½ ...	52·40 to 52·50
CALCUTTA ...	Rupee ...	... 1s. 4d. ...	15⅛d. to 15¼d
CHRISTIANIA ...	Kroner ...	... 18·15 ...	24·60 to 24·65
ITALY	Lire ...	... 25·22½ ...	106 to 106¼
MADRID ...	Pesetas ...	... 25·22½ ...	27·95 to 28
MONTREAL ...	Dollars ...	... 4·86 ...	4·43 to 4·45
NEW YORK ...	Dollars ...	... 4·86 ...	3·87¾ to 3·88¼
PARIS	Francs ...	... 25·22½ ...	54·85 to 54·95
SINGAPORE ...	Dollars ...	... 2s. 4d. ...	27 23/32 to 27 31/32
SWITZERLAND ...	Francs ...	... 25·22½ ...	23·22 to 23·25
YOKOHAMA ...	Yen ...	... 25·48d. ...	2/5½d. to 2/5⅝d.

IRISH COAL.

Very little, if anything, has ever been heard, certainly on this side of the Channel, regarding Irish coal. It is, therefore, all the more interesting to learn of important developments taking place in the Irish coalfields, near Castlecomer, on the Great Southern & Western Railway main line. Active work is proceeding to extend branch lines for the development of this great industry, on which during the war over £100,000 is stated to have been spent in getting the coal from the Castlecomers Company's mines. It is a hopeful sign of the times that the Irish people are taking this matter up in their own way, and in a national spirit. Industrial developments of this nature are sure to have the most happy results in a settlement of many of the Irish troubles. There is stated to be the enormous quantity of 180,000,000 tons of coal workable in the coal area of Leinster, where three collieries during the past year have produced over 63,000 tons. The daily output in the Castlecomer district is reported to be 400 tons from two pits, and a third pit is on the point of coming into production. The coal mined is a good suitable anthracite coal, quite equal to if not surpassing in excellence that of Wales.

In view of the high import of coal to Ireland, which amounts to over 4,000,000 tons per annum, valued at over £10,000,000 sterling, every effort should be made to push forward local production. This is now likely to happen in view of the railway developments above referred to, as hitherto the coal produced has more or less been restricted in its markets owing to lack of transport, but with the branch lines proposed it seems probable that the Dublin markets will be attacked at an early date.

Prudential Insurance Company's Investments.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Prudential Insurance Company held on the 3rd inst., the chairman, A. C. Thompson, Esq., gave a most exhaustive review of the Company's work for the past year, and the progress effected. He brought out the interesting fact that the invested funds of the Company for the past year show the greatest increase ever recorded in the history of the Company. He stated:—

> Our investments made in 1920 yield a rate of interest exceeding 7 per cent. (before deduction of tax), notwithstanding that the major portion of our money has been invested in British Government securities.
>
> The plan adopted by the board some years ago of keeping a considerable amount of its funds in Treasury Bills and short-dated securities has enabled us to take advantage of the many opportunities afforded recently of taking up large blocks of new issues yielding remunerative rates of interest, and evidence of this is already being reflected in the increased yield on our funds.

Two years ago our President indicated to you the proportion of our holdings in various classes of securities The position at the present time is even more striking, as you will understand from the following figures relating to British Government securities.

In 1913 the proportion was 2 per cent., by 1918 it had risen to 31 per cent., whilst at the present time we hold nearly 52 millions, which is equivalent to a proportion of about 42 per cent. of our total funds.

Such an increase in the course of the last seven years is, I think, eloquent testimony to the way in which the Prudential Company has consistently supported the Government during the very difficult times through which we are passing.

Scottish Banking.

The banking profits throughout Scotland and England continue to show large increases, and the latest figures published, those of the British Linen Bank, give record figures, due no doubt to the fact of its affiliation about a year ago with Barclays Bank. The profits for the past year, which ended on the 15th January, show an increase of over £30,000 on the previous year, the total figure being £340,427. The directors as usual have adopted a very conservative method of dealing with the disposable balance, and have transferred to Investment Reserve no less a sum than £160,352. After writing off £10,000 on bank premises and transferring £50,000 to contingency account, a dividend of 16 per cent. for the period is declared, leaving £28,450 to be carried forward. Like all the Scottish banks, the British Linen has a note circulation, and for the year under review the notes in circulation amounted to £3,622,000. The deposits have increased from £28,631,000 at 15th January, 1920, to £30,187,000 at the date up to which the accounts were made. Cash in hand and at call stands at £7,449,000.

Exchanges.

A very interesting booklet, entitled "The Riddle of the Exchanges," is published and being circulated to applicants by the well-known firm of Messrs. A. Mitchelson & Co., Investment Bankers, a perusal of which should give the ordinary investor as well as the man of affairs an intelligent idea of the Exchange problem, so necessary in these days of international financial operations. When the man in the street is alarmed by the law of supply and demand even in respect of the goods which he daily consumes, it is important that he should know something of what after all are very simple laws. In a table appearing in the booklet referred to, it is shown that at the end of December last the value of the British sovereign in various countries was as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Paris	2	7	4
Berlin	12	12	8
Italy	4	6	6
Bucharest	11	4	11
Warsaw	110	4	0
Vienna	63	9	9

The remedy proposed for the troubles that at present beset all countries is disarmament. With fifty years or so of social quiet, the energetic production of foodstuffs, raw materials and manufactures, rigid economy and intelligent Government administration, the country fit for heroes to live in will be on the way to realisation.

Dividends and Reports.

Spratts Patent.—Dividend of $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on ordinary shares, making 2s. 3d. for year.

Scottish Northern Investment.—Final dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. on ordinary stock, making 10 per cent. less tax.

Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance.—Interim dividend of 20 per cent., free of tax, on ordinary for quarter.

City Safe Deposit and Agency.—Profit for 1920, including £365 brought forward, £4,632. Dividend of 5 per cent. on ordinary.

Aboukir Company.—Profit for 1920, £69,869. £7,857 brought forward making £77,726. Final dividend of 8 per cent. less tax.

St. Ivel Ltd.—Dividend proposed on preference for past six months. Dividend 6d. per share on ordinary shares for year, free of tax. £2,500 to reserve. £18,335 carried forward.

Guaranty Trust of New York.—Quarterly dividend of 5 per cent. on capital stock.

Isaac Walton.—Profit for year £51,553, after providing for excess profits duty. Balance dividend of 2s. 6d. per share recommended on ordinary shares, making 3s. 9d. per share for year, tax free.

Liberty & Co.—Net profit £118,514. Dividend on ordinary shares at the rate of 20 per cent., free of tax.

River Plate Trust.—Net profit for year 1920, £274,961, plus £143,913 brought forward, making £418,874. Further dividends of 11 per cent. on "A" shares, making 20 per cent., and 4 per cent. on "B" shares, making 7 per cent., both subject to tax. £147,874 carried forward.

NEW YORK NOTES.

II.

There are great "doings" among Jews at the present time. An immigration Bill is before Congress, which will greatly limit the admission of "internationalists" into our liberty-loving country. The Rabbis (or as we New Yorkers now call them—the Rabies) are preaching and holding "mass" meetings to protest against refusing "Reds" and Radicals entrance to these shores already over-glutted with "carriers of disease and insane ideas."

I am hoping Wilson's Government will do the one thing that will be remembered of it, while yet it has time, before going out of office, and put a stop to the indiscriminate admission of half-starved and half-witted maniacs (Jews) from all corners of the globe, who come here only to repeat the "dirty work" they performed in other countries. O, yes! America is waking up! Watch and see.

The Jew bankers and their henchmen, the public press, have failed to injure Henry Ford, financially, or in the minds of Americans generally. First, they circulated reports in the press that Mr. Ford needed money—a big loan of $100,000,000. He denied it. They then said Mr. Ford was going to issue bonds and sell them to the public. He denied it.

Suddenly, as though a bolt fell from the heavens, Edison, the great inventor, came out voluntarily and said: "If Ford needs a hundred million or more, all he need do is to make an appeal to the American people. He would get it in twenty-four hours." Suddenly all attacks on Ford ceased from financial quarters.

But, of course, the whole story of Ford's needing money, being of Jewish origin, and being so quickly squelched, the Jews were displeased, and then began violent attacks on Ford, as a Jew-baiter, a Jew-hater and a "crazy" man. Newspaper correspondents galore interviewed Mr. Ford, and found him to be absolutely "a man of love" for all peoples, and as normal as any business man who owns a business that turns over $1,000,000,000 (one billion dollars) a year. Only yesterday Mr. Ford announced the orders for cars for March amount to 90,000.

* * *

Outside of the Irish-born in this country the Sinn Fein movement has very few friends. There may be a small number of German-born here whose sympathies are with them, because of a hatred for England, but the masses of the native American are satisfied that England can handle her own internal problems. To tell the truth, American Protestants, to whom your correspondent has talked on the matter, are imbued with the idea that the fight to make Ireland an independent country is merely a religious fight on the part of a minority of the Catholics in Ireland.

Personally I have spoken on the matter to many Roman Catholic native Americans, and they seem to feel that the Irish (especially the Catholic Irish) are not yet at the place where they could govern themselves properly. Also they believe that should Ireland be given complete independence, it would be no time before some other country (foreign-speaking) would sieze it. Supposing this happened, and Ireland went down to defeat and extinction, the English-speaking world would soon follow.

The feeling that Bolshevism is on its last legs, so to speak, is rapidly gaining in this country, especially within the past three months. A feeling of confidence prevails that the new President will handle the reins of government in a manner to strengthen the hands of conservative government throughout the world. Intellectual America (that is the real Americans) is looking anxiously for a change of government in England. A return of the old Conservative party would be greatly welcomed here. Stability is needed in the British Kingdom. The backbone of the Mother Country has been broken by prolonged misgovernment. The Jew-run Welchman, Premier Lloyd George, has lost caste in this country, so that now at the mention of his name Americans of Anglo-Saxon ancestry hold their noses. Yes, it is time for a full swing of the pendulum, and I believe it will come soon.

Princess Catherine Radziwill (née Catherine Deacon, of Boston) is out with a statement in the current *American Hebrew*, in which she says a lot of things, most of which are untrue and all of which are absolutely unreliable. She claims that the Jews have not murdered the Czars, are not the cause of Russia's fall and are otherwise lied about.

Before me at this moment for review are two of the latest publications—viz., "The Last days of the Romanoffs," by George G. Telberg, a Jew, and Robert Wilton, in which it is specifically stated that Jews solely were directly connected with the ghastly murder of Czar Nicholas II. and his family. The other publication is entitled "The Imperial Orgy," by Edgar Saltus, a Jew, and published by Boni & Liveright, a Jewish publishing house in this city, in which Saltus tells how Zakkarin, a Jewish physician, called to the sick bed of Czar Alexander III., poisoned him.

Princess Radziwill poses as a Gentile, but it is an established fact that her family connections are Jewish. Taking a Gentile name no longer means anything in any country.

KNICKERBOCKER.

HENRY IV. AT THE COURT THEATRE.

MR. FAGAN has made himself responsible for a really admirable production at the Court Theatre of *Henry IV.* (Part II.). It is astonishing that this play (Parts I. and II.) has been so long neglected. In it we get the real Falstaff, which is one of the greatest of Shakespeare's creations. Indeed, the fat knight may be said to overshadow the whole play and to be its principal part.

A fearful tradition of humbug has grown up about Falstaff. There has been a conspiracy on the part of the critics to make him into something which Shakespeare never intended him to be — a genial sort of "good fellow." Pints of sentimental tears have, metaphorically speaking, been shed over his supposed ill-treatment at the hands of Prince Harry. Even so sane a Shakespearean critic as Sir Arthur Quiller Couch has committed himself to the statement that when Prince Harry (or Henry V. as he had then become) "turned down" Falstaff, he broke the heart of a better man than himself. We defy any close student of the Falstaff of the two parts of Henry IV. to find in him anywhere a gleam of any decent moral quality. He was indeed a most horrible old scoundrel, cowardly, mean, a thief, a liar, a boaster, a besotted sensualist of the grossest kind, and a blasphemer, and utterly devoid of any "heart" to be broken. His only quality is his wit, and that wit is like the froth on the surface of a cauldron of unspeakable beastliness. Shakespeare, not being afflicted with the modern sentimental mania for making heroes out of the Oscar Wildes and Frank Harrises of history (or more properly speaking, of his own imaginations of these eternal types of history) wasted no tears whatever over the well-deserved downfall of this old reprobate, "so surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane"; he leaves him, morally speaking, "knocked out" at the end of the play. And while he carefully guards the character of Harry by showing that even when he had plumbed all the depths of the rottenness of the "old white-bearded Satan," he was careful to be charitable to his former companion and to give him every chance of "turning over a new leaf," on the other hand, he leaves his readers in no doubt as to the ultimate end of the oily old soundrel Falstaff. No miracles of conversion and grace are allowed to Falstaff. He dies as he has lived, "unhouseled, disappointed, unanealed." He dies in a bawdy house, resisting grace to the last. The only gleam of something remotely approaching to decent feeling which Shakespeare allows to that terrible trio of *macabre* human carrion, Falstaff, Pistol and Bardolph, is that phrase of Bardolph's, in the second act of *Henry V.*: "Would I were with him, wheresume'er he is, either in heaven or in hell"—and the man who gives utterance to it is hanged later on for stealing a pyx from a church, a horrible crime to a Catholic, which Shakespeare was.

However, these be toys, we do not go to *Henry IV.* to moralise or to be depressed. The sheer pinnacle of wit and humour which is reached in the Falstaff scenes at Eastcheap and in the orchard of Shallow's house is attained nowhere else in all literature. On the other hand, the serious part of the play, including the touching, moral reformation of young Harry, whose youthful cynicism and cold-heartedness are so beautifully wrought upon and transmuted in the agony of his father's death-bed—all this is a perfect foil to the humorous portion of the play.

Mr. Frank Cellier gave a notable and noble performance as Henry IV. His rendering of the beautiful lines was well-nigh perfect, and the same may be said of the dignified Lord Chief Justice of Mr. Eugene Leahy. Mr. Alfred Clark's Falstaff was all but faultless. What it lacked was just that appreciation of the real wickedness and villainy of the man which sentimental tradition has contrived to obscure. The other parts were all admirably sustained, and a special word of praise is due to Miss Iris Hawkins for her brilliant study of the boy. As a rule we strongly object to a Shakespearean boy part being taken by a girl, but in the present case the impersonation was so perfect that it justified itself. The only two protests we have to register are, firstly, against the music, which was all wrong. Contemporary music, or a close imitation of it, is imperatively needed for a Shakespearean historical play.

Also the endless repetition of commonplace chords "off" during the Crown scene rather got on one's nerves. Secondly, we strongly protest against the over-caricaturing of the small part of "Feeble." Feeble has two great Shakespearean phrases to utter. "We owe God a death" and "I'll ne'er bear a base mind." Even Bardolph (gleam of a decency number two in his character!) is constrained to admire him and say "Well said; thou'rt a good fellow." The true Shakespearean Feeble is not a figure of fun, he is just a rather puny little Englishman with a great heart which belies his appearance and his weak body. Such as Feeble went out by the hundred in the late war and "did their bit," woman's tailors and all.

A. D.

LENIN AND THE JEWS.

THE fourth anniversary of the Russian revolution finds the great majority of English people still ignorant about some of its most important aspects as well as its principal leaders. Tourists to Sovietland have flooded the country with their impressions. For the most part these elucubrations are as remote from the inner realities as were the outpourings of similar "observers" in the days of Tsardom. Trying to understand Russia from the windows of a railway carriage or over a "zakouska" table is even more absurd than a similar attempt to fathom, say, the English psychology by a ride in the Underground or a luncheon in Piccadilly. To Russians these attempts appear highly ludicrous. Unfortunately the ignorant English reader is more impressed by the ignorant tourist, because the writings that issue from the latter's brain appeal to his ignorance and his prejudices.

Hence it has come about that high and low, working man and employer, the man-in-the-street and the Cabinet Minister remain to this day in a state of blindness regarding the outstanding facts, British Labour siding with the fiercest repressionists, British "intellectuals" volunteering a brief for the wildest foes of culture and a British Government gravely debating an agreement with the uncompromising opponents of all government, the British nation shamed before the world as the would-be associate of a gang that repudiates nationality.

Soon after the Bolshevist usurpation of power, documentary evidence was furnished to the British Government that the coup had been prepared and financed by Germany. These documents had been in the possession of the Bolshevist tool Kerensky many months before the fall of his invertebrate Government. What did our Government do? It acted just as the average man-in-the-street would have done: it refused to believe the evidence. British Ministers had acclaimed the Russian "revolution." Their ignorance and prejudice had readily assimilated the absurd belief—propounded and fostered by the Jews—that a revolution would strengthen Russia's hands in the war. These blind puppets of Jewry persisted in their blindness. The documents were not published in this country, but that was not enough; it was forbidden to bring them from other countries. Had the British public known their contents it would have been impossible to continue the Jewish farce in the production of Kerensky as the ally of Henderson and George.

During the past month the fullest confirmation has come from the German side of all that was revealed by the aforesaid documents. Herr Edward Bernstein, the well-known Socialist deputy, has announced before the Reichstag that the German Government paid Lenin and his crew not less than 50,000,000 gold marks for their "mission" to Russia. Lenin himself has never taken the trouble to deny the fact. More important still, the connection between Germany and the Bolsheviks remained active though concealed from the public gaze. At the present moment the Red armies are being directed in accordance with plans inspired from Berlin. There is documentary evidence on this point. The British Government is again concealing evidence. It is not difficult to understand the motive of this secrecy. The same hand is urging us to our undoing—the hand that saved Berlin from the Allies, and thereby also saved the Moscow murderers, is pushing us into the arms of Lenin and encouraging the Germans to repudiate their obligations.

The reader naturally wonders, is Bernstein not a Jew, and why does he give his own show away? Bernstein certainly is a Jew, but he does not betray the cause of Jewry by denouncing Lenin, for the simple reason that Lenin is not a Jew. Moreover, Bernstein is prompted in this instance by the bitterest of motives, viz., a family quarrel between the "moderate" and extreme sections of social democracy. Nothing can exceed the virulence of Socialist passion. The Bernsteins hate the Lenins like poison. They envy them their power and are mightily afraid that nothing will remain for them of the Socialist paradise after the strenuous delights of Communism. If, however, Lenin is not a Jew, are we to accept the asseverations of the spokesmen of Jewry that the Russian "revolution" is not of Semitic handiwork? Most decidedly not. Had the Jews not taken a preponderant part in this so-called revolution, it could never have gone beyond the scope of a *Jacquerie*. The Russian character is quite incapable of long-sustained violence or, for that matter, any other emotion. The Russians are singularly prone to take extreme courses, but without a strong hand on the reins they invariably slacken. There, in a nutshell, is the explanation of the autocracy on the one hand and of Bolshevism on the other.

The autocracy appealed to the emotional Russians on the exalted planes of religion and nationality. It fell because the Rasputin lie (Jew-born) estranged the conscience of the people, and the other Jewish invention, that the Empress was a German spy, outraged national feeling. Bolshevism appeals solely to the materialistic instincts: land-grabbing and laziness; but even here it has failed, for the peasants are landless—even their own fields have been "nationalised"—and the mill hands are slave-driven, yet have not bread. Bolshevism is already moribund, for it has set up strange gods, savouring of old times: the theatre, to make men forget hunger, physical and spiritual; war against the whole world for "internationalism." Thus do the scoundrels and dupes who follow Lenin hope to extinguish godliness and mercy out of the Russian character.

Political prejudice has obscured the truth as to Lenin's origin. The preponderant influence of Jews in the external as well as the internal aspects of the "revolution" suggested the belief that he must be of Hebrew descent. Such an assumption was, to say the least, prejudiced. Jews throng all the Socialist parties, for and against the Leninite communists. On the basis of a muster-roll of any revolutionary organisation, Russian or other, we may safely assume that nine-tenths of the leaders are of Semitic origin. So it has been for many centuries of hidden struggle between Aryan and Semite for the mastery of the world. But the active workers on the enemy's side have been cleverly camouflaged. Trotsky is an exception. He is a recalcitrant Semite. He even defied the Rabbis, telling them that he had nothing to do with Jewry. Lenin is not like Trotsky, he is not a fighter. Had he been a Jew we should probably have not heard of him, for the great of Jewry are anonymous, and will so remain.

Wide currency is being given to the version that, like Kerensky, Lenin was a Jewish child adopted by a Russian father. It is unsupported by any proof; it is inconsistent with all that is known of Lenin's past or of his mentality. Kerensky is a complete contrast to Lenin. He is a typical Semite of the highly-strung neurotic variety, capable of good, but permeated with the Semitic lust for plotting, law-breaking and revolution. Thus after having betrayed Russia to the Bolsheviks he has calmly offered to assist Bernstein in "unmasking" them. Yet this is the man who made away with this very evidence in the summer of 1917 and saved Lenin and Trotsky from arrest.

In fundamentals Lenin is a typical Slav, *i.e.*, highly imaginative, profoundly intellectual and prone to extremes. Like other Russian revolutionaries, Bakounin, for instance, Lenin was and would have remained an extremist and nothing more. He was the inventor, who, without money or business ability, would die with his invention. The Germans considerately provided the capital and the Jews furnished the experience.

One period of Lenin's career has not been sufficiently investigated. Was he connected in any way with the Okhrana? Certain circumstances might bear such an interpretation. If he had any relations in that quarter it would be an indication of Semitic origin. Almost all the *agents-provocateurs* in pay of the Okhrana were Jews. The name of Azev has even given a new nomenclature in treachery. Bogrov, the assassin of Stolypin, was a Jew in the employ of the Okhrana, paid to protect the very man whom he murdered, the man who alone could save Russia.

The suspicious circumstance to which allusion has been made dates back to the first "revolution." After the unsuccessful *debut* of the Soviet in the capital, Trotsky bolted over the frontier, but Lenin under his real name, Vladimir Ulianov, stayed quietly with some friends in the vicinity. They were Russians of good family, the husband a colonel in the artillery. One day Lenin disappeared with the wife, who has since figured largely in Bolshevist scandal. Lenin revisited his country on several occasions before the war. Could he have done so without the knowledge and approval of the all-seeing police? It looks as if Lenin's career has associated him with all the enemies of his country: the Germans, the Jews and the Okhrana. His emissaries and their dupes are contriving to include the British nation in this fine company. R.W.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

II.

THE YOKE OF OUR JEWISH TASKMASTERS.

What is the primary cause of the present wave of unemployment?

The high rate of interest on the War Loans!

There are, of course, other causes for the present state of affairs, and they may be stated in the following order of importance.

(1) The attitide of Labour.
(2) The ill-defined and difficult Fiscal Policy of the Government.
(3) The movement towards Prohibition (Liquor Control).

All these factors have combined to produce a state of unemployment which will soon be almost unparalleled in the history of the nation, and although the Prohibition movement may be regarded by some as negligible, yet it is "the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

We are principally concerned with the primary cause of unemployment.

In the review given in the previous article of the movement on the part of the Treasury towards a higher and higher rate of interest on the War Loans, Exchequer Bonds were mentioned in error for Treasury Bonds as being the latest example.

Judging from the various opinions which have appeared in the press from the pens of eminent men, some of them being considered financial experts, it would seem necessary to examine carefully what the National Debt really means. Some writers appear to think that it does not represent wealth, but only a "scrap of paper," which can be conveniently destroyed to suit their whims, as it is of no value but merely a burden. They argue that as it is a debt it, therefore, cannot represent wealth.

My feeling with regard to the National Debt is that it is created wealth in the form of inert capital—that is, it is a paper asset representing wealth. Its security as wealth is dependent upon the nation's ability to earn the interest upon it by trade and industrial enterprise, the interest being a charge upon the profits of all trade and industry.

Whilst it exists as wealth and only so long as that wealth is *secure*, it is a paper asset upon which we can get credit to trade with and finance enterprise. It is held mostly by banks, insurance companies, finance houses, and large private capitalists. That only a very small proportion of it is held by the small investor is the fault of the Government, who in this respect missed their golden opportunity during the War.

The danger of the present position is that the workers have very little incentive to be productive or thrifty. If the nation does not, or cannot, earn by industrial effort sufficient to pay the interest in full, then the holders of War Loan will lose some of their capital and the interest as well.

If we contrast the difference between the holders of the War Loans and those who do not hold any, we see that whatever direct or indirect taxation there is, the former receive some sort of taxation back again in interest and the latter nothing at all.

The first striking thing about the National Debt is that it is so colossal, and the amount meaningless to most people. Few people for instance, before the War (except astronomers) ever thought in thousands of millions, and many people now hardly know the difference between hundreds and thousands of millions; they are simply a meaningless mass of noughts to them.

The next weakness is the meaning of 5 per cent. It does not sound very dreadful or alarming, because it does not convey any meaning of a relative value to anything in the minds of most people. Some dismiss it lightly as possibly representing a 5 per cent. tax on everything, but when we get to closer grips we find it means more than a 5 per cent. tax. This is what it does mean. An annual tax of over £350 millions upon our trade and industry and upon the income of the nation.

It now assumes a greater significance; the camouflage of 5 per cent. is gone, because some of us know roughly the totals of our exports and imports, and the total of our incomes assessed for income tax (*see* Whitaker's Almanac). Before the War, for 1913, they were respectively over £1,400 millions and over £1,100 millions.

The total of our export and import trade has now grown to over £2,400 millions, and the incomes assessed for income tax to over £1,960 millions. These totals must not be added together to get the proportion that £350 millions bear to them, because a lot of the profit from trade is included in the incomes assessed for income tax.

In a comparison with the increase on our trade together with the income for 1914, as compared with the figures given for 1918, it must not be overlooked that in 1914 we received as income about £200 millions from foreign investments. Some of this income has to a great extent disappeared.

As far as the traders and the workers are concerned, the amount of the exports and imports plus the trade in the Home Market is the true index of their labours. It therefore follows that the £350 millions of interest is a tax both on the capital and labour of this country.

We now begin to see some possibilities of the pernicious effect upon trade and industry generally which the high rate of interest on the War Loan exercises; but we will go more deeply into the subject and try to ascertain the economic advantage or disadvantage of a National Debt, quite apart from the amount of it. The following are the conclusions that appear consistent in argument and experience :—

(1) A nation without a National Debt has no standard of value of its own credit, but is dependent upon other nations for that standard. She is, as it were, without a yard measure with which to base the relative value of her industrial securities and the yield thereon.

(2) A nation with a National Debt has a standard by which the relative value and yield of her industrial securities are governed ; but this is also affected by other factors :—

(*a*) The rate of interest on the National Debt.

(*b*) The amount of the National Debt in relation to the wealth, the trade and the resources of the nation.

(*c*) The industrial stability of the nation in respect to the content or discontent of its working population, together with the safety of capital.

(*d*) The confidence of other nations in the soundness of its credit.

When British 2¾ per cent. Consols stood at £114 British credit was then at its highest. With a reduction of the interest to 2½ per cent. they depreciated to 97, and when the prospect of the return to power of a Liberal Government overshadowed markets there was a general depreciation of all British securities with Consols leading the decline, so that when the Liberal Government again took up the reins of power Consols stood at about £91.

As a contrast of the stability of British credit which is characteristic of a Conservative Government, records show that during the days of a Conservative Ministry it was considered an event worthy of comment if Consols fluctuated 3/16ths of £1 on any single day ; but as soon as the Liberals came into power it was a common sight to witness fluctuations of 7 to 9/16ths daily. When Mr. Lloyd George commenced his early Limehousing with " Dartmoor Shepherds " and " little tailors' shops talk," it was then a common feature for Consols to fall points every time he opened his mouth. From this stage the fall of British credit continued its headlong flight, until on the eve of the late war Consols stood at £72½.

Thus during nine years of a Liberal Government did British credit depreciate, and with it the depreciation of all the world's securities, for previously it must be remembered that British Consols were the yard measure by which the interest yield and the capital value of the world's paper assets were measured.

Previous to the effect of a Liberal Government upon British credit, it was practically impossible to find any sound security in the world that yielded a lower rate of interest upon the capital invested than British Consols. Can the same be said now of the interest yield upon capital invested in British War Loans ? The loans are now the National Debt.

It is a startling commentary upon the security of our National War Loan Scrip that many sound industrial securities yield a lower rate of interest upon the capital invested than British War Loan Scrip.

The reason is not far to seek, for where the Government should have led they have had to follow. The financial experts who advise the Treasury should have foreseen, and failing this they should have acted upon the advice which was given them early in the war, that it would be impossible for the nation to finance sucessfully the huge expenditure of modern warfare upon old-fashioned methods of finance, for it could be seen that the debt created would be so colossal that no nation could stand the burden of the interest. That is the position to-day.

The great mistake which the Treasury made, and where it has had to follow, is that in the early issues of War Loan they were issued without any protection against depreciation. Attention being drawn to this, the subsequent issues were made redeemable at a premium on the issue price. The value of this protection is seen to-day in the respective prices of 5 per cent. War Loan, £85½, and 5 per cent. National War Bonds, £98½. This depreciation on the 5 per cent. War Loan means many millions of trading credit to the holders of this scrip. The step taken was only half-way towards what they could have done if the loans had been issued on a scheme of redemption at a premium by half-yearly or annual drawings, and doubtless the money could have been raised on a lower rate of interest. This, it is supposed, was too much to expect from those who thought so lightly of British credit, and it would not have been within the plan of extorting as much as possible from British taxpayers.

Having shown that the value and yield on a nation's industrial securities is dependent upon the value and yield of the National Debt Scrip, we can now judge upon the economic effects which are likely to be produced by a high or low rate of interest on the National Debt.

It is proposed to defer the discussion on this subject to a further article next week.

NEPTUNIAN.

REVIEWS.

NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Joseph Conrad. (J. M. Dent & Sons.) 9s. net.

Joseph Conrad is not a man known, as some are, by a single book, not a man of a single impression. He is an artist who has developed his art, now on one side and now on another. To measure the greatness of his literary stature it is necessary to see his art as it reveals itself throughout his books. Drawing a comparison from the world of painting, a sister art, many an admirer of Burne Jones, or Whistler, or Millais, found it a revelation of the artist when for the first time all his pictures that could be gathered were exhibited at a single show. True art not only conceals itself, but the artist personality. The personality of Shakespeare is a mystery compared to the clear glory of his art. Therefore, when a writer like Joseph Conrad, in a volume like the present, sits down to " tidy up " (to use his own expression) his fugitive papers on life and literature, contributed by him at various times to various periodicals, over a period of twenty years, we get something of the advantage of a one-man show, and a glimpse at his personality as revealed in his attitude towards other writers and to life. The views of creative artists as to the work of brother artists have a value of their own, and the epithet " oceanic " that Coleridge applied to Shakespeare appertains in its degree to Conrad in a double sense ; inasmuch as not only are his writings *of* the sea in contrast to books *about* the sea, but the range of his genius extends from vivid narrative of stirring events to minute and subtle analysis and interpretation of character and life. He has an oceanic range from stormy incident to many—twinkling smiles, from exciting narrative to subtle mood and atmosphere. The greater part of his stories have concerned themselves with sailors and the sea, and, in them, the hearts and souls of sailors and their relation to their sea-environment. The creative artist who produces fiction creates his fiction-world, and that fiction-world cannot be otherwise than in his own image. It will have something of the individual atmosphere of its creator, and perhaps the strangeness of that atmosphere will form the work's attraction. Yet there must also be something also true to the reader's experience of life. Something true to life itself. No mere strange flight of fancy will be as telling or convincing as the portrayal of energy of soul in an environment with which the author is practically familiar. The characters may be possessed of simple qualities, and yet the impression created be profound because of the subtle gradations and changes that take place. The artist's emotional impulse must not carry the artist away. It must be checked constantly by the inspiration from reality. To produce good lasting work the critical faculty must perpetually curb the emotions.

As the artist in his creation passes from individual contact with his fellow-men into the impersonality of the creator, as his world of action becomes absorbed in the world of the imagination, the errancy of fancy must be curbed, emotion checked, until in an impartial and detached creative spirit a presentment is attained which is typically true of the whole human race. No mere creative fancy or emotional impulse in Shakespeare could have given a Caliban or the witches in Macbeth. Caliban and the witches are something that in actuality have never been at all, but in typical truth are ever with us. So Conrad recognises in Turgenev's Russian women, who are the women created by an artist whole-souledly national, something which is Turgenev's own and also "universal," and he adds, "Anyone can accept them with no more question than one accepts the Italians of Shakespeare."

"Essential humanity" in Turgenev is a point that Joseph Conrad presses: "All his creations, fortunate and unfortunate, oppressed and oppressors, are human beings, not strange beasts in a menagerie or damned souls knocking themselves to pieces in the stuffy darkness of mystical contradictions."

When we glance at Conrad's partial self-revelation as he turns his critical gaze upon his brother artists, we see in him a high sense of responsibility to art. The cry of the multitude to the artist is, "Take me out of myself!" And this means "out of my perishable activity into the light of imperishable consciousness." "But," says Conrad, "everything is relative, and the light of consciousness is only enduring, merely the most enduring of the things of this earth, imperishable only as against the short-lived work of our industrious hands." Relative though it be, this imperishable quality is the aim of all true artists. It is the quality of Homer, Æschylus, Shakespeare and the rest. It is what holds the audience to-day in hearing *Henry IV.* at the Court Theatre, or the *Agamemnon* at Cambridge. But this is not attained by ignoring and abandoning the particular and accurate presentment of what in art we call local colour. Definite presentment of the results of definite sympathetic observation will at once give the vivid picture of the particular and serve best to bring the work in line with that of the immortals. Poins and Falstaff, as well as Clytæmnestra, have their temporary and local forms of thought, feeling and endeavour, as well as their universal truth and their creator's knowledge of the human heart. And Conrad's fiction concerning the courage, fidelity, magnanimity in the face of suffering of sailors in their social life on board a ship, their disinterested energy directed to a common aim, which is their ship's security, may be a permanent factor in the imperishable consciousness of the solidarity of the human race.

CAMBRIDGE POETS, 1914-1920. Compiled by Edward Davison. (W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd.) 7s. 6d. net.

This anthology of verses by poets who claim Cambridge University as Alma Mater covers a period in which there was a flood of fluent, competent, graceful verse from dozens, nay, scores of young writers of the new generation. And so abundant was the output that, unless the individual poet showed some more distinctive feature than mere facility or spontaneity, he had little chance of finding a publisher, or the publisher of producing an impression. There are names among those of the contributors to this anthology—it were, perhaps, invidious to select—that have become known in far wider circles than that of a University. There are names that are among those of our honoured dead. There are others of men doing good literary work out in the world. And grouped with these it is pleasant for the outside public to gather others less known, or, perhaps, unknown at all. Moreover, a volume such as this is like a peep at the springtime of life. It contains verses written when the heart is young, when hope is high, when life is "'mid the upwardness of morning." That in itself is an alluring feature of the volume. Sometimes in a collection such as this some short lyric catches the eye and in a moment makes an impression likely to stay for years. Who that thinks of the world's upheaval from 1914 to 1920 can read unmoved the quatrain written by D. B. Haseler of St. John's College?

As I tramped off to join the fight,
  A blackbird nodded to me—so!
Said, "Hope we'll see you back all right.
  Keep safe. Cheero!"

What emotions the few words stir! What memories! What visions! Here we have patriotism, courage, nerve-tension, love of English meadows, and a sort of poetic or spiritual aposiopesis which leaves us longing to know, yet afraid to ask—the rest. The very word "Cheero" covers the whole period of the anthology. And while W. S. Henley's blackbird "bugles" or "plays a box-wood flute" or John Heywood's is bidden give his love "good morrow," Haseler's bird nods to this young war-poet intimately, *speaks* to his heart of home and glory and good-bye, and the verse becomes a "*morituri te salutamus.*" We have seldom met a more poignant little verse. It has not been selected for mention because its excellence made it stand out from the rest, but simply because it struck the eye on opening the book. The average merit of the lyrics is high. As has been said, many of them are here republished after appearing elsewhere, and some of the writers are already possessed of reputation. Still, we prefer to take the anthology as a whole and be grateful for having this book of songs from nurtured youth of an old University, written in a period when the whole nation was in stress.

THE AWAKENING, AND OTHER POEMS. By C. Joulson. (Arthur H. Stockwell.)

Barbellion in his "Journal of a Disappointed Man," says: "We all recognise Keats now, but suppose he was only 'the boy next door'—why should I read his verse?" We should be sorry to miss perception of the future poet in seeing only the boy next door, but candidly we do not recognise him in the writer of the verses before us. Some of the lines seem to run into an irrestible sort of echoing parody as we read them.

As the darkly-lit waters
Fill Bristol's wide channel and foamlessly roll up the mouth of the Severn
With falling swell and sway, so, so, was the surging and heaving.
Echo: So-so was the surging and heaving.

From the poem entitled "He to Her"—

And occasions will come where full many a toff
Will be glad to approach you with hat held right off;
But there's one who approaching would willingly doff
(Time you should cough).
Echo: Ahem!

C. Joulson is surely a humorist. Is there a conscious suggestion of a dust-heap in the opening line of the verse?—

Greeting and welcome thou hast not nor can,
For all that are passing under the ban
Of the long-made law, that man
Is a star-felt god.

The supposition may seem unkind, yet surely there is conscious aim at humour in the poem "Heard are the Voices."

I heard a sad voice calling Ujah! Ujah!
  And I marvelled much what it might mean,
And then I thought that p'raps 'twas Hallelujah!
  With the normal sound of "j" between.
And the times it said it were peculiar,
  And to me remarkably insane,
So I tried to check it, but unrulier,
  Peculiar etcet, the voice did but remain.
I felt uneasy, so I prodded Jane . . . .

We are afraid we must leave the poet prodding Jane, and round off with a repetition of some words of John Wilson Croker in the *Quarterly* in criticism of Keats' *Endymion*: "He seems to us to write a line at random, and then he follows not the thought excited by this line, but that suggested by the *rhyme* with which it concludes." John Keats' fame has survived in spite of this. We shall not grudge C. Joulson any that may come.

Philip's New Systematic Atlas. Edited by George Philip F.R.G.S. (George Philip & Son, Ltd.) 16s. net.

We have received a copy of a new Atlas issued under the supervision of George Philip, F.R.G.S., and one which promises to supply the demand for a comprehensive but not too bulky work of geographical reference for the general reader. The political divisions and boundaries of nations indicated in it are those determined by the various peace treaties, a list of which, with summaries, is supplied, and these are so placed in conjunction with the maps setting forth physical features that the contrast between natural boundaries and those arbitrarily or artificially assigned is clearly indicated. The same juxtaposition brings out into prominence a country's main railway system, while a special chart gives the most important highways of commercial traffic. Special maps show the varying density of the world's population and regional vegetation, and the climatic conditions, produced on a polar projection in place of the usual Mercator, are thoroughly exhibited, including those cyclonic and anticyclonic conditions which form the basis of meteorological forecasts.

A copious and newly compiled index, with indication of the latitude and longitude against the name given, contains 13,000 items, and completes the usefulness of what, we prophesy, will become a popular atlas.

NOVELS.

A Hazard of the Snows. By Otwell Binns. (Ward, Lock & Co.) 7s. net.

This novel, which works out its dramatic interest amid Canadian snows, has its opening scene in the "spider's web" of a London money-lender. Here the warp design is formulated which is to work across the woof of the love-interests of hero and heroine. If the villainy verges on the melodramatic, the love interest is healthy and uplifting, and, to say truth, the interweaving of the two gives us a novel of a standard above the ordinary. It is not a novel of the crowded canvas type. There are but few characters, who work the narrative out amongst them. On the one side is the money-lender, his client, Major Anderton, and such agents as they enlist for their nefarious purposes. On the other side is the nephew of Major Anderton and his cousin sweetheart (who is really, though he is ignorant of the fact, the daughter of the major), and the other characters in the story who work upon the angels' side. The "business" relations between Major Anderton and the money-lender become somewhat complicated by the way money is left in a certain will. The money left by the Major's father is willed, over the Major's head, to his nephew, who, on reaching the age of twenty-seven, is to inherit it, provided that he is not in debt and is leading a sober life. If he fails in this respect it is to go to Major Anderton's daughter. Now the Major believes both his wife and daughter to be dead. And he further believes that he can manage that his nephew at twenty-seven years of age shall not be leading a sober life. Further he has the dark thought that in any event his nephew's death would place him in possession of the money as next of kin. How the plot to ruin the nephew by the cocaine habit failed, how Neil Musgrave fought the drug, how the quests of love and of gain took the actors of the story to the snows of Canada, how the deserted wife there meets her husband, and how the chief characters are all involved in exciting and perilous adventures, is all narrated in the graphic story. The mother has been a nun for twenty years, but apparently without the slightest difficulty abandons her religious life to take her share in the adventures. Possibly her name of "Sister Margot" has something to do with her irresponsibility. In any case she serves a purpose in the story, so we must not take her over seriously.

Overshadowed. By C. Wickcliffe Yulee. (Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd.) 7s.

The picture on the paper wrapper shows a young girl with eyes starting from her head, gazing, fascinated, into a crystal globe, while a hand of somewhat claw-like appearance is reaching towards her. So you might think the girl is overshadowed, but in reality it is the owner of the hand. The piquancy of the sauce lies in the fact that the gentleman who is overshadowed is a highly respectable and well-connected Presbyterian minister and the gentleman who overshadows him is his Eminence Cardinal Richelieu: rather a masterful personality to be overshadowed by, and its performance for his Eminence, one would imagine something of a bore. Still there it is. If you pick up the spirit of a dead Cardinal at the metaphysical moment that your fellow-passenger commits suicide in a train in the South of France or elsewhere, passing his Eminence on to you, you are not to suppose the Cardinalatial spirit is going to allow you to rest in peace. At all events Richelieu did not in the case of the Rev. Malcolm M'Kenzie. He promptly turned him into a highly efficient political secretary, whose astuteness was something amazing.

Then, of course, we get a certain love-interest arising in connection with the young girl who gazes into the crystal, and what one may call an amiable story ensues. The "Richelieu foundation" incident is the weirdest element therein. The rest of the weird is comparatively mild Highland superstition. One does not quite satisfactorily gather what ultimately becomes of the Cardinal: whether he is passed on to some other Presbyterian minister, or remains an heirloom in the family. Still it must be a satisfaction to any Cardinal reading the story to feel that when his life work is over and the bell ringeth to evensong, he may still have a useful work to do in overshadowing some "Holy Willie," and leading him to persuade the unco guid that Scotch Presbyterianism does not sufficiently appreciate psychic communications, dual-working brains, dead Cardinals, black dwarfs, and other mystic matter of that sort. In justice it must be added that, given such materials for making a story, C. Wickliffe Yulee makes the best of them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POLO CHARGES.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—The censorious criticism of the management of its own business by the Hurlingham Club moves a looker-on to enter a strong protest on behalf of the Alma Mater of polo, to whom he, in common with all lovers of this splendid game, owes an inextinguishable debt of gratitude.

The critic's facts and, consequently, his conclusions, are all wrong. Being one of the seven Britishers who crossed the Atlantic to fight or to watch the International Test Matches in 1914, I had occasion to secure the refusal of a box at Meadow Brook, which held four people, and contained rather less floor-space than a similar box at Olympia. With great difficulty I obtained an option, for an hour, on one box, for one match, at $500, which, even at the then rate of exchange, worked out at over £25 per seat. The "local conditions" at Meadow Brook differ only from those in London in that to see a match there entails on a New Yorker a journey of over 30 miles. Having done that journey several times—even twice in one day—one can say with confidence that it adds a good deal to the expense of watching a game. *Experto crede.*

Further, there is reason to expect that our opponents will agree to a proposal that three matches shall be played, whether the rubber has been won or not. Should this be so, it is easy to reckon what the prices which have been so hastily condemned work out at; and to judge whether the feelings of Americans are going to " reverberate any " if they are asked to pay prices to see the International Polo Matches not higher than those in vogue at their own Horse Shows at Madison Square Garden.

Secondly, it is difficult to follow the logic of this attack on Hurlingham. In the first of his ukases the critic casts a gibe at the " fallen fortunes " of Hurlingham.. In his next, a denial from the Club of such extreme adversity is disingenuously twisted into one that the Club is in financial " straits " (a by no mean uncommon plight for the best Clubs and the best people, these days). Hurlingham is then advised to avail herself of the very best opportunity she has of making some money; not, however, to " retrieve her fallen fortunes," or to extricate herself from " financial straits," but to endow a reserve fund for posterity. Are these the counsels of a Mentor —or of a Minister of Health ? The love which the candid friend professes for Hurlingham is surely dissembled, or why should he kick her two flights downstairs ?

Hurlingham is not a philanthropic but a sporting institution—of the highest possible standing, indeed, but one which has to be run on common-sense business lines, and which has, incidentally, to pay its debts. For any man who has enjoyed the amenities of this society—which can justly claim always to have been maintained by gentlemen for gentlemen, and which may to-day be a loser from having in the past put generosity before gain—to lend himself to an attack on it is to argue him ignorant or ungrateful.

Lastly, one seems to discern in the attack one of those appeals to " democratic " principles which contain more bluster than reason. The " sic volo, sic jubeo " style of the critic's dogma is out of place. Unless as spectators, polo is not a game for the proletariat, any more than foxhunting is a sport for them—except in so far that a cook's son can be, at either, a better performer than a duke's son.

Hurlingham has been the first and, hitherto, the only London polo club to admit the public within its gates. But that does not make polo a democratic game; it is not, and can never be. All the better, perhaps, in one way, when one reflects that democracy is apt to be the government of the ignorant by the unscrupulous.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
F. de C. Montfort.

134, Queen's Gate,
S.W.

[The " censorious criticism " to which our correspondent refers is that which recently appeared in *The Times* from the pen of *The Times* " Polo Correspondent."—Ed.]

THE SO-CALLED CHOSEN RACE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: I am prouder of my name than of my calligraphy. But your compositor and proof-reader need not have gone so near to making another Lenin out of

Your humble servant,
Lewis Longfield (*Major*).

British Empire Union,
Sheffield.

[We regret that our correspondent's Christian name was incorrectly printed.—Ed.]

THE CONSERVATIVES TO THE RESCUE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: I am thoroughly in agreement with all that is said by Mr. Ernest James on the above question.

But I am very certain that it is practically impossible for Conservatives to assert themselves until they have a daily paper to represent their views.

What is required is a paper run on the lines of a commercial undertaking, but where it would be the sole work of one thoroughly reliable man to see that no Jew or other undesirable person, obtained any interest; of which the Editor would be a man who really held Conservative views and not a journalist ready to sell his pen to the highest bidder; in which Conservative views, and all they stand for, should be set out without fear or favour, and traitors to the Empire would be shown up wherever and whenever it was necessary, and no matter how highly placed they might be.

Surely it ought not to be difficult to raise a very large sum to float such a paper.

Of course, the columns of the Jew-owned press would be closed to any advertisement for such a purpose.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Harold Wintle, F.R.G.S.

Stafford House,
Hatch End.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION

The Spirit of the Border. By Zane Grey. (Werner Laurie. 9s. net.)

The Guarded Room. By G. J. Whitham. (Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)

A Hazard of the Snows. By Ottwell Binns. (Ward, Lock. 7s. net.)

The American. By Henry James. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

Captain Macedoine's Daughter. By William McFee. (Sucker. 9s. net.)

The Mountebank. By W. J. Locke. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

Sisters in Law. By Gertrude Atherton. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Remarkable Story of a Remarkable Medium. By Geo. Goodchild. (Jarrolds. 2s. net.)

The Light that Never Failed. By A. E. Sitwell. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)

SOCIAL.

The Autobiography of a Child. (Kegan Paul. 12s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pilgrimages in Italy. By Gabriel Faure. (Nelson, 2s. 6d. net.)

Essays. By William Ernest Henley. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

Philip's New Systematic Atlas. (Philip. 16s. net.)

The Gateways of Commerce. By J. Fairgriene and E. Young. (Philip. 2s. 6d. net.)

POETRY.

The Poems of Edward De Vere. By J. Thomas Looney. (Cecil Palmer. 7s. net.)

The Awakening and Other Poems. By C. Joulson. (Stockwell.)

HISTORY

A Forgotten Empress. By Maud Edleston. (Cambridge: Palmer. 2s. net.)

LITERARY.

L' " Orlando Furioso " nella vita intellettuale del popolo inglese. By Anna Benedetti. (Firenze: Bemporak & Figlio. 4.50 lire.)

Plain English (Vol. I.).—A few bound copies of this Volume are available to early applicants, Price £1 1s. each, carriage paid.—Apply The Manager, North British Publishing Co., 38, Great Ormond St., W.C.1.

CHEAP EDITION NOW READY.

OSCAR WILDE AND MYSELF.

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS,

With New Preface by the Author and all the original Illustrations, Photogravure and Fac-simile Letters.

Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price **6s.** net (by post, **6s. 6d.**)

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, in *The Sphere*, says: "Lord Alfred Douglas's is an extraordinarily interesting book. It is the story of reaction from a friendship which was once notorious. Lord Alfred Douglas declares that he knew nothing of Wilde's vices until the latter was committed for trial, that he was drawn towards him as a young man by admiration for his literary gifts and brilliant conversation. He spent money freely on his hero, to find long years afterwards that Wilde was ungrateful, that he had written in his 'De Profundis' a severe attack upon his old friend.

The manuscript of 'De Profundis,' we are told, has been deposited in the British Museum. . . . The policy of accepting manuscripts of a personal character of this kind by the British Museum is questionable, and it seems to me that Lord Alfred's arguments against it are irrefutable.

Lord Alfred Douglas, however, here has his revenge. He indicts Wilde as a man and as an author. With both indictments I entirely agree. . . . One of the most amusing of the many gibes in the book is one which has reference to Mr. Justice Darling. . . . The Wilde cult is being overdone at the moment. Wilde was not a great poet or a great imaginative writer in any form. It is passing strange that the first emphatic statement of that, to me, undeniable proposition should come from Lord Alfred Douglas."

The *Daily Telegraph* says: "Lord Alfred Douglas, having been bitterly attacked for his relations with Wilde, claims the right to give him his own version and to clear his character from false and wilful aspersions. . . . We cannot deny to a calumniated man the duty, as well as the right, of self-defence. . . . The book is undoubtedly well written and contains, in our opinion, some just criticism."

Mr. Sorley Brown, in *The Border Standard*, says: "The chief point about the book is that it is a reply, and a truly magnificent reply, to the wicked tongue of slander and calumny. Lord Alfred has not been allowed to publish any extracts from the unpublished portions of 'De Profundis,' though they were used against him at the Ransome trial, but one by one he deals with the charges which Wilde and Wilde's biographers have made against him, and he shows how untrue and wicked those charges are . . . I believe Lord Alfred to be a man of rare heart and rarer genius."

The Times says: "Although Lord Alfred Douglas's 'Oscar Wilde and Myself' is not the kind of soft answer which will turn away the wrath of his various opponents, it will help people to form their estimate of the facts of the intimacy and confirm their probable impression of Oscar Wilde's character and talents. Lord Alfred Douglas has a pungent or even feline literary touch, but his general statement of the relations between Oscar Wilde and himself is straightforward and credible."

The Universe says: "As in the law courts it is the 'demeanour of the witness' that tells as heavily as anything else, so in a book like this it is the total impression that counts for most. And we think that no one can complete the task of reading the book through without feeling that he has been listening to a witness of truth. The two letters, printed in this book, which Lord Alfred received from George Wyndham—*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—should suffice for anyone who wants confirmation of this view."

The Nation (New York) says: "In the main the charges against Lord Alfred Douglas seem to be that he was in some way the corruptor of Wilde, and that he not only failed to befriend Wilde in his time of stress during imprisonment and afterwards, but was actually a drain on Wilde, preventing him from following his career as a poet and sucking away his slender resources. To both these charges the present answer is, in our judgment, clear and convincing. From the dates given by the friendly biographers of Wilde it is perfectly manifest that he began his corrupt practices before his acquaintance with the unfortunate son of Lord Queensberry, and if any blame of the sort attaches to the younger man, it is that he clung to Wilde too generously in his downfall and befriended him too fully after his evil character was made manifest."

The Glasgow Herald says: "If Lord Alfred Douglas's book gives the quietus to the incompetent critics and dangerous moralists who endeavour to foist an Oscar Wilde cult upon an ignorant public, it will have served a purpose. Among these blind guides who proclaim that 'vice is never offensive under the great covering of art,' who, to say nothing of religion, have abjured faith in 'the eternal decency of things,' Mr. Stuart Mason, who is responsible for the 'Bibliography of Oscar Wilde,' must be assigned the Pontificate, despite the devotion of Messrs. Ross, Ransome, and other members of the obscure but strenuous brotherhood."

Birmingham Daily Post: "Whatever else may be thought of Lord Alfred Douglas, he is certainly among the ablest writers and acutest critics of the present day. His view of Wilde will, one fancies, be endorsed by posterity. Wilde was a clever man but not a great one."

The Argonaut (San Francisco): "A defence such as this must necessarily proceed with wariness, but the author can hardly do less than repudiate categorically the suggestion made in Mr. Ransome's book and elsewhere that he was actually responsible for Wilde's downfall:—

> "'Nobody who reads Mr. Ransome's book before (out of the kindness of heart) he removed his aspersions on me, could doubt for a moment that he wished to convey the impression that I had a bad influence upon Wilde and that it was this bad influence that brought Wilde to grief and prevented him from rehabilitating himself after his release. Yet it is this same Mr. Ransome—who tells his readers in his preface that he is indebted to Mr. Ross for verifications of his biographical facts—who gives us the following precise details as to "the intensification of Wilde's personality" when he became a habitual devotee of the vice for which he was imprisoned: "*He had first experimented in that vice,*" says Ransome, "*in* 1886; *his experiments became a habit in* 1889." Well, in 1886 I was a boy, fifteen years of age, at Winchester School, and I had never so much as heard of Oscar Wilde; whereas in 1889 I was eighteen years of age and in the south of France with a tutor, and was not to meet Wilde—whose name was still unknown to me—till nearly three years later. So that by the time we did meet he had already found his way to the lowest moral depths without my juvenile assistance.'

"This seems to be conclusive unless the author's dates or facts can be assailed, which is improbable. Lord Douglas makes an equally crushing reply to the charge of responsibility for the separation of Wilde and his wife after the prison doors had been opened."

JOHN LONG, Ltd., Publishesr, 12-14, Norris Street, Haymarket, LONDON.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 36.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MARCH 12, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in each succeeding number, and are continued in our present issue.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

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PROSECUTE AND BE ———.

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On May 8th, 1920, *The Times* published an article on "The Jewish Peril," which it called "A Disturbing Pamphlet : a Call for Inquiry." Since then in a series of articles commencing July 12th, the *Morning Post* has published a very exhaustive "inquiry," under the title of "The World Unrest : Behind the Red Curtain." The Protocols the writer very fitly names "THE BOLSHEVIST BIBLE."

Of course, Jews, orthodox and unorthodox alike, have denied the authenticity of the Protocols, and have called them a forgery. But in that case the forger must have been a super-forger, and a Jew ; for no other forger could have been able not only to *forge the prophecies*, but also to *secure their fulfilment* ! The *facts* are, unfortunately for us Goyim, anything but forgeries.

As the *Times* writer says, no one can fail to recognise Soviet Russia in the Protocols, and no one can deny that the Commissars of the Soviets are nearly all Jews. The writer goes on : "Whence comes the uncanny note of prophecy, prophecy in part fulfilled, in parts far gone in the way of fulfilment ? Have we been struggling these tragic years to blow up and extirpate the secret organisation of German world dominion only to find beneath it *another more dangerous* because *more secret ?* Have we, by straining every fibre of our national body, escaped a "Pax Germanica" only to fall into a "PAX JUDÆICA" ?

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

Life and Letters.................. 223

Prosecute and be D——d...... 226

World Revolution.............. 227

Whaddon Chase and the Jews 227

Finance and Stock Markets... 228

Paris Notes...................... 229

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark... 230

PAGE

The Primary Cause of Unemployment 231

Fighting Bolshevism............ 232

Reviews 233

Novels.............................. 235

Correspondence 237

An "English" Bride for York 238

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Mr. Higham, M.P., Vindicated.

We have received a letter from Messrs. Peter Thomas & Clark, Solicitors, in which we are informed that their client, Mr. Higham, the C.U. member for Islington, is not a Jew by birth or religion, and is not of Semitic origin as stated in our issue of March 5th. Mr. Higham further denies that his question in the House of Commons, which we quoted in the same issue of this paper, had any reference at all to PLAIN ENGLISH. We are only too glad to give publicity to Mr. Higham's disclaimer. We rejoice to hear that he is not a Jew, we congratulate him, and we much regret that a member of our editorial staff, who is usually exceptionally well informed, should have unintentionally misled us on this point. It appears that a confusion had arisen in his mind between Mr. Higham, M.P. for Islington and another gentleman whose name has the same sound, though it is differently spelt. We are also pleased to hear that Mr. Higham's question to the Home Secretary about "articles detrimental to the best interest of the State" appearing "in a certain newspaper," was not, as we imagined, directed at PLAIN ENGLISH. Marked copies of the paper containing the question and answer reached us, and several different readers drew our attention to them, and we may say that the general impression was that the "certain newspaper" referred to by Mr. Higham was PLAIN ENGLISH, and that the "articles detrimental to the State" were our articles exposing the Jutland villainy. We are now convinced that Mr. Higham's question did not relate to us, and our comments were based upon a complete misunderstanding. We much regret having done Mr. Higham an injustice and have the greatest possible pleasure in making the *amende honorable*.

Ex-Choir Boy, Son of a Charwoman.

The other day, in referring to the indictment which it is in our power to bring against the *Morning Post* and summing it up under three heads numbered (1), (2) and (3), we used the following words :—

> (2) It supported Robert Ross (one of the most deadly agents in the Jewish scheme for the moral corruption of this country) for all it was worth, and employed him for years as a contributor, as well as his "private secretaries," Freddie Smith (the ex-choir boy, son of a charwoman living in a basement in Tottenham Court Road), and his other "private secretary," Christopher Millard, who has twice been imprisoned for unnatural offences (a delightful trio of literary contributors" for a *soi-disant* respectable daily paper).

A correspondent, who signs himself "Another ex-choir boy, son of a charwoman," writes us an indignant letter, in which he asks what harm there is in being an ex-choir boy and the son of a charwoman. To which we reply that there is no harm at all, and that it is quite possible, as our correspondent suggests, for a person so described to be a much better man than we can ever hope to be. Our reference was not to choir-boys and sons of charwomen in general, but to this one particular person, "Freddie Smith," the nature of whose relations with Ross formed one of the principal items in our "plea of justification" when at the Old Bailey, in 1914, we were prosecuted by Ross, and justified the terrible charges we made against him.

We regret that even for a moment any of our readers should so misjudge us as to imagine that we could be capable of sneering at a man because he is born of humble parentage, or that we have anything whatever to say against choir-boys as a class or as a whole. The particular youth in question was turned out of the choir for gross misconduct, and the only point of mentioning that he was the son of a charwoman was that Ross had the effrontery to describe this boy, whom he took to live with him at the age of fifteen, as his "private secretary," whereas it was proved at the Old Bailey trial, on the evidence of, among others, the curate of his parish, that he was an ignorant and backward boy, who scarcely knew how to write, and that his station in life and his standard of education made manifest the absurdity of the suggestion that he could possibly be a *bona fide* secretary to a literary man.

The "Morning Post."

While we are on the subject of the *Morning Post*, it is only fair to say that our contemporary has lately shown considerable signs of grace. *The Morning Post* goes up and down in the most startling manner. At one time it seems to be almost dominated by pro-Jewish influence, at other times it comes out courageously on the right side. We have no doubt in our own mind that a struggle has been going on inside the office of the paper between two diverging "schools of thought," each striving for the mastery. In this struggle, sometimes one party gets the upper hand and sometimes the other. Whatever the *Morning Post* or Lady Bathurst may think, we can assure them that every word of criticism which we have ever directed against the *Morning Post* has been written simply and solely with the object of strengthening the hands of the *Morning Post's* own better self. We have seen signs in the last few days that the right party in the *Morning Post* is coming out strongly and asserting itself. We can only hope that there will be no relapse, and that our contemporary will contrive to shake off its parasites and escape from its misleaders and false friends.

"Free Divorce" Propaganda.

The *Evening Standard* of Tuesday last came out with a tremendous "puff" of a new play called "A Bill of Divorcement" written by a Miss Clemence Dane. Not content with criticism which abounded in such words as "masterly," "poignant," and "brilliant," the *Evening Standard* published an interview with the author, from which we take the following illuminating passage :—

> My play is intended to back up the Buckmaster Bill, but it is no sense a piece of feminist propaganda.
>
> Frankly, I'm surprised to hear that it displays dramatic skill and stagecraft.

Miss Dane's "surprise" at hearing that her play "displays dramatic skill and stagecraft" is understandable. From the *Evening Standard's* own account of the play, it appears to be a singularly dismal and deadly performance. We quote from our contemporary's criticism :—

> A GRIM PROBLEM.
>
> The audience is faced with one of the grimmest problems that could be imagined. The husband escapes from an asylum after sixteen years, apparently cured of the effects of shell-shock, and quite normal. He retains, however, the taint of hereditary insanity.
>
> His wife has divorced him a year previously, and is about to marry again. What a problem for the wife! On the one hand the vicar, whose son is engaged to her daughter, and the maiden aunt wished her to return to her first husband, whom she has ceased to love. On the other hand, her daughter and lover say that she should not sacrifice herself.
>
> Added to this, the daughter learns that there is insanity in the family, and feels it her duty to break off her engagement.
>
> TWO DECISIONS.
>
> The success of the play depended entirely on the third act, and the playwright worked it up in a masterly manner. *Without arguing on the morality of the step, the wife leaves with her lover,* yielding to the entreaty of the daughter, who feels that she must devote the rest of her life to looking after her father, so that the taint of insanity will die with them.

The italics are ours. Miss Dane may take it from us that if her play had not been "intended to back up the Buckmaster Bill" the *Evening Standard* would never have discovered its "dramatic skill and stagecraft." The plain truth is that Miss Dane's play is a piece of unblushing propaganda in favour of "free divorce," and it follows as a matter of course that Sir Edward Hulton's newspaper and the rest of the free-divorce gang feel it an imperative duty to do the best they can to encourage it. If the wife in Miss Dane's play had decided to behave like a decent Christain woman and stick to her lawful husband, it is a thousand to one that the *Evening Standard* would not have devoted so much as a paragraph to it, except for the purpose of condemning it. But, of course, a wife who "leaves with her lover" must be applauded and encouraged at all costs by those persons who for their own discreditable reasons wish to destroy Christian marriage in this country.

Montenegro.

By entering the war the late King of Montenegro acted after the manner of a true knight who fights without hope of reward. He had nothing to gain and everthing to lose by involving his kingdom in another war at a time when it had hardly recovered from its war with Turkey. After lying under the Turko-Jewish-German heel for years, this tiny and gallant little nation was rewarded by being extinguished and placed under the control of its ancient foe Serbia. The King died of a broken heart, and Montenegro was forgotten.

Now the news comes from Rome that Prince Michael has been declared King under the regency of his grandmother, Queen Milera. The Regent will continue, as an exile, to live at San Remo.

We seem to have heard it said that the Great War was fought, among other things, for the benefit of small nations. Is the smallest of the small nations to remain under the Serbian yoke ?

India Going.

We take the following extract from a report which appeared in the *Morning Post* of Wednesday last :—

> "Will Mr. Montagu lose us our Indian Empire ?" was the question which Mr. Rupert Gwynne, M.P., asked in an address to the National Party at the Caxton Hall last evening, and, while admitting that the suggestion implied by the question might seem extravagant, he asserted that it could not be denied that the position in India was exceedingly critical. He said he held, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. Montagu as Secretary of State for India was a danger to the Empire, and added that, while he wished Lord Reading every success in his new office, the new Viceroy would carry a stone round his neck as long as Mr. Montagu remained Secretary for India. Major General T. D. Pilcher, who presided, also declared that if anything serious happened in the way of trouble in India, as he feared it might, it would be Mr. Montagu's fault. There was a densely crowded audience, and both speakers were repeatedly and enthusiastically applauded.

Needless to say not a word about this meeting appeared in the *Times*. Mr. Montagu's sinister work is nearing completion, and nothing but a miracle can save India for the Empire.

What is being said now by General Pilcher, Mr. Rupert Gwynne, M.P., and others from public platforms was said very plainly and in detail by PLAIN ENGLISH for July 17 last. In that issue of the paper we declared that Mr. Montagu, by most cunning methods, was working for the loss of India. Our article was based on remarkable information supplied to us by a high official whose family have been associated for generations with the government of India.

In the course of the article we pointed out that Mr. Montagu's attack was chiefly directed against the Covenanted Civil Service.

The servants of the East India Company who won that country were taken over by the newly-constituted Government as Covenanted Civil Servants. In their hands the administrative machine ran with extraordinary smoothness because it was a machine built up as the result of intimate experience of India and the native temperament.

The secretariat, the inexperienced officials who control India, and none of whom has had more than six months' contact with the natives, constitute a perfect tool in the hands of Montagu, the Empire wrecker.

What have Montagu and his secretariat done ?

(1) They have abolished the *nazar* or formal tribute, a custom bound up with the very life of the East ; and have made it known that even the King-Emperor does not expect a *nazar*, thus striking a deadly blow at the *prestige* of the British Government.

(2) They have, on every possible occasion, forced police officers and others to apologise in public to natives. In one case a district officer caught a spy red-handed, and captured him. The man had crept into his office to secure papers relating to a murder trial. This district officer was forced to release the spy, and ordered to apologise to him in open court.

(3) They have repealed the Arms Act, and by so doing have made it legal for natives to carry spears and shot guns without paying a licence, while Europeans must pay for a licence to carry a shot gun, and may not carry the gun in a train !

(4) They have done everything possible to prevent British people from settling in India, and retired officials are fined if they persist in remaining in India.

(5) They have introduced "bounders" into the Civil Service. This ingenious move has produced class friction in the Civil Service and police, because "impossible" people are thrown into daily contact with old Civil Servants, men of breeding, to whom honour is instinctive and to whom a lie is unthinkable. Corruption, double-dealing, lying, trickery, foul intrigue, and the methods of Tammany Hall have been placed side by side with the old traditions of gentility which distinguished the Government services of India.

As we said on July 17 last: "If a sworn foe of the Empire had been given the task of undermining British influence in India, he could not have accomplished his work more efficiently than have the Democratic and Jewish members of the Cabinet."

If public opinion permits Mr. Montagu to remain Secretary for India, we shall prepare an epitaph as follows: "Here lies British Public Opinion, debauched and slain by the Jew Harmsworth and his imitators."

"Come Out from Among Them."

After all it is rather splendid that Mr. Philip Kerr should have shaken the dust of Downing Street off his feet, and resigned from the post of Private Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the Prime Minister. Had he been prepared completely to sell himself, Mr. Philip Kerr could have secured anything for which he cared to ask. He possesses unique qualifications and unequalled knowledge, and we congratulate him heartily upon the step which he has taken. Mr. Philip Kerr comes of an ancient Scottish family, and is heir to the Marquisate of Lothian. Besides, his mother is a sister of the late Duke of Norfolk, and he himself was brought up a Catholic.

It is a remarkable fact that the French people, who suffered in religion so gravely by reason of the overthrow of the Church in France during the Revolution, possess a religious instinct; and though many of them pay little attention to the Church, yet eighty per cent. die as Catholics. One who has tasted the sweetness of the true Faith cannot forget that sweetness; and we see in Mr. Philip Kerr's manly act something which gives us good hope for his future. The delusion and snare of dancing feet and "Christian" science must be evident to him, and if it is not now evident, a time will come when the things of this passing world and the claims of bastard religions will no longer attract him. This life is a flash between two eternities ; and Mr. Philip Kerr knows as well as we do that even the gaining of the whole world is not worth the loss of one's soul. He has shown his knowledge by emerging from Downing Street and refusing to be a party to the debauching and destruction of his country by the Jews who, leech-like, have fastened themselves upon the body politic. Mr. Philip Kerr has a conscience, and he has proved his possession of conscience by his resignation.

Britain Recognises Bolshevism.

Just as we go to press the full details of the Jew-ridden Lloyd George's surrender to Lenin are available. The blackest part of the vile business—which marks the beginning of the end of this wretched country—is the silence or uproarious approval accorded by Members of Parliament to the most disgraceful act ever perpetrated by a British Cabinet.

In plain words the Government of His Britannic Majesty has recognised a band of murderers and brigands, and by so doing has added credit and prestige to a bloodthirsty and unspeakably vile conspiracy.

By this pact the hands of the police will be tied ; for in a few weeks we shall have Soviet trade-ambassadors in our midst in possession of the usual diplomatic privileges, including the right to send cypher telegrams and to send and receive correspondence in sealed bags.

This privilege is to extend to India ; so the public may judge how long we can be expected to retain the Indian Empire.

Of course, this absence of censorship for Jewish letters is no new thing ; for, as we pointed out some time ago, British Censorship from the beginning of the war had instructions to allow correspondence from Germany and to Germany, to or from Rothschild and Cassell, to pass unopened.

The Northcliffe press is opportunist, and keeps its fingers on the public pulse ; so it is significant that even *The Times* goes out of its way to condemn the pact between Britain and the agents of Hell.

"The Autobiography of a Child" and the Police.

A few weeks ago we announced that, failing its immediate withdrawal by the publishers, we intended to bring to the notice of the police the book above mentioned, which we described as a "disgusting and diabolical publication." We subsequently wrote to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. asking them if they intended to withdraw the book. They replied to the effect that they saw no reason to withdraw it, and we accordingly carried out our threat and laid an information before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor, after reading the passages marked by us in the book, expressed the opinion that the book was an obscene publication and issued a warrant for its seizure. All available copies were accordingly seized, and it now rests for Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. to show any cause, if they can, why the whole edition of the book should not be destroyed. We say no more for the moment as the case is, to a certain extent, still *sub judice*. Common fairness, however, compels us to point out that no member of the family of the late Mr. Kegan Paul has any connection with the persons who now use his name. The principal of that firm is Mr. Swan Sonnenschein.

PROSECUTE AND BE D——D!

On March 11th *The Times*, under the heading "Allegations Against Ministers," reported the following :—

> Replying to Mr. Neil McLean (Govan, Lab.), who asked whether his attention had been called to the serious allegations against Cabinet Ministers contained in articles in a paper called "Plain English," with reference to the first official report issued of the Battle of Jutland; and whether the Government proposed to take any action against the publisher of this Journal and its editor, Mr. Shortt, Home Secretary (Newcastle, W., C.L.), said he had not seen or heard of the articles or of the paper in question until his attention was drawn to the matter by the hon. member. He had now procured a copy of the paper. The statements made were obviously and outrageously false, and could be made only for the purpose of advertising the periodical, and it seemed to him that a prosecution would only further that purpose. He would, however, hand the paper to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Reference to Hansard showed that the question was addressed to the Prime Minister, and that Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, explained that he had been asked by Mr. Lloyd George to reply for him. We presume that the object of this little manœuvre was to enable the Government's representative to get off his chest without blushing the portentious if unimpressive announcement that he "had not seen or heard of the articles in question until his attention was drawn to the matter" by Mr. McLean. Mr. Lloyd George could hardly have pleaded a similar ignorance, for he has, to our knowledge, not only "seen" the articles in Plain English, but has also "heard" a great deal more about them than he likes. He may take it from us that he is also likely in the near future to see and hear a good deal more of them. A large number of members of both Houses of Parliament are regular readers of Plain English, and moreover, for months past, marked copies have been sent to Mr. Lloyd George and to other Ministers whenever their names have been mentioned in the paper. Their assumption of ignorance of the accusations levelled against them is therefore particularly foolish and pointless.

However, we are not concerned with the pitiable and undignified wriggles of discredited men in a fix, and we give below a copy of a letter which was sent by hand to Mr. Shortt on Monday last.

> "PLAIN ENGLISH."
>
> 38, Great Ormond Street,
> London, W.C.1.
> 14th March, 1921.
>
> To the Right Honourable the Home Secretary.
>
> Sir,
>
> In reference to the above cutting from the "Times," containing the report of your answer to a question about this paper addressed to you by Mr. Neil McLean, M.P., I should be glad to hear whether you are prepared to repeat outside the House of Commons the statements which you made about my conduct as an Editor.
>
> You have not scrupled to charge me with publishing "obviously and outrageously false statements" for the purpose of "advertising" my paper. A more abominable accusation it would be impossible to make against an Editor Every statement I have made in "Plain English" about Mr. Winston Churchill and others in connection with the Battle of Jutland is true, and I have over and over again challenged Mr. Churchill to proceed against me and give me an opportunity of proving my allegations.
>
> In face of these facts, your statements about me in the House of Commons can only be described as grossly impudent as well as insulting to the last degree.
>
> If you will repeat your remarks outside of a privileged place, I will undertake to take immediate proceedings against you for slander or libel. Meanwhile, on the question of the prosecution with which you threaten me, while I am unable to understand by what process of law I can be prosecuted by the Public Prosecutor for making charges which I am prepared to prove against the enemies of the King, I will tell you that the sooner such prosecution is instituted the better I shall be pleased, provided always that you will put Mr. Winston Churchill in the witness box to deny my accusations on oath and to submit to cross-examination.
>
> I am, sir, your obedient servant,
>
> ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Mr. Shortt and Mr. Lloyd George know just as well as we do that there is no legal process by which the Public Prosecutor can prosecute an Editor for telling what he believes to be the truth about Cabinet Ministers. We have violated no law, and if we are prosecuted by the Public Prosecutor, the process will be illegal and unprecedented. We have admitted over and over again that our accusations against Churchill and other Ministers constitute *primâ facie* libels, and that they are entitled to proceed against us either in the civil or the criminal courts, but we fail to see what the Public Prosecutor has got to do with the reputations of the persons in question, and if that official is to be dragged in in an attempt to dragoon us into silence, we can only say that we shall look to the people of this country to frustrate such an attempt to interfere with freedom of speech and the right of a newspaper to expose evil conduct wherever and whenever it finds it.

We are not in the least afraid of the Public Prosecutor, because even that official, backed up by all the evil forces that control the present Government, has no power to dispense with a jury, and we take the liberty of telling him that if he fondly imagines that he will be able to obtain a conviction against us by prosecuting us in the absence of the man whom we have accused (namely, Mr. Churchill) he is making an even bigger mistake than the Government made when they put up Mr. Justice Darling in a vain attempt to secure the conviction of Mr. Pemberton Billing.

> And now, that is to say on the tenth day of November, A.D., 1914, before our said Lord the King in the Central Criminal Court, cometh the said Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas in his own proper person, and having heard the said indictment read, he saith that he is not guilty thereof, and hereupon he putteth himself upon the country.

These are the opening words of our "Plea of Justification" in the case of "Rex *v.* Douglas on the prosecution of Ross," as drawn up by our counsel in the old set form. There is to us something about the words which has all the quality of the sound of a trumpet. We "put ourselves on the country" then, and the country (as represented by a typical Old Bailey jury) did not fail us. Nor will it fail us again when the time comes to put up another desperate fight against the forces of foulness, treachery and Jewish-gold-inspired corruption. When an attempt was made to blackmail the great Duke of Wellington by a threat to publish certain letters of his, the Duke replied, "Publish, and be damned." And we, for our part (living in a "softer" if not a politer age) say to Lloyd George & Co., "Prosecute and be d——d!"

WORLD REVOLUTION.

IN our issue of 5th inst. we printed an "Appeal to the Nation" made by members of the British Houses of Parliament, and drawn up at a meeting presided over by the Duke of Northumberland.

In the same issue we expressed ourselves very plainly on the subject of the meeting in question, and said that the Duke and his associates "ignore nearly all the real dangers, mistake friends for enemies and enemies for friends, and . . . . pin their faith to Sir Stuart Campbell and the Northcliffe press."

As we have pointed out before, the real controller of that social abomination the Northcliffe press, and of Lord Northcliffe himself, is that sinister individual calling himself Sir Stuart Campbell.

Incredible though it may seem, the noble and highly placed persons who met in a committee room at Westminster to devise means for controlling revolution declared themselves satisfied that Sir Stuart Campbell could be relied upon to aid them.

They had not long to remain undeceived. *The Times* refused to publish the "Appeal to the Nation," even as an advertisement.

Now we know where we are. *The Times*, controlled by Sir Stuart Campbell, is definitely ranged on the side of the Jew world-disturbers, and is unblushingly hostile to those peers and commoners who are engaged in devising means to preserve the Throne and Constitution of these Realms.

This fact will go far to explain, for the public benefit, the disloyal and abominable conduct of *The Times*, and for that matter of the other Northcliffe publications, which has become notorious during the past three years, and which has extended even to advertising.

Over a year ago advertisement space was taken in the *Daily Mail* by a loyal firm in Ulster; but the advertisement was refused when the wording came to be submitted. This is very significant, because the publication which it was proposed to advertise had for its object the exposure of the Irish murder gang, which at that time was beginning to operate.

Sir Stuart Campbell's doings in the south of Ireland will make startling reading at some future date; but it is something for which to be thankful that the loyal and disloyal forces in this country are being compelled to separate from each other and take up a place on their respective camps. No nation was ever injured by a knowledge of the forces arrayed against it, and the cause of righteousness, justice and loyalty in this country will be strengthened when it is generally appreciated that almost the entire press is controlled by the enemy.

The Times for Monday and Tuesday last devoted the centre column on its principal news page to the execution of six rebels, and placed a report of the murder of an English cadet in the smallest possible type.

Under the heading "Blow to Irish Truce Move," we got the following outburst of sympathy for rebels :—

> It is a tragic thing that the week during which the festival of Ireland's national saint will be celebrated should begin with the execution of six Irishmen. No official announcement has been made, but it is generally believed that Thomas Wheelan and Patrick Moran, condemned in connexion with the murder of British officers in Dublin, and Bernard Ryan, Patrick Doyle, Thomas Bryan and Frank Flood, condemned for their participation in the Drumcondra ambush, will be hanged to-morrow morning at Mountjoy Prison. It is stated to-night that two of the prisoners will be executed at 6 o'clock, two at 7 o'clock and the remaining two at 8 o'clock.

According to *The Times*, it is a tragic thing that savage murderers should be brought to justice and executed for their abominable crimes. Upwards of two hundred gallant soldiers and police have been shot in the most cruel manner, and have died in agony from abdominal wounds. Yet *The Times* could not spare the word "tragic" to describe their deaths. It gave no expression to righteous indignation. It did not call for the punishment of the guilty. All it called for was the humiliation of Britain, and demanded that the Empire should cringe to traitors and yield to violence what had been denied with justification and in the interests of the safety of the State.

We suggest to the Duke of Northumberland and his associates that the time has come for an appeal to the forces of decency and loyalty in these Realms; that the time has come for the formation of a Party which will carry on the great traditions of governance that up to the advent of Lord Beaverbrook's tool, Bonar Law, distinguished the Conservative Party.

Not the least important part of this work will consist in keeping the enemy in his proper place. Rebel and loyalist have for too long mixed together.

There is still social power in this country. Let doors be shut in future to Jews, Jews' tools and disloyal men There is yet time to save the State; but the struggle wil be a long and terrible one. And let it be understood tha the struggle against world revolution must be fought ou on British soil.

The enemy is arrogant, boastful and confident. He ha secured a social position which he should never have bee permitted to secure. And we wish we could be sure tha when the truth is known the people of this country woul crush the enemy once and for all.

WHADDON CHASE AND THE JEWS.

BY the sale, on 9th March of entered and unentered fo hounds, the property of the Whaddon Chase Hun another chapter is closed in the history of this lamentab dispute. We refer to it as it shows so clearly the metho of the new Croesus allied to ancient Jewry. Without th support of some members of the M.F.H. Association Con mittee the piracy must have been defeated; nay, the rotte ness of latter day society can surely have no more luci examples than the M.F.H. judgment which declared tha the pirate pack was to cease hunting. Did it in fact cea to hunt? No. It became the official pack, and the o Selby-Lowndes pack was intended by the pirates to dispersed by a process costing the pirates nothing. We a glad to have raised our voice against the manifest unfairne of such proposals, and to find that Colonel Selby-Lowndes pack was purchased by the Hunt at a fair price.

It is at this point, however, that the usual crooked metho of piracy and Jewry assert themselves, for while everybo supposed that the old Whaddon pack was being bought ıunt the Whaddon country it now emerges, that they were ›eing purchased solely for the purpose of distribution by ›ale, and in order to " dig in " the pirate pack which had in ›he meantime, been handed to trustees for the benefit of the ›ountry. They certainly made no bones about it in the sale ›atalogue : " This is not the sale of a draft, but it is necessary olely because the Whaddon Chase Hunt now have more ıounds than they require to hunt their country two days a veek." Having purchased 33½ couples from Colonel ›elby-Lowndes they forthwith catalogue 33 couples for ale, not by drafting the least eligible of the two packs, but y offering 8½ couples of the pirates and 24½ couples of the old Vhaddon. Of the 8½ couples, 7 couples were sold, while 7½ of the 24½ couples found new homes.

The average price was 80 guineas a couple for the whole, he 7 couples averaging under 45 guineas (highest price 00 gs.), while the 17½ averaged over 90 guineas (highest rice 170 guineas twice). It is, therefore, clear that the ıle was intended to be a scattering to the four winds of eaven of the old Whaddon pack, backed by a persistent ress campaign. Directly Colonel Selby-Lowndes named a rice for his pack, a tame Press pooh-poohed the sum as ıtrageously high, yet he received within very few hundreds his original price on the valuation of two acceptable ıdges. The opposite position was assumed when the new vners wished to sell—the tame Press came along once more " boost " what it previously deprecated ; if the choicest ›ecimens from Belvoir, Badminton and Brocklesby had ›en on offer they could not have been described in more owing terms ; mark you ! " galloping lines," " good head ıd neck," " smart bitch," " like catching a fox," " well-›veloped bitch with good shoulders," " looks like slipping ong," " beautiful head, neck and shoulders," " nice amp, straight, and carries her bone well down," " smart tle bitch with good feet," " shows great quality." Quite —then why sell them ? Why sell the unentered hounds ? ı ! What a shocking ramp, under the very patronage of .F.H. Association, And yet incomplete ! Having forced ›lonel Selby-Lowndes out of the Mastership, having ırchased his hounds for the country and forthwith dis-›rsed them, what about the domestic management of the untry ? Regularly once a week they manage to get to e Whaddon coverts by hook or by crook, generally by ›ok ; some weeks they get to Whaddon twice, while an authorised person has been known to enter the Whaddon verts and interfere with the earths.

All this time, however, there is in an undecided state the ojected dismissal of Colonel Selby-Lowndes from M.F.H. sociation, postponed until such time as his state of alth will permit him to attend and to explain certain ›parte statements.

What action is it proposed to take ? In the light of ormation which has reached us, we defy the M.F.H. sociation to expel Colonel Selby-Lowndes.

' Plain English " has been practically sold out for the t four weeks, and in consequence several of our regular ders have been unable to obtain their copies. In order to ›iate this, regular readers should fill in the order form page 222, and send it with their subscription to the nager, North British Publishing Co., Ltd., 38, Great nond Street, W.C., when the paper will be posted direct the period required.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 105s. 6d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·36 to 11·37
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	246 to 247
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	53·75 to 53·80
CALCUTTA	Rupee	1s. 4d.	15¾d. to 15⅞d.
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	24·25 to 24·35
ITALY	Lire	25·22½	105¾ to 105⅞
MADRID	Pesetas	25·22½	28·08 to 28·12
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·45 to 4·47
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·90 to 3·90¼
PARIS	Francs	25·22½	56·10 to 56·15
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	27 29/32 to 27 31/32
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	22·93 to 22·96
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	29½d to 29¾d.

MOTOR SHARES.

Many of the leading motor companies are requiring further working capital, which is no doubt the principal cause of the serious depression which is characterising the market in the shares. In spite of the cut in the prices of cars there appears to be no corresponding demand on the part of the public, and it is a well-known fact that as regards the export trade for cars there is a glut at the Docks. There are also difficulties with regard to financing shipments between here and the Colonies. America and Germany are serious competitors.

The most recent case of a new issue is in respect of the Austin Motor Company who are asking the consent of the Preference shareholders to the creation of £1,000,000 10 per cent. Debentures. There is no doubt as a result of the acute depression in the motor industry many of the lesser known companies are bound to disappear, either by liquidation or absorption, and the contrast in the price of shares between this date and a year ago shows an enormous capital depreciation which it will take a very long time to recover, if ever. Even the shares of such well-known Companies as S.D.T.s, Rovers, and Rolls-Royce have depreciated as much as 70 per cent. upon the highest prices recorded last year ; and are at a price which in view of the high quality of the Companies' products seems attractive even in these times. It is many years since Rolls-Royce shares stood around par.

Bradford Dyers.

Sir Milton Sheridan Sharp, Bart., presiding at the recent Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders of the Bradford Dyers' Association, stated that the one great essential to our recovery of trade is a transformation of the attitude of employers and workers towards one another.

" These two bodies, so dependent on each other, could by complete unity of purpose very quickly lessen our economic troubles, as the efficiency of production is capable in most industries of being so greatly increased as immensely to cheapen its cost, while the gain from a cessation of strikes would be quite beyond the power of any statistician to compile. During the last two years 61,000,000 working days have been directly lost by strikes, while the additional indirect loss by the forced cessation of work by others is incalculable. No country can stand such a drain on its resources without incurring the gravest risk of ultimate disaster. Is there any possibility of uniting employers and employed in a permanent peace? I am persuaded by my experience that there is. I have lived among, and been closely associated with, the workers all my life, and I am convinced that the overwhelming majority of British workmen are neither revolutionary nor anarchist in their outlook."

Rand February Returns.

As was to be expected, the returns of the gold output of the Rand for the month of February have been poor, mainly as the result of a strike of the white miners at the beginning of that month, which lasted a week in most cases. In the case of the Consolidated Langlaagte Mines, the mill only ran seven days out of the whole month, showing for the period a loss of £3,590, as compared with a profit of £14,522 for the month of January. The average price of gold is worked out for the month at approximately £5 3s. 9d., as against an average of £5 5s. per oz. for January, in most cases.

As a general indication of what the results have been, the Johnnies Group of Mines for February show an estimated profit of £187,400, against £269,600 for January; while in the case of the Rand Mines Group, seven of the leading mines, such as City Deep, were materially affected, that mine showing a profit of only £8,088, against a January profit of £64,468. So much for the effects of the labour strike!

Notes.

Greece is extending her Moratorium until 13th September, 1921. The National Bank of Greece has declared a half-yearly dividend equal to 24 per cent., against 16 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year.

The Waihi Gold Mining Company (New Zealand) propose a return of 10s. a share to shareholders.

The Standard Bank of South Africa intimate that during February South Africa imported goods up to approximately £4,891,000, and exported approximately £4,717,000, the latter including £2,540,000 of gold.

The recent issue of the State of St. Paulo Loan was a pronounced success, applicants for large amounts of the loan receiving not more than 30 per cent. of their total subscriptions. A similar success should also be secured in respect of the Dutch portion.

Dividends and Reports.

D. H. Evans.—Balance dividend of 15 per cent. on Ordinary shares, making 20 per cent. £31,237 carried forward, subject to Corporation Tax and Excess Profits Duty.

United Dairies.—Dividend for six months of 1s. per share on Ordinary shares, and at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on Preference shares.

Brompton & Kensington Electricity.—Dividend on Ordinary shares at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, making 12 per cent.

Western Telegraph.—Second quarterly interim dividend of 5s. per share free of tax at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. Dividend of 4s. per share free of tax on new shares.

Alex. Pirie & Sons.—Dividend proposed at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum on First Preference for past half-year, less tax. Further dividend of 2 per cent. on Ordinary, making 6 per cent. for year less tax. Dividend of 8 per cent. on Deferred less tax. £44,270 carried forward.

Baldwins.—Interim dividend of 2½ per cent., free of tax on Ordinary shares for half-year.

City of London Electric.—Dividends subject to tax on Ordinary shares of 12 per cent. for year and bonus of 2 per cent.

PARIS NOTES.

XXV.

Since the abolition of secret diplomacy was proclaimed *urbi et orbi*, international transactions have become so mysterious that it requires the greatest mental effort to disentangle their skein.

M. Briand left Paris for the London Conference with little support or confidence on the part of the French nation to back him. One was expecting—over here—a general defeat of the French proposals and the imminent fall of the Briand Cabinet. Instead of that the French delegation won all its points, and the Conference was so complete a triumph for "M. Aristide" that, waxing poetical, he compared the Thames Embankment to the "Cote d'Azur."

What had happened? Merely this. The British Government wanted to maintain in France a Cabinet which was not only well disposed towards England, but partly dependent on English support. The London triumph of M. Briand was chiefly meant for home consumption on this side of the Channel by French politicians and voters. The possibility (or danger) of M. Poincaré succeeding M. Briand has been avoided.

The comments of Sir Robert Horne in his answer to Lord Robert Cecil in the House of Commons on March 9th regarding the Horne-Krassin commercial treaty gave people over here a shock. Statements to the effect that, whatever one said, gold was gold and a jolly good thing too—whether it was blood-stained, or robbed, or stolen, or otherwise defiled—were found to be somewhat too candid. Nor did the assurance expressed that no Court would be able to claim the Bolshevik gold as belonging to previous (and lawful) masters and previous (and lawful) creditors make a very good impression. Emanating from "Island Pharisees," it looked a new departure in doubtful taste. "*Ça se fait, mais ça ne se dit pas . . .*"

Russian papers in Paris gave their leaders on this subject the short title of "Shamelessness."

The Polish *Warsaw Gazette*—organ of the Polish national democratic party—is scarcely behind in frankness, and i justly dealt with by the Russian newspaper under the sam succinct title as Sir Robert Horne's speech.

"Let the Russian cauldron boil," says the *Warsaw Gazette* "let contending factions weaken each other, we must wis that Soviet Government in Russia should stay."

Otherwise, the paper adds, any future Russian Governmen will be less accommodating over the question of the Easter frontier of Poland now so favourably settled at the Co ference in Riga. "Russia can do nothing against thes onslaughts," says the Russian paper. "But she wi remember."

While Britain and Poland both agree to let the Russia cauldron boil, the III. International is doubling toil ar trouble for rapacious Europe. Germany is alarmingly ne the edge of the Communistic precipice. Every new politic or economic pressure from the Allies throws so many tens thousands into the ranks of the German Communistic part In the coming spring the activity of the III. Internatior will be doubtless much attenuated by the present interr troubles in Soviet Russia. The Cronstadt revolt seems relegate the danger of a Bolshevik attack on Poland to more distant future. But if the Red Army will not advar propaganda will not cease. Cronstadt is, after all, m r the scene of a family quarrel between the Soviet authorit and "the beauty and the pride of the revolution," as t Russian sailors were called both by Kerensky and Lenin.

"The beauty and pride" gradually found itself more and more neglected and even drawn into the iron clutches of Trotsky's proletarian discipline. As they naturally saw no point in a *régime* where they were not "top-dogs" the sailors rebelled. The *Temps* justly describes the situation as a struggle between Bolsheviks and Communists.

The great expectations of all Russian radicals and democrats of becoming the successors of the Commissars would seem to be premature. The Cronstadt family scene stands a good chance of being patched up.

Paris, March 13, 1921. ENGO.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PROBABLY no play of Shakespeare's has been so injured by false interpretation as *Hamlet*. The average critic has declared Hamlet to be a contradictory character, neurotic, weak willed and immature, a nervous boy, with more than a man's task to perform.

Criticism of this kind arises from a failure to recognise that Shakespeare was a Catholic, and that in drawing Hamlet he was drawing a Catholic prince whose actions were controlled by the moral law.

Hamlet, viewed in this way, will be found to be a perfectly normal being, a statesman of the first order, subtle, with a high sense of honour and a detestation of trickery.

The removal of a neurotic Hamlet deprives the critic of a sentimental and superficial mystery; and the presentation of the real Hamlet adds tenfold to the complexity of the play, and reveals its inexhaustible resources of beauty and subtlety.

At the outset it is obviously a hopeless task to deal with this amazing example of Shakespeare's genius. Indeed, one can but recommend the reader to go to the play itself, and peruse it after considering the theme as we now propose to describe it.

Here is a poor outline of the plot and characters :—

Hamlet, the vigorous, manly, athletic, wise, statesmanke son of a brave and most kingly father, is permitted onverse with that father while he is suffering in Purgaory, where he is detained because he had been thrust by urder into the presence of his Judge. As the "poor host" himself says :—

> Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
> Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd,
> Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
> No reckoning made, but sent to my account
> With all my imperfections on my head.

He entreats Hamlet to avenge his death. But here is the cret of Hamlet's delay in killing the King. The ghost ys :—

> But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
> *Taint not thy mind.* . . ."

It is true that, in a moment of fury, Hamlet, finding his cle at prayer, feels disposed to kill him, and appreciates that in so doing he would perhaps launch his soul into everlasting safety. But that was obviously a sudden impulse. His killing of his uncle, after the evidence given by Laertes, partakes of the nature of a judicial act; for Hamlet while he lives is the true King, and is punishing with death the slayer of his father and mother.

Hamlet, burdened with the commission from his dead father, realises that he is in a den of wild beasts, and uses his statecraft to disarm his uncle's spies and agents. That is why the play of words between Hamlet and his false friends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is so full of depth and complexity.

Almost his first words in reply to them reveals the fact that he has smelt their treason; for he says :—"In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet."

Indeed, Shakespeare takes care to show that Hamlet is so perfect and subtle a statesman that he has a *flair* for hidden danger. For example, in the scene where Ophelia is used as bait for a trap, and while the King and Polonius hide, Hamlet is conscious of their presence, and when that consciousness becomes a certainty, he puts on his mask of madness, and frightens Ophelia with his ravings.

But the eavesdropping King is not quite deceived, for he says to Polonius :—

> "Love! his affections do not that way tend;
> Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
> Was not like madness."

Hamlet, from the outset, realised the danger which encompassed him, and he feigned madness to protect himself so that he might devise some proper means for his uncle's overthrow.

His uncle is cunning, and can play upon the splendid love of Laertes, for his own abominable ends. So Hamlet dies through treachery, yet not before he has carried out his father's injunctions.

The play is one of the most moral things in all literature. Observe how the sin of Hamlet's uncle drew his sister-in-law to perdition, and was the cause of the death of Polonius, the madness and death of Ophelia, and the death of Laertes, himself, and Hamlet. Shakespeare would show that the seed of sin grows to an awful harvest. The perfect friendship of Horatio, as contrasted with the treachery of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, is one of the most beautiful things in the play.

Now when it is said that Mr. Ernest Milton interpreted Hamlet in the foregoing way last week at the Old Vic, and will play Hamlet in its entirety on Shakespeare's birthday, 23rd April, it will be understood that we have in England an actor who is more than an actor, and who adds to his art the lustre of splendid thought. How perfectly he realised the moral power of the play will be understood when we say that he made a cross of his sword, and held the sacred emblem before him as he followed the ghost.

He richly deserved the appreciation which he received at the close of the play.

Claudius was well played by Wilfred Walter, and Polonius by Fredk. Harker. Austin Trevor as the Ghost was very dignified and convincing.

Jane Bacon was a charming Ophelia; while Florence Saunders as the Queen played that difficult part magnificently, especially in the scene where Hamlet accuses her.

We expect, in such a play as *Hamlet*, great things from the Old Vic, and in this instance we were not disappointed.

H. M. P.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

III.

The Yoke of Our Jewish Taskmasters.

WHAT is the primary cause of the present wave of unemployment ?

The high rate of interest on the War Loans !

The previous article ended with the proposal to defer the iscussion upon the economic effects which are likely to be roduced by a high or low rate of interest on the National Debt.

The other causes that are responsible for the present state f affairs may be again repeated in their order of importance, iz. :—

(1) The attitude of Labour.

(2) The ill-defined and difficult Fiscal policy of the Government.

(3) The movement towards Prohibition (Liquor control).

It may be as well that we give the fundamental principles nd arguments involved before discussing the economic effect f a high or low rate of interest upon the National Debt.

(1) If the rate of interest on the National Debt is high, then e average yield on the nation's industrial securities will be igher, and high interest generally means insecurity of capital.

(2) If the rate of interest on the National Debt is high and pparently safe, there will be less incentive to risk capital in dustrial enterprise. This means UNEMPLOYMENT for the orkers.

(3) If the interest yield upon industrial capital has to be gh because the interest on the National Debt is high, it may tract capital to this country (if it appears secure) for employent in industrial enterprise.

(4) If the rate of interest on the National Debt is high, the sult is a depreciation in the value of all our industrial securis, especially those with fixed interest. This depreciation eans a loss of capital for trade purposes, and thus creates NEMPLOYMENT.

(5) A high yield upon industrial capital can only be achieved a result of the following conditions :—

(*a*) The natural wealth of the country in power, minerals, mate, soil and shipping facilities must be greater than other mpeting countries.

(*b*) The skill and productiveness of each unit of labour must greater than that of the labour of other nations in similar lustries, if high wages are to be maintained.

(*c*) The profit upon each unit of labour must be great, or re must be standardised mass production in certain induses to obtain the maximum output possible, for the profit on ital to give a high interest yield.

(*d*) A large profit can be obtained upon each unit of labour the payment of low wages, sweating and long hours of our. This recourse is detrimental to the social welfare of the ion.

aving dealt with the arguments and the results to be ected from a high rate of interest on the National Debt, we l now proceed to analyse and judge in a similar manner the erse effects when the rate of interest on the National Debt is .

1) If the rate of interest on the National Debt is low, then a rate of interest on industrial capital can be more easily ained.

2) If the rate of interest on the National Debt is low, there be more incentive to risk capital in industrial enterprise. s means EMPLOYMENT for the workers.

3) If the rate of interest on the National Debt is low, there uld be a greater attraction of capital to this country for loyment in industrial enterprise, as there would be greater ty.

(4) If the rate of interest on the National Debt is low, the result will be an appreciation in the value of all our industrial securities and assets, thus providing more capital for trading purposes, and thereby creating EMPLOYMENT.

(5) A low rate of interest on industrial capital also means :—

(*a*) The natural advantages of the country are not such a necessity; if we possess them we get the benefit, rather than their being neutralised by the burden of high rates of interest. This burden of high interest has to be obtained as profit upon the efforts of the workers.

(*b*) The skill and productiveness of the workers need not be of such a high standard, and there is less necessity for a reduction in the existing scale of wages.

(*c*) The profit required upon each unit of labour being less, the competitive effort is not so exhausting. This produces a feeling of contentment amongst the workers, and a sense of safety to investors of capital in industrial enterprise.

(*d*) The payment of low wages and sweating, together with long hours of labour, being unnecessary, the social welfare of the nation would improve.

If the argument of the two cases can be accepted as being sound, it is conclusive that to get at the root of the existing evils, some modern method must be adopted for the conversion (without REPUDIATION) of the present high interest-bearing War Loans, into a National Security carrying a much lower rate of interest.

At this stage it may perhaps not be inopportune if the attention of readers is drawn to the significant fact, though possibly a coincidence, that the week following the publication of the first article on this subject has witnessed an important step taken by the Treasury with regard to the reduction of the interest payable on Treasury Bills; this, of course, has a corresponding effect upon the interest to be paid on the Treasury Bonds, which are being advertised so widely, great prominence being given to the tempting bait of 7 per cent. upon a National Security.

These Bonds, it is well known, are to a certain extent an attempt by the Treasury to fund the enormous floating debt of £1,300 millions. This the Treasury has created by its pernicious method of redeeming one piece of paper by the issue of another piece of paper, bearing a higher rate of interest.

Upon this question of interest it is rightly stated by a financial writer in *The Times* that the ½ per cent. reduction in the rate for Treasury Bills will mean a saving to the nation of about £7,000,000 per annum in interest on the Floating Debt alone. He incidentally mentions that it appears to be the intention of the Treasury to proceed cautiously with the revision of its financial policy.

One wonders what the financial policy has been which now needs revision, and why it has taken the Treasury two years and four months since the Armistice to make a start. Of the cautious—or shall we say neglectful—policy pursued, there can be no doubt. Perhaps now having made a start, the Treasury will have the courage to tackle the question of our War indebtedness with more modern and enlightened methods of finance, which should aim at the destruction of usurious methods (Jewish finance).

As the Floating Debt does not appear to have attracted much public attention, it may perhaps be useful to draw a comparison between it and the pre-war National Debt.

The Floating Debt is now practically twice the sum of the National Debt before the War, but it costs the nation annually nearly six times as much in interest.

It will be remembered that the National Debt was the pet aversion of the Liberals, and to reduce it they sacrificed the safety of the Empire by their parsimony towards the Naval and Military Forces, especially the latter. After they had reduced it by over £100 millions, it was a pathetic and ludicrous incident when Mr. Lloyd George, as you can imagine with tears in his eyes, announced that 20 days of War expenditure had eaten up the whole of the 10 years' reduction in the National Debt.

This is only one pitiable illustration of the wisdom of Liberal statesmanship. It nearly cost us our Empire, and will yet if their baneful influence cannot be removed.

In this respect the general public certainly do not appear to realise what the Liberal Government has cost the nation, in spite of their professed methods of economy and reform. These cheap Election Platform cries!

A few illustrations may be given of the cheapness of this economy and reform.

When the Liberal Government came into power in 1905 the total National Debt was between £700 and £800 millions; it is now nearly £8,000 millions. The rate of interest on the National Debt was 2½ per cent., and cost the nation about £20 millions annually. The rate of interest now on the National Debt is between 5 and 7 per cent., and costs the nation nearly £370 millions annually.

British Railway Stock, represented a subscribed capital of nearly £1,400 millions, and its Market value was then considerably over £2,000 millions; that capital is now only worth between £500 and £700 millions. The Market value of all British Industrial Securities was in the same relative position, and as these represented another £2,000 to £3,000 millions of capital, they have suffered to the same extent as British Railway Stock.

Of course, there has been a growth in the nominal capital of British Industrial Securities with the growth of new companies; but mostly as fast as more nominal capital has been created the depreciation of the previously existing capital has proceeded, until we arrive at the few years preceding the outbreak of War. The fear of Liberal legislation at this period was driving capital out of this country for investment abroad at the rate of £600 millions per annum.

The effect of the restriction in the employment of capital in industrial enterprise in this country was creating such uncertainty in employment for the workers that they were migrating at the rate of 350,000 per annum. Thus in four years preceding the War this country lost over 1,000,000 units of labour, and, not satisfied with that, the Liberal Government involved us in a war which lost us a similar number of units of the working population.

This, indeed, is a record of the disastrous effect of so-called Liberal statesmanship, and during the War they have, under the guidance of their Jewish taskmasters, placed a yoke about our necks, in the shape of an enormous War Debt, which, unless a concerted movement is made by the whole British nation, will end in our perpetual enslavement to the Jews, and the establishment of Judah as King of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Empire. This indeed appears to be the Promised Land (of "mugs") for the "Chosen People."

It is not possible at the moment to dwell upon the ramifications of the Jewish policy, but they will be dealt with in succeeding articles.

NEPTUNIAN.

FIGHTING BOLSHEVISM.

It is little less than pathetic to note the way in which appeals are being made by Unionist Societies and Clubs and by various Social Organisations such as the Middle Class Union, the British Commonwealth Union, the British Empire Union, the Primrose League and others, to fight Bolshevism, without disclosing that this World Disease is being backed and financed by the Jews and that the murder and chaos which exists in Russia is solely due to the Jew Devilry.

The most ignorant peasant in Russia knows that Bolshevism is run by the Jews; and the working man ought to know that to-day and during the war some of the large finance houses in London, of German Jew origin, were assisting and corresponding with the Bolshevics. The Russian Mujik is now crying out for a "Little Father," and he knows that the loyal misled Czar was murdered with all his family by the Jews, and he realises by experience that whenever there is murder and blackguardism, the Jew will always be found running the show. The British public is not allowed to know this fact. The different Anti-Bolshevic societies are being influenced by Jews to checkmate any attempt to tell the truth; and when a secretary of some society accepts a subscription from some wealthy Jew to help on the good cause, he is in nearly every case opening the door to those who want to get to the inner councils to prevent effective action from being made. Once they are there the truth must not be told for fear of offending the sensitive subscriber.

The National Party, which should have been at the fore in the hour of danger, has thrown up the sponge, out of funk; instead of coming forward and exposing the disgraceful intrigue that is putting an end to its activities as a centre for candidates who wish to fight for the Empire. We are told to-day by the National Party that on National grounds no more candidates for Parliament are to be supported, in order to fight Bolshevism by supporting the Coalition. Is the Nation so blind that it cannot see that the same Jews who are running the Coalition as a money-making, Empire-wrecking proposition, are financing and assisting Bolshevism? All over the world ardent Bolshevics speak Yiddish. Mr. Lloyd George has to obey orders or be kicked out. A notorious Jew was sent to co-operate with Mr. Theodore, the Bolshevik agent in Queensland, in order to push the interests of the Yiddish Empire. Edwin Montagu, who shares with Trotsky the privilege of being, according to Israel Zangwill, one of the world's greatest Jews, is taking agitators out of gaol and placing them in important positions in India, where they can rule over white men. When taxed it is always somebody else who is responsible. He did not smash "Dyer" because he saved the lives of thousands of white women and children, but because he did what Mr. Montagu has always been incapable of doing, his duty, to the country of his birth. The Government did not appoint a man with the glorious old British name of Hohler to be British High Commissioner at Buda Pesth, and order him to intercede with the Hungarian Government for the lives of several of Bela Cohens brother murderers, out of hatred for Bolshevism, but because Lloyd George had to obey orders.

It is interesting to note that a man with the typical British name of Max Müller has been sent to Poland, when it is well known that the Poles would instinctively distrust a man with such a name.

As long as Lloyd George or any other Jew-run Ministers remain in the Coalition, the Government will make no effective fight against Bolshevism or Sinn Fein, what they take away with one hand in public with a flourish of trumpets, they give back with the other through underground channels. De Valera did not escape from Lincoln Gaol out of mere accident; secret orders have been sent to Ireland to upset Irish loyalists, and then people wonder why the trouble does not settle itself. In India loyal natives are being fanned into the arms of the agitators, Rufus Isaacs, the Jew, has been made Viceroy as an insult to the loyal native princes, and decorations have been showered on men like Ghandi, while the lowest type of sycophant in the India Office in London, who knows what is going on, applauds in the hope of getting some fat job in the future.

It is hopeless to expect to fight Bolshevism by supportin the Coalition, or by paying subscriptions to some of the Jew ridden societies which are deliberately hiding the truth fo fear of offending wealthy subscribers. The people shoul know that Bolshevism is backed by the Jews, that thousand of our boys lie dead in Flanders, Mesopotamia and Gallipol murdered owing to Jew treachery, that we have lost the peac after all the suffering and sacrifice thanks to the Jews in o midst, like Edwin Montagu and Lucien Wolf; although cred must be given to those comparatively few Jews who joined in 1914 and did their duty.

Readers of Plain English can do a great deal; when their copies are done with they should be sent to useful friends or given to some working man in a train or tram. White labour *versus* Red, published by *The Briton's* at 62, Oxford Street, at 2d. a copy, is a valuable summary of the whole question. Tho Jews work quietly, we must do as Mr. Ford's, Anti-Bolsheviks are doing in America to-day spreading quietly the truth about World Unrest; tell everybody to hand on papers and pamphlets on the subject. The Jews have been so hard hit in America (the country where a few years back Anti-Jew feeling was practically unknown) that the Jew-ridden puppet Wilson has got up a special manifesto with signatures of sycophants to try and prove what good citizens the Jews are; if they are so loyal, a manifesto is superfluous. Deeds count in the long run, not solicited testimonials, or, as they are termed nowadays, "Simonials." Those who want Civilisation to win in the fight against the Jews need not proclaim on the housetops what they are doing. Christianity was spread in Rome in the days of Nero by a number of devoted men and women, despite the hostility and treachery of the Jews, and Christianity won; and with the support of devoted workers, Civilisation, the outcome of Christianity, will win again, but it will be a hard fight. The British working man is beginning to understand that he has been fooled; he wants to get at those responsible; many readers of Plain English can help to let him know the truth. If the publications of *The Briton's* Society and Plain English are well circulated it will take a number of Lucien Wolfs and Israel Zangwills to stem the tide. The Jews may control the newspapers, the cinemas, the theatres and the bill posters, but they cannot stop people talking and thinking, and the real "John Bull," not the Jew-nfluenced paper, is beginning to take notice, and will act before long. He is beginning to notice the names and noses of many of those who are so anxious to lead him into the Bolshevik "Slough of Despond," and he is not "taking any."

REVIEWS.

A Jacobean Letter-Writer. (John Chamberlain). By E. P. Statham. (Kegan Paul). 12s. 6d. net.

When one spends an hour or two reading the letters of John hamberlain with all their gossiping details of court and ociety in the days of Queen Elizabeth and James I., the ossiping touch seems to infect the pen and the imagination touched with the desire to linger near the personality of he illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII, and hear and report ny details of the Queen in whose reign lived so much pulating English life, and whose Tudor tyranny pressed so hard pon many of the faithfulest of her friends. Let her 'portraits our National Collection, we say, merge into one, and the arying hues in them of her virgin hair combine, let her select composite costume from them all, and step out into life gain. Let her laugh at that old death-bed folly of hers that ept her in her distemper near a whole week from her bed, because she had a persuasion that if she once lay down she ould never rise"; let her take up even now her reputation r juvenility and treat some one of the ambassadors present th us to "measures and galliards in his presence," to show at she is not so old as some would have her. The same easures that her majesty trod and the same galliards that e tripped before the Duke of Bracciano, when she was but xty-seven, will serve very well, and have an air to us moders of quaintness. Her Virgin Majesty need but step down om her Heaven of blessed soules, where Richard Vennar aced her in his Swan Theatre masque, finally victorious in mortal combat with the King of Spain, and crowned by gels with "an Emperiall Crowne garnished with the Sunne, Moone, and Starres." Vigorous, virgin monarch, no wonder she so resented approaching death that "here was some whispering," John Chamberlain tells us, "that her braine was somewhat distempered." Her "obstinate silence" precluded the making of a will. "She made no will nor gave anythinge away, so that they which come after her shall finde a well-stored jewell house and a rich wardrobe of more than 2000 gownes which all things els aunswerable." How some of these jewels and gownes came into possession our letter-writer suggests: "On Monday or Tuesday next the Lord Admirall is to feast her (the Queen) at Arundell House; and then the Lord Thomas Howard and the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Hunsdon), and all is to entertain the time and win her to stay here if it may be." "(The Queen) made a stop at Mr. Atturneys (Sir Edward Coke), at Stoke, where she was most sumptuously entertained and presented with jewells and other gifts to the value of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds." "The Lord Admirall's feasting the Quene had nothing extraordinarie, neither were his presents so precious as was expected; being only a whole suit of apparel, whereas it was thought he wold have bestowed his rich hangings of all the fights with the Spanish Armada in eightie-eight."

The ingratitude of Lord Admiralls! We will take the District Railway to the Temple, and linger about in Arundel Street and pick up more gossip of the past, aye, and of the present. For the first we gather is that those rich "Armada" hangings are still to-day in the possession of the family, thank you, at least in reproduction; for though they were destroyed by fire in the House of Lords, in 1834, the whole series had previously been engraved by John Pine, and the engravings are to-day preserved with all their historical value, in Arundel Castle. But, as we say, the ingratutide of Lord Admiralls! Will it be believed that the Virgin Queen had herself given her host the house in which he entertained her? True, it was not hers to give, but then this royal Tudor confiscated estates as she would dance a galliard. She had invited herself to a banquet there in days gone by when Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel was owner, and having been sumptuously feasted, and having departed, she forthwith made the Earl prisoner in his own house, and subsequently hounded him to death. Some seven years before the Admiral entertained her she sent the Earl her last message by word of mouth, which he received dying of poison in the Tower. It was an offer to buy his conscience at the price of his old possessions and prestige, whereupon the Earl of Arundel sent her a reply as tripping in its measure as one of her own galliards. He could not accept her offer, he said, and he was sorry he had but one life to lose for the cause for which he suffered. John Chamberlain does not record this incident. It is from the Howard family manuscripts. But you do not get an accurate portrait by hearing tattle only on one side, not even, perhaps, an accurate glimpse. Chamberlain does not claim to do more than write chatty letters to his friend, Sir Dudley Carleton, and gives us no reliable estimate of the character of either Elizabeth or James I., but in the extracts from his letters he gives us many a little point that sends the mind to gossip from other sources concerning those who played a leading part in the Elizabethan and early-Jacobean times. There is Lord Burghley's funeral, with its glimpse of the Earl of Essex "who (whether it upon consideration of the present occasion, or for his owne disfavours) methought carried the heaviest countenance of the companie"; there are glimpses of Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Walter Raleigh, George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Sir Ralph Winwood, Sir Henry Wotton, and a vast number of others. And withal the book offers these names of vision to the things related that can only be conveyed by a contemporary writer. John Chamberlain's letters are known to writers of the period with which they are concerned, but the volume provided by Commander Statham has passed through a discriminating process which has discarded such items as may be regarded as the dry husks of correspondence, and retained the grain in compact form for the benefit of the modern reader.

The Political Aspect of St. Augustine's "City of God." By John Neville Figgis, Litt.D. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

Of all the writings of St. Augustine the two best known and most widely read, the same two which received the special attention of Wycliffe and Luther, are his "Confessions" and "The City of God." Of the former it is not necessary to speak in this review, but the latter is a book which gave to the world the Catholic vision of Empire at a moment when Alaric's sack of Rome in 410 and the collapse of the central government of the Roman Empire were producing mental chaos and dismay. Was not, men asked, this upheaval of the established order a judgment brought about by the neglected pagan gods of Rome? St. Augustine wrote of a clearly delineated, corporate body, the Eternal City of God, a something unique in human history, a something standing alone and persistent amid the law of universal change, and the basis of the theory of St. Augustine's book is that the founder of this City was God-Incarnate, who set it in the world, not tentatively or experimentally, but with perfect knowledge of all that was to come. St. Augustine exposed the follies of the pagan theology, pointed out the work among men of good and evil spirits, and compared the ideal of temporal empire to that of the "City of God," which embraced the prospect of a "felicity that shall be disturbed by no evil, and where no other business shall be followed but that of singing the praises of God, who shall be all in all." St. Augustine saw the consummation of this ideal as in a vision of the far off. What he saw clearly in the temporal sphere of things was that there should be no break in the unity of this "City" throughout the ages. But though he was himself the first to speak of the "middle age," through which this God-made organisation should pass on towards its final consummation, he recognised clearly enough that while the triumph of the City was its ultimate prospect, yet its "militant" members were, if not of the world, at least *in* the world, and that therefore things of eternity had to find their due relation to things of time; and the maxim of the Divine Founder: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's" had to have its interpretation in practice down the ages of its temporal existence. Hence in the book before us we get the writer's views of "the political aspects of St. Augustine's 'City of God,'" as enunciated in his lectures.

In the penultimate lecture of the book the author says "Literally immeasurable has been the influence of S. Augustine in moulding the mind of Western Europe. So deeply has it entered into our life, that it is not possible to say where his influence begins and where it ends. For the mediæval world he summed up so much of their heritage from the ancient world—he was so large a conduit pipe—that it is hard to say where the stream did not penetrate. His characteristic theological doctrine is so universal and of such immense import in the West, that it is easy to over-estimate it in comparison with others." Why its importance should render it easy of over-estimation does not seem quite clear, but at all events we get here a tribute to St. Augustine of such a character as to bring to mind irresistibly a recently reiterated assertion: "The Faith is Europe, and Europe is the Faith." The giver of these lectures rightly enough insisted in them on the fact that "the 'De Civitate Dei' is not a treatise on politics," "the 'De Civitate Dei' is apologetic and theological. It is not a treatise on polity, whether ecclesiastical or civil." At the same time it is true that when the genius of St. Augustine recapitulated the past and exerted its influence on the Europe of his day and began its age-long power to direct and mould, it did so in a civilisation which was built upon the Catholic faith in the Incarnation. Such views on politics as are found in it are not concerned with a Europe of warring nationalities, but the unity of the City of God, in line with the unity of the discredited pagan Roman Empire and of the new Christian civilisation. Mr. Figgis has much disquisition as to what St. Augustine understood by the Church, and in one passage quotes John Henry Newman's sermons on the Church as showing how far the idea, inaugurated by St. Augustine, of the Church as an imperial power could be carried, in contrast to the ideas of Eastern writers—the East, we are told, "preserving the view that the laity form a real part of the organisation"!

Mr. Figgis thinks that in St. Augustine can be found the germs of subsequent developments of the Jesuits "in order the better to exalt the Church."

> Jesuit writers and others on that side developed frankly a doctrine of the Civil State as being purely secular and having no ends that were not material. It can have to do with higher ideals only in so far as it is directed to these ends by the supreme religious guide. That is the principle of Bellarmin developed frankly and without disguise."

A little lower we get:

> The distinction on which all this argument depends unfortunately comes through S. Augustine. We saw that he was not always thinking of politics. Yet it remains true that the whole conception of the State as *Civitas terrena* is precisely what enabled the Jesuits to set up their doctrine of the civil state.

We are not theologians. But we estimate this view of Jesuit work in the light of the lecturer's view of Harnack, Hooker and of Luther and Melanchthon, who "desired to transfer to civic and family life all the consecration of aim associated heretofore with monastic devotion." Just as, we suppose, St. Benedict desired to transfer to monastic life all the consecration of aim associated heretofore with the Family life at Nazareth.

A Forgotten Empress. By Maud Edleston. (Jonathan Palmer.) 2s. net.

The sketches which form the contents of this volume have a certain interest in retaining for future perusal a little collection of impressions from contemporary history. That they are written by a keen observer with a facile pen and bear the stamp of something of the writer's personality, gives them their note of unity. Otherwise the sketches are as diverse as that of the German ex-Emperor in Norfolk in 1899, and of the Coronation of the late Pope. The bit of writing which gives the title of the book is a gently touched and sympathetic picture of the pathetic life of the widow of the late Emperor Maximilian. The Princess Charlotte of Belgium, third child and only daughter of the "Uncle Leopold" of the diaries of the late Queen Victoria, is one of the many figures of tragedy in high places. The Empress Charlotte of Mexico, as she now is, lives in complete privacy, and in health permanently injured by the sorrow of her life. It is interesting to note that the invalid suffered no molestation in her retreat at Bouchout, not far from Brussels, in the German invasion of Belgium. She is not only a Belgian Princess, but also an Austrian Archduchess. The little book retells the story of her husband's call from his romantic home at Miramar on the shores of the Adriatic to accept the perilous—and for him impossible—task of Imperial Rule in Mexico. It was a position for which he was temperamentally unsuited, and its difficulties rapidly increased. The Empress at his earnest request left his side to come to Europe to appeal for help, and even before the Emperor's life had closed in the tragedy of his death on the charge of high treason "for attempting to introduce foreign rule to Mexico," the Empress had succumbed to the mental malady which was at once the result of anguish and the merciful softening of the blow of bereavement. The Emperor Maximilian's body lies in the Kaiser Gruft in Vienna, and has its own pathetic place in the tragedy of the House of Austria.

Then we have a literary snapshot of "the Kaiser in Norfolk," and the mind dwells on the upheaval in Europe since that day in November, 1899, when, on his departure from Sandringham, "the train (from Wolferton Station) started punctually at 10.1, and the German Emperor and Empress stood at the window of the saloon when passing the level crossing, stil bowing and smiling."

The picture of the funeral of King Edward VII., at which the authoress was present, has a footnote appended, significan of the mutability of human affairs. It may be quoted as written, unamended, since as it stands it is sufficiently pathetic.

> It is sad to reflect how tragedy and misfortune have overtaken most of these Monarchs and Crown Princes assembled for the funeral of King Edward that day. Assassination befell King George of Greece, and both the Austrian and Turkish heirs, King Frederick of Denmark died in 1912, King Manoel, King Ferdinand, the Emperor William, and King Constantine of Greece have been driven into exile. Only King George, King Alfonso, King Haakon, and King Albert remain. The Empress Marie has lost her son, the Czar Nicholas, and his heir, if not his Empress and four daughters too, by assassination, yet escaping from Russia has, like Queen Alexandra and the Empress Eugenie, lived through it all.

The little book contains in addition accounts of the funeral of Pope Leo XIII., and the coronation of Pope Pius X.

NOVELS.

Captain Macedoine's Daughter. By William McFee. (Martin Seeker.) 9s. net.

Following his "Casuals of the Sea," published four years ago, Mr. McFee offers now to the public in "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" a very different type of novel. While "Casuals of the Sea" was a swift, animated story, and introduced vivid personalities, this new work appears to the reader more like a dream, an intangible procession of immaterial beings.

Mr. McFee seems to have, in a rambling way, acquired vague notions about life and about love, and seeks to show what love means to different personalities—how it acts through the medium of different races. Obscurely reaching out for thoughts which half escape him, he endeavours to embody them in human beings, and present them through a story. We dimly feel his purpose, yet fail to understand at times, and we have, somehow, the uncomfortable impression of listening to a man who has much to say but cannot find expression for his thoughts. It cannot be denied that there runs throughout the narrative a subtle thread which seems to lead straight to the very essentials of human nature. The interest is kept up by that feeling and the consciousness of mystery of a problem which may, or may not, be solved. The author seems to be seeking a clue to life, and an effect of artistic appreciation, mixed with disappointment, is produced when at the close the problem remains, the veil is shifted, not lifted, and we are left with the sensation of having had a dream of peculiar intensity, yet a dream still, though it hovers at times strangely close to the realities of life. There are instances of keen personal observation and the rough elements of a good story, but it does not live. It is unfortunate the author should have chosen the form of a personal narrative, a very tiresome one for the reader. The book opens on a night at sea, and Mr. Spenlove, the engineer, looking back into the past, tells, and he tells it well, the story of lives he has watched. He is, as he calls it himself, the "super in the play," and the others, the actors, come in listlessly to play their parts, not of human beings, but of puppets representing elemental types. "The fact was, Mr. Spenlove was a connoisseur of humanity. He seemed to have met so many types that he unconsciously addressed himself to the fundamentals." There is the keynote of the book, and the reason why Mr. McFee, while he reaches an artistic "*ensemble*," fails to make of his characters personal, living beings. The very breath of life resides in the individual spirit, and Mr. McFee, in striving to attain the essential, overlooks every time the living personal touch. We are introduced first to Captain Macedoine, whose character is, as it were, the preface to that of his daughter. He is the supreme actor, the artist of his own life, acting always up to the glorified part he has set himself in life, following his temperament to his own peculiar destiny. His daughter, Artemisia, is the type of the half-caste, a woman with no specific place in the world, a living mystery, a Mona Lisa down to the smile, the "faint, derisive smile." "Queer," she suffers from being queer, but while no one understands, she seems to know herself and see through others, and bitterly realises that she is to expect nothing from life. A half-caste, she reflects: "My mother. . . . Now do you understand? I could never be like other girls. . . . I must make the best of it." And "making the best of it," she becomes the indifferent mistress of the wealthy Kinaitsky, resigned always, satisfied never. So she remains to the end, when Mr. Spenlove, after a long absence, finds her again in Saloniki, and the two might have evolved a solution of her destiny if a stray shot at the outbreak of the Italo-Turkish war had not put an end to her life. Throughout, Mr. Spenlove is the intrigued, distant friend, in the background always, almost inclined at times to treat her as a human being and be human himself, yet always retiring in the half-gloom of his own destiny, from where we watch, with him, the pale lives of her and other types. They all have their conception of love, and all seem unable to comprehend any other. As we proceed with the narrator on his way, we gather profound, if not clear, notions of the ways of love. We see the exclusive love of Jack, the captain, the staunch Briton, for his wife, the domestic clinging of mate to mate, the supreme aloofness of Artemisia, who gives and yet never gives, the "calf love" of young Siddons, the refined sensuality of the polygamist Kinaitsky, the simple elemental sexuality of the Sarofovs, the Eastern women, up to the exalted ideal of love as a divine flame of Miss Kinaitsky. We are undoubtedly impatient with the slow unwinding of a rather thin story, the too synthetic psychology, the persistent elusiveness, yet, after all, we wonder whether the effect produced is not exactly that designed by the author, and we are bound to perceive the artist in him when he leaves us wondering, with Mr. Spenlove, at the diversity of human nature: "And even now, in the mists of the accumulating years, I wonder still."

The Lure of the Honey Bird. By J. Weedon Birch. (G. Heath Robinson and J. Birch, Ltd.). 7s. 6d.

Mr. J. Weedon Birch has written a book which will appeal strongly to the many who feel the lure of Africa as of the honey bird. It is a story of white children, a baby boy and baby girl, brother and sister, kidnapped by the Chirimbi tribe, and brought up by natives in ignorance of their origin. At the time the story opens they have reached adult age and within them is stirring something of the nostalgia that comes from heredity. Almost simultaneously they are involved in war between white and black, and it will be readily seen that we have the setting for a tale of stirring adventure. Yet there is more in the book than love and adventure. There is the problem of the relationship of white and black man, the study of their conflicting ideals and ideas. We understand that the author was a pioneer of the Empire and in Rhodesia at the time when Cecil Rhodes was dreaming of plans which afterwards became famous. This being so, the local colour of the novel is supplied by one well acquainted with the country of the story. And his detailed knowledge and power of description give an air of reality to the book which is no mean asset. The thread of the narrative with all its love interest and exciting incidents is well worked out in the environment of the first Matabele War, with King Lobengula. The book is attractively bound and printed and should be a popular novel of the season.

What Next? By Dennis Mackay. (John Murray). 7s. 6d.

It is very uncomfortable for the heir of a man reputed to own a million to find himself penniless on inheriting. And he may well ask "What next?" And if an author like Dennis Mackay can make this the starting point of his story, and keep us asking excitedly the same question through the pages of his book, he has doubtlessly accomplished a clever bit of work. And this Mr. Mackay has done. There is an air of satirical humour running through the story which imparts the savour of a sauce—a *dulcem saporem.* The hero, James Grant, is a "sport," his valet is a greater one, Mary, his beloved, is a "sport" also, in her feminine place. And as it is an age when money-making is to the vast multitude a long, laborious, and often disappointing business, it is something of a mental recreation to watch the rapid progress of the firm "Grant and Lush," even though we, being in the know, are aware that the firm consists solely of the disappointed inheritor and his amazing valet. Some of our soldiers' deeds during the war will never be known. Here is the record divulged by Dennis Mackay of one who learned by correspondence, in the intervals of military duty, "How to be a force in life," "Success in Life," "Poultry-keeping for small gardens," "How to speak like a Gentleman." "How to become a Company Secretary," and several other useful acquirements. So that at the moment when James Grant woke up one day and found himself penniless his valet, Lush, was ready to step into the breach and make things hum for them both throughout the story. "I understand all right," said Jim, "though I don't see how the dickens you do it." "Nor do I," said Lush, "but it's the way my brain works." So far as the love interest goes, the hero's relations with his lady are very stimulating and original. "If I'd known you were coming—" began Jim . . . "If you'd known I was coming, you'd have had a better tea for me, I hope," interrupted the lovely creature. Or, "You won't talk to me like that when we're married," said Jim. "Now that'll do," said Mary. In fact, their conversations and adventures are all very amusing, and so is the whole book, and we cordially recommend it to the person of the jaded mind.

The Last of the Corinthians. By John Gabriel. (Odhams, Ltd.). 2s. net.

Let others write moodily of phychological problems and subtly explore the inner recesses and complexities of the human mind. Mr. John Gabriel writes of sport and movement, stirring event and crises of crime. So that the reader be carried breathlessly from point to point, so that he at one moment follows the contests of the Corinthian, at another the baffling of the detective, at another the ride to victory, at another the unmasking of the villian, the psychology of it all may be left to others. Which is all to say that this little volume, one of whose merits is that it will slip easily into the pocket, to emerge in railway carriage or hotel, contains a stirring story of sustained interest of a melodramatic sporting type. "The hour that followed was packed with quick-moving drama." That is the sort of book it is. And those who are not too *blasés* to be thrilled by the (imaginary) sight of the "Fontaine diamonds" or excited over their loss or rejoiced at their recovery, or to enjoy thoroughly the sporting description of a boxing match, a steeplechase, or a daring wager, will find plenty of enjoyment in this skillfully told tale.

The Barton Mystery. By George Goodchild. (Jarrolds.) 2s. net.

This is the story of the mystery which is unravelled in one of the Stoll picture plays. It is a tragi-comedy issued in a form which enables you to place it in your pocket and with it beguile a railway journey. It is described as "the remarkable story of a remarkable medium," but it does not contain very serious propaganda of necromancy or spiritism. Beverley, "the well-known Bond Street psychic," while exhibiting enough occult prowess to add to the sensation of the piece and be the centre round which it all revolves, has a penchant for spirits of a more materialistic sort and is obviously not in favour of prohibition. The admixture in him of charlatanism and philanthropy secures him some sympathy from the reader, who in any case finds him as essential to the story as Shakespeare's clown is in King Lear. Sir Everard and Lady Marshall, with their farcical domestic controversies, are amusing characters who supply comic relief in a story of murder and criminal trial. Sir Everard at first stoutly opposes his wife's enthusiastic support of Beverley, and his conversion to belief in the mysterious powers of the medium is only purchased at the cost of her own faith, she supplying the occult information necessary by signs to Beverley behind her husband's back. She supplies these to obtain triumph over her scoffing spouse, but it costs her her faith in Beverley. The problem as to the perpetrator of a murder is the one the medium assists in solving, he having, in the interests of philanthropy, to abandon for the moment the resources of the occult in favour of a forged marriage licence. Still, by fooling or by fraud, he assists in the unravelling of the mystery, and when those he has assisted, conscious of their indebtedness, endeavour to express a sense of it, they find he has maintained his atmosphere of professional detachment by disappearing from London in favour of Monte Carlo. Mr. Goodchild has the dramatic instinct and knows how to permeate a story of crime with the oil of humour.

The Spirit of the Border. By Zane Grey. (T. Werner Lawrie.). 9s. net.

When we in this country hear of "the Border" our mind associates the word with the borders of England and Scotland and the "robbers and brigands that were wont to reign and triumph there," as the Chancellor said to King James in 1609. Zane Grey's novel is concerned with the frontier of civilisation in America and its white men outlaws and hostile Indian tribes The struggle of the pioneer upon the border in the West was one intensified by the vicious work of renegade whites, who lived among the savages and "harassed the border, perpetrating all manner of fiendish cruelties upon the settlers" The author claims the possession of the journal of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, who is described as one of the most prominent of the hunter-pioneers who laboured in the settlement of the Western country The story of the book centres in the hamlet of the Christian Indians converted by the Moravian missionaries, and called Phaddenhutten, or the Village of Peace. One cannot but be struck by the singular lack of prudence in permitting white women, of delicate nurture and refined life, to take part in such dangerous and exacting enterprises. Their presence, of course, leads to the romance of a novel, and one reads with the constant dread of their capture and sufferings at the hands of Indians. But when Moravian missionaries are making strenuous and indeed, as it turns out, desperate efforts to establish some sort of Christian civilization among the Delawares and the Chippewas, it is a heavy drag on their enterprise to have two of their earnest missionaries rivals for the hand of one of the English ladies. However, it all adds to the romance of the book for the ordinary reader. And since inevitably the ladies are carried off and their lives, and worse, imperilled; since their captors are tracked and themselves rescued; since we get the impression of wild life in open spaces, scout-craft, straight shooting and hair-breadth escapes in the same story as that of the gentle heroism of the missionaries, it will be seen that this further book of Zane Grey offers that perusal of adventure, sport and dealings with the Indians which charms a large section of the reading public.

An Impossible Apollo. By Thomas Cobb. (John Lane.) 8s. 6d. net.

The impossible Apollo is one Davy Giles. He proved himself sufficiently possible for Jean Norrington to make a runaway match with him. And the difference of social status —she being socially far superior—created no such situation ultimately as could not be accepted by her family in general. The Great War was an enormous class-leveller while it lasted. Viscounts in the trenches chummed with village schoolmasters, and it is all to the credit of the former if the moral worth, possibly even the heroic worth, of the new friend, found under utterly new conditions of life, can be so appreciated as to surmount the barriers of class-exclusiveness, even when the war is over. Such is the theme upon which Mr. Cobb builds his attractive story. The intermarrying of a brother and sister from the rich ranks of the upper middle class with a sister and brother of the poor ranks of the lower middle class gives the author of "The Dissemblers" and other stories the substance of a novel in which he displays undiminished powers of narration and characterisation, and presents a social study which will have a widespread appeal and should be deservedly popular. Many interesting, exciting and amusing events are interspersed in the main thread of the story.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EMPIRE DAY OBSERVANCE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Dear Sir,—As at the present time it may seem especially desirable that the Nation and Empire should take some step of publicly showing that it looks for its hope of Peace and Prosperity to Almighty God, I beg to suggest, as a subject of the Empire that a Religious Observance of Empire Day on Tuesday, May 24th would afford such an opportunity, and that if observed as a Day of Thanksgiving and of humble Intercession, it could not fail to bring God's Blessing on itself and work in all parts of the World.

Yours faithfully,
Walter M. Smith-Dorrien.

The Vicarage, Crediton, *March 12th*, 1921.

LORD READING AND INDIA.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—The King being Head of the Established Church of England, and part of his style "Defender of the Faith," it is certainly improper and probably unconstitutional that he should be personated by one who incarnates denial of the fundamental basis of the Christian religion and whose race is marked out for all time as having slain its Founder.

A Jew cannot honestly be the Viceroy of the King of England.

We desire to Christianise the peoples of India, and we raise large sums for Missions to that end.

Could a more bitter irony be conceived than such an appointment? What must be the inference drawn by thoughtful and intelligent "Natives"?

I am, &c.,
H. Crouch Batchelor.

10, Wetherby Terrace, S.W.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SNOBBERY.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—A matter of particular interest to yourself has arisen owing to the extraordinary abstention of the better-known public schools from the Annual Boxing, Gymnastic and Fencing Championships recently held at the Polytechnic, Regent Street. As a former public school athlete you will be interested. The honoured originator of the Queensberry Rules of Boxing was a sportsman in the truest sense, and would turn in his grave at the prospect of British boys refusing to meet other British boys in the "magic ring" on the grounds of class distinction and snobbery.

And yet this has actually happened. In the latest championships the entries from almost all the greater public schools are conspicuous by their absence. The reason is almost inconceivable. It is that the competitions are now open to the many splendid, but lesser-known public schools from all parts of the country. The championships were formally held at Aldershot, but I venture to say that the Regent Street Polytechnic is far better and more convenient. I write as one who was keenly identified with the competitions at Aldershot in former years when every public school, without exception, was proud to enter. It appears that these time-honoured tests will now be left to the minor public schools of England—a great pity, in my opinion.

I do not blame the boys: they are sportsmen to the core. But I do blame those who are responsible for their direction. Such an attitude inculcates a spirit of snobbery which is unsporting, un-English and miseducational. It is too late in the day for this sort of thing.

I am, yours truly,
Old Isleworth Hugh Blaker.

[We agree with every word that our correspondent says. —Ed.]

THE AUTHENTICITY OF "THE PROTOCOLS OF THE LEARNED ELDERS OF ZION."

To the Editor of Plain English.

Dear Sir: Your correspondent "Knickerbocker," in the New York Notes of last week, mentions Princess Catherine Radizwill, who has denied the authenticity of the "Protocols," as being *née* Miss Deacon, of Boston. There is a confusion of identity here which is easily understood, as the genealogy of the House of Radizwill is most intricate. Princess Catherine is not an American, she is a Pole by birth, and first came into prominence when she lived in London as the friend of the late Lord Salisbury. Lord Salisbury, tiring of this most versatile Princess *a la* Elinor Glynn, sent her to South Africa with letters of introduction to Cecil Rhodes. The Empire-maker did not have a *penchant* for princesses, and when her Serene Highness gave him a "dud" cheque, he did not hesitate to deliver her into the hands of the law, with the result that she was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Since coming out of prison Princess Catherine has shown no delicacy as to the source of her income, and it is only natural that she should (for a consideration) write for the *American Hebrew* articles which whitewash the Jews in regard to the charges of being the assassins of the Tsar and all the Russian nobility.

In your last issue there is another point which I beg permission to elaborate. In the article entitled "Achad Ha'am, Occult Ruler of Britain," it is said, quoting from some American paper, that Max Nordau prophesied the fulfilment under England of the Jewish Nationalist movement. Is it not a fact that he actually prophesied the victory of Germany? Certainly at the beginning of the war he and his family left France for Spain in a cattle truck, heaping curses all the way on France, with a few "*strafes*" for England added as good measure. After the Battle of the Marne it was quite apparent that, no matter how long the war lasted, Germany was beaten. It was then Nordau discovered his love for "great and free England," and not in 1903, as stated in your quotation.

I am, Sir,
Patrick Hamilton.

Hep, near Tring, Bucks, March 12.

IS LENIN A JEW?

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Your contributor "R. W." is very sure about Lenin's origin, but it is not so clearly Slavonic as he thinks. I enclose his portrait taken for identification purposes when he was a prisoner in Petersburg in 1905 (the date when the Protocols were first published!), reproduced in *The Hidden Hand* of July, 1920. The *Russian Outlook*, of June 5, 1920, gives this account of him contributed by a Danish correspondent:—

> "The reason for abolishing the Sunday in Russia is very natural to the leading members of the so-called Soviet Government. Lenin *alias* Ninel Ulian (the Russian 'ov' has been added in order to Russianise the name), is a Calmyk Jew, and not at all a Russian noble as he pretends to be, and his comrades, Messrs. Bronstein, Finkelstein, Apfelbaum, Nahmkes, do not pretend to be other than Jews in the fiery Western Europe. But for the Russian peasants they are Russians! . . . Lenin's wife is a pure Jewess, and his children speak Yiddish fluently, which even your famous Mr. Lansbury does not deny. Why should not the now recognised leader of the Soviet officially introduce the Jewish Sabbath instead of the Christian Sunday?"

Yours, etc.,
March 14, 1921. J. H. C.

A VOICE FROM TOWER HILL.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Ex-Inspector Syme delivered an impressive address to-day at Tower Hill. He stated his grievance, and appealed to the public for assistance in his struggle for justice. He produced certain letters which show the strength of his case. His most important point, however, was that the King is obliged by his Coronation Oath to see that justice is done to all his subjects, even if unworthy Ministers advise His Majesty to the contrary in any particular case. Syme related the facts as to his alleged attempt to obstruct the police in the performance of their duty, and said that whereas the newspapers stated that he had been sent to Fulham as insane, they were silent concerning his release. He intends to speak at a public meeting in Trafalgar Square on April 3. No doubt our enemies will make the most of his case to foster prejudice against the King. Syme's mistake was that his petition to the King passed through the hands of Smillie and other undesirable persons. He invited questions to-day, and a man in the crowd said, " Suppose the King should adopt your suggestion [an order to the Home Secretary to redress the wrong done to Syme], as I wish he would. How long would the Jews permit him to live ? " Syme's answer shows that he does not realise that our foes from Frankfort have Ministers in their power. Some days ago a man (some time bosun's mate on Winston's yacht) asked me where Plain English could be obtained. To-day he told me that he would not believe the " Jutland " statements at first, but the truth of the charges has been grasped by him since he read the paper, which he is taking regularly. May there be many like him !

Your obedient servant,
S. R. Potter.

36, Douglas Road, Romford.
March 15, 1921.

" LIQUOR CONTROL " AGAIN.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Re annexed cutting from *The Evening Dispatch*, Monday, March 14, 1921 :—

Another Injustice.

> Many people in Edinburgh are inquiring why it is that when a great influx of visitors to the city, such as we expect next Saturday, takes place, hotels and restaurants should be given power to sell liquor with lunch, when *every Saturday in the year thousands of our own population* are refused the refreshment.
>
> The question is very pertinent. Are these English visitors—for the most part of the invading army will be English—unable to lunch as we are *compelled* to do every Saturday without alcoholic liquor ? Why cannot they take their lunch when they come to Edinburgh as Edinburgh people have to do every Saturday in the year ?
>
> Scotsmen at their midday meal will be permitted for one Saturday in the year to order what liquor they please simply because *strangers* have come into the town *whose requirements have to be considered* much more generously than those of the native.
>
> The departure raises an important point which should not be allowed to drop. *If Englishmen are not to be deprived of the refreshments they demand, why should Scotsmen? The question badly wants threshing out.*

May we respectfully hope that you will take a hand in administering this highly necessary and deservable " threshing " ?

I do my little best for Plain English—while, reserving my right of " private judgment " on *one* obvious point, and am,

Yours, etc.,
C. F. Boyd.

West End Hotel, Edinburgh.,
March 15, 1921.

THE IRISH SOVIET.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir : On Wednesday night in the House of Commons, Sir Hamar Greenwood said that the Government could have no dealings with the " Soviet of Ireland." Considering the fact that Sir Hamar's brother-in-law, Leopold Amery, has been one of the chief agents in forcing Mr. George to recognise the " Soviet of Russia," this strange and new antipathy for soviets is amusing. On Wednesday morning friends of the Greenwood-Amery combine met Kerensky (Adler) in a house in happy Hampstead, where the coming victory of the day was announced three hours before Robert Horne signed the pact.

Yours, &c.,
Asbestos.

STOP PRESS.

AN " ENGLISH " BRIDE FOR YORK.

In the controlled press there is soon to be launched a campaign demanding that at least one of the Royal Princes marries an "English" girl. This in truth is part of the plan of the Learned Elders of Zion to substitute a Yiddish Dynasty in place of our Royal Family.

The first step in this diabolic scheme was taken during the war, when influence was brought to bear upon His Majesty to take the name of Windsor instead of the ancient and kingly name of Guelph. Had any name been taken it was the name of Plantagenet which should have been re-established. Those Privy Councillors, however, who are of German-Jew origin wished to establish a Royal precedent for changing names. It is interesting to note that Lord Plymouth, who is the head of the real House of Windsor, never had so much as a polite letter from the Groom of the Backstairs suggesting that His Majesty wished to take the name of Windsor.

The fulfilment of the iniquitous plot is nearing completion. The Duke of York is being thrust into the company at various house parties and dances of a Miss Ashley. This young lady is a grand-daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, the old Jew money-lender of Frankfort, who became naturalised in the tolerant days of King Edward. Also the Duke of York is being kept very short of money, while Miss Ashley is allowed for dresses alone £2,000 a year. Anyone with a knowledge of the Jews' world plot can easily see that if a marriage is arranged, with the assistance of the Northcliffe Press, between the Duke of York and Sir Ernest Cassel's grand-daughter, there is small chance of the Prince of Wales marrying or even coming to the Throne. To protect the spirit of England from the corrupting influence of those who have been delivered up to "a reprobate sense" it is necessary to guard against any dilution of the Royal blood.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETRY.

Swift Wings-Songs in Sussex. (Vine Press. 6s. net.)

Romance of Souls. By P. S. G. Dubash. (Luzac & Co. 5s. post free.)

BIOGRAPHY.

Paul Verlaine. By Harvest Nicolson. (Constable. 12s.6d. net.)

LITERATURE.

Notes on Life and Letters. By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 9s. net.)

My Commonplace Book.—By J. T. Hackett. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

SCIENCE.

Easy Lessons in Einstein. By E. E. Glosson. (Routledge. 5s. net.)

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Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, in *The Sphere*, says: "Lord Alfred Douglas's is an extraordinarily interesting book. It is the story of reaction from a friendship which was once notorious. Lord Alfred Douglas declares that he knew nothing of Wilde's vices until the latter was committed for trial, that he was drawn towards him as a young man by admiration for his literary gifts and brilliant conversation. He spent money freely on his hero, to find long years afterwards that Wilde was ungrateful, that he had written in his 'De Profundis' a severe attack upon his old friend.

The manuscript of 'De Profundis,' we are told, has been deposited in the British Museum. . . . The policy of accepting manuscripts of a personal character of this kind by the British Museum is questionable, and it seems to me that Lord Alfred's arguments against it are irrefutable.

Lord Alfred Douglas, however, here has his revenge. He indicts Wilde as a man and as an author. With both indictments I entirely agree. . . . One of the most amusing of the many gibes in the book is one which has reference to Mr. Justice Darling. . . . The Wilde cult is being overdone at the moment. Wilde was not a great poet or a great imaginative writer in any form. It is passing strange that the first emphatic statement of that, to me, undeniable proposition should come from Lord Alfred Douglas."

The *Daily Telegraph* says: "Lord Alfred Douglas, having been bitterly attacked for his relations with Wilde, claims the right to give his own version and to clear his character from false and wilful aspersions. . . . We cannot deny to a calumniated man the duty, as well as the right, of self-defence. . . . The book is undoubtedly well written and contains, in our opinion, some just criticism."

Mr. Sorley Brown, in *The Border Standard*, says: "The chief point about the book is that it is a reply, and a truly magnificent reply, to the wicked tongue of slander and calumny. Lord Alfred has not been allowed to publish any extracts from the unpublished portions of 'De Profundis,' though they were used against him at the Ransome trial, but one by one he deals with the charges which Wilde and Wilde's biographers have made against him, and he shows how untrue and wicked those charges are . . . I believe Lord Alfred to be a man of rare heart and rarer genius."

The Times says: "Although Lord Alfred Douglas's 'Oscar Wilde and Myself' is not the kind of soft answer which will turn away the wrath of his various opponents, it will help people to form their estimate of the facts of the intimacy and confirm their probable impression of Oscar Wilde's character and talents. Lord Alfred Douglas has a pungent or even feline literary touch, but his general statement of the relations between Oscar Wilde and himself is straightforward and credible."

The Universe says: "As in the law courts it is the 'demeanour of the witness' that tells as heavily as anything else, so in a book like this it is the total impression that counts for most. And we think that no one can complete the task of reading the book through without feeling that he has been listening to a witness of truth. The two letters, printed in this book, which Lord Alfred received from George Wyndham—*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—should suffice for anyone who wants confirmation of this view,"

The Nation (New York) says: "In the main the charges against Lord Alfred Douglas seem to be that he was in some way the corruptor of Wilde, and that he not only failed to befriend Wilde in his time of stress during imprisonment and afterwards, but was actually a drain on Wilde, preventing him from following his career as a poet and sucking away his slender resources. To both these charges the present answer is, in our judgment, clear and convincing. From the dates given by the friendly biographers of Wilde it is perfectly manifest that he began his corrupt practices before his acquaintance with the unfortunate son of Lord Queensberry, and if any blame of the sort attaches to the younger man, it is that he clung to Wilde too generously in his downfall and befriended him too fully after his evil character was made manifest."

The Glasgow Herald says: "If Lord Alfred Douglas's book gives the quietus to the incompetent critics and dangerous moralists who endeavour to foist an Oscar Wilde cult upon an ignorant public, it will have served a purpose. Among these blind guides who proclaim that 'vice is never offensive under the great covering of art,' who, to say nothing of religion, have abjured faith in 'the eternal decency of things,' Mr. Stuart Mason, who is responsible for the 'Bibliography of Oscar Wilde,' must be assigned the Pontificate, despite the devotion of Messrs. Ross, Ransome, and other members of the obscure but strenuous brotherhood."

Birmingham Daily Post: "Whatever else may be thought of Lord Alfred Douglas, he is certainly among the ablest writers and acutest critics of the present day. His view of Wilde will, one fancies, be endorsed by posterity. Wilde was a clever man but not a great one."

The Argonaut (San Francisco): "A defence such as this must necessarily proceed with wariness, but the author can hardly do less than repudiate categorically the suggestion made in Mr. Ransome's book and elsewhere that he was actually responsible for Wilde's downfall:—

> "'Nobody who reads Mr. Ransome's book before (out of the kindness of heart) he removed his aspersions on me, could doubt for a moment that he wished to convey the impression that I had a bad influence upon Wilde and that it was this bad influence that brought Wilde to grief and prevented him from rehabilitating himself after his release. Yet it is this same Mr. Ransome—who tells his readers in his preface that he is indebted to Mr. Ross for verifications of his biographical facts—who gives us the following precise details as to "the intensification of Wilde's personality" when he became a habitual devotee of the vice for which he was imprisoned: "*He had first experimented in that vice*," says Ransome, "*in* 1886; *his experiments became a habit in* 1889." Well, in 1886 I was a boy, fifteen years of age, at Winchester School, and I had never so much as heard of Oscar Wilde; whereas in 1889 I was eighteen years of age and in the south of France with a tutor, and was not to meet Wilde—whose name was still unknown to me—till nearly three years later. So that by the time we did meet he had already found his way to the lowest moral depths without my juvenile assistance.'

"This seems to be conclusive unless the author's dates or facts can be assailed, which is improbable. Lord Douglas makes an equally crushing reply to the charge of responsibility for the separation of Wilde and his wife after the prison doors had been opened."

JOHN LONG, Ltd., Publishesr, 12-14, Norris Street, Haymarket, LONDON.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 37.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MARCH 19, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in each succeeding number, and are continued in our present issue.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

[illegible] Great Ormond Street, W.C 1.

THE COMMUNIST PLOT.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

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A NOTE TO LIBRARIANS.

The Dundalgan Press venture to call attention to the fact that they have issued a SPECIAL Library Edition of

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The Times: There is much learning in its pages.

The Spectator: Part of this work consists of an exposition, brief and necessarily incomplete but sound within its limits, of the philosophic work of John Scotus Erigena, John Duns Scotus, Berkeley and Hutcheson; the remainder is devoted to a brilliant endeavour to discern a philosophy akin to, if not identical with, the theories of the Neo-Platonists, underlying the legends of Druidic Ireland. Mr. Pim's view of the allegorical nature of these legends is undoubtedly illuminating; and whatever may be the ultimate verdict on its correctness it gives them a unity and coherence which hitherto they have lacked. The style throughout is forcible and exact. . . .

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Life and Letters	243	The Freedom of the Press and National Interest	251
The Conservatives Emerge...	246	Reviews	253
The Communist Plot	247	Novels	253
Finance and Stock Markets ...	248	Correspondence	254
The Primary Cause of Unemployment	249	Books Received	257
The Art of Translation	250		

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Lord Denbigh and the "Daily Express."

We take the following from a contemporary :—

> The Earl of Denbigh sent to Lord Beaverbrook on Saturday a letter, in which he announced his resignation of the trusteeship for the debenture holders of the London *Express* Newspaper, Limited, in which Lord Beaverbrook holds the controlling interest, owing to the attitude of the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Express* on the question of cattle embargo.
>
> I have of late been noticing with feelings of increasing indignation, Lord Denbigh wrote, the methods whereby your press, presumably under your direction, has been presenting to the public the question of lifting the embargo on the importation of live cattle. . . . . It is well to know that the pros and cons of this important national question will now be examined by a Royal Commission with an impartiality that has been flagrantly absent from the columns of your papers.
>
> If the war brought home to us one lesson more than another it was surely the manner in which the raising of home food supplies—in a word, English agriculture—had been shamefully neglected in the past by successive politicians. . . The main difficulty in a democratic country such as ours is to educate the townsman, who knows little or nothing of the risks of agriculture, and make him see that it is to his interest that agriculture should be a great and flourishing industry. This it cannot be without very jealous precautions for the safety of our flocks and herds.
>
> "A Scandalous Untruth."
>
> It is not too much to expect that the leading organs of our great Press should be willing to play their part in the vital matter of this national education. Instead of this you, in your no doubt natural desire to boom your own press, constitute yourself the champion of cheap food and carry on a campaign in which apparent ignorance of agricultural conditions is only equalled by the deliberate misstatement of the main arguments against a repeal of the embargo on live cattle importation. I suggest that you are by no means singular in your desire for cheap food and the abolition of all war controls, but this embargo has no connection with the latter.
>
> Shortly before the Dudley election I noticed in one of the *Daily Express* leaders a statement to the effect that the embargo was only maintained in the interest of landlords. By this expression I suppose the writer means owners of land, and it would be interesting to know whether he also included the thousands who own the land they farm. In last Sunday's *Express* I saw an article in which you elegantly denounced those who support the embargo as "a bastard combination of landlords and big breeders," thereby inferring that the embargo is being maintained in their interests alone. Permit me to say that this is a scandalous untruth.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that we agree with everything that Lord Denbigh says. But at the same time, we fancy that it will come as a severe shock to most of our readers, as it did to ourselves, to be told that Lord Denbigh was up till a few days ago the trustee for the debenture holders of "the London *Express* Newspaper, Ltd." What, we should like to ask, has Lord Denbigh been doing *dans cette galère?* What has a land owning peer, a Conservative, and a Catholic been doing on the *Daily Express*? The *Daily Express* is the property of Max Aitken, a Jew, created Lord Beaverbrook by the Coalition Government for reasons best known to itself. For a long time past the *Express* (which is edited by Mr. Blumenfeld, a Jew) has been engaged in supporting the recognition of the Bolshevik Government. When the other day the infamous commercial treaty was signed committing his country to a recognition of Bolshevism and instituting trade relations with thieves and murderers who are execrated by all civilised Governments except our own, the *Express* came out with a triumphant whoop of joy. For months past it has been advocating "free divorce" which Lord Denbigh, as a Catholic, is bound to regard with horror, and its general policy is such that it is impossible that Lord Denbigh (unless he is a very different person from what he sets up to be) could regard it with anything but dismay. And yet it turns out that all this time Lord Denbigh has been a debenture holder of the *Express*, with a controlling interest, and actually drawing money from investment in its funds. It is only when the *Express* starts a campaign adversely affecting Lord Denbigh's own interest as a landed proprietor that he suddenly finds it impossible to allow his honoured name to continue to be associated with it. Lord Denbigh found no difficulty in swallowing pro-Bolshevik propaganda and a deliberate attempt to destroy Christian marriage, but when it comes to "lifting the embargo on the importation of live cattle" Lord Denbigh's proud spirit begins to wake up and he "demonstrates" accordingly. Well, we suppose the most charitable thing to say is "better late than never."

The Jews' Harp.

We have been favoured with the following touching "tribute" from that promising young Jew, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, who, we understand, occupies the proud position of "literary editor" on the *Daily Herald* :—

OUT OF DATE.

A Noon Edition said : "Lord Out of Date is Dead."
"Caruso's Grave Condition,"
Announced a Noon Edition.
But Cricket came off best, with "How We Lost the Test."

A Football Five o'clock annulled the ghastly shock.
Lord Out of Date denied that he had really died.
So poor Lord Out of Date has still some years to wait
Before he quits the scene of "What he Might have Been."

Siegfried Sassoon.

It was Blake who said “ Listen to the fool’s reproach, it is a kingly title,” and we are infinitely obliged to Mr. Sassoon for his kind attention. Next to the applause of the virtuous and the honourable, there is nothing which we more profoundly desiderate than the abuse of those who do not strike us as particularly shining examples of the qualities implied in that description. We remember about ten years ago that Mr. Siegfried Sassoon wrote some very good poetry, and we also remember that we were the first to publish some of it in *The Academy*. At that time Mr. Sassoon was an ingenuous youth who had not developed the virulent diseases of “ Bolshevitics ” and Pacifism, and was as yet no worshipper at the shrine of Robert Ross. Since then, however, he has “ come on ” amazingly, and we take it that he now considers himself to be as much “ up-to-date ” as we are “ out ” of it. As far as we can make out, the modern fashion for “ us youth ” in the matter of being “ up-to-date ” has not varied very much in the course of the ages. Boiled down to its essence it comes simply to a tendency

“ to commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of way.”

So that on the whole when we consider “ What We Might have Been ” but for the grace of God and a certain instinctive repulsion for the gods of Mr. Sassoon’s idolatory, we are not unduly cast down. No doubt if we had set about it in the right way, we might by now have been a “ Georgian poet,” the bosom friend of Messrs. Siegfried Sassoon, George Lansbury, H. G. Wells, Shane Leslie and Francis Meynell, the conscientious objectors’ pride, and the darling of the Jew-controlled London Press. Our death, when it occurred, might have called forth most melting threnodies from the principal “ singing-birds ” of the Oscar Wilde cult, and our failure to die according to schedule prepared by *The Evening News*, instead of provoking Mr. Siegfried Sassoon into the production of two stanzas of the most feeble and pointless doggerel that ever failed to get an entrance even into the *London Mercury* and *The English Review* (or *Dogs’ Home*), might have been made the occasion for an unexampled

“ Serving of beeks and jutting out of bums ”

on the part of the “ up-to-date ” writers in the organs of the “ higher culture,” and the “ psycho-sexual-analytical” movement. It is a sad thought that we have to forego all this honour and glory simply on account of being “ out of date.” On the other hand, however, we shall endeavour to “ bear up ” and to find in other directions consolation for our failure to earn the approval and countenance of Mr. Sassoon and his charming friends and compatriots.

Montenegro.

A member of His Majesty’s Privy Council for whom we entertain a high regard, has written begging us “ to be careful to avoid inaccuracies such as the statement that Montenegro was ‘ lying under the Turko-Jewish German heel for years ’ in the issue of Plain English for March 19th. Montenegro was free and independent for 500 years, and was the only Balkan State which survived when the Turks overran the Peninsula. The treatment of Montenegro was nefarious. . . . I attribute the destruction of a gallant little people to concessions made to international financiers.”

The passage to which our friend refers was inaccurately expressed, and was merely intended to refer to the sufferings of Montenegro during the war.

Why “English Society ”?

For several days past the papers have contained prominent accounts of the arrest of a “ well-known English Society lady ” at Cannes. We take the following from Wednesday’s *Times* :—

> Cannes, March 21.—For several months past thefts of pocket-books have been noticed on the lawn tennis courts here. As a result, it is stated, of police vigilance Mrs. Gordon Lowe has been arrested and charged with stealing a pocket-book which is said to have contained 5,000 francs (£200).—*Reuter.*
>
> (from our correspondent.)
>
> NICE, March 21.
>
> Mrs. Gordon Lowe was examined by the magistrate here this morning from 11 to 11.30, in the presence of her counsel. A little before 11 o’clock Mr. Gordon Lowe had arrived and visited her. Later he left again for Cannes.
>
> Mrs. Lowe will be brought up before the Court on Tuesday, April 5.
>
> CANNES, March 21.
>
> Mrs. Gordon Lowe has been released on bail of 60,000f. (about £1,070 at the present rate of exchange).

Mrs. Gordon Lowe (or Levi) is not “ well-known,” is not “ English,” and does not belong to “ Society.” Her husband is a Jew of German origin. She was bailed out by Lord Rocksavage, who is the brother-in-law of Sir Philip Sassoon, the Jewish private secretary of Mr. Lloyd George. It is curious to note the eager anxiety of our “ English ” press to fasten anything discreditable on to “ English Society.” Side by side with this we find an extraordinary desire to leave out of the papers, or tone down, anything which may tend to connect the Jews with occurrences which fall under the same category. The latest example of this is to be found in the action of the *Morning Post* which, alone of all the London papers, omitted to print an account of the proceedings at the Mansion House on the 17th of March last, over the question of “ The Autobiography of a Child,” published by a firm which goes by the name of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. The principal of this firm is a Mr. Swan Sonnenschein, a Jew, and at least two other members of the firm are Jews. Why should the *Morning Post*, which professes to be distinctly anti-Semitic, leave out all mention of this case from its legal reports ? Once again, we ask, will Lady Bathurst and Mr. Gwynne explain ?

“The Times ” and the World Disturbers.

It is quite natural that Sir Campbell Stuart should be angry with Lords Ampthill and Sydenham, Sir Michael O’Dwyer and Sir William Joynson-Hicks for daring to expose the plot by which Montagu is wrecking the Indian Empire. In a leader on the subject of India on Monday last, the hand of Lloyd George was evident, and this only goes to prove that the “ put-up ” fight between Northcliffe and Lloyd George was merely intended to conceal a secret alliance whereby George could use *The Times* in case of need.

The Times has nothing but fury to bestow upon the Emergency Committee formed by the afore-mentioned peers and knights in association with other patriotic persons, and its fury arises because this Emergency Committee may at the eleventh hour focus public indignation upon the Montagu conspiracy.

That the enemy has taken fright is evident. The European non-official members of the Council of State and of the Legislative Assembly at Delhi sent a telegram to Lord Ampthill.

These persons are the tools of Montagu, and may be trusted at any time to whitewash that ignoble being. So we have the following display of whitewash :—

> To Lord Ampthill, House of Lords, London.
>
> European non-official members Council of State and Legislative Assembly present in Delhi offer emphatic protest against Emergency Committee reported in Reuter's message March 10 to have been formed to draw attention to situations in India as serving no useful purpose and calculated to exasperate public opinion and prejudice effect of harmonious working here.—FRANK CARTER.

To this message Lord Ampthill replied :—

> To Honble. Mr. Frank Carter, Delhi.
>
> Your telegram received to-day. Mind your own business. It cannot hurt you that England should know the truth, and Englishmen will not stand anything less.—AMPTHILL.

We congratulate his Lordship on answering these persons as they require to be answered. Lord Ampthill knows India, and at one time took the place of Lord Curzon while the latter was Viceroy. Impossible though it may seem, *The Times* uses this fact as a means of contriving an insult for one of the few men who is alive to the conspiracy which is afoot to destroy this country and rob us of our Imperial heritage.

Our "Misinformed" Press.

The *Evening Standard* offered its readers the following paragraph on Monday last :—

> SECTARIAN RIOTS IN ULSTER.
>
> Rival crowds of Nationalists and Unionists came into conflict in the York-street district, Belfast, last night. Stones were thrown and revolvers fired freely.
>
> The police were compelled to fire on the rioters, and armoured cars eventually dispersed the crowds.
>
> Several casualties were admitted to hospital.
>
> During sectarian fighting in Londonderry there was considerable revolver firing, and a young man was stabbed. Police and military separated the rival crowds.

This is worthy of the Sir-Campbell-Stuart-controlled *Times* at its worst. Why should the *Evening Standard* endeavour to make it appear that the quarrel between the loyalists of Ulster and the Sinn Feiners is a sectarian quarrel?

The fact is that it is an age-long fight between the forces of order and disorder, a fight which preceded the " Reformation " by fifteen hundred years, and in which the level-headed and fearless people of Ulster have never been beaten. They know their Sinn Feiner, and they keep him at a distance.

But the *Evening Standard* in the present instance has made an unfortunate slip. It reported " sectarian riots " in the county of Londonderry. Now it happens that the Unionist member for South Londonderry is that good Catholic Mr. Dennis Henry, K.C., M.P., and if the fight between Ulster Unionists and Sinn Feiners is a " sectarian riot," how does it come about that the Unionists of South Londonderry have for years past chosen a Catholic to represent them in Parliament ? How does it come about, also, that one of the most recent books published to explain the Ulster loyalist position was written by a Catholic, and contained an introduction by Sir Edward Carson ?

We leave the *Evening Standard* to crack these little nuts, and suggest that it should obtain the services of a loyalist as its Ulster correspondent; for, as everyone knows, the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners are doing all they can to mix up Sinn Fein with the Catholic Church, as witness the recent attack on Cardinal Bourne by persons calling themselves " London Catholics." We have heard of Roman Catholics, Anglo-Catholics and Irish Catholics ; but the new sect which describes itself as "London Catholic," if we may judge by names, consists entirely of Irish natives.

How the Money Goes.

A correspondent has sent us a communication which she received on the 4th inst. It consists of an envelope bearing the stamp of the Ministry of Health and the " official stamp " which enabled the letter to pass free through the post. Inside the envelope was a circular letter signed P. P. Maison Kelly, informing the recipient that the Maison Kelly of 4, Queen's Elm Parade, Fulham Road, S.W.3, has " had the exceptional good fortune to secure a large consignment of various Real Stone Necklaces imported direct from India and China." A list of these necklaces is given as a postscript to the circular.

If the Ministry of Health desire to examine this communication they are at liberty to do so. It seems to us that the matter is one requiring attention ; and if any of our readers have received similar envelopes and circulars we shall be grateful for particulars.

Losing India.

Few men are so well qualified to speak about India as Sir Michael O'Dwyer ; and we trust that attention will be paid to his statesmanlike utterance in the *National News*. In the course of an article, Sir Michael said : " The British Government has abdicated in the eyes of its Indian subjects, and only firm enforcement of the law, against all law-breakers without distinction, can put matters right again. The Moderates are powerless in the presence of the friends of Bolshevism, for India will in truth never co-operate with a Government which refuses to uphold its own servants and deserts its best friends."

Sir Michael O'Dwyer has good reason for speaking plainly. He, above all men, is in full possession of the facts which were given by us in last week's issue of PLAIN ENGLISH.

In the course of our disclosures we stated that one of Montagu's tricks consisted of forcing British officials to apologise in public to natives.

One of the most disgraceful cases of this kind involved Sir Michael O'Dwyer himself. The late Viceroy struck a blow at British *prestige* when he ordered Sir Michael to apologise to a native for a perfectly proper utterance.

What we fear is that the British public will wake up when it is too late ; and when the diabolical work of Montagu reinforced by Lord Reading, will have lost our Indian Empire.

Does the public realise that the three highest positions in the Indian service, that of Viceroy, Secretary and Chief Commissioner are held at the moment by Jews ? We have handed over our Indian Empire to the most despised and distrusted Oriental race ; and the wreck of that Empire cannot much longer be delayed.

The Irish Catholic Heresy.

This heresy, which we regard as a most deadly and subtle attack upon the Catholic Church in this country, and which is calculated to turn away thousands of non-Catholics from the Church, obtained considerable expression, we regret to say, in several Catholic churches on St. Patrick's Day. The comment of one who attended a typical religious-political service at a certain church in London reveals the evil of this abomination. The individual in question had acquired knowledge of the Church by attending services in Farm Street and at Westminster Cathedral, and by chance went to the evening service at the Church of St. Francis, Pottery Lane, on St. Patrick's Day. She almost left the building in disgust. For not only were Irish political airs played on the organ at the beginning of the service, but almost immediately before Benediction a notorious Fenian song was played; and a preacher fresh from Maynooth expressed the hope that Ireland would "get her due."

"If that had been my first visit to a Catholic church," the lady declared, "I would not have entered one again, and would have given up all idea of becoming a Catholic."

This is one instance of the use which the Devil is making of the Irish Catholic heresy. May it speedily perish!

This heresy, as we have pointed out before, has affected the Catholic press of this country. Can any of our readers recommend to us a Catholic journal which is free from the taint of this heresy and which does not preach Sinn Fein ?

Jewish Peril Platforms.

A correspondent writes as follows : "As a regular reader of Plain English may I suggest that you start a campaign right through the country, commencing at the Marble Arch next month ? I suggest that the title of the platform should be "The Jewish Peril." That label alone will tend to waken the waverers in high places.

"Gather round your standard a thousand men and women of means, with a donation from each of £100, which will place you in a position to send good outdoor speakers to every large centre. But London must be bombarded from places where shots will get home, such as the Marble Arch, Tower Hill, Kensington, Trafalgar Square, &c.

"For a fair wage and expenses I am prepared to start any day and can, if required, bring two or three good speakers along. This will make a start. I am confident that thousands will flock to your standard.

"A complete and full exposure of what is going on, without fear and with ability to prove up to the hilt, is the right stuff and must tell. I am a fighter, and fear no crowd."

The editing of Plain English and the work which we are compelled to undertake owing to the "supine inattention" of the Vigilance Society and other bodies which exist for the suppression of vice and the exposure of dealers in filth, prevent us from organising such a movement as our correspondent suggests. We fear he is rather sanguine when he proposes a thousand donations of £100 each. Those who do such work as we are doing find the financial problem a very grave one. But if a thousand people with £100 each come our way we shall give them a hearty welcome, and render whatever assistance we can to an organisation such as our correspondent describes.

"Plain English" has been practically sold out for the last six weeks, and in consequence several of our regular readers have been unable to obtain their copies. In order to obviate this, regular readers should fill in the order form on page 242, and send it with their subscription to the Manager, North British Publishing Co., Ltd., 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C., when the paper will be posted direct for the period required.

THE CONSERVATIVES EMERGE.

MR. BONAR LAW has taken his departure amid a deluge of insincere and sloppy sentimentalism that is thoroughly characteristic of the race and the period. Lloyd George wept over him (as well he might, for Bonar Law's departure is the beginning of the end of Lloyd George), and Asquith chimed in with a fruity tear, and got off the old never-failing wheeze, so dear to the heart of the British sentimentalist, that although he and Mr. Bonar had been for years the bitterest opponents in politics, their opposition had always been "entirely without rancour." This is just another way of saying that they both recognised that they were "playing the game" of "ins and outs," and that their "opposition," and their "attacks" on each other were the merest insincerity and humbug. The plain truth about Mr. Bonar Law is that he has been for years playing the game of the enemies of his own party who also happen to be the enemies of his country. Why he did it we do not profess to know, though if we were put to it we would not mind hazarding a shrewd conjecture.

Anyhow, Mr. Bonar Law is gone (God be praised !), and the result is enormously to the good, because now at last there is a clear hope that the Conservative and Unionist Party, having shaken him off, may remember its old traditions, and come out of the condition of degrading servitude in which it has so long weltered.

The unanimous election of Mr. Austen Chamberlain to the position of leader of the Conservative and Unionist Party in the House of Commons is practically certain to be followed by his election to the actual leadership of the whole party. Under the circumstances we cannot conceive of any other leader who would be acceptable.

For our part we are well pleased. It is at least a great thing that Providence has so arranged matters that there is no chance of either F.E.Smith (Lord Birkenhead), or Winston Churchill being chosen to lead the great historic Constitutional Party, which still represents (damaged as it is by its long association with Lloyd George) the mass of decent opinion in the country.

Mr. Chamberlain is, we believe, a perfectly "straight" man, and we also believe that he has principles and acts on them. Consequently we believe that his advent to the leadership of his Party will mark the beginning of the end of the most disgraceful chapter in British politics.

It is obvious that Lloyd George appreciates the different aspect that affairs have assumed since Bonar Law's resignation was announced, whether or not he has cabled for his accomplice, Churchill, to come back to England.

We wish we could express an entire confidence in the result of the struggle between the forces of good and evil which must ensue. But to express such confidence would be at least premature before we have definite knowledge of the line to be taken by the revived Conservative Party. All we can say at present is that we have great hopes.

We are far from crediting Mr. Austen Chamberlain with any out-of-the-way wisdom or abilities. He made a fearful hash of Imperial finance as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and contrived to "put up the back" of the City in a disastrous way by a combination of dogged obstinacy and refusal to take advice from those qualified to give it. If he brought upon himself the suspicion that he was under the thumb of Jewish capitalists whose whole system is opposed to that of British merchants and financiers, he has only himself to blame. All the same we do not believe that Mr.

Chamberlain is Jew-controlled. We believe he made disastrous mistakes, but we believe he made them honestly, and with the best intentions. And in this belief we shall support him as long as his own policy appears to be animated by the true Conservative principles which alone have the power to save the country from the utter ruin to which it is moving with headlong rapidity under the guidance of Lloyd George, Churchill, Montagu, Mond & Co.

THE COMMUNIST PLOT.

AGAIN and again in Plain English we have pointed out that Mr. Lloyd George is still a Communist; that if there were sincerity in the man that sincerity showed itself in his adherence to the Communist principles of his youth. Those principles found expression at Limehouse, but since his Limehouse campaign he has taken care to disguise his political beliefs.

Your Communist leader is invariably an autocrat of the worst type. His main attack is upon individual freedom. He strikes at the right of a man to possess property; then he strikes at the right of a man to drink wine or beer when he chooses; finally he deprives that man of the protection of the law. In this respect patient and easy-going Britain, ruled by Lloyd George, has for some time been simply an imperfect copy of Russia ruled by Lenin.

The Communist process is a subtle one. The public is soothed and deluded by absurd talk about " Democracy " and " Liberty." And when it has been led to believe that individual freedom is bound up with " Democracy," it discovers that its " Democratic " rulers are tyrants of the first order. Ancient Greece groaned under its democracies; France suffered in like manner; the half-developed Russian is suffering as no deluded people ever suffered before; and the turn of Britain has come.

Lloyd George and his occult rulers and paymasters believe that the time is ripe to crush the spirit of the British people once and for all.

That spirit must find expression through unpurchasable and fearless men. And at these men a deadly blow has been aimed by the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Bill. A meek House of Commons actually passed this infamous measure without protest. At any other time in British history such a disgraceful act on the part of our Members of Parliament would have been unthinkable. Even the Long Parliament never dared to consider such a measure.

The Secret Tribunal which the House of Commons has agreed to set up is—

(1) To possess all the powers of the High Court;
(2) To be able, by the signature of a single member of its body, to imprison a man for three months;
(3) Empowered to exclude even the accused from his own trial;
(4) Empowered to exclude any legal representative of the accused;
(5) Empowered to enforce silence upon the Press;
(6) Empowered to hold its trials secretly.

As the *Times* puts it:—

> *If the Bill passes in its present form a man may be sent to prison on the sentence of a Court which he was not permitted to attend, at which he was not allowed to be represented by a lawyer, and from which the public have been excluded.*
>
> We earnestly hope that the House of Lords, now the chief bulwark of popular rights and liberties, will not suffer this monstrous measure to pass unchallenged.

These are strange words to come from a Harmsworth newspaper; but your Harmsworth is opportunist, and he realises that the public are looking to the aristocracy to save them from their " democratic " tyrants.

Those who supported Mr. Lloyd George in his attack upon the House of Lords will now realise that his duke-baiting was part of a deeply-laid plot.

Having dealt with a matter of which the public is aware we shall now consider another and more subtle move in the Lloyd George Communist plot.

The people of this country were puzzled as well as enraged by the signing of a pact with the Russian murderers. But behind the signing of this pact there lies something which had better be disclosed, though its effective disclosure is a very difficult task. In passing we may say that we are fully aware of how Sir Robert Horne was prepared for the work which he was destined to do. To the man in the street the Privy Council and the Foreign Office are vaguely comprehended institutions which he is inclined to regard as picturesque survivals of antiquated governance. But if he comes to think about the matter he will realise that no State can safely trust itself to the passing humours of the government of the day. There must be a continuity of Government, especially in the matter of Foreign Affairs.

The latest Communist plot has been associated with new catchwords—" No secret diplomacy." And the public should realise as quickly as possible that Communist catchwords are devised to conceal what they pretend to condemn. " Liberty, Equality and Fraternity " concealed a diabolic expression of their opposites. The catchword, " Democracy" is nowadays intended to hide autocracy in its vilest form, while " no secret diplomacy " is intended to cover up all kinds of disreputable secret pacts with traitors and Communists, and to strike a blow at the executive power of the Crown, Privy Council and Foreign Office.

What we desire to make plain, in the interests of the British people is that the pact signed by Sir Robert Horne with the Russian murderers is the last of a series of blows directed at the Privy Council and the Foreign Office. The pact was actually signed without the knowledge of these departments of State. They were ignored; and this ignoring of them constitutes an act of war by the Communist gang in Downing Street against the supreme executive power of the State.

It is difficult to express how terribly the security and freedom of the British people have been endangered by this infamous flouting of the Constitution. A blow has been struck at the very vitals of the State, and those who comprehend all that this blow involves may well despair when they see the State itself mortally wounded.

The blow was a subtle one, and the weapon was a poisoned weapon. For our part we feel that nothing can save this country but the complete overthrow of the secret Communist powers now directed by Lloyd George and controlled by his Jewish paymasters.

The people with whom the power to save Britain lies are the Conservatives. They have at their head a man bred in the old tradition, the son of a loyal statesman. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has nothing about him which suggests either the mountebank or the " super-man," and for this we should be thankful. For, as we have often pointed out, the most efficient Governments of this country have been composed of quiet, intelligent gentlemen.

It remains to be seen, now that the Communist plot is laid bare whether the Conservative Party will put forth its strength and save Britain from falling into the abyss.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 104s. 10d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·36 to 11·37
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	239 to 240
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	53·75 to 53·80
CALCUTTA	Rupees	1s. 4d.	1s. 3⅜d.
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	24·45 to 24·50
ITALY	Liro	25·22½	97¼ to 97¾
MADRID	Posetas	25·22½	28·00 to 28·05
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·46 to 4·47
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·92 to 3·92¼
PARIS	Francs	25·22½	56·25 to 56·30
SINGAPORE	Dollars	2s. 4d.	2s. 3¾d.
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	22·50 to 22·55
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	2s. 5½d.

STOCK MARKETS.

There has been a considerable improvement in stock markets as a consequence of the reduction in the rate of Treasury Bills. The improvement has been gradual, which is all to the good. The action of the Treasury in lowering the rate may be taken as an index in the reduction of the bank rate at an early date, but even this bank rate reduction should not be expected to lead to a boom in the near future. A great deal more is required to effect a restoration of industry than a cheapening of the money rates, and the demand for capital for industrial purposes must remain heavy for a considerable time to come. It is also obvious that a rise in the price of Stock Exchange securities will lead to some liquidation by those who have been waiting for the turn of the tide, and also those who have been nursed by their bankers through the last troublesome six months.

The reduction in the output of gold from the Transvaal for February has probably helped to keep the improvement in stock markets back, the reduction showing no less a figure than 93,456 ozs. This result should bring home to the labour agitators, not only in South Africa, but throughout the world, the necessity of a steady industrial and political position. It may be said, however, with regard to South Africa, that General Smuts' magnificent victory presents conditions for a steady revival of the mining and trade interests throughout the Union.

The recent success of the issue of Harrods Stores preference shares and that of the second preference shares of the Anglo-Persian Oilfields, Ltd., will very likely lead to other appeals to the public in the very near future. The meeting of shareholders of Lever Bros. last week authorised the creation of debentures, which are the first to be issued by that company. It is possible that if prevailing conditions to-day had been similar to those of four months ago the company might still have been able to proceed with financing its various enterprises by means of further preference shares.

The offer to the public is £4,000,000 7 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at 92½ per cent., and are a first mortgage on the freehold lands and buildings of the company, and a floating charge on its other assets. The company has the option of redeeming the whole of the debenture stock at par at any time between October 1, 1931, and October 1, 1941.

Our United States War Debt.

In view of the statements appearing in the public Press with regard to the desirability of the cancellation by the United States of our war debt to them, to correspond with a cancellation on our own part of various debts due by our Allies to us, the recent statements made in the House of Commons by Mr. Chamberlain regarding the amount we are indebted to the United States is worthy of lasting record. At the same time, the figures due by our Allies to us are of great interest by way of comparison had the cancellations referred to taken place. Sir William Davidson enquired of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, " What is the total debt due by us to the United States of America ; what portion, if any, was borrowed direct by the British Government ; what amounts are the British Government liable for as guarantors in respect of loans from the United States through us to France, Italy, or other Allied Powers ? The following is Mr. Chamberlain's answer :—

> " My hon. friend's question is based upon a common misapprehension of the facts. Before the entry of the United States into the war, the British and French Governments raised a loan of $500,000,000 in the New York market on their joint and several guarantee. This loan was paid off in equal shares by the two Governments last autumn. No loans were made by the United States Government till after the entry of the United States into the war, and no loans made by the United States Government to Allied Governments were ever guaranteed by us.
>
> " Our debt to the United States Government stood at $4,277,000,000 on May 31st, 1919. It now stands at $4,197,000,000, exclusive of interest since that date.
>
> " Our loans to Allied Governments before the entry of the United States into the war amounted to £828,000,000, and after the entry of the United States into the war and during the period in which we were borrowing from the United States Government we lent a further £897,000,000 to the Allies, making £1,725,000,000 in all."

The further supplementary questions elucidating important points were also put and answered.

Sir W. Davidson : Do I understand, then, that the prevalent opinion that the United States were not willing to advance money direct to France and Italy unless Great Britain were prepared to back the bill and give the guarantee is not correct ? Is that an erroneous impression ?

Mr. Chamberlain : That is entirely an erroneous impression. The United States made loans to France and to Italy as well as to ourselves, and, as I have said, have neither sought nor received any guarantee from us of any loan they made, except, of course, our obligations for the loans that we ourselves accepted from them.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks : Was not almost the entirety of the money we borrowed from the United States lent at once to our Allies ?

Mr. Chamberlain : I think if we had not had to meet any calls for assistance from our Allies it would have been unnecessary for us to ask assistance from the United States Government.

Dividends and Reports.

Rhondda Valley Breweries.—Net profit, £84,560. Final dividend on ordinary shares at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, free of tax, making 12 per cent. £49,021 carried forward.

Armstrong-Whitworth.—Dividend on ordinary shares for half-year ended December 31st, 1920, of 1s. per share, making 2s. per share for year, less tax.

C. & W. Walker.—Dividend of 10 per cent. on ordinary shares and bonus of 1s. per share, both free of tax.

Robert Heath & Low Moor.—Profit, £336,674, plus £61,150 brought forward. Dividend of 10 per cent., subject to tax. £82,335 carried forward.

Achille Serre.—Further dividend of 5 per cent. on ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. Also recommended that a further 3½ per cent. be distributed to preference shareholders, making 9½ per cent. per year and 5 per cent. to ordinary shareholders, making 15 per cent.

British Aluminium.—Final dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. on ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. for year.

Swiss Bank Corporation.—Net profit, £469,670. Dividend of 5 per cent. on paid up capital. Further dividend of 4 per cent., making 9 per cent., proposed.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

IV.

The Yoke of Our Jewish Taskmasters.

What is the primary cause of unemployment ?

The high rate of interest on the War Loans !

In the previous articles on this subject it has been shown how the high rate of interest on the National Debt has created Unemployment and crippled our trade. The reasons given may be briefly summarised as follows:

We know the National Debt represents nearly £8,000,000,000 of capital, and in addition we have £1,300,000,000 Floating Debt. The Floating Debt in itself is liquid capital lent to the Government by the purchasers of Treasury Bills, which would most likely be employed in industrial enterprise if the Government did not offer such a good return upon capital. This must in itself create Unemployment. Although the War Loans are not such liquid capital as the Floating Debt. The same principle applies.

In addition to the combined effect of this colossal amount of money being to a great extent unemployable in industrial enterprise, at the same time the high rate of interest has depreciated the value of all our capital assets. We find that if we add together the National Loans, the Floating Debt, and the depreciated value of all our paper assets, we shall get the enormous total of, at least, £12,000,000,000, This money is not available for trading purposes or industrial enterprise. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that there is a great wave of unemployment and stagnation in trade ?

The fact has now surely been established that this tying up and depreciation of capital owing to the high rate of interest is The Primary Cause of Unemployment.

The object of these articles has been to draw public attention to the existing evil, and by means of suggestions which will be made, to force capital out of its funk-hole of 5 to 7 per cent. interest obtained on National Loans, when many hundred millions of capital should be employed for industrial purposes.

The present position appears to be the culmination of the disgraceful usurious methods, fostered and engineered by Jewish financiers, in order that they may attain the control and power which is part of the plot exposed in their "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," published by "The Britons," 62, Oxford Street, W.

How serious the industrial outlook in these islands is, few people realise. If we examine it closely it becomes apparent that the nation is set a practically impossible task, for it must be recognised that Labour claims a greater share in the profits of industry. If then, before the war very few British Industrial Companies earned more than 5 per cent. profit on the capital employed, when money could be borrowed at 3 per cent., how is it expected that British industries can pay the increased demand of Labour, and make any profit at all, when they cannot borrow money now for less than 7 per cent. ? As was only to be expected some Companies are now borrowing money (raising capital) at rates varying from 7 to 20 per cent.

This is an alarming indication of the danger-point to which British industry has been driven, entirely by the high rate of interest upon the National Loans and Treasury Bills.

It is well here to notice that the Treasury has during the last week added to their advertisement of Treasury Bonds, "The reduction of this Floating Debt tends to lower taxation, to bring down the cost of living, and to lessen unemployment" !

This would be good news if it was not bluff, for all the Treasury is doing is to "borrow from Peter to pay Paul," which does not increase the supply of liquid capital available for industry, but ties it up for five to 15 years, during which time the Nation has to pay five to seven per cent. interest upon it annually.

Instead of doing that, the Treasury should have the power to release during the next twelve months the £1,300,000,000 of liquid capital now in Treasury Bills, and this should have been done, at least two years ago, thus effecting a saving of about £140,000,000 in interest.

The Remedy for the Burden of the Floating Debt.

Parliament should now give the Treasury power to pay the holders of Treasury Bills as they fall due, a bond, call it a Treasury Bond, a British Empire Bond, or any distinctive name. This Bond should be a Bearer Bond, and the conditions as to legal tender being the same as for Treasury Notes, the difference being that they should be issued for sums of £5 up to £10,000 or £20,000 ; they should bear no interest, but a proportionate number of each series should be drawn annually and redeemed at their issue price of £100, plus £1 per cent. for every year they are in circulation, the period of redemption for each series being 20 years.

The issue of these Bonds will automatically release as liquid capital the money now tied up from month to month in Treasury Bills, and force the holders of this liquid capital to take some industrial risk with their money for the benefit of the Nation, instead of playing with a "dead cert." of over 6 per cent. secured on British Government credit.

It will be seen that these Bonds to the extent of £1,300,000,000 would become an international credit instrument and minimise to a great extent the difficulties of the Foreign Exchange problem, for it is certain that foreign countries would soon get hold of these Bonds as a means of exchange between themselves and us, and other countries.

The annual capital appreciation of these Bonds will act in two ways. Firstly, it will protect them from depreciation ; secondly, the enhancement in value will provide additional trading credit annually. In addition just as Treasury Notes as currency save us a large amount of annual interest, so will these Bonds.

The Remedy for the Burden of the National Debt (War Loans).

By Act of Parliament it should be made compulsory instead of optional that all payments to the Government for Death Duties, Super Tax and Income Tax, Excise, Customs and other taxation when exceeding £100 must be paid in War Loan Scrip. The Government have already gone some way in this direction, but it is not far enough.

The Treasury should also receive Parliamentary power to pay in Bonds of a similar nature, and for similar amounts as described, for the payment of the Floating Debt ; but the Bonds are only issued when the amount payable for services rendered to the Government is, or exceeds the sum of £100. It must, of course, be understood that the Government cannot issue these Bonds for services rendered for any sum in excess of the National Revenue, *i.e.*, for wasteful expenditure in excess of the Budgeted Revenue. These Bonds would take the place of the present practice of giving Government Bills on the Bank of England, merely a difference of a paper payment.

Here the Bankers and Jewish financiers will raise their hands in pious horror at such sacrilegious finance. How dare it be suggested that they should relinquish their safe 6 and 7 per cent. ! The Jewish Bill Brokers and Discount houses, together with the Banks, will ridicule such a suggestion, because in it they will see an attempted raid upon the harvest which they now reap at the expense of the community, and which now adds to the cost of living, for the reason that every Bill of Exchange and every bill discounted takes its toll of the value of the commodities which we exchange for the commodities we require (principally food).

Their arguments against such a suggestion have been destroyed by the fact that if the Government can make it optional that payments for Death Duties, &c., may be made in certain War Loans, then it is only a step from optional to compulsory, and if one is practicable, so is the other.

If both the measures suggested were adopted, it is possible to see that we can get the world to carry our War Debt with a minimum of burden to ourselves in interest. We are now in a position and have the opportunity to take the lead, and if we don't, it is perfectly certain that the Germans are going to do so.

With the introduction of these measures, we should in the coming year witness a plentiful supply of cheaper money (the life blood of industry), an upward movement in the value of all our industrial securities, an appreciation in value of our War Loans (because the latter will have to be bought to pay the Government the Death Duties, taxes, &c.). Here the Bankers and Finance houses will score.

This enhancement of value of all our securities will give our traders and banks combined thousands of millions of additional capital, and we shall have the greatest boom on record, during which Unemployment will disappear. In addition, we shall conserve and consolidate into industrial capital the war-created wealth which now only exists as rather doubtful paper, and any suspicion of the bogey of Repudiation will be laid in the dust.

Unless some such measures are adopted the wealth of the Nation will sink and disappear under the burden of high interest and heavy taxation, and the end can only be Repudiation of our National Debt, for already one first class power has established this dangerous precedent, which other powers will not find it easy to escape.

Neptunian.

THE ART OF TRANSLATION.

As long as classical scholarship exists the delights and difficulties of translation will hold out endless attraction to the scholar. It will not matter to him how many predecessors have laboured in the same field. There is still another harvest to be garnered ; there is still honourable and scholarly work to be accomplished, and new spoils to be won from the same stubborn ground. The truth is, the scholar has always before his eyes an ideal which is incapable of attainment or realisation. It is this which lends the art of translation its fascination, which fills the labourer with hope and inspires him with despair. *Facile est quia impossibile.*

So far as we ourselves are concerned, we have no manner of doubt that a prose translation, executed with the necessary taste and skill, is the most satisfactory of all to the general reader, and gives him a sounder and clearer view of the great original than any metrical version. We find more of the spirit and charm and colour of the Odyssey in Butcher and Lang's rendering than in any other that we know, and we think we come nearer to the heart of Theocritus in the prose of Lang than in the verse of Calverley, admirable artist as he was. But when this is said we have by no means said everything. A translation in prose is, at the best, a translation in prose. It is smooth walking on level ground for pedestrian travellers. But beyond the plain are the mountain tops and the happy valleys which the Muses love, where Faun and Satyr beat the daedal earth with nimble foot. This is the prospect which the ideal translation gives to the despairing view, always inviting to new adventure, always barred by insurmountable difficulties. A perfect translation should have all the charm and grace of beauty and power of its great original. It should be a literal reproduction of the language, preserving with absolute and meticulous exactness the measure, movement and melody of the verse ; it should give us the exact meaning without variation or amplification, with all its life, colour and atmosphere ; it should place us in the position of the original reader, and inspire in our hearts the same feelings of wonder, delight and surprise. In a word, it should be not merely a great copy but a great poem.

We know that we are asking for what is wholly impossible of achievement. The most literal, word-for-word translation (even if equivalent words could be found) would never exactly convey the meaning as originally expressed. There is always something added or something lost. Words have an association, a secondary meaning, a fragrance, a melodiousness which their exact equivalent may wholly lack. And when we come to deal with idiomatic forms of speech for which we have no counterpart, our paraphrase must necessarily lose either its force or some delicate *nuance* of meaning. " If a man," says Cowley, " should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another . . . and, sure, rhyme without the addition of wit and the spirit of poetry (*quod nequeo monstrare sed sentio tantum*) would make it ten times more frantic ; this is in some measure to be applied to all translation." And while the genius of language forbids a word-for-word translation, it is equally ungracious and hostile in the matter of metrical form. The music of our English speech refuses to run in classical moulds, and when the attempt is made, the result is always strained, unnatural and exotic. Our Western Muse refuses to be bound by the cincture of classical prosody, but dances in her own barbaric way as lightly and musically as did the Muse of Anacreon or Catullus. Many times has the hexameter been pressed into the service of English verse, but even when the freedom of original work has given more scope and range of choice in words to the poet, we miss the music, and we more than doubt the tune. " The stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man " limps with a halting and doubtful foot through the monotonous mazes of Evangeline and the Bothic of Tober-na-Vuolich, yet bad as they are, we know no better in English verse. We may not hold Tennyson in high esteem as a great poet, but no man ever had a more complete command over the resources of English verse, a more delicate ear for rhythm, a finer sense of the appropriate word, or greater dexterity in felicitous phrasing. In these qualities, at least, he is supremely great, but his experiments in classical metres seem to have been written with the deliberate intention of proving the impossibility of success in the enterprise, and he has succeeded most admirably. Of his successor in title we say nothing, for after many attempts to explore the arid wastes of Mr. Bridges' classical poetry, we gave up the task as beyond our strength, and turned to happier fields of travel with a contented mind.

But notwithstanding all the difficulties that lie in our way, the fascination of translation is irresistible. Dryden—a poet with wings in a pedestrian age—has declared it to be a disease—that prose translation was the cold fit, and poetic translation the hot one, and that he suffered from them both. But, indeed, nothing could be better than the dissertations of this great critic on the whole subject, which may be found in the several dedications and prefaces of his translations. They may not be the last word on the subject, but though his precepts were often at sword's point with his practice, he marks out the path of the translator, points out the dangers and difficulties, and offers suggestions for the mode of travel, with such clearness, comprehensiveness and judgment as leaves little to be desired. " A man," he says, toward the end of his preface to Theocritus, " should be a nice critic in his mother tongue before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he should be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them, too. . . . So that to be a thorough translator he must be a thorough poet." Here, we think, Dryden has placed his finger on the real difficulty. Thorough poets are not quite so plentiful as blackberries. We may have sympathy, insight, dexterity, scholarship, but the divine spirit which breathes life into the dry bones of a dead language is an unfrequent visitant to this world of tears.

We have ourselves read many scores of translations, from the Æneid of Stanyhurst to the Euripides of Professor Gilbert Murray, and we can think of only two that shine like stars in our memory, and fill our hearts with the sense of beauty and power. They are both the work of poets—though poets of very unequal rank and magnitude. The first, we are afraid, is not so well known and appreciated as it ought to be by the elect who still read poetry; the other will immediately be named by all who love great literature. We mean the Cyclops of Shelley and the Iliad of Chapman. Shelley, it appears to us, was almost the ideal translator. It is true he had not the profound scholarship of Bentley or Porson, but he had an admirable working knowledge of the language, and the Greek had entered into his blood. His Cyclops may not be the Cyclops of Euripides, but it is as near as we can come to it in the English tongue. The spirit and atmosphere are almost pure Greek; the simplicity, the severe grace, the imaginative beauty, the sly human and earthy coarseness of the Satyric drama, mingled and intertwined with bursts of splendid song, carry us back to the Sicilian seas, and for a brief hour we are Athenians surrounded by the glories and triumphs of the Attic stage.

Chapman had one great advantage which was denied to Shelley. He wrote in a great age when words were living things, and there was the glamour of adventure and romance in every new phrase and sounding epithet. Words were then not paper money, but golden coin fresh from Golconda, and Chapman loved to hear their music as he poured out his newly-won treasure in the mart of the Muses. But he was a poet first and a translator afterwards. He did not so much translate as tear the heart out of Homer to discover the secret of his life and power. He declared that Poesy is the flower of the Sun and disdains to open to the eyes of a candle, and it is Poesy that is his aim. But he had his own views as to the duties and rights of a translator. "It is," he says, "the part of every knowing and judicial interpreter not to follow the number and order of the words but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently and to clothe and adorn them with words and such a style and form of oration as is most apt for the language into which they are converted."

There is still another translation which deserves to share the immortality of the original. It is only a trifle of eight lines, but it is a trifle which almost achieves the impossibility of perfection. Who is there who does not remember Mr. Cory's translation of the lovely epigram of Collimachus, in which the beauty, and grace, and restrained yet poignant grief of the original are so wonderfully captured and preserved? Who is there who has not repeated to himself over and over again the wonderful lines with which it ends?

> "And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
> A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
> Still are thy pleasant voices, the nightingales, awake;
> For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

From the year 1557 when Timothe Kendall published his "Flowers of Epigrams out of sundrie, the most singular authors selected," the Greek Anthology has been a land of happy travel to prospectors looking for the golden word.

The latest explorer is these auriferous fields is Mr. Lothian, whose charming little volume we have read with contentment passing into delight. Nothing could be more admirable. When the originals are so condensed, pressed down, and packed into the perfection of form, in a language which readily lends itself to such compression, our looser English speech needs far more verge and room. But Mr. Lothian has attacked his problem with admirable patience, ingenuity and success. His translations are scholarly, vital, and faithful—within reasonable limits—and he has brought to his work the feeling and sympathy of a poet.

Mr. Stebbing's translations are of another order. He is rather an interpreter than a translator, and his business is rather with the meaning than the form. But happily there is room for all kinds of workmen in this busy world, and we hope it will be many a year before the glorious literature of Greece and Rome will cease to attract the loving care and labour of the patient scholar.

S. R. K.

"The Golden Treasury of the Greeks." Rendered in English by Alexander Lothian, Master of Arts in the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1920.

"Some Masterpieces of Latin Poetry, Thought into English Verse." By William Stebbing, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d. net.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND NATIONAL INTEREST.

FOR centuries the United Kingdom has been in the forefront where individual liberty was concerned, and among those things won after continuous struggle was the liberty of the Press. If signs speak aright, that complete control of the Press by Enemy Alien Agents, boasted about in the Protocols, is very near at hand; while the real men of the country were fighting, agents of world revolution were taking steps to destroy the liberties so hardly won.

Even before the war many of our newspapers were under the influence of the Jews, but since then every trick has been used by which independent journals could be bought up or smashed up, the Coalition Press being at the moment under the same real influence as the Bolshevik papers. In order to obtain this result the Jews have used their historic methods of making their victims commit suicide without knowing it, assisted by all sorts of artifices.

Before the war paper-making was very much depressed by excessive dumping and many Jews got an influence in the business, the same influence creeping into Scandinavia. The Northcliffe Newfoundland interests were under practically the same control. The raw materials of printing were therefore largely organised, including pulp, waste paper, cardboard and paper.

In order to control the press itself every possible influence was brought to bear in the different Trade Unions connected with printing, from typography to zinco-block making, and increases of pay, together with reduction of output per operative per day, was forced on employers month after month. In the old days of the Tudor and Stewart Kings there were no more loyal Guilds than the printers whose trained bands were repeatedly called out on emergency. Unfortunately, in recent years, many of the men have been led astray by Bolshevik agents and the resulting continuous increases in expenses have led to the curtailment of printing in every direction, as was intended by the underground wire-pullers.

Since the beginning of the war, scores of newspapers and magazines have been shut down, and every publication that stops puts more power in the hands of the big concerns which remain. It seemed very hard to many operative printers that small newspaper proprietors and publishers should oppose concessions which millionaire newspaper proprietors seemed willing to give; the big concerns were willing to pay the money to smash the small man, who was fighting for his very existence. Lord Burnham stated recently at a printer's charity that a large number of printers were out of work; he did not say that this was a part and parcel of the Jewish scheme to rob the nation of the liberty of the Press. It is easier for a financial syndicate to control a few dozen daily or weekly papers than to watch a hundred or more, so to-day we see week after week that this or that publication has been shut down. A dozen or more advances in pay since the beginning of the war may have seemed very nice to many short-sighted working men, but to-day this policy, carried to excess, is putting scores of men into the street.

It is of advantage to everybody connected with the printing and publishing business that the publication of periodicals and books should be a paying proposition to those who take part in their production. Once the profits in any business begin to fall below the market value of money, that is to say, current interest after allowing for risks, that business begins to die, and unemployment and suffering is bound to result. At present there are a number of newspaper and magazine proprietors who have helped to build up their businesses with years of hard work; who have seen the whole structure destroyed; this having been done by the Alien Enemy working largely through the innocent working man with the aid of Bolshevik agents.

The dailies are nearly all controlled, the magazines are being tackled, and the technical journals will shortly be attacked. The Guaranteed Sale " stunt " of the Amalgamated Press is simply part of the scheme of the underground wire-pullers to smash the small independent local paper through the advertising columns. The result is great distress among reporters, writers and all those connected with publication.

One of the organisers of the Authors' Society recently stated that the publication of the classical authors was being seriously curtailed. This interferes very greatly with the education of the people, as desired; while the output of trash, to a large extent rubbishy novels of a semi-sexual character, seems to be kept up by low-class concerns. The cheaper good books become, the better it is for every man, woman and child in the country.

Every new machine and method introduced before the war, not merely meant cheaper books and papers for the people, but the increased demand meant competition, freedom of the Press, and more employment for all concerned. To-day, while standard works are being forced up in price, the worst type of rubbish is being put before the people, much of which is intended to degrade the public. The illustrated dailies have been among the worst offenders in cheap sensationalism and vulgarity; the *Daily Mirror* being perhaps the lowest of all. It is difficult to understand how a man with any sense of honour can photograph a poor woman going in a bath chair to see the body of her boy who was killed after a fight with the police, with her hands up to her face to hide her shame and woe; or can photograph a wife taking a last look in a cemetery at the coffin of her husband with her handkerchief to her eyes. It is impossible to believe that editors and proprietors who allow such pictures to be put in their papers, can be anything else but low-down uneducated cads. When the Honourable H. C. Rolls was killed on his aeroplane at Bournemouth, years before the war, a photographing cad rushed to take a picture for the Press; his camera was smashed by the crowd; people now take this sort of thing as a matter of course. But to flood the country with this demoralising rubbish, while steps are being taken by the Jews to cut off the supply of independent newspapers and journals, is a sign of the times.

To-day papers and periodicals have to live very largely on advertisements, and this factor is used by the Jews to upset independent publications. Advertisers are encouraged to place their advertisements through advertising agents, who by the way pretend to be able to serve two masters while taking commission from the newspaper proprietor as well as the advertiser. Many of these agents are Jews, who cannot resist the call of the " Ghetto "; it is not astonishing, therefore, that newspapers which print news or articles which tend to expose the underground methods of the Jews can be damaged through the advertisement column, as advertisers can be advised not to place matter with this or that paper; besides this, since the war hundreds of Jews have wormed their way into important positions in advertising business houses, while their betters were fighting. It is getting to be known that when the Coalition Jews have got control of some provincial newspaper, advertisements have been directed to their columns in a most remarkable way.

Publishers who print books offensive to the Jews are threatened, and therefore it is very difficult to get the question of industrial economics put before the public in a proper way. Even before the war, according to a recent article in the *Referee*, Arnold White (the author of the instructive book, *The Modern Jew*) was after its publication punished by losing directorships and positions as correspondent to several foreign journals. Even those who print pamphlets giving extracts from the writings of prominent Jews, are being threatened.

Mr. Lloyd George, since the war, at the City Temple, ranted about the Great New World, but as far as liberty of action and Freedom of the Press are concerned, it will not be long before things will be worse than they have been any time during the last two hundred years. As far as wholesome literature is concerned, the advances in printing and bookbinding of the last twenty years, which were of benefit to both the printing trade and the public, have been to a large extent wiped out.

To get honesty in public life, criticism must be encouraged, but the policy of the Jews, who are behind both the Coalition and the Bolshevisk, is to stop up both the eyes and the ears of the public (except for such information as they want the people to know). As the " Protocols " say, the public must look at things through " Jewish spectacles." Since the days of " Elizabeth " much of the progress which has taken place has been due to the political pamphleteer and the Free Lance writer; both these as far as politics is concerned are nearly dead, except for those who supply material favourable to the underground wire-pullers. It is amusing to see the way in which Upton Sinclair, author of " The Brass Check," and the *Daily Herald* which is publishing it, complain about the absence of the freedom of the press; but they do not point out that it exists at both ends of the scale, and that the notorious Hurst (late Hirsch) in America, has been backing up Bolshevism through other channels for all he was worth; and even in England the Harmsworth press was delighted recently to supply the *Daily Herald* with paper when the expected supply from Bolshevik sources had failed. The Jews work at both ends and in the middle, and they are actively engaged at the moment in trying to break up the remaining publications which keep any vestige of independence. Real progress in all countries involves a flood of light in dark corners. The existence of a Coalition in our politics has stifled criticism on both sides. Many excellent papers have gone under in the unfair fight, but independent publishers and printers, the printing operatives, and the reading public, should realise that their interests lie together, and that they are being fooled and robbed by the " Powers of Evil."

The Freedom of the Press, not a superficial sham, depends on inexpensive printing, an ample supply of paper, freedom for writers with every degree of opinion, advertisements free from organised control, and independence of proprietorship from financial organisations which have often used the Press to rig the share markets. If many of those who proclaim on the platform and in the pulpit their admiration for the progress of the Great New World, actually understood what has been going on regarding real liberty of the press during the last ten years, and the powers behind the movement, they would strain every nerve to save their country from the impending disaster.

REVIEWS.

Easy Lessons in Einstein. By Edwin E. Slosson, M.Sc., Ph.D. (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.) 5s. net.

Times have changed since the days when in the vulgar parlance of the class room the student who took up science was said to be going in for “ stinks.” We are not ourselves scientists, by education or profession, and therefore can regard Dr. Slosson's little book, popularising the more intelligible features of the theory of relativity, wholeheartedly from the point of view of the layman for whom the book is written. And from the layman's point of view we bear witness to the enjoyment experienced in mentally digesting the science provided. For we are assured of the accuracy and soundness of Dr. Slosson's presentment of a simple account of Dr. Einstein's theory of the relativity of time and space, and we are perfectly competent to judge of the entertaining way in which it is presented. Would that all science could come to us as pleasantly. Notice the way in which the relativity of straight lines, for instance, is suggested in the following passage :—

> We talk as our forefathers did about “ the ends of the earth,” but we know that one might start from his home and walk for ever in any direction without coming to the end of it. But though the earth's surface is infinite in the sense of endless, yet one never can get more than 8,000 miles away from home where'er he may roam. If a man stood on the top of the highest mountain on earth and aimed a level gun in any direction, the bullet, if it could be given sufficient velocity to overcome the influence of gravity, would go around the world and hit him in the back of the head. Or if light were sufficiently deflected by gravitation to follow a level line around the earth—another absurd assumption—the man looking through a level telescope in any direction could see how his hair was combed in the back. Such happenings, though impossible, are not inconceivable, but are logical consequences of our knowledge that the world is round and that what we call straight or level lines, as measured on plain or sea, are really great circles around a centre four thousand miles below.

Dr. Slosson takes enormous pains to make the fourth dimension intelligible to the layman, and no ignorant person can read his book without becoming to some degree enlightened as to what it signifies. “ The fourth dimension,” he says in one place, “ which Enstein and other scientists are now considering, is not conceived of as the abode of departed spirits, a spare room for ghostly visitants ” (he has been speaking of Slade's mediumistic trickeries of the fourth dimension), “ but merely as a new factor in a mathematical formula. It offers us no hope of ever being able to take coin out of a closed safe or put coin into an unopened cocoanut, but it does promise to explain certain optical phenomena which, though rare and minute, are yet open to the observation of anybody, be he sceptical or credulous.”

The ordinary layman reader will find his spontaneous interest aroused by the book's treatment of such things as the “ tesseract,” how far Newton's laws of dynamics are valid, ether-drift, the aberration of light, and many other matters, some of which possibly he has been wont to consider beyond him altogether. And if he, after reading the book, feels the desire to hear Dr. Einstein for himself, he is provided with a first introduction to him by the reprint of that scientist's letter to *The Times* of December 13, 1918, on “ Time, Space and Gravitation.”

Roumanian Stories. Translated by Lucy Byng. (John Lane.)

There are those who love the short story as a product in itself, as a thing of art with its own standard of excellence. There are those, again, who love a short story wherein they find an atmosphere and a tone, a local colour and an outlook on life which is strange to them. In this book of short stories translated from the Roumanian by Mrs. Byng we have examples of the fine art of the thing and we have the unaccustomed pleasure of listening to the Roumanian point of view. Roumanian literature, we are told, is not rich in the novel and the drama. Its poetry is on the level of European excellence, and pervaded with that note of sadness characteristic of peoples in touch with Eastern life and thought ; it has produced the work of eminent historians and critics ; but while the Roumanian writer excels in poetry and is pastmaster of the art of the short story, great dramatists and novelists in that language have little or no existence.

In her brief preface to the volume the Queen of Roumania bids it godspeed, as calculated to promote a knowledge and understanding of her country in England by its presentment of its successive treasures, each eminently characteristic of Roumanian life and thought. Professor S. Mehedintzi, of Bucharest University and the Roumanian Academy, supplies some introductory words as to individual authors. First in his list comes Negruzzi, whose name after half-a-century is still identified with the historic novel, and who is Roumania's “ Sir Walter Scott.” Some of the authors whose work represents them in the book are men of high artistic and literary culture, such as Caragiale, Roumania's most characteristic dramatic author. Others, such as Creanga, write as peasants knowing no European language save their own, but with minds steeped in Roumanian folk and fairly lore, and a pen exuding popular wit. Some display the ethical note. Some are exclusively romantic, while one at least brings into his country's literature the atmosphere of restraint and mystery environing the shepherd in the Balkan mountains, the note of the spiritual concentration of those spending lonely days upon the heights in constant fear of the foreigners among whom they pass. It is certainly a fascinating volume of stories, and we know not which is more enjoyable, the drolleries of I. Creanga's “ Impostor Nichifor,” the bizzarre witchcraft of Caragiale's “ Mistress Narghioala,” or the gruesome story of how Jew Leiba Zibal “ lighted an Easter torch for Christ.”

NOVELS.

The Wild Goose. By Gouverneur Morris. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.) 8s.

A remarkable book. And one which is likely to do good. Here we have a powerful story worked out round the central point of interest—a family. The family consists of husband, wife and one little girl. The family is small. There is only one child. The family might have been as large as the family in Zola's novel “ Fecundity,” but for the fact that the mother of the child had cried out after its birth : “ I won't ever have another. Never. And you mustn't ask me to ! ” The husband made the mistake of sympathising (at his own cost) with her when she was in the wrong, and the final result of the thing was tragedy. This was the thin end of the wedge that started the evil. Other things followed. An impetus was given to the idea of wife and husband leading separate independent lives. Frank Manners was a man (and there are such) who was a “ one-woman man.” He was the human embodiment of the traditional wild-goose gander, who, “ if he lost his wife when he was only six or seven years old, would be faithful to her memory till the day of his death.” His weakness of will appeared in his attempts to oppose his wife. He was never able to give her a No that meant No. And the family was small, and the wife was spoilt ; and because she had wronged her husband and defied the God-given laws of nature and matrimony, began to cease to love him. Then came the time when, nature prompting, she began to find craving for what she had not, and the home estrangement led to the search for sympathy and affinity elsewhere, and we get down nearer to the level of the sordid divorce-court. The atmosphere of the book is American, as are its scenes, but the problems the book deals with are those of the human race. The “ affinity ” man who came along and wrecked the family was a man who “ had lived his own life in the West in some of whose States the divorce laws amount to no more than a bad smell. He believed in such laws, and relied upon them." In striking contrast is the view of the matter given Frank Manners by the half-breed Wambolt, in the following conversation :—

> "If your wife, Wambolt," Manners asked, "fell in love with another man and wanted to leave you, what would you do ?"
>
> "Kill that man for sure, and beat her up good."
>
> "If you wanted more children, and she wouldn't have any more ?"
>
> "I give her good beating, then."
>
> "But suppose you fell in love with another woman, and wanted to leave your wife ? That would make a difference, wouldn't it ?"
>
> "She beat me up then," said the half-breed. "Maybe she scratch her own face, and shoot me down."
>
> "In any case you wouldn't mess and fuss and wrangle and dispute, and get bad and good advice from the neighbours."
>
> "Got no time," said Wambolt. "Too much trouble to buy food and shoes and keep warm."

The Canadian half-breed puts the matter crudely, but we entirely agree that men and women who marry and then refuse to have children should be beaten up good. "That is our failure," exclaimed Frank Manners, speaking of another matter, "that and not listening to the voices of the little children who wanted to be born, the little children that the work had a right to want. That is where we failed and why. Of course you have fallen in love with another man. We hadn't the sweetness of sacrifices offered in common to fall back on."

There is an old phœnix-lifed lie that Jesuits teach that good may be obtained by evil means. It remains a lie and a libel. But the author of this novel spoils his hero's character by making him seek to promote his wife's happiness by himself committing adultery solely to set her free. This strikes us as bad art. The hero of a novel must cater for the reader's respect, not "ask for" contempt. To ask us to admire this action of Frank Manners as self-sacrifice is asking too much. This part of the story has a bad smell, worse than the divorce laws of Western States. Not even the exigencies of plot make it good. But, with this reservation, we think the powerfully written novel a great achievement. Its whole burden is that no illicit love, no "platonic friendship" between man and woman of affinity of soul which offends against "holy" matrimony, has a ghost of a chance of producing happiness in any way comparable to simply "doing what is right" in what may be even an "unfortunate" marriage. The book is a splendid matrimonial tonic, and we recommend it to wives and husbands who are not "understood" by their spouses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir : Some weeks ago, a correspondent, Mr. Ernest James, asked you to take steps to re-form a Conservative Party. In an Editorial footnote, you replied, aptly in my humble opinion, that there is no need to take the organising steps advocated by Mr. James, because the Conservative Party already exists and that it only remains to call that Party back into active political life,—standard-raising, trumpeting and a new headquarters being akin to useless scene-painting without the actors. (I am not quoting, because I have lent the copy of Plain English in which the letter and footnote appeared.)

For many years I have intermittently argued with my friends that the Conservative Party remains in a state of coma because it lacks either the courage or the judgment or both, to come into contact with its opponents on one definite point. The point is this : Under the forms of the Constitution, the Socialist and Communist groups have long been attacking the foundations of Private Property in this country by means of Finance Acts, passed by the House of Commons. All kinds of taxes have been piled on to minority-interests, *e.g.*, the landowners, the brewers, the "very rich," &c., &c. These practices are, in my opinion, absolutely illegal and owe their vogue simply to the sleepy acquiescence of the victims. Because we have no rigid, *i.e.*, written Constitution, it by no means follows that our unwritten constitution does not contain fundamental principles just as rigid, because truer to life, as those over which the Supreme Court of the United States has to watch. According to the law of England no property whatever is held of the House of Commons and the chief historical function of the House of Commons has been to represent the tax-payers in face of the Executive and "grant" the money required There are two kinds of minorities : (1) A minority *inter pares*. If A to Z represent the whole, it is constitutional that A to S should over-rule the dissentients T to Z and compel T to Z to contribute at like rates to which A to S contribute themselves. (2) A minority not *inter pares*, A to S imposing on T to Z taxation to which A to S do not contribute at like rates to those inflicted on T to Z.

Parliament has succeeded through a long course of years in landing the country into minority practice (2). At first it may not have seemed to matter, but we who live in these days know that it does matter and we Conservatives have got to find the remedy or perish. This is our point of contact.

Now, this point is consistently backed by my friends. They may not understand it, in which case they should surely seek to investigate its truth ? Instead they meet the point either with a "deafening silence" or in some hurried little postscript after a copious airing of their own views, which one has heard many times before and which have had, in spite of a long run, no more effect upon the enemy than a flea on an elephant.

I have before me a letter from a man who tells me that—

> "no one can understand the tremendous revolution now going on, succeeding here, failing there, but going on, without reading the history of the so-called *French* Revolution which was international, cosmopolitan, and intended to be universal." . . . . "French history is absolutely indispensable to an understanding of English history, and of quite recent English history, too."

My position is that however much intimacy one may have with French revolutionary history, however cleverly one may be able to trace back the roots of the cancerous political growths of to-day into previous centuries, however enlightening or confirming this interesting study may be, it is not "absolutely indispensable" to an insight into existing English political conditions, and, moreover, will not do anything to counter them. It creates no point of contact.

I have had personal acquaintance with Socialist "Intellectuals," and have heard their derisive laughter at the Conservative Lords Dumbello, who cannot find reasons for their own case and one can imagine the delighted hee-haws of those tin-pot intellects at the spectacle of every conservative voter burying his head in history and literature in order to obtain that "absolutely indispensable" knowledge before he may take any effectual defensive measures. In the meantime, the Socialists and Communists in the form of Finance Acts will gaily continue their depredations and pocket-picking practices, and thus will have only a disorganised residuum of property "to take over" when the final crash comes on a fatuous but better-deserving community.

I should like to hear on this question your own views and those of your correspondents, because I feel dumb-founded at the present and prospective pilotage of these unpractical historical philosophers—unpractical, that is, if they are allowed to monopolise the situation, and to avoid the problem.

4, Gerard Road, Your obedient servant,
Barnes, S.W. 13. W. B. Laurence.

JUTLAND AND DIVORCE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: As a regular subscriber to and warm admirer of your fearless and patriotic paper, perhaps the enclosed quotation from a perfectly independent source may help to convince the "naval officer," to whom you refer in your last issue as throwing doubt on your statement of there being a spy at the Admiralty, that you are right.

It is to be found in Col. Repington's book "The First World War," Vol. II., p. 29, and refers to Admiral Twryhitt and Jutland.

"Twryhitt is under the orders of the Admiralty directly, but he has a working agreement to act under Beatty if they are out together. The day of Jutland T. got no orders, so put to sea with all his force and made for the area which he would have reached at 4 a.m., the morning after the fight, and probably have mopped up much, but the Admiralty recalled him peremptorily, and he got into trouble over it . . . he has 9 light cruisers and 24 destroyers."

This was written in September, 1917, long before Plain English emerged to star it in our Jew-ridden Press.

I also noticed in your last issue some references to the movement for easier Divorce, and enclose a copy of the Divorce Law Reform Union's monthly paper, hoping that perhaps you may be able to inform me whether the Editress, Mrs. Seaton-Tredemar (of whom I have heard nothing good) is a Jewess or not. Noticing how busy Jews are in trying to degrade Christian marriage, I should not be surprised to learn she was a Jewess, but I should be very much surprised in that case that English women should take their marching orders as regards divorce from an alien.

English women in this constituency got very restive when they realised that the Jew who misrepresents us at Westminster was one of the Divorce Law Reform Committee, and was in favour of the Bill granting a divorce after a few years desertion. Mr. Samuel Samuel (well known as a petrol profiteer) was publicly forced to promise not to vote for the Bill he had helped to promote, though he refused to vote against it, thus showing that if you *will* return an alien Jew to represent you in Parliament you must be prepared to face the consequences of legislative alien to the Christian character of your country, and which may strike a deadly blow at something you hold to be very precious—your home and the right of your child to that home. Assuring you once more of my hearty admiration of your very plain English on so many vital questions affecting our country.—I am, yours truly,

8, Castello Avenue, Putney. A She-Briton.
March 16, 1921.

SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Dear Sir,—Knowing that your paper is above all a fearless and conscientious champion of truth, I venture to send you this in comment upon the short leading article on Montenegro which appeared in your issue of March 19th, and I had better begin by stating that nothing I have to say is in the least "inspired," or representative of any party feeling in this or any other country.

It frankly puzzles me how anybody could refer to Serbia as Montenegro's "ancient foe." Even the most perfervid antagonist of the present Serb-Croat-Slovene Government could at best (or worst) only speak of an enmity, or rather rivalry, of very recent origin. To this day the Montenegrin recognises but one "ancient foe"—the Turk.

The district now known as Montenegro, the Zeta of the early Middle Ages, may properly be described as the cradle of mediæval Serbia, for in those inaccessible highlands did the Serbs establish their first, or one of their first, independent States, in days when Byzance was still great. Later on this district appears as part of mediæval feudal Serbia under the Nemanja dynasty. When I collected material for the history of the Southern Slav race, I failed to find any record of forcible conquest of Zeta on the part of Serbia. Its capital, Scutari, the Skadar of the Serbs, was one of the Serbian capital cities, the importance of which is reflected in the old ballad "The Building of Skadar" (translated by Sir John Bowring). This is the historic explanation of the claim to Scutari put forward by the Serb-Croat-Slovene (Jugoslav) Delegation at the Peace Conference, on behalf of the Montenegrin branch of the nation.

Of all mediæval Serbia, Montenegro alone maintained itself in practical independence during the centuries of Turkish dominion over the Balkans. The Black Mountain became the citadel and refuge of freedom, and there, if anywhere, except perhaps in the Serbian Banat (until recently part of Hungary, and now incorporated with the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes), you may look for descendants of the old Serbian aristocracy, elsewhere exterminated by the Turks. There the Serbian—I beg pardon! the Serbo-Croatian—tongue is spoken in greatest purity and beauty, and if you ask a native about his nationality, he will say: "I am a Serb,—a *Montenegrian*," strongly reminiscent of the man who informs you, with equal pride, that he is Scotch, *from Aberdeen*.

When the Shumadja (to be known later as the Principality of Serbia) rose against the Turks, the Montenegrins helped their kinsman beyond their own borders, and in every war against the Turk, throughout the nineteenth century, Montenegro and Serbia fought loyally side by side. The only problem that could create differences between them arose when the idea of the political unifications of the Southern Slavs entered the sphere of practical politics.

This idea is not so new as is generally supposed. Among its most notable advocates during the last century were Prince Michael Obrenovitch of Serbia, Bishop Strossmayer (Croat and Catholic) of Djakovo, in Crotia, and—by no means the least, although the youngest of the three—the late King, then Prince, Nicholas of Montenegro; one of whose poems, which deserves to be remembered among the Jugoslavs long after the dissensions of our troublous times are forgotten, is an inspired appeal for national redemption and union of the race.

It was only natural for Nicholas to hope that when this union did materialise, it should be accomplished through Montenegro and his own dynasty. It was not to be.

Stripped of all party controversy, I should say that this momentous event, which was precipitated by the war, came to pass at a time when modern conditions had robbed Montenegro—a barren country whose main asset is still brave men, not economic wealth—of much of its ancient importance, and when King Nicholas had lost popularity with a large section of his people owing to what strikes an unbiassed outsider as being above all the failings of old age in a man accustomed to rule not only in name, but in deed. A growing love of money, intolerance of opposition, inability to adapt oneself to altered circumstances, combined obstinacy and diffidence at the crucial moment—are very ordinary weaknesses in old people, and these are, in essence, the charges brought against the late King by his opponents. That they should have been allowed to turn the eve of his life into a pitiful tragedy is altogether to be deplored. Unfortunately, the King's ability seems to have descended to his daughters rather than to his sons. I have been told that the only one of the latter who gave real promise was Prince Mirko, who died of consumption in Austria during the occupation. Of course, I do not vouch for this statement.

Few people realise under what adverse and difficult conditions the Jugoslav Union was decided upon. The whole nation was in the hands of its enemies, two-thirds still owed a foreign allegiance, and were—politically—actually at war with their own kin! That since the conclusion of peace there has been friction—perhaps less, perhaps more, than we have been told over here—is not to be marvelled at. The marvel is that the Union could be worked at all and is still working. Moreover, the said friction in Montenegro and elsewhere can safely be set down, not to the fact of national union, which was in every way desirable, but to local and party political reasons which I neither can nor will discuss here.

But although the Black Mountain has not been fated to give a king to the new united State, there is no need to be anxious on the score of Montenegro or the Montenegrins. Without their inclusion there can be no united Jugoslavia; moreover, they consider themselves the pick and cream of the nation, and doubtless will justify this boast in the future as in the past.

Finally—Turkey, and subsequently Austria, in the heyday of their might, tried to keep Montenegro under "control." Turkey never succeeded in this enterprise, and Austria only partially, and by dint of pretty thoroughgoing ruthlessness. Where they failed, Serbia, especially now that she herself is a component part of the united Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (better known perhaps as Jugoslavia), and no longer a separate kingdom, is not likely to succeed. I don't know what Montenegro keeps that corresponds to the Scottish thistle, but it does *not* lend itself to suppression. . . .

If this letter should in any way help to clear up doubts or misunderstandings in regard to a nation among which I am proud to number friends, both gentle and simple, from almost every part of its heritage, it will be a matter of sincere gratification to A FRIEND OF ALL SOUTHERN SLAVS.

[Our correspondent only confirms our statement that it is hardly in keeping with the principles which were alleged to have guided the Allies that Montenegro, "which alone maintained itself in practical independence during the centuries of Turkish dominion over the Balkans," should now be obliterated as a nation and have its royal family exiled.—ED.]

THE PASSING OF THE MUSIC HALL.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR: "We haven't seen a single comic yet," said the man who was with me at a famous Variety Theatre of the new type.

He said it sadly. He had been away from England for fifteen years, and wanted to go to a music hall. They had occasional Theatrical Companies in the wild places from which he had travelled, but he yearned for the "knock-abouts," the funny old women (men, of course), whom he had loved and laughed over before he went away.

And now—how now?

The programme we had seen resembled a concert of the second-rate type rather than what is commonly understood by a music-hall performance. We had had three ballad-singers (all very good, but with a terrible kind of sameness about their manner and their songs), two violinists of some ability, an entertainer at the piano, a classical dancer (who bored my unfortunate companion to extinction), and a little one-act comedy of a decidedly attenuated type. More than once my friend had suggested a visit to the bar, but I evaded his suggestion with some specious excuse. I did not want to add to his depression by telling him that the "bar," in the sense understood by him, did not exist at that Hall of Enjoyment.

"Aren't there any music-halls left?" he asked, as we rose to go.

I have been thinking about that question, and am inclined to think that the only remnants of the old-fashioned variety theatre are to be found now in the distant suburbs. But, even in the suburbs, the blight of a specious refinement is fast descending on the full-blooded humours still lingering there.

I visited a large music-hall in the suburbs recently, and the programme contained some comic Hebrews, a male and female duettist, a trick cyclist, some remarkably clever whistlers and instrumentalists; but not a single "comic." Not only has the red-nosed comedian vanished almost entirely, but the comic song itself has to a very great extent disappeared.

Why?

We shall be told that the people want something different. Do they? At the Hall which I have mentioned I could not help noticing that the "turns" which the audience enjoyed most hugely were the very turns which delighted people fifteen years ago. For instance, a pair of comic "wizards," whom I had roared over as a youth twenty years since, sent the people into hysterics of laughter. And there is every reason to believe that if some West End management had the sense and the temerity to introduce a bill on the old lines everybody, with the few exceptions who never like anything, would be satisfied.

The modern music-hall is thin-blooded. One may giggle faintly over its humours, one rarely enjoys a Gargantuan laugh. In the old days there was something adventurous—something rather debonnair in a visit to a music-hall. Nowadays the average Hall is rather more solemn than a Cathedral service.

The older generation talks wistfully of the Dan Lenos of its youth, and asks plaintively why there is no Dan Leno to-day. Merely because there is no demand for the Leonic type. Scattered up and down the provinces are comedians who with a little luck would probably develop into merry men of that class; but whilst the audiences are content to tolerate violin solos, insipid drawing-room entertainers and others of the "At Home" order, the descendants of Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell must languish unseen except by obscure provincial eyes.

It is a great pity, this. We live in an age of comparative sadness. A little full-blooded humour would do all of us good. I believe that if the "Two Macs" were resurrected they would help to solve Labour problems and to counteract Bolshevist tendencies. There is no power on earth like full-throated laughter for clearing the brain of cant and the heart of rancour. Give us back our "Two Macs," O managers, and we will gladly sacrifice your piano-thumpers and your fiddle-twangers. The proper place for these excellent people is the Concert Hall. We will let them depart there without the smallest semblance of regret.

For, of a truth, if modern entertainments continue on their present lines we shall become like the lower creation, incapable of laughter through atrophy of the laughing muscles. We sit solemnly at the theatre, solemnly at the cinema and solemnly at the music-hall.

. What is the reason for this amazing change in the evolution of the Variety Theatre?

The answer is contained in the words "The Eternal Feminine."

Women have done this thing. In former days one rarely saw a woman in a music-hall—certainly not a woman of a refined or respectable type. Nowadays they form the half at least of variety audiences. So, as a concession to their presence, the entertainments have been watered, emasculated and gradually changed out of all knowledge.

Let women go back to their Ballad Concerts and leave men to their music-halls!

P. BEAUFOY.

Playgoers' Club,
20, Cranbourne Street, W.C.

CAPTURED GERMAN COLONIES FOR UNEMPLOYED.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—A considerable proportion of our unemployed are not ex-soldiers, but consist of physical, mental, or moral degenerates, and are an absolutely useless, parasitical element in an overcrowded country such as this. They are the ones who should be emigrated, not the men who fought for their country. But our self-governing colonies will not have them, and they could not find employment in them even if the colonies would have them. This being the case, why can they not be colonised in the captured German colonies? While they would not make ideal colonists, they would not be inferior to the criminals, vagabonds and prostitutes who formed the vast majority of the first settlers of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and the Carolines, or to the paupers and debtors with whom Georgia was originally settled. Of course, the removal of several hundred thousand of these unemployables to German S.W. Africa and German East

Africa would cause a serious reduction in the "Labour" vote, and deprive Lansbury's *Daily Herald*, Simon's and Company's *Daily News* and Harmsworth's Sinn Fein organs of a considerable proportion of their readers, but this should not have any influence on politicians other than of the Lloyd George, Mond, Amery, Churchill and Montagu kidney. Then, of course, the expense would be considerable, and the Jew-suborned labour-fakers, editors and politicians who are silent concerning the million a month expended in colonising Jews on the unfortunate Arabs of Palestine, and who approve of the emigration of our ex-soldiers, would bellow with indignation over the expenditure of money in colonising unemployables in uninhabited lands.

But, in the long run, it would be the most inexpensive way of dealing with the unemployed problem, as the money expended in doles alone far exceeds in one year the amount that would be required in colonising all our unemployed in lands in which, until they become self-governing and have Labour Governments, the struggle for existence will be slight, and even unemployables will be able to find employment.

It will, of course, be said that many of the unemployed would refuse to be emigrated to publess, kinemaless countries. In that case the out-of-work doles would have to be stopped and the unemployed be compelled to shift for themselves. But I venture to say that, whatever proportion of the unemployed may object to emigrate, they will not be so numerous as the Jews in this country who refuse to gird up their loins and depart for Palestine. So far as I have been able to learn, the only Zionists in England who have emigrated to Zion and not already returned to the fleshpots of England are those who have been provided with high-salaried jobs in the Palestinian Government.

Yours respectfully,
40, Mazenod Avenue, Joseph Banister.
West Hampstead, N.W.
March 21st, 1921.

"OSTARA."

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—I hope it is not too late to refer to a letter which appeared in your columns of February 26 which was headed "Ostara" and signed by "Orlo Lynus."

The whole argument of it asserts that "inferiority" of human elements follows upon the admixture of two types which individually do each so far seem to differ from the other as to present differing physical appearances. I mean, a "fair" type—all bloodless hair and raw skin (we will say!) mixes with a "dark" type, and what is the result?—*Inferiority*, but always inferiority of the type which, being "fair," is supposed to be the vessel of all the best qualities.

That very argument proves:—

(*a*) That in a struggle of nature—if we must call it a "struggle" of types—the dark type always *gets the upper hand.*

(*b*) That the fair type can never succeed in maintaining for long its mythical "superiority" of virtues when dragged out of its romantic hidingplace and forced to meet the hard blows of life in a fair and square contest.

I suppose the champion of the fair will insist that the dark type has not conquered, but in fact the fair one has gained supremacy in those cases in which all the directions of human genius survive in a mixed parentage.

Is this so? Is it not true that for every genius of poetry, of music, of art, of the talented and valorous exploits "by field or flood" who shows any character of such physical types at all it is the dark type of human being, or, at least, one with more dark than "blonde" colourness in his element, who prevails? Take whatever form of genius you like, it is the dark type who represents man's "foremost ranks of time."

If you seek brute "valour" as the high-water type which man's virtues can reach, why not carry the argument to its farther standard of comparison? "Ostara" among the bears and lions! I once heard a public lecture in India, when a highly educated Hindu made it his argument that the dark wild beasts of India, the red and woolly Kashmire bear, the swarthy bison, the tiger, the elephant, the boar were more fiercely energetic and brutally courageous than the cold-blooded "blondes" of the Polar regions, bear and leopard. Let Dr. de Lubenfels have a try at this investigation!

Yours truly,
D. C. Kemp,
London. Lt.-Colonel, I.M.S.
March 21st, 1921.

A BOY'S LETTER.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—I have just read the issue of Plain English dated March 19th, 1921, and have been so impressed by some of the articles contained in the paper that I felt I had to write to you. This is the very first time I have heard of Plain English; a friend gave it me, he finding it in a railway carriage.

I had no idea the Jews were as treacherous, and trust you will not be offended by me stating my views on the subject.

Firstly, I have read and learned different things which I had no idea, and did not think, existed; my eyes have been opened to ghastly truths, and it seems to me there are thousands more who should know the truth, but these thousands *do not know.*

Judging from the correspondence in Plain English, your readers are mostly "Big" people, *who know the truth.* But what about the millions of the British public who are unaware of these happenings, or these wreckers of the British Empire? These are the people who should know, or they might be misled like some of our present Ministers.

Could you not get your paper more known? Could you not print pamphlets and distribute them to the public, if your readers are "heart and soul" in this present crisis and wish to crush the unscrupulous blackguards who are trying to bring such things as Bolshevism into "our country"? Could you not commence a fund for the printing expenses of these pamphlets? I am sure, if your readers are the kind of people I think they are, you will get a hearty response to your appeal. The price of your paper is high, and a person like myself could not afford to buy it regularly. I have written you this because I think you are working for Britain's good and not your own ends.

Yours faithfully,
March 20, 1921. "Sixteen Years of Age."

[Good for you, sonny.—Ed.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOCIAL.

Democracy—False and True. By Wm. Blake Richmond. (Palmer. 6s. net.)

Reconstructing India. By Sir M. Visvesvaraya. (King. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Political Aspects of St. Augustine's City of God. By J. N. Figgis. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

Thoughts and Expression in the Sixteenth Century. By Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 Vols. (Macmillan $9.00.)

Guild Politics. By G. R. Sterling Taylor. (Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)

Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War. By W. Trotter. (Fisher Unwins. 8s. 6d. net.)

Europe: A Book for Americans. By Samuel Roth. (Bon & Liveright. $1.25.)

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***The Hidden Hand*, the organ of "the Britons" says:**

"THE ROSSIAD."

"Let us popularise vice amongst the multitudes . . . It is corruption *en masse* that we have undertaken."—Haute Vente Romaine, M.S. (1825).

"The people of the Goys are stupefied by spirituous liquors; their youth is driven crazy by classics and early debauchery to which they have been instigated by our agents—tutors, valets and governesses—in rich houses, by clerks and so forth, and by our women in the pleasure places of the Goys. Among the latter I include the so-called 'society women,' their volunteer followers in vice and luxury."—Zionist Protocol I (1901).

"It is necessary to disturb the relationship between the people and the government in all countries, and so to exhaust everybody by hatred, hunger, *inoculation of disease* . . . that the Goys should not see any exit from their troubles other than an appeal for the protection of our money and our complete sovereignty."—Zionist Protocol X (1901).

"We are the world's seducers."—Dr. Oscar Levy (1920).

"In the spring of 1914, Mr. Crosland, and later, Lord Alfred Douglas were prosecuted for libel at the Old Bailey by the late Mr. Robert Ross. In both cases the actions failed, and as a consequence Ross stood convicted of unnatural offences. Thereafter a testimonial to Ross was promoted, and of the signatories a large proportion were Jews, including two Monds. The effect of the testimonial was to whitewash the culprit and defame his accusers. "The Rossiad" is the retaliation, but so far it has been almost completely boycotted by the Jew-controlled press. It is a terribly brilliant satire, and it bears out the diabolical ethics of the "Protocols" and of the monopolists of White Slave Traffic and compilers of black books, with their methods of controlling Ministers of State. Without the propagation of vice among the Gentiles and its glorification, the King of Zion could never attain his throne. When Ross died, a poem in his praise was published in the *Nation* by the Jew Siegfried Sassoon. By this trenchant exposure Lord Alfred Douglas has laid bare one of the most deadly weapons of the Jew in his never-resting war on the non-Jew world."

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Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, in *The Sphere*, says: "Lord Alfred Douglas's is an extraordinarily interesting book. It is the story of reaction from a friendship which was once notorious. Lord Alfred Douglas declares that he knew nothing of Wilde's vices until the latter was committed for trial, that he was drawn towards him as a young man by admiration for his literary gifts and brilliant conversation. He spent money freely on his hero, to find long years afterwards that Wilde was ungrateful, that he had written in his 'De Profundis' a severe attack upon his old friend.

The manuscript of 'De Profundis,' we are told, has been deposited in the British Museum. . . . The policy of accepting manuscripts of a personal character of this kind by the British Museum is questionable, and it seems to me that Lord Alfred's arguments against it are irrefutable.

Lord Alfred Douglas, however, here has his revenge. He indicts Wilde as a man and as an author. With both indictments I entirely agree. . . . One of the most amusing of the many gibes in the book is one which has reference to Mr. Justice Darling. . . . The Wilde cult is being overdone at the moment. Wilde was not a great poet or a great imaginative writer in any form. It is passing strange that the first emphatic statement of that, to me, undeniable proposition should come from Lord Alfred Douglas."

The *Daily Telegraph* says: "Lord Alfred Douglas, having been bitterly attacked for his relations with Wilde, claims the right to give his own version and to clear his character from false and wilful aspersions. . . . We cannot deny to a calumniated man the duty, as well as the right, of self-defence. . . . The book is undoubtedly well written and contains, in our opinion, some just criticism."

Mr. Sorley Brown, in *The Border Standard*, says: "The chief point about the book is that it is a reply, and a truly magnificent reply, to the wicked tongue of slander and calumny. Lord Alfred has not been allowed to publish any extracts from the unpublished portions of 'De Profundis,' though they were used against him at the Ransome trial, but one by one he deals with the charges which Wilde and Wilde's biographers have made against him, and he shows how untrue and wicked those charges are . . . I believe Lord Alfred to be a man of rare heart and rarer genius."

The Times says: "Although Lord Alfred Douglas's 'Oscar Wilde and Myself' is not the kind of soft answer which will turn away the wrath of his various opponents, it will help people to form their estimate of the facts of the intimacy and confirm their probable impression of Oscar Wilde's character and talents. Lord Alfred Douglas has a pungent or even feline literary touch, but his general statement of the relations between Oscar Wilde and himself is straightforward and credible."

The Universe says: "As in the law courts it is the 'demeanour of the witness' that tells as heavily as anything else, so in a book like this it is the total impression that counts for most. And we think that no one can complete the task of reading the book through without feeling that he has been listening to a witness of truth. The two letters, printed in this book, which Lord Alfred received from George Wyndham—*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—should suffice for anyone who wants confirmation of this view,"

The Nation (New York) says: "In the main the charges against Lord Alfred Douglas seem to be that he was in some way the corruptor of Wilde, and that he not only failed to befriend Wilde in his time of stress during imprisonment and afterwards, but was actually a drain on Wilde, preventing him from following his career as a poet and sucking away his slender resources. To both these charges the present answer is, in our judgment, clear and convincing. From the dates given by the friendly biographers of Wilde it is perfectly manifest that he began his corrupt practices before his acquaintance with the unfortunate son of Lord Queensberry, and if any blame of the sort attaches to the younger man, it is that he clung to Wilde too generously in his downfall and befriended him too fully after his evil character was made manifest."

The Glasgow Herald says: "If Lord Alfred Douglas's book gives the quietus to the incompetent critics and dangerous moralists who endeavour to foist an Oscar Wilde cult upon an ignorant public, it will have served a purpose. Among these blind guides who proclaim that 'vice is never offensive under the great covering of art,' who, to say nothing of religion, have abjured faith in 'the eternal decency of things,' Mr. Stuart Mason, who is responsible for the 'Bibliography of Oscar Wilde,' must be assigned the Pontificate, despite the devotion of Messrs. Ross, Ransome, and other members of the obscure but strenuous brotherhood."

Birmingham Daily Post: "Whatever else may be thought of Lord Alfred Douglas, he is certainly among the ablest writers and acutest critics of the present day. His view of Wilde will, one fancies, be endorsed by posterity. Wilde was a clever man but not a great one."

The Argonaut (San Francisco): "A defence such as this must necessarily proceed with wariness, but the author can hardly do less than repudiate categorically the suggestion made in Mr. Ransome's book and elsewhere that he was actually responsible for Wilde's downfall:—

> "'Nobody who reads Mr. Ransome's book before (out of the kindness of heart) he removed his aspersions on me, could doubt for a moment that he wished to convey the impression that I had a bad influence upon Wilde and that it was this bad influence that brought Wilde to grief and prevented him from rehabilitating himself after his release. Yet it is this same Mr. Ransome—who tells his readers in his preface that he is indebted to Mr. Ross for verifications of his biographical facts—who gives us the following precise details as to "the intensification of Wilde's personality" when he became a habitual devotee of the vice for which he was imprisoned: "*He had first experimented in that vice,*" says Ransome, "*in* 1886; *his experiments became a habit in* 1889." Well, in 1886 I was a boy, fifteen years of age, at Winchester School, and I had never so much as heard of Oscar Wilde; whereas in 1889 I was eighteen years of age and in the south of France with a tutor, and was not to meet Wilde—whose name was still unknown to me—till nearly three years later. So that by the time we did meet he had already found his way to the lowest moral depths without my juvenile assistance.'

"This seems to be conclusive unless the author's dates or facts can be assailed, which is improbable. Lord Douglas makes an equally crushing reply to the charge of responsibility for the separation of Wilde and his wife after the prison doors had been opened."

JOHN LONG, Ltd., Publishers 12-14, Norris Street, Haymarket, LONDON.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 38.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MARCH 26, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

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WHAT ABOUT WYMAN'S?

PLAIN ENGLISH

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Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 39.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] APRIL 2, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

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Of course, Jews, orthodox and unorthodox alike, have denied the authenticity of the Protocols, and have called them a forgery. But in that case the forger must have been a super-forger, and a Jew; for no other forger could have been able not only to *forge the prophecies*, but also to *secure their fulfilment*! The *facts* are, unfortunately for us Goyim, anything but forgeries.

As the *Times* writer says, no one can fail to recognise Soviet Russia in the Protocols, and no one can deny that the Commissars of the Soviets are nearly all Jews. The writer goes on : "Whence comes the uncanny note of prophecy, prophecy in part fulfilled, in parts far gone in the way of fulfilment ? Have we been struggling these tragic years to blow up and extirpate the secret organisation of German world dominion only to find beneath it *another more dangerous* because *more secret?* Have we, by straining every fibre of our national body, escaped a "Pax Germanica" only to fall into a "PAX JUDÆICA" ?

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 263
What about Wyman's ? 266
Revolution and the Jews 266
England's Betrayal of Christendom 267
Finance and Stock Markets... 268
Paris Notes 269
Budapest Notes 270
PAGE
Henry Ford's Exposure of Bolshevism 270
Prohibition (Liquor Control) Causing Unemployment ... 272
A Commonplace Book 274
Reviews 275
Correspondence 276

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

No Temple for Sir Alfred Mond.

Sir Alfred Moritz Mond (of the *English Review*, *vide* article entitled "Blasphemy, Bolshevism and Bestiality," in PLAIN ENGLISH for August 14th, 1920), has at last let the cat out of the bag about Zionism. We now know from Sir Alfred Mond's own lips that one of the principal objects of the Jews in returning to Palestine is to re-build the Temple at Jerusalem. This they will never be allowed to do. Our Lord prophesied that the Temple would be destroyed and that not one stone would be left upon another. The prophecy was fulfilled in the most completely literal sense, for not only was the Temple razed to the ground but the foundations were rooted out, and the land on which it had stood was ploughed up by the Emperor Titus. In the year of our Lord 362, Julian the Apostate, with a deliberate design of showing his contempt for the Christianity which he had abandoned, sent enormous gangs of workmen to Jerusalem for the purpose of re-building the Temple. All the might of the Roman Empire could not accomplish the task. Earthquakes threw down the building as fast as it was erected and "balls of fire" came up out of the earth and drove the terrified workmen away. The attempt was abandoned and Julian himself died in the following year. It is noteworthy that Gibbon, the historian, sceptic as he was, records this historical fact and leaves it without any attempt at a rationalistic explanation. What Julian the Apostate failed to do will not be accomplished by Mr. Arthur Balfour, the supposed author of the celebrated "Balfour Declaration" (really it was dictated to Mr. Balfour by Achad Ha'am, the rabbi of Tring Park, the residence in Bucks of Lord Rothschild). The whole "Zionist" movement is the outcome of the same spirit of apostacy and of hatred and contempt for Christianity as that which animated the Emperor Julian. Its downfall is as inevitable now as it was sixteen hundred years ago.

The Duke and the Dullards.

It is thoroughly characteristic of modern journalism and its methods and standards of values that the *Sunday Times*, which is certainly one of the few comparatively decent sheets still in existence in London, should have kicked the poor Duke of Northumberland out of the "star" place in its columns to make way for further reams of boredom and imbecility from "the world's greatest writer-up of Bolshevism," Mr. H. G. Wells. If the *Sunday Times* only had the wit to know it, the Duke of Northumberland's stuff is not only far better written and far more interesting than Mr. Wells's, but it happens to be from the mere journalistic point of view considerably more closely related to the nature of a "scoop" than the ineffable "little Herbert's" discredited and belated bleats can ever be again. The day is past—though, of course, it will take the dull London Press a long while to find it out—when Mr. Wells can be looked upon as a "draw," at any rate for such a public as that catered for by the better class of newspaper like the *Sunday Times*. The Duke of Northumberland, on the other hand, really has something to say that is of interest to intelligent people, and he says it well. We note, by the way, that our little gibe about "the House of Smithson" has been taken up and exploited with flat-footed and malignant *gaucherie* by the *Communist*, the organ of that "accomplished jazz dancer" and dealer in stolen jewels, Mr. Francis Meynell. The Duke of Northumberland may be the representative of the House of Smithson, but as it happens the Smithson who married the heiress of the Percys and in favour of whose son the Dukedom of Northumberland was revived, was himself the head of an ancient and honourable family, and on the female side the Duke is the undoubted head of the great family of Percy. What is more to the point, he is proving himself a worthy scion of his noble race, which is a great deal more than can be said of Mr. Francis Meynell who, in the intervals of "jazz-dancing" and collecting money for Lansbury from Bolshevik murderers, has been doing his best to make the name of Meynell a rank offence to Heaven. This is distinctly "rough" on the fine old Yorkshire family of Meynell and it must also be a source of distress to Mr. Meynell's mother, Mrs. Meynell, who is one of the very few living English poets who is in "the great succession." Perhaps Mr. Wilfrid Meynell may at last be beginning to realise that continual intercourse with Modernists and other heretics is not quite the best foundation for the education of a professedly Catholic family. Children who are brought up to play with fire sometimes end by getting burnt, Mr. Meynell; and even the friendship and countenance of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Father Tyrell are hardly worth the risk of the loss of one's own or one's family's souls.

World Plotters and Ireland.

The Duke of Northumberland in a most able manner has exposed the connections between Irish rebels and the master minds which have used Ireland as a pawn in the game of world revolutions.

We extract a valuable passage from the Duke's last article :—

> Who organised the French Revolution is a question on which much might be said, but it is sufficient for my present purpose to say that in 1792 the Jacobin Club sent emissaries to Great Britain and Ireland. In England and Scotland they formed the "Corresponding Societies," which were afterwards suppressed by Parliament.

> In Ireland they organised the Secret Society of "The United Irishmen." One of the prominent leaders in the movement was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who had lived six years on his grandfather's estate in France, and in early life had come under the influence of the notorious Duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalite.
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> In conjunction with the French Republicans the United Irishmen planned three unsuccessful attempts of invasion of the coast of Ireland during the years which followed and organised the Rebellion in 1798 and again in 1805, when the movement was completely crushed by the British Government.
>
> The United Irish Societies were apparently broken up; but they re-appeared in 1848, and again in 1853, under the name of the Phœnix Society in Munster, which after extending its operations among the American-Irish changed its name to the "Fenian Society." Among its leaders were the notorious James Stephens and John O'Mahony, fugitives from justice who found an asylum in Paris, where the new scheme was hatched. It was decided there that the new movement be secret and oath-bound, and that "the Irish race in America should be organised to provide the sinews of war."

His Grace deals at length with the oaths and constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, which were, for the first time, published some months ago in PLAIN ENGLISH.

The sooner it is realised that De Valera and his gang are merely agents in a conspiracy to overthrow civilisation, the better. Perhaps De Valera's Fenian dupes are beginning to question the wisdom of having a Jew for the "second President of the Irish Republic"; for he has suffered a considerable eclipse of late.

His mother was an Irishwoman and a Catholic, and De Valera was brought up as a Catholic. But his Jewish origin is evident in his ostentation and love of intrigue. He is an almost perfect example of the Jew-Bolshevist agent; and it is significant that the campaign of crime organised by him is one of the most bloodthirsty and disgraceful in Ireland's disgraceful calendar.

Constantine for Constantinople.

The Daily Express is perturbed at the idea of the Greek successes against the Turks. The Greeks are our allies and the Turks are our enemies, as well as the implacable enemies of all Christian civilisation. Consequently, of course, it goes without saying that Lord Beaverbrook's organ must needs do everything in its power to bolster up the Turks and to decry the Greeks. The newspaper which up till a fortnight ago had the Catholic peer, Lord Denbigh, for its principal debenture holder would naturally view with horror the prospect of Christianity once more becoming paramount in Constantinople. Consequently the *Daily Express* indulges itself in head lines such as "Greek Dreams of Power," "Victory Delirium," and "Wild Hopes." We do not say, we wish we could, that the Greek hopes of being in Constantinople by May are likely to be realised; but at the same time we consider that for any English paper to support the Turks and abuse the Greeks, who are fighting our battles for us in the East, is a disgrace and a scandal. There is a prophecy that Constantinople will once more be in the power of Christians when a King called Constantine, having a wife named Sofia, shall replace the Cross over the Cathedral of Saint Sofia. For our part, at the risk of upsetting Lady Bathurst, Mr. Gwynne and *The Morning Post*, we wish to put on record our belief that the prophecy is about to be fulfilled, and we hope that if and when the event occurs the *Morning Post* will be able to refrain from uttering further wails about the "good days" of Venizelos, and to remember its manners as they used to be before the war made it fashionable for gentlemen of the press to be rude to Kings simply because they are Kings and not Jew-controlled demagogues. *The Morning Post* can surely afford to leave that sort of thing to papers of the standing of the *Daily Express*.

The Irish Catholic Heresy.

A correspondent accepts our invitation to recommend a Catholic journal that does not preach Sinn Fein and is free from the taint of Irish Catholic heresy. She sends us a copy of Joe Devlin's organ, the *Irish News*.

We fear our correspondent failed to examine the particular paper which she enclosed, for it consists of nothing but an attack upon Britain. Its first leading article is filled with such phrases as "English tricksters," "Ascending intriguers," "horrible fraud"; recommends a boycott of the Ulster Parliament; and concludes with the sentence, "Leave them to themselves—and they will vanish amidst popular execration and disgust." "They" means the loyal people of Ulster.

As for the news headings, they are chiefly devoted to attacks upon our brave soldiers. One heading accuses our soldiers of "Sacrilege, outrage and terror in Tralee," another precedes a political speech by the Sinn Fein Bishop, Dr. MacRory, and is worded, "The age-long denial of our unquestionable rights."

This bishop has no word of condemnation for the brutal murderers of our brave soldiers and police, but he becomes peculiarly violent in speech when he comments upon the attempts which are being made to track down and arrest these murderers, as witness: "The condition of Ireland at the present time is a disgrace not only to Christianity but to civilisation. Houses are burned, large parts of cities, towns and villages are wrecked and reduced to ruins; creameries are destroyed; innocent lives are taken daily, and thousands of our young men are hunted like wild beasts, sometimes with the bloodhounds on their track." And, incredible though it may seem, this cleric compares the state of the murderous Attacottic savages of Ireland to the condition of Christ during His passion.

Lest our readers should doubt that this is accurate, we quote Dr. MacRory's words:—

> "Whether it end now or not, end it must, for injustice cannot prevail for ever. Ireland has had her Gethsemane and Calvary: let us pray God she may soon behold the morning of a glorious resurrection."

If this be an example of a Catholic journal which is not tainted with the Irish Catholic heresy, we are thankful that our experience of "tainted" journals is as slight as it is.

Our correspondent says that the dispute between the Nationalists and Loyalists is a religious dispute. If that be so, we should like to know why Ulster had to maintain 1,500 years of war with the Attacottic tribes of the South before the Reformation.

Mr. Philip Kerr and "Secret Cabals."

There is an attempt being made on the part of Mr. George's Jew-owned Press to give the impression that Mr. Philip Kerr did not leave Downing Street because of his ultimate despair (and disgust) at Mr. George's chances of ever obtaining wisdom—or even decency. Mr. George can read, yet he reads little else but *The News of the World*. Mr. George could and did memorise Mr. Kerr's carefully prepared speeches, but he could never act or live up to the ideals which he, parrot-wise, expressed. For years Philip Kerr, full of "Christian" Science foolery, "demonstrated" for his chief's success by holding fast to the highly illogical idea, "God is love. There is no evil."

His refusal to see the Devil gave that gentleman the chance he wanted; and Philip Kerr, deliberately blind to evil, failed to discover the Devil's agents at the other end of Mr. George's private telephone. The *Outlook* says that Mr. Kerr, also, failed to suspect "the secret cabals which have latterly been engineered against him by politicians who were wont to represent themselves as his friends." The same writer says that Mr. Kerr is, "above all else, a man of passionate convictions, and a perfervid Christian." No wonder Sir Philip Sassoon won the battle for the position of becoming keeper of the Prime Minister's conscience.

Lord Sydenham's Severe Speech.

In the House of Lords on March 16th Lord Sydenham drew attention to the issue of War Bond policies as part of the system of industrial assurance; and to ask His Majesty's Government what steps are being taken to end the grave scandals revealed by Lord Parmoor's Committee. Many of Lord Parmoor's disclosures are in the nature of whitewash, but in this case, as Lord Sydenham points out, there is no doubt "that very powerful agencies are busily engaged in exploiting the working classes of this country." The Prudential Assurance Company is shown by Lord Parmoor to possess a "tails you lose, heads I win" policy which Lord Sydenham lucidly explained in his very severe speech. This is Lord Sydenham's second attempt to expose one of the gravest scandals of the times. Of course, the Press did not report Lord Sydenham's speech because the power behind these exploiting companies and the control of the Press is one and the same. Yet the "Gentile front" is not always kept up, because, from a recent advertisement we note that the Honourable N. Charles Rothschild is president of the Alliance Assurance Company, while among the "guinea-pigs" on the board of directors, the name of Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart., means more than a mere name. Lord Sydenham shows great courage.

Canterbury Pilgrims (New Style).

When Lord Lee of Farnham made his historic gift of Chequers to the nation as a home for the Prime Minister he must have had in mind the idea of preventing English statesmen from becoming the welcome guest of opium merchants, exchange-mongers and "Napoleons of the Press." But as the sow that was washed returns to her wallowing in the mire, so Mr. George has returned to the "Oriental luxury" of Lympne for his Easter holidays. We have already spoken of the owner of Lympne in an article entitled "The Blue Faced Ape of Horus." Commenting upon this article, a correspondent said that "there was a time in which Prime Ministers kept private secretaries; now private secretaries 'keep' Prime Ministers." To vary the metaphor, one might say that in a passing age the organ-grinder owned the monkey, but now the monkey owns the organ-grinder.

At all events, Sir Philip Sassoon took his long-haired guest upon a pilgrimage to Canterbury in one of his numerous Rolls-Royce cars. But according to Lady Astor's *Observer*, the spiritual atmosphere of the Cathedral was not sufficient to ease the souls of these "passionate pilgrims," for they later "attended service at the Baptist chapel."

Probably the reason why Lloyd George and his paymaster went to the Baptists after visiting the Cathedral was that they must have heard the collect for Good Friday, which, for the benefit of our "separated brethren," we quote from "The Book of Common Prayer:—

> O Merciful God, Who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels and Hereticks, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word. . . .

Russian Gold in America.

In the early autumn of last year, 1920, there arrived on the steamer "Wheeling Mold" from Reval, 11 boxes with Russian gold currency, in value $361,000 in the United States money, and the boxes that contained the gold bore the inscription: "The U.S. War Department, Washington, D C., c/o Max Rabinoff, 15, Park Row, New York." The gold was supposed to be a payment of the Esthonian Government of the interest on the loan of various war materials from France to the United States Government, and thus the gold was transferred to a certain Bank in New York and credited on Max Rabinoff's account. Of this strange transaction the Department of Justice was notified, and a few persons were asked for questions, but nothing further happened.

On the same steamer was a passenger, Mr. Hans L. Pymson, who sailed from Reval to New York, and to whom Max Rabinoff had told a story that the gold was the United States Government property, of which only a fractional part belonged to him. An inquiry made of the officials of the Esthonian Government and people close to it, revealed that the Esthonian Government knew nothing of a shipment of gold either to the United States War Department, or to Max Rabinoff in New York, though they admitted that Max Rabinoff had been in Reval and had visited the Esthonian Foreign Office; but most of his activities were concerned with the representatives of the Russian Soviet Government in Reval, as he pretended to be their American commercial representative.

Later investigation revealed the fact that Max Rabinoff had received the above-named amount of gold from the Soviet envoy, Mr. Salomon, in Reval, for the purpose of shipping it safely to Mr. Ludwig Martens, the Soviet representative in New York, in order that it could be used for Bolshevist propaganda in America and for whatever purpose he needed it. Only ten per cent. of the total amount was promised to Rabinoff as his commission. Salomon made such a statement to Mr. Alfred F. Kruse and Hans L. Pymson, at his office in Reval, which can be fully corroborated by affidavits of those gentlemen. Salomon stated further that Rabinoff had kept the total amount of gold as his own, and has not turned it over to Ludwig Martens in New York then.

Since the importation of the above-named sum of gold, Max Rabinoff is maintaining an office at 15, Park Row, and styles himself as an agent of trade of the Esthonian Government corporation Revalis. With him in his office is associated Herman Bernstein, the former editor of the Jewish *Wahrheit* and other Jewish publications. Whether the Soviet authorities will accuse Rabinoff in the future or not is unknown yet, as the chaotic situation of Russian affairs makes a legal persecution of Rabinoff's crime impossible.

Max Rabinoff enjoyed a special protection of the former United States Administration abroad, and acted as an agent in selling the American war materials in France for the Esthonian Government, on which it is said to have made large sums of money personally.

WHAT ABOUT WYMAN'S?

EVERYBODY knows that a practical monopoly of selling papers at railway stations is enjoyed by two great firms, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son and Messrs. Wyman. Of the two firms, without question, Smith's is the best known and enjoys the greater reputation for uprightness, fair dealing, promptitude, " despatch " and, generally speaking, trustworthy ability to serve the public. Wyman's, on the other hand, is generally considered to be a good runner-up or second to Smith's. What Smith's doesn't get, Wyman's contrives to acquire. If you can't get the paper from Smith's, order it from Wyman's. All of which is so much common place and "cuts very little ice."

But at the back of these well-known and generally-accepted facts there lie all sorts of broad principles. Monopoly is monopoly, and if two firms between them have established a monopoly in one of the most lucrative businesses in the country, the general public is entitled to look very closely into the methods employed by those firms in carrying on their business and in exercising their monopoly. The British Public (God bless it!) will put up cheerfully with a monopoly, as long as the owner or owners of that monopoly do not abuse their powers and do not endeavour to make unfair use of the position which the monopoly confers upon them.

There is, broadly speaking, only one safe line upon which a monopolist in the sale of newspapers can proceed, and that is the line that he is a servant of the public who is simply where he is for the purpose of supplying the public with what it legitimately requires.

There can be no question that this is the line taken up by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. They sell papers of all sorts and kinds, they are as prompt and as willing to serve you with a copy of *The Morning Post* or *The Spectator* as they are to hand you a copy of *Comic Cuts* or *The English Review*. They draw the line at sheer impropriety (some of us might wish that they drew it even closer than they do, but that is neither here nor there), but they disclaim any pretensions to be censors on the one hand or " boosters " on the other. In short, the line they adopt is correct and irreproachable. So much for Smith's—a firm which was founded by the late W. H. Smith, a man who was known for many years in the House of Commons and in the country by the affectionate and flattering *sobriquet* of " Old Morality."

Now what about Wyman's? We confess that we know very little about them. The head of the firm is, we are informed, a gentleman of the name of Mackintosh. We have never had the pleasure of gazing upon Mr. Mackintosh senior, but we once had the advantage of spending a few minutes in the society of his son, the young, or budding, Mr. Mackintosh. It would be idle (and what is worse, untruthful) if we were to pretend that we were favourably impressed either with the demeanour, the style, or the appearance of the younger Mr. Mackintosh. But we shall resist the temptation to indulge in personalities, and we shall confine ourselves to saying that Mr. Mackintosh, junior, in the regrettable absence from " the receipt of custom " of his father, appears to be the guiding hand of Wyman's, and Wyman's has for weeks past been, metaphorically speaking, " asking for it."

To cut a long story short, we have received innumerable complaints from readers of PLAIN ENGLISH that Wyman's not only do not sell our paper, but that they take it upon their silly selves to make what one might call " a song " about it. When a would-be purchaser of PLAIN ENGLISH approaches one of Wyman's stalls and asks for PLAIN ENGLISH, he is met with the reply " We don't sell it," or " We don't deal in it." Which, if Messrs. Wyman and Mr. Mackintosh, junior, will permit us to say so, is so much arrant impertinence.

We defy Wyman's, either in the person of the " flower of the forest," young Mackintosh, or whoever may lurk concealed behind the English-Scottish sounding names of Wyman and Mackintosh, to come out into the open and mention any legitimate or righteous reason for boycotting PLAIN ENGLISH which exists. PLAIN ENGLISH has a larger circulation than most of the other weekly papers, it is read by the best representatives of every class, and it has never published, nor ever will publish, a word in its columns that could give legitimate cause for offence to anyone other than unregenerate Jews, knavish politicians, traffickers in bawdy books, and sellers of pornographic papers. If Messrs. Wyman or bonny wee Jock Mackintosh (we apologise if his name is not Jock) do not happen to like the paper, they are under no obligation at all to read it. But, on the other hand, if they imagine that they are going to be allowed to boycott and suppress a well-conducted paper which is in general demand, they are making the biggest mistake they ever made in their fair young lives.

To cut a long story short, Messrs. Wyman's may make up their minds that they will either sell PLAIN ENGLISH or get off the map. We are not in the habit of making threats which we do not carry out, and if the present state of the law allows a pseudonymous firm (which, for all any of us know to the contrary, may be entirely controlled by German Jews or other alien enemies) to boycott a paper just because it is straight and honest and fearless and British, it will not take us long to see that the law is altered or the firm brought to book.

REVOLUTION AND THE JEWS.

Just as we go to press the first open move in the revolutionary programme has been made. It has been prematurely made to divert attention from the Jewish plotters' activities.

We disclosed the fact, some weeks ago, that Mr. George Morley, Unionist Agent at Nottingham had been threatened with death and subsequently murdered because he discovered and reported the placing of Polish Jew agents as tallymen in the coal mines of this country, whose business it would be to organise the coal areas for revolution.

These tallymen are apparently satisfied that they have completed their organisation. For the Miners' Executive has declared for the destruction of the mines and the inevitable suspension of all industry in this country.

If public opinion permits Lloyd George, directed by the Jew, Sassoon, to yield to the revolutionaries, the people of this country will deserve the fate which men who have not stopped at murder have prepared for them.

ENGLAND'S BETRAYAL OF CHRISTENDOM.

In our leading article last week, under the title of "The Communist Plot," we dealt with a very difficult subject, and endeavoured to explain the importance to this country of the supreme executive power of the State. This was a peculiarly troublesome task, because the average man has not even a vague notion that the State is governed as a state by the King, Privy Council and Foreign Office.

A moment's thought will convince anyone that a country must have a continuity of governance, and not be left at the mercy of its temporary legislators.

We proceeded to trace the career of Mr. Lloyd George as a Communist, and finally exposed his attack upon the supreme executive power, when he caused Sir Robert Horne to sign a pact with Russian-Jewish murderers without even consulting the Foreign Office or the Privy Council.

In the course of our article we made reference to the "Star Chamber" Bill, and gave *The Times* credit for having drawn public attention to that infamous and unconstitutional Bill, which has now passed into law with all its teeth drawn by the House of Lords.

"Jove" (otherwise *The Times*) has, however, stolen our thunder, and in his best Olympian manner he has rewritten our leader without acknowledging the source of his information. We congratulate "Jove" on his wisdom but not upon his manners. Yet the matter is of such vital importance to the safety of the Realm that we do not grudge "Jove" all the thunder he has stolen or may steal from us.

Sir Campbell Stuart (who controls Lord Northcliffe and *The Times*) has taken our polite hint, and appears not in the least anxious to provoke us to write the Irish portion of his biography. On account of his change of heart, we shall leave that awkward subject alone for the present.

Since we drew attention to the disgraceful behaviour of *The Times*, and revealed the cause of that behaviour, that journal has become barely recognisable. On the subject of Sinn Fein it is all that could be desired; while in this matter of the Lloyd George attack upon the supreme executive power of the State, it is quite as outspoken as we could wish to be, as witness :—

> Public and Parliament complain of the new bureaucratic temper, of arbitrary decisions upon important problems, of reckless extravagances, and of crushing taxation. They are conscious that government is more oppressive than it has been within living memory, and they resent the oppression with growing alarm, but most men do not know where to lay their fingers on the root of the mischief, while others do not care to undertake an ungrateful investigation. The extent to which it has grown was disclosed in a manner which startled many thoughtful minds by the "Star Chamber" Bill and the attitude of Ministers on the subject of mandates last week. But though these were unusually glaring examples of the contempt of the Government for principles which Englishmen for generations have regarded as inviolable, the spirit which inspired them is pervading our whole constitutional system. The management of foreign affairs, to name one instance, has been taken almost entirely out of the hands of the Foreign Office, as witness the trade agreement with the Soviet Government, involving practical recognition, which was negotiated by Sir Robert Horne. . . . It needed all the character and all the genius of Pitt to restore the credit of the constitutional system in the eyes of the nation and of the world. Now, as then, it has been sorely shaken; now, as then, it is in danger if its reputation is not renewed; now, as then, the remedy is in the hands of Parliament and of the electorate. The first step must be insistence upon the collective responsibility of the Cabinet for all the acts by which its members exercise the influence of the Crown. Unless Parliament and the electorate apply this initial remedy swiftly, control of the constitutional position may pass out of their hands into others better organised and more resolute.

To show that there is no ill-feeling we shall admit that *The Times* goes on to develop the case against Lloyd George beyond the limits which we attempted, and has disclosed that agile individual's scheme for making himself a virtual President of the Empire.

With the excuse that he was too busy to attend Parliament, he retired to Downing Street, and set up Bonar Law as a convenient stalking horse.

But the truth is out, thanks to *The Times*, and we now see Mr. Lloyd George playing at President with a dummy "Prime Minister" in the person of the Leader of the House. This is what the *Times* says :—

> Men of all parties, in fact, are beginning to realise that the changes in the Constitution, which were readily accepted for the more vigorous prosecution of the war, are being retained against their will. Two subtle changes are more particularly in question :—
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> 1. The semi-Presidential position of the Prime Minister, who is actually able to send a deputy to lead the House of Commons.
>
> 2. The diminution of the principle of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet through the retention of the most important elements of the War Cabinet system, including the secretariat and the ever-changing *personnel* of its Councils.
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> There is a growing feeling, which finds expression in many quarters, that power is being more and more centralised in Downing Street. This process runs counter to the spirit of the age, and the House of Commons is at last chafing under it. Parliament seems to be no longer the organ of checks and balances which Walter Bagehot found so admirable half a century ago, and the Government has an altogether disproportionate power in face of the House of Commons, its constitutional master. This vital aspect of public affairs has become prominent on two or three occasions already in the present Session, chiefly through the attempt of unco-ordinated Departments to pass measures restrictive of the liberty of the subject. It is, more than before, engaging the attention of thoughtful Parliamentarians in all quarters of the House, and it will be raised on the plea of urgency within the next few weeks.
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> When once the country is sufficiently roused there must be a speedy reversion to the constitutional *status quo ante bellum*. There are signs that a popular attack on the war powers of the peace Cabinet is at hand.

Having cleared the ground, as it were, we may take up the argument as we left it last week when we said :—

> **What we desire to make plain, in the interests of the British people is that the pact signed by Sir Robert Horne with the Russian murderers is the last of a series of blows directed at the Privy Council and the Foreign Office. The pact was actually signed without the knowledge of these Departments of State. They were ignored; and this ignoring of them constitutes an act of war by the Communist gang in Downing Street against the supreme executive power of the State.**
>
> **It is difficult to express how terribly the security and freedom of the British people have been endangered by this infamous flouting of the Constitution. A blow has been struck at the very vitals of the State, and those who comprehend all that this blow involves may well despair when they see the State itself mortally wounded.**

The blow was a subtle one, and the weapon was a poisoned weapon. For our part we feel that nothing can save this country but the complete overthrow of the secret Communist powers now directed by Lloyd George and controlled by his Jewish paymasters.

But, apart from its injury to the State, this pact between England and the Russian-Jewish murderers is a thing of immense spiritual significance; and as it has been "taken lying down" by the people of this country, they must be accepted as bearing responsibility for this betrayal of Christendom.

England, after all, is a Christian country. In her Catholic days England deservedly bore the proud title of "Our Lady's Dowry." And it is this England, with its incomparable traditions, which has signed a treaty with the murderers of the cousin of her own King, which has joined hands with devils, and hobnobbed with men who paused for a moment from murder, outrage, inconceivable sacrilege and villainy to erect in "Holy Russia" a statue to Judas Iscariot!

The mind which conceived the idea of erecting a statue to Judas was the same mind which directed the Jewish purchase and control of the Prime Minister of England, and brought about a betrayal of Christendom with which was combined an assault of the first magnitude upon the structure of our Constitution.

One of the oldest prophecies relating to England is contained in a rhyme:—

> When Our Lord's head falls on Our Lady's lap
> England will meet with dire mishap.

Now, what does this mean? A prophecy of the kind invariably refers to the days of the Christian calendar, and this particular prophecy has been fulfilled this year. For the first time for nearly ten centuries Good Friday fell on Ladyday; and, as for the "dire mishap" which England is to suffer in the year following such a Good Friday Ladyday, the apathy of the English people in the face of the betrayal of Christendom can only end in spiritual and material ruin.

If the people of this country arise in their wrath and sweep Lloyd George and his tribe of Jews out of public life, there will be hope. But England has submitted so long to outrage and has displayed such apathy, that we have little hope of a display of righteous indignation directed by the natural rulers of the country.

The natural rulers of this country are those men who have been born to power, and who have not had to soil themselves in the vile ways of political and sub-political intrigue to reach a position of power. Therefore, the natural rulers of this country are the aristocracy and gentry. An aristocrat is, traditionally, a protector of the poor; a gentleman is a gentle man. There you have the problem of this country solved. Put the saving of the country into the hands of those quiet, honourable men who have not been killed in the Jew-made war, which was started for the killing off of our bravest and noblest, and there will be a chance for England to struggle back to safety. This paper, under its original name, predicted the war and all the disasters social and economic, which have since fallen upon our people. For that reason our present warning should be heeded. Let our words be heeded or ignored, we shall not cease to warn this country of its danger, and to point the way to safety. Safety lies in getting rid of "super-men" and creating a Government of quiet gentlemen.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%

PRICE OF GOLD 104s. 11d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·37 to 11·37½
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	248½ to 250
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	54·00 to 54·10
CALCUTTA	Rupees	1s. 4d.	15¾d. to 15⅞d.
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	24·30 to 24·33
ITALY	Lire	25·22½	97¾ to 98
MADRID	Pesetas	25·22½	28·01 to 28·04
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·44 to 4·46
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·91⅞ to 3·92⅛
PARIS	Francs	25·22½	56·50 to 56·54
SINGAPORE	Dollars	—	2·3¾d. to 2·3$\frac{31}{32}$d.
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	24·68 to 24·70
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	2/5⅝ to 2/5½

RHODESIA.

The Returns of the Department of the Secretary of Mines of Rhodesia, giving the total mineral production of that country for the year 1920, have just been issued, showing a value of £4,450,000. This is stated to be a very satisfactory return, which has, in fact, only twice been exceeded—in the year 1916, when £4,829,700 is shown, and in 1917, when the return was £4,639,000. Comparing 1919 with the past year, the increase in gold produced stands at £557,000, copper at £125,600, and chrome £102,837. No doubt a great portion of the gold increase is due to the premium on this precious metal, because the actual output of gold showed a decrease of 40,720 ozs. Rhodesia does not appear to have any large recognised gold fields such as exist on the Rand, and what there are appear to be pretty much scattered all over the colony, and none of them gives very high returns. Like most of the gold mines on the old Central Rand, the larger portion of the gold producers of Rhodesia would probably have had to shut down during the past year but for the premium on the metal.

It is interesting to note that the healthy position of the copper industry last year is responsible for the increase in the value of that metal produced. The actual output of copper for 1920 showed only a slight increase of about 100 tons, whereas compared with the output for 1919, as shown above, the value of the metal had risen by over £125,000. When one compares the price of copper to-day with what it was a year ago there is likely to be a considerable drop in the value of copper produced, not only in Rhodesia, but in all other copper producing centres, during 1921.

EAST AFRICA.—It seems likely that in the near future increased attention will be paid to the development of the new British East African Colony taken from the Germans—Kenya Colony—and also the neighbouring old British Colony of Uganda. These localities produce the very finest cotton, sugar and also rubber. With regard to the cotton crop for the past year the remarks of the Chairman of the British East Africa Corporation, Ltd., at a recent General Meeting show that the position was a very healthy one, while the 1921 crop will show a 50 per cent. increase:—

> "The Uganda cotton season of 1920 was a record, with a crop of 50,000 bales. During the buying period and until August last year, middling American was worth 24d. per lb. and upwards, with Uganda cotton in strong demand at a premium of 24d. to 30d. per lb. The decline had begun at the end of August, and along with it had come a complete disinclination of spinners to buy Uganda cotton, however much the selling price was reduced. From August, 1920, up to the present day barely 8,000 bales had been bought by Lancashire spinners. That seemed largely due to the conservatism of the mills. The result was that, although they had secured a very fair proportion of all the sales, they had the major part of their 1920 crop still on hand. Present prices were far below the cost of pro-

duction, and that could not last or cotton would cease to be grown. Stocks of cotton goods must get exhausted and the demand arise for the raw material at a price at which it could be grown. With regard to the 1921 season in Uganda the harvest was estimated at 70,000 bales, and the natives were naturally getting a very low price, and that was bound to result in their planting loss in 1921 for the 1922 harvest."

Dividends and Reports.

Central Uruguay Railway.—Full interim dividend for half-year ended 31st December, 1920, on 5½ per cent. preference shares.

Central Uruguay Eastern Extension Railway.—Interim dividend for half-year of 5s. per share less tax on ordinary shares.

Central Uruguay Northern Extension Railway.—Interim dividend for half-year of 4s. per share less tax.

San Francisco Mines.—Balance-sheet shows profit of £33,150, reducing debit balance to £7,750.

Hadfields.—Profit for 1920 was £107,856, plus £133,610 brought forward, making £241,466. Further dividend recommended of 6d. per share on ordinary shares, making 5 per cent., free of tax. £135,727 carried forward. The moulders' strike and other trade disputes last year seriously affected operations. Reconstruction of extensions made during the war to adapt them to post-war trade, and the installation and equipment of new steel foundry and rolling mills, have involved large capital outlay, and to meet this the Directors decided to make a debenture issue of £1,000,000 of 7½ per cent. debenture stock redeemable in 10 years, which has been successfully carried out.

Alliance Trust Company.—Dividend on ordinary stock at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum less tax.

Pinchin Johnson.—Dividend of 10 per cent. less tax on ordinary shares, making 15 per cent. for year; £10,000 to reserve, making £25,000; £8,500 written off preliminary expenses of new capital issue. £10,588 carried forward.

S. T. D. Motors.—Dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on preferred ordinary shares for half-year ending 31st March, less tax.

Cammell Laird.—Final dividend for 1920 of 5 per cent. on ordinary shares less tax, making 7½ per cent. for year. £102,970 carried forward.

D. H. Evans.—Net profit for year ended 19th February, 1921, was £134,719. Additional dividend recommended of 15 per cent., making 20 per cent. £31,237 carried forward, subject to Corporation Tax and Excess Profits Duty.

Nundydroog Mines.—Dividend of 1s. per share less tax at 6s.

Vulcan Foundry.—Interim dividend 5 per cent. actual on ordinary share.

Wharncliffe Silkstone Colliery.—Final dividend of 10 per cent on ordinary and 6¼ per cent. on participating preference shares, both less tax.

PARIS NOTES.

XXVII.

This morning, as the crowd began to wend its way towards Notre Dame de Paris it came in scattered little groups of plain, everyday men and women, sometimes lively and chattering, mostly preoccupied and shivering in the cold wind.

The church itself was cold.

Notre Dame de Paris is a proud and haughty cathedral. The waves of human passions which for seven centuries have beaten so furiously at the foot of its walls seem to have had no effect in bringing it within reach of humanity. One feels lost in its immensity, very small and far below its towering arches, frozen by its secular imperviousness. The cold grey walls give no hope. "*De profundis clamavi*" . . . but the weak little voice gets lost.

To-day the glow of thousands of lights warms the greyness of the stones which surge out of the crowd into the mysterious dusk, tremendously high above our heads. With the first chords of the organ the church becomes full of sound and the scattered groups of everyday men and women begin to coalesce into unity. They become one living body, a congregation, a church. As the splendour of High Mass unfolds itself the church seems to be built again under our eyes. Chords upon chords of stone crystallise out of the chords of music. The mystic forest of columns and pillars grows higher and higher out of the throbbing clay of dark humanity underneath. Sound and form become one.

The church filled with people begins to live. It becomes the "*civitas Dei*," with its houses, streets and inhabitants, all one and harmoniously blended in divine hierarchy. It is then that one first realises the artistic idea of architectural details displayed in different parts of the cathedral.

The windows in the nave and the lacework of arches and pillars of the galleries are brown and grey and have the neatness of an architectural print. Beginning from the transept the tones get warmer. Here the glass is purple and blue. In the choir the stone, lit up by candles, becomes pink and orange. The stained glass is orange and red. Saints in pairs and groups form processions on backgrounds of unearthly sunsets and Elysium dawns. The patterns of the smaller "rosaces" are composed of clouds and skies.

The statue of Notre Dame de Paris stands high above the heads of the black crowd, under its narrow canopy of light blue with the gold "*fleurs de lys*" at the corners. On ordinary days one tall candle alone is lit before it. The statue then seems to be only the white shadow of a Presence. To-day Notre Dame de Paris appears in the glow of countless candles—Her presence is real. She stands in the calm attitude of Gothic statues, in the benevolent repose which lasts for ever. A little aside and behind and a little lower stands Joan of Arc—the first lady at the French Court of the Queen of Heaven. Her hands are clasped in a passionate appeal, she strides forward to defend France, her "*oriflamme*" fluttering behind her shoulder. A saint—but still human, striving in the turmoil of human passion under the benevolent gaze of Her who is above saints. Mass is being celebrated in regal splendour. The mediæval chivalry of the Latin rite makes the Court of Our Lady resound with the clinking of armour and spurs and the trumpet calls of heralds.

In the gigantic stone frame of the arch the Altar is a sea of light. The whole cathedral is full of the sound of the organ. So it has been, so it is and will be in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris ever since the year of Our Lord 1230.

A feeling of great security warms one's heart. One feels safe in the light of the Altar, carried on the waves of music, under the smile of the Holy Virgin.

Let the masonic Panthéon close by loom large on the top of the *Montagne Sainte Geneviève*. Let Jew-ridden democracies build fantastic worlds as solid as houses of cards or the Tower of Babel. The League of Nations from Geneva may throw its net of Luciferan hypocrisy and materialism over a distraught world. The sorcerers of Moscow may cast their bloody spells within the desecrated walls of the Kremlin. Blasphemous wiseacres may proclaim the godhood of man.

One feels safe in this church. "The gates of hell will not prevail against it."

On the Altar of Notre Dame burns the eternal fire which makes all darkness recoil and consumes all evil like grass. The hearts of the congregation rise beyond the towering arches of Our Lady's Palace.

The Sacrifice is achieved. The world has been saved once more. It will be so "*in saecula saeculorum*."

Near where I am hiding in the shadow of a pillar a little bourgeois gets up with a sigh of relief, collects his wife, his hat and his child.

"*Ça y est*," says he, addressing no one in particular, and makes towards the door.

"*Ça y est*"! *Ite missa est.*

Christ has risen. We are saved!

ENGO.

Paris, Easter Sunday, 1921.

BUDAPEST NOTES.

The Anti-Semitic Conference in Vienna took place March 11-13, 1921.

The following countries were represented: England, Hungary, Austria, Germany, Poland, Bohemia.

The Conference was a great success, 60,000 Christians (Catholics and Protestants alike) participated.

It was decided that *First Anti-Semitic World Congress* should be held in Budapest, September, 1921.

It was further decided that a permanent World Centre of Non-Jews shall be established in Budapest, as that city is one of the oldest historical strongholds of Christianity.

Among others, Mr. Orlo Lynus, representing the "Britons" in Hungary, was elected Organising Secretary and Member of Committee for the First Anti-Semitic World-Congress in Budapest.

Special invitations to all the Christian Nations will be forwarded at an early date.

WORLD JUDAISM AND BRITISH DANUBE-TRADE.

The most important point of the Peace of Versailles for the British Trade Politic in Europe is the free Danube. For two years England was placed into a victorious situation, but could not utilise this favourable situation with regard to the Danube. Why? Because international organised Judaism will monopolise the Danube Trade for its own selfish purpose. The same Judaism has also the greatest interest to prevent political and economic consolidation of the Catholic Danube countries, viz.: Bavaria, Austria and Hungary, which nations have cultivated an efficient anti-Semitism for the last fifty years, and would be the most able outposts for a Christian counter-World-Revolution.

World Judaism very cleverly played the County Baranya, with the rich coal mines of Pécs, into the hands of the Jewish Bolshevists. And this was done against the regulations of the Peace of Trianon, which gave Baranya to Hungary. This county is occupied to-day officially by Serbia, but *de facto* by a horde of Jewish-Bolshevistic terrorists and bandits, tyrannising there the Christian civil population in the same manner as in Russia.

Now Danube shipping is dependent upon the coal mines in Pécs. No coal, no shipping. As long as Pécs is in the hands of the Bolshevists the British trade on the Danube is paralysed. It is no wonder that Hungary received the speeches of Lord Newton and Lord Sydenham in the House of Lords, regarding earliest assignment of the County of Baranya to Hungary, with a most enthusiastic ovation. Hungary alone is able to break Bolshevist rulership in Baranya, thus to free the Danube traffic.

However, the Jews will not fail to work against the cleaning up of Baranya. Many of the Hungarian Jewish terrorists fled to Pécs. Among them is one who threatened that even the Christian babies shall die should the coal mines go over to Christian Hungary. It is in the interest of the Jew to prolong the British production and labour crisis as to life necessities—coal, traffic and industry. Not the Jew is suffering here, but the Christian population, which is driven into despair on account of the shortage of food, cloth, fuel, &c. This is in the spirit of the Jewish Arch-socialist Marx-Mordechai, who taught "Counter-revolutionary nations—Recte Christians—must be exterminated!" Through the long stoppage of the Danube traffic the shares of the Christian stockholders will be bought up cheaply by the Jews, and the Danube commerce will glide from the hands of Christian England into Jewish hands.

The case of Baranya proves how cunningly the Jew operates at the expense of all Christian peoples, how he incites one Christian nation against the other, how he commands the whole situation, thus securing his harvest of world dominion. It is this method which he developed to highest perfection during the World-War. It is a system taught already in the "Protocols of the learned Elders of Zion," in which is said: "When several States or peoples turn against the Jew, then the general war of the Christian peoples against each other must be taught!" Central Europe is ruined already by the Jews. Now they intend to ruin England, U.S.A. and France through internal troubles (Sinn Fein strikes, throwing of bombs into Christian banks and at statesmen), and wars against each other. Shall the Jew be prevented or shall he succeed? That depends upon the Western states. In the meanwhile, Hungary is suffering from the lack of coal. The railway traffic is paralysed. There is lack of water, not enough water for baths, W.C., laundry, &c. No heat. Thus the Christian is forced into dirt, misery, hunger and cold, while the Jew is able to have what he wants, paying tremendous prices which the Christian is unable to afford.

Budapest, March 21, 1921.

HENRY FORD'S EXPOSURE OF BOLSHEVISM.

MR. HENRY FORD, an American manufacturer of automobiles, is carrying out an educational campaign in his weekly paper, the *Dearborn Independent*, in order that the average American can become acquainted with the Satanic forces behind Bolshevism. We reproduce in part the twentieth of the first series of these articles:—

> It is a well-known fact that during the French Commune when men of wealth suffered severe losses in property, the Jewish Rothschilds were not injured to the extent of one pennyworth. It is also a well-known fact, capable of proof satisfactory to any ordinary mind, that the connections between Jewish financiers and the more dangerous revolutionary elements here in the United States are such that it is most unlikely that the former stand to lose anything in any event. Under cover of the disorder in Russia, at the present time, Jewish financiers are taking advantage of the stress of the people to gain control of all the strategic natural resources and municipal property, by methods which they fully expect to be legalised by Jewish courts when the present "Bolshevik régime" announces that it will give way to a "modified communism." The world hasn't seen the end of Bolshevism yet. Like the World War, Bolshevism cannot be interpreted until it is seen who profits most by it, and the profiteering is in full sway now. The enemy is Gentile capital. Not any other. And "all the wealth of the world in our hands" is the unspoken slogan of every Jewish outbreak in the world to-day.
>
> The Jews created capitalism, we are told. But capitalism has proved itself ill-behaved. So now, the Jewish creators are going to destroy their creation. They have done so in Russia. And now, will the American people be good and let their Jewish benefactors do the same in America?
>
> That is the new explanation, and, typically Jewish again, it is coupled with a proposal for the United States—and a threat! If America refuses this particular service of the Jew, we "put him in the position of an irreconcilable enemy."
>
> But the Jews have *not* destroyed capitalism in Russia. When Lenin and Trotsky make their farewell bow and retire under the protective influence of the Jewish capitalists of the world, it will be seen that only Gentile or Russian capital has been destroyed, and that Jewish capital has been enthroned.

What is the record ? Documents printed by the United States Government contain this letter: Please note the date, the Jewish banker and the Jewish names :

" Stockholm, Sept. 21, 1917.

" To Mr. Raphael Scholan -

" Dear Comrade :—The banking house, M. Warburg, opened an account for the enterprise of Comrade Trotsky upon receipt of a telegram from the Chairman of the ' Rhein-Westphalian Syndicate.' A lawyer, probably Mr. Kestroff, obtained ammunition and organised the transportation of same, together with that of the money * * * to whom the sum demanded by Comrade Trotsky is to be handed.

" Fraternal Greetings !

" Furstenberg."

Long before that, an American Jewish financier, the late Jacob Schiff, was supplying the funds which carried revolutionary propaganda to thousands of Russian prisoners of war in Japanese camps.

It is sometimes said, by way of explaning the Bolshevik movement, that it was financed from Germany, a fact which was seized upon to supply war propaganda. It is true that part of the money came from Germany. It is true that part of the money came from the United States. It is true that part of the money came from England.

It is the whole truth that Jewish finance in all the countries was interested in Bolshevism as an All-Jewish investment. For the whole period of the war, the Jewish World Program was cloaked under this or that national name—the blame being laid on the Germans by the Allies, and on the Allies by the Germans, and the people kept in ignorance of who the real personages were.

It was stated by a French official that two millions of money was contributed by one Jewish banker alone.

When Trotsky left the United States to fulfil his appointed task, he was released from arrest at Halifax upon the request of the United States, and everyone knows who constituted the War Governement of the United States.

The conclusion, when all the facts are considered, is irresistible, that the Bolshevik revolution was a carefully groomed investment on the part of the International Jewish Finance.

It is easy to understand, then, why the same forces would like to introduce it to the United States. The real struggle in this country is not between labour and capital; the real struggle is between Jewish capital and Gentile capital, with the I. W. W. leaders, the Socialist leaders, the Red leaders and the labour leaders almost a unit on the side of the Jewish capitalists.

Again recall which financiers these men most attack. You cannot recall a single Jewish name.

The main purpose in these two articles, however, is to introduce the Jewish testimony which exists as to the Jewish nature of Bolshevism.

The *Jewish Chronicle*, of London, said in 1919 :—

> " There is much in the fact of Bolshevism itself, in the fact that so many Jews are Bolsheviks, in the fact that the ideals of Bolshevism at many points are consonant with the finest ideals of Judiasm."

In the same paper, of 1920, is a report of an address made by Israel Zangwill, a noted Jewish writer, in which he pronounced glowing praise on " the race which has produced a Beaconsfield, a Reading, a Montagu, a Klotz, *a Kurt Eisner, a Trotsky.*" Mr. Zangwill, in his swelling Semitic enthusiasm, embraced the Jews in the British Government in the same category with the Jews of the Hungarian and Russian Bolshevik Governements. What is the difference ? They are all Jewish, and all of equal honour and usefulness to " the race."

Rabbi J. L. Magnes, in an address at New York in 1919, is reported to have said :

> "' When the Jew gives his thoughts, his devotion, to the cause of the workers and of the dispossessed, of the disinherited of the world, the radical quality within him goes to the roots of things, and in Germany he becomes a Marx and a Lassalle, a Haas, and an Edward Bernstein ; in Austria he becomes a Victor Adler and a Friedrich Adler ; *in Russia a Trotsky.* Just take for a moment the present situation in Russia and in Germany. The revolution set creative forces free, and *see what a large company of Jews was available for immediate service.* Socialist Rrvolutionaries and Mensheviki, and Bolsheviki, Majority and Minority Socialists—*Jews are to be found among the trusted leaders and the routine workers of all these revolutionary parties.*"

" See," says the rabbi, " what a large company of Jews are available for immediate service." One ought to see where he points. There are as many Jewish members of revolutionary societies in the United States, as there were in Russia ; and here, as there, they are " available for immediate service."

Bernard Lazare, a Jewish writer who has published a work on anti-Semitism, says :

> " The Jew, therefore, *does take a part in revolutions, and he participates in them in so far as he is a Jew, or more correctly, in so far as he remains a Jew.*"

He says also : " The Jewish spirit is essentially a revolutionary spirit, and consciously or otherwise, the Jew is a revolutionist."

There is hardly any country in the world, except the United States, where denials of this could be made in such a way as to require proof. In every other country the fact is known. Here we have been under such a fear of mentioning the word " Jew " or anything pertaining to it, that the commonest facts have been kept from us—facts which even a superficial knowledge of Jewish writing would have given us. It was almost a pathetic spectacle to see American audiences go to lectures about the Russian situation, and come away from the hall confused and perplexed because the Russian situation is so un-Russian, all because no lecturer thought it politic to mention " Jew," in the United States, for, as some day we shall see, the Jew has contrived to gain control of the platform too.

Not only do the literary lights of Jewry acknowledge the Jew's propensity to revolution generally, and his responsibility for the Russian situation particularly, but the lower lights also have a very clear idea about it. The Jew in the midst of the revolution is conscious that somehow he is advancing the cause of Israel. He may be a " bad Jew " in the synagogue sense, but he is enough of a Jew to be willing to do anything that would advance the prestige of Israel. Race is stronger than religion in Jewry.

The Russian paper, *On to Moscow*, in September, 1919, said :

> " It should not be forgotten that *the Jewish people,* who for centuries were opppressed by kings and czars *are the real proletariat, the real Internationale, which has no country.*"

Mr. Cohan, in the newspaper *Communist*, in April, 1919, said :

> " Without exaggeration, it may be said that *the great Russian social revolution was indeed accomplished by the hands of the Jews.* Would the dark oppressed masses of the Russian workmen and peasants have been able to throw off the yoke of the bourgeoisie by themselves ? No, *it was precisely the Jews who led the Russian proletariat to the dawn of the Internationale and not only have led, but are also now leading, the Soviet cause,* which remains in their safe hands. We may be quiet as long as the chief command of the Red Army is in the hands of Comrade Leon Trotsky. It is true that *there are no Jews in the ranks of he Red Army as far as privates are concerned, but in the committees and Soviet organisations, as commissars, the Jews are gallantly leading the masses* of the Russian proletariat to victory. It is not without reason that during the elections to all Soviet institutions the Jews are winning by an overwhelming majority * * * *The symbol of Jewry,* which for centuries has struggled against capitalism, *has become now the symbol of the Russian proletariat,* which can be seen even in the adoption of the Red five-pointed *star,* which in former times, as it is well known, *was the symbol of Zionism and Jewry.* With this sign comes victory, *with this sign comes the death of the parasites of the bourgeoisie * * * Jewish tears will come out of them in sweat of drops of blood.*"

This confession, or rather boast, is remarkable for its completeness. The Jews, says Mr. Cohan, are in control of the Russian masses—the Russian masses who have never risen at all, who only know that a minority, like the Czar's minority, is in control at the seat of government.

The Jews are not in the Red Army, Mr. Cohan informs us, that is, in the ranks where the actual fighting is done ; and this is strictly in line with the Protocols. The strategy of the World Program is to set Gentiles to kill Gentiles. This was the Jewish boast during the various French social disasters, that so many Frenchmen had been set killing each other.

In the World War just passed, there were as many Gentiles killed by Gentiles as there are Jews in the world. It was a great victory for Israel. " Jewish tears will come out in sweat of drops of blood."

But the Jews are in the places of control and safety, says Mr. Cohan, and he is absolutely right about it. The wonder is that he was so honest as to say it.

As to the elections, so-called, at which the Jews are so unanimously chosen, the literature of Bolshevism is very explicit. Those who voted against the Jewish candidates were adjudged " enemies of the revolution " and executed. It did not require many executions at a voting place to make all the elections unanimous.

Mr. Cohan is especially instructive on the significance of the Red Star, the five-pointed emblem of Bolshevism. " The symbol of Jewry," he says, " has become also the symbol of the Russian proletariat."

The Star of David, the Jewish national emblem, is a six-pointed star, formed by two triangles, one standing on its base, the other on its apex. Deprived of their base lines, these triangles approximate the familiar Masonic emblem of the Square and Compass. It is this Star of David of which a Jewish observer in Palestine remarks that there are so few among the graves of the British soldiers who won Palestine in the recent war ; most of the signs are the familiar wooden Cross. These Crosses are now reported to be objectionable to the new rulers of Palestine, because they are so plainly in view of the visitor who approaches the new Jewish university. As in Soviet Russia, so in Palestine, not many Jews laid down their lives for the cause : there were plenty of Gentiles for that purpose.

As the Jew is a past master in the art of symbolism, it may not be without significance that the Bolshevik Star has one point less than the Star of David. For there is still one point to be fulfilled in the World Program as outlined in the Protocols—and that is the enthronement of "our leader." When he comes, the World Autocrat for whom the whole program is framed, the sixth point may be added.

The Five Points of the Star now apparently assured are the Purse, the Press, the Peerage, Palestine and Proletarianism. The sixth point will be the Prince of Israel.

It is very hard to say, it is hard to believe, but Mr. Cohan has said it, and revolutions especially since the French Revolution confirms it, that "with this sign comes the death of the parasites of the bourgeoisie * * * Jewish tears will come out of them in sweat of drops of blood." The "bourgeoisie," as the Protocols say, are always Gentile.

The common counterargument to the invincible fact of the Jewish character of the Russian revolution—an argument which is destined to disappear now that Jewish acknowledgment is coming thick and fast—is that the Jews in Russia suffer too. "How can we favour a movement which makes our own people suffer ?" is the argument put up to the Gentile.

Well, the fact is this : they *are* favouring that movement. To-day, this very moment, the Bolshevik Government is receiving money from Jewish financiers in Europe, and if in Europe, then of course from the International Jewish bankers in America also. That is one fact.

Another fact is this : the Jews of Russia are not suffering to anywhere near the extent we are told by the propagandists. It is now a fact admitted by Jews themselves that upon the first sweep of the Bolshevists across Poland, the Polish Jews were friendly with the invaders and helped them. The fact was explained by American Jews in this manner; since Bolhevism came to Russia, the condition of the Jews there has greatly improved—therefore the Polish Jews were friendly. And it is true—the condition of Russian Jews is good.

One reason is: they have Russia. Everything there belongs to them.

The other reason is : The Jews of Russia are the only ones receiving help there to-day.

Did that second statement ever strike you as significant ? Only the Jews of Russia have food and money sent to them. It is one form, of course, of the support which the Jewish world is giving Bolshevism. But if the suffering among the Jews is what the propagandists say it is, what must it be among the Russians ? Yet no one is sending food or money to *them*. The probable truth of the whole situation is that Jewish Bolshevism is laying a tax on the world. Any time it may be required, there is plenty of evidence as to the good condition of the Jews in Russia. They have all there is.

Another source of confusion is revealed in the question : "How can Jewish capitalists support Bolshevism when Bolshevism is against capitalism ?"

Bolshevism, as before stated, is only against Gentile capitalism. Jewish financiers who remained in Russia are very useful to the Bolsheviki. Read this description by an eyewitness : "A Jew is this Commissary of the Bank, very elegant, with a cravat of the latest style, and a fancy waistcoat. A Jew is this District Commissary, former stockbroker, with a double bourgeois chin. Again a Jew, this inspector of taxes : he understands perfectly how to squeeze the bourgeoisie."

These agents of Jewry are still there. Other agents are among the Russians who fled, getting their lands away from them on mortgage loans. When the curtain lifts, most of the choice real estate will be found to have passed into Jewish control by perfectly "legal" means.

That is one answer to the question, Why the Jewish capitalists support Bolshevism. The Red Revolution is the greatest speculative event of human history.

PROHIBITION (LIQUOR CONTROL) CAUSING UNEMPLOYMENT.

At first sight it may seem rather far-fetched to state that "Liquor Control" is one of the causes of the present wave of Unemployment, especially when you read the literature circulated by the prohibitionists under the disguise of the word Temperance.

This good word which means moderation and sobriety has been prostituted by total abstinence fanatics until in their minds it has the synonymous meaning of prohibition and tyranny.

A tyranny by the few intemperate-minded people over the many temperate, moderate and sober minded.

It is an extraordinary obsession of bigots that they are always in sublime ignorance of their weakness, but take credit to themselves that they possess a virtue which is not in others. This bigotry finds expression in a most marked degree amongst all those so-called Temperance reformers, who are really the most intemperate-minded section of the community; for what they imagine to be strength of character is simply the vice of a peculiar weakness.

If we examine the literature which is always distributed under the cover and disguise of Temperance, we find this weakness runs as a dark thread through all their arguments, revealing the confusion which exists in their minds as to the difference between Temperance and Prohibition. The latter being an extremist view, it may be admitted as a logical fact that an extreme view upon any subject must be considered a vice, although the world may term it a virtue, for it is the extreme and excess in anything that becomes a vice.

In a criticism of Prohibition, it stands condemned upon the principle that it is destructive without any constructive policy and in this respect it is even worse than Socialism. Further its aims are a direct interference with the liberty of the subject. It is a dictatorship to enforce a tyranny by a small weak-minded section of the community, who cannot trust themselves "in their cups." It is therefore equally as objectionable as the recently attempted domination of the community by a section of the workers, and must, and will, be resented by every right-minded, justice and liberty-loving Englishman, for is it not a fact that the very people who preach Prohibition are loud in their denunciation of any section of the workers holding the Nation at ransom ? Is this attitude logical or consistent ? Moreover, is it justice ?

During one's search for facts in support of Prohibition, it is surprising how few names of really great men the Temperance fanatics appear to be able to inscribe on their scroll of fame. They place Abraham Lincoln upon the pedestal of their idolatry and history proves that he was an extremist who was assassinated for those actions and views.

In all their claims upon the increased efficiency obtained by alcoholic abstainers, is it not remarkable that there is almost an entire absence of the names of great statesmen, authors, poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, actors and orators, in fact, all men of great genius. Warriors have not been forgotten, but are purposely excluded.

Is there a scroll of fame large enough to contain the names of those ancestors who were consumers of alcohol, and who have given us our gems in prose and poetry, the wonderful music, the glorious paintings, and sculpture, the marvellous oratory inspired and produced by that great gift of nature which the Prohibitionists so loudly condemn as being unfit for rational sober-minded mankind ?

Without this stimulant as an inspiring force, would the great masterpieces have been produced ? If it is assumed that they would, can it not be argued that if the consumption of alcohol was so detrimental to intellectual attainment, we should then find on record that most of the great men who produced our masterpieces were total abstainers ? What, in fact, does history record ?

One would think from the ravings of Prohibitionists that the people were all drunkards, and yet in their efforts to prove their case they give figures which clearly shew what a very sober nation we really are, and how ridiculous their attitude is.

What are some of the figures given to support their case ? The annual number of convictions for drunkenness for the whole of England and Wales for 1919 (the latest compiled) were 57,948.

Whilst giving the figures there is a trading upon the weakness of the memory of the general public, by stating the annual number of convictions as per 10,000 of the population instead of per 1,000. This enables them to increase to a whole number what would otherwise be a decimal fraction in many boroughs, for when you reduce the percentage to every 1,000 of the population you find that the number of convictions ranges from 0·2 to 5·5 per 1,000, with the exception of London, which is 21 per 1,000. A further reduction to every 100 of the population puts the decimal point still further away. Alarming figures, are they not ? The real truth of which appears to be that there is 0·28 of every 100 of the population heading straight for perdition, and therefore 99 men out of every 100 must be deprived of drink.

Finally to shew the ridiculous exaggeration of the danger of drink, it should not be overlooked that there are at least 365 opportunities a year for every person to get drunk and get convicted. It also happens that the same offenders are frequently convicted on more than one occasion during the year, but if we accept that there are 20,000,000 drinkers who have at least 365 opportunities in the year to drink and to get drunk, we get the absurd percentage of 0·00,000,794 of convictions, per opportunity, per annum, per head. This is considered a justification for PROHIBITION ! ! !

THE DANGERS OF PROHIBITION.

If we are inclined to reject the figures given, and instead accept the arguments in favour of Prohibition, it would not be right to do so until we have probed and examined the case thoroughly. During this examination we may perhaps discover some of the hidden dangers, for we know without much probing that it means a sacrifice of some of our liberty. Many of us can see that it would rob us of what we choose to consider some part of our life's pleasures. Further, some of us will be led to examine its moral aspect, and in this respect we are not ignorant of the results in the so-called " dry " countries, where it is known to be breeding dishonesty and deceit. Already two vices that we are aware of, and in addition we know it is breeding a disregard of State laws. How many other vices will take the place of drinking to excess, we know not.

On these grounds alone can it be wise to remove one vice, that is only the vice of an excess which we have experience in handling, and can to a certain extent keep in check, when other innumerable vices which we have no experience in controlling may take its place, and prove a greater danger than the one displaced ? This is a danger on the threshold of which we may be placed, not knowing where it may lead us.

Another danger confronting us is the laboratorial fact that alcohol can be produced from almost any vegetable substance. This is where Prohibition will touch our liberty the most. To those who dally in a half-hearted way with the Prohibition snakes in the grass, these few questions may be asked.

Are you prepared for a registration or an uprooting of your apple trees, your pear trees, your vines in greenhouses, your small fruit trees, yea, even your rhubarb and possibly the cowslips in the field, for all as you know, are capable of producing the liquor that is to be damned ?

What a vision we now have of an army of officials, intended, I suppose, to absorb those unemployed as a result of Prohibition. Judging from the recent experience of Government control, there will be an army of officials with appropriate titles, such as Controller of Cowslips, ditto for sloes, ditto for elderberries, &c. Inspectors of orchards and vineries. What activity there will be in the Ministry of Nettles previous to harvest time for surely the farmers will be allowed to grow wheat if not barley, and the harvesters may be driven to quench their thirst with nettle beer, unless prevented from doing so.

The picture may perhaps appear to be somewhat overdrawn, but one has to consider how the people would be prevented from making their own liquor when the necessary materials were at hand. Of course, no restrictive precautions have as yet taken place in the " dry " areas in Scotland, because with adjacent " wet " areas they would be unavailing, and it would not be policy to frighten the people now, or the movement is doomed to failure. But " wait and see " what will happen when the country is " dry," for make no mistake, the same people who during the war seized the nation's hour of distress as a suitable opportunity for establishing their dictatorship, will be still more merciless and cruel when once they are firmly established.

PRESENT UNEMPLOYMENT RESULTING FROM PROHIBITION (LIQUOR CONTROL).

As far as the present restrictions are concerned there does not appear to be any movement on the part of Prohibitionists to provide employment for the people whose livelihood has been taken from them. This is the greatest weakness of their policy.

An estimate of the enormous amount of unemployment already created can be judged from the following statistics :—

	1913.	1919. (Last records.)
Beer (barrels brewed) ...	35,324,000 ...	21,752,000
Spirits (gallons)	22,004,000 ...	15,562,000
On-licences	88,739 ...	84,052
Off-licences	23,632 ...	22,291
Clubs	8,457 ...	8,045

This shows that there is roughly about one-third of a reduction in the amount of liquor consumed. There are also over 5,000 less licensed premises, including clubs. Taking the licensed premises and clubs with an average of four persons each, this accounts for over 20,000 unemployed.

From an estimate of 2,000,000 persons employed directly and indirectly by the liquor trade, if we take one-third reduction in output as requiring one-third less employees, we are confronted with the enormous total of 680,000 odd people who have been thrown out of employment owing to the present liquor control, and who require to be absorbed by other industries.

The Prohibitionists will, of course, attempt to minimise and challenge the figures given by referring to their estimate of 386,045, given by them in contradiction of the *Brewers' Trade* estimate of 2,000,000 employed in the liquor trade in 1910. Unfortunately for them, in that year they show that there were 92,484 " on-licences," 24,438 " off-licences " and 7,536 clubs, so if their estimate was taken as correct, it would allow an average of about three persons for each licensed place, and no one to manufacture all the liquor required.

It is conclusive that their estimate of the number employed in the liquor trade cannot be accepted, and that is quite independent of those indirectly employed by this industry. We know that shipping and railways would be adversely affected, as they have to transport the materials required and also the manufactured products for the home and export trade. How far-reaching the disastrous effect of Prohibition would be upon employment it is difficult to realise, but we can already see some of the effects of liquor control in the army of unemployed on our streets, from which it is obvious that other industries have not been able to absorb them.

If we summarise the case for and against Prohibition, we find :—

(1) It means the destruction of our liberty, and a tyranny by a minority of the people.

(2) It has failed to prove from the records of history that total abstinence has produced great men.

(3) It has proved that there is only a small minority of the population who are weak-minded victims of drinking to excess.

(4) It shows that there is a likelihood of more dangerous vices taking the place of the vice of drinking to excess.

(5) It shows that liquor control is creating unemployment, and that still more will be created by Prohibition.

Finally, if an industry is to be judged from the amount of employment it creates and from its revenue-producing power, then from an economic view the liquor trade is pre-eminent of all our industries, for the *Census of Production* tells us that the value of production of each unit of labour directly employed is nearly three times greater than that of any other industry in the country.

The lesson would appear to be that if the Government will reduce the restrictions of liquor control, we shall have less difficulty in solving the problem of UNEMPLOYMENT.

Judged, therefore, from all the standpoints taken, the case for Prohibition appears to have failed.

Whether the arguments of both sides leave us unconvinced, one's memory is refreshed by the wisdom and philosophy of old Omar Khayyam :—

> "The Grape that can with Logic absolute
> The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute :
> The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
> Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute."

NEPTUNIAN.

A COMMONPLACE BOOK.*

THE great critic is almost as rare a Phœnix as the great poet ; indeed, we are not sure that he is not a bird of the stranger feathers. Paradoxical as it may seem, the so-called critical age is not the hour and time when the heaven-born critic makes his appearance on the stage. Great literature is not merely to be weighed in the scales of the formalist and grammarian ; it is not merely to be measured by rule, and mechanically surveyed by the line and plummet of precedent and law. No doubt there are certain principles of design and structure to which the artist must conform ; the shortcomings and defects of the material in which he works demands so much. But the spirit which inspires and pervades the whole is wide and far-reaching as the universe, and changeable in its Protean shapes as the never-resting spirit of man which is for ever pressing forward to new fields of achievement and conquest. The functions of the critic are not judicial alone ; he must also act as an interpreter, and his business is not merely with the written word, but with the soul which lies behind it. He may have scholarship, acumen, judgment, measure, taste, and a hundred other necessary qualities, but without that profound spiritual understanding which is founded on imaginative sympathy, he is only as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. He also must be at least a distant kinsman of the Immortals, and if he cannot himself make the same aerial flights, he must be familiar with the mechanism of the wings. In the multitude of critics it is difficult to name half a dozen of this superlative excellence. Ste. Beuve and Matthew Arnold were great and memorable interpreters, but the one had, perhaps, a little too much of the Gallic spirit for English readers, and the other, with all his insight, charm and grace, was too fond of playing the inspired schoolmaster to a class of wayward boys. Coleridge comes nearer to perfection, though his eyrie was builded among the clouds, and he sought his prey among the mountain tops. But when all is said and done, it is, perhaps, Hazlitt to whom the palm of perfect achievement must be awarded. He is the one critic we know whose work it is still an inspiration to read. Coleridge had a profounder judgment, and Arnold more measure and balance. But his spirit was magnificent. There was something youthful in his enthusiasm for noble literature, and he never disguised his frank enjoyment. He might flay Gifford and other charlatans and pretenders, but as an apparition of the High Muses, he loved even while he laid on his stripes.

All this may seem very far from Mr. Hackett's "Commonplace Book," but after all the journey is not very far. We have had Commonplace Books before. After Southey's death, that indefatigable writer's Common place Book was given to the world in four huge volumes, and still stands on our upper shelves as a monument of world-wide reading, patient industry and pathetic effort after omniscence. It is really what it professes to be, and we find there some things it is well to know, some things it is interesting to know, and many things that are not of the least interest or value to any human being in the world. Personally we have no great love for such books. To read them is too much like picking pockets when we can ride the King's highway on our own account, and the gains are small. But Mr. Hackett's Commonplace Book is of another order and design. We boldly and plainly brand it as an imposture and a cheat. It is no more a Commonplace Book than it is a treatise on astronomy. When we opened it we thought we knew what we were to find, and in the issue we were filled with shame and covered with confusion. We had looked for a frugal meal of broken dishes, and we are set down to a royal regale of the choicest viands, served by the princes and chiefs of literature. It is not fair dealing on Mr. Hackett's part. We should have had time to put on our wedding garments, and compose ourselves for such high and distinguished company. The truth is this is not a Commonplace Book at all, but an anthology in prose and verse—an anthology compiled with rare judgment, taste and feeling, where the golden thought and golden word lie ready to our hand, a prize and possession for ever.

The true anthologist is a silent critic preaching by example which is far more precious than precept. His labour is not nearly so easy as it seems. He must have travelled much in the realms of gold ; he must be able to detect the true from the false with unerring eye and judgment, and he must let no personal predeliction or amiable weakness divert him from the high path of Truth and Beauty. Though it is not his business to set down the reasons which guided him in his selections, yet his treasures must be collected and chosen with an instinctive sense and reasoned knowledge of their value.

Now, though Mr, Hackett may not be an expositor and interpreter, he has produced one of the most delightful books it has been our good fortune to meet for many a day. Indeed, if we had not remembered in time the *Golden Treasury of Palgrave* we should have said it was the most charming Anthology in the English tongue, but that faithful friend and close companion of many a weary vigil can never be displaced from its high seal in our affections. This is high praise, but it is neither exaggerated nor undeserved. We took up Mr. Hackett's book with a sense of weary indifference—we had read such books before—and we laid it down with a feeling of delight and perfect enjoyment. It is difficult to convey exactly the impression it left upon our mind after first turning over its pages. But you can imagine the feeling with which you would turn into an inn by the wayside on a winter night, expecting to find the chance and casual entertainment of a mercenary host, and instead you find yourself ushered into a noble apartment, with a table spread with all delights, and such company to meet you as you had never dreamed of or imagined. And the curious thing is there is nothing foreign or strange in the society, for here are the faces you have known all your life, and the voices that have been dearest and most precious to your soul. Some things you have forgotten, some things you have half remembered, but memory renews her broken chords, and you listen again to the wisdom and poetry that inspired your youth, and heard so often in vain. There are many kinds of books in the world. There is the book to avoid—their name is legion ; there is the book to borrow ; there is the book to buy ; and if you cannot borrow or buy, there is the book to ——. Well, Mr. Hackett's is one of these last, and having acquired it either honourably or feloniously, it is a book to keep constantly on your desk or by your bed-head, as did the Clerk of Oxenford. There is no cunningly devised order and arrangement in the selections ; there are no chapters, divisions and sub-divisions to intrigue and weary. Subject follows subject, not in confusion, but in delightful and varied succession. You roam from flower to flower, and the perfume of prose and verse are inextricably mingled.

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* "My Commonplace Book." J. T. Hackett. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.) London, 12s. 6d.

Mr. Hackett has added a few notes, explanatory, expository, historical, and his little commentary is sometimes useful, and always graceful and scholarly. From these notes we learn all that we know of Mr. Hackett, but we think we should have known nearly as much even had he refrained from any personal reference. It appears that he is Australasian born, that he early came under the high and benign influence of a great spiritual teacher, that he began his career as an anthologist early in the happy seventies, and has ever since, in the intervals of a busy life, cultivated the Muses' garden with assiduity and fine enthusiasm. His personal references are modest, almost unnecessarily modest, but Mr. Hackett insists with peremptory emphasis that the period in which he did most of his work was a golden and fortunate time. We have called that period the happy Seventies, but as a matter of fact it includes the Eighties as well. The cheap and shallow *Litterateur* of this present year of sorrow—alas! we are most of us cheap and shallow now—sneers at the hypocrisy, formalism and convention of the Victorian age, and turns his back upon the fashions of his fathers. But that is only because he is a degenerate son. Mr. Hackett is indubitably right. That was a time of splendid intellectual movement, intense spiritual activity, and high and noble achievement. It is hardly too much to say that there was a sense and feeling of a new Renaissance in the air. Young men still came fresh to the reading of Ruskin and Carlyle and Newman, and found strength, courage and purpose in what seemed to them a new gospel of work, service, and beauty. Tennyson and Browning were still living in a world on which they had conferred so many gifts. It is true their best work was done, but they were still living presences, and use had not staled their freshness, nor had envious Time dulled their lustre. The first year of the Seventies saw the publication of the *Poems* of Rossetti, and the conclusion of Morris' *Earthly Paradise*, and the music of Swinburne's magical rythm was still pulsing in the heart of the young enthusiast. And there was Arnold, who, some of us thought, was greater than Tennyson, and Thompson and Clough, and the whole spasmodic school with their splendid riot of metaphor and epithet—meteors that blazed for an hour and passed into the darkness of an index. It seems as though the art of novel writing in the grand manner was finally lost in England, but it was in the Seventies that Stevenson—the Columbus of Romance—discovered *Treasure Island*, and Meredith and Hardy—the last of a great race—achieved their first success. But it was not merely in letters that the time was great and notable. Science had won new victories. She had discovered the key with which to unlock the door behind which lay the secret of life and the mystery of Creation. Alas! the door is still barred and bolted, and the angry clamour of contending voices is no longer raised above the grave of Darwin.

It is from the great writers of this time that Mr. Hackett has drawn many of his selections. Some of them, great men, are forgotten; some of them are remembered and left unread. A great gulf seems to separate us from that not very distant day. We seem to have travelled into another age and another country, where, though we still speak the same language, old customs are changed, old manners are gone—another country where the sun does not shine with the same genial warmth, and the kindly earth does not yield the same abundant harvest.

S. R. K.

"Plain English" has been practically sold out for the last seven weeks, and in consequence several of our regular readers have been unable to obtain their copies. In order to obviate this, regular readers should fill in the order form on page 262, and send it with their subscription to the Manager, North British Publishing Co., Ltd., 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C., when the paper will be posted direct for the period required.

REVIEWS.

Man's Descent from the Gods. By Anthony M. Ludovici. (Heineman.) 14s. net.

The author of this book is not enamoured of the present age. He speaks of it as "an age coruscating with stupidities." His contempt of modern so-called "progress," and the modern glorification of science is expressed rather delightfully concerning *trousers*. We will quote the passage:

> "Now I maintain that the error of the modern scientist, philosopher and historian lies in supposing that the trousers worn by modern man, because they appear later in point of time than the hose of the sixteenth century, or the breeches of the eighteenth century, are necessarily a development of both, in which the virtues of the hose and the breeches happily coalesce, as it were, in one fine and glorious manifestation of their combined individiualities—in short, that the hose of the sixteenth and the breeches of the eighteenth centuries were merely blind and clumsy attempts at realising the trousers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

The book is based on an examination, on Spencerian lines, of the classical myths concerning Prometheus and Dionysus. This examination, however, serves to give Mr. Ludovici opportunity of introducing a great many of his own strongly-felt convictions concerning modern progress, modern food, the origin of religions, the proper attitude to adopt towards mythology, comparative religions, women, engineers, broadmindedness and a host of other topics. He offers his explanation of the fact that Prometheus, in spite of the theft of fire from heaven with which he was credited, a theft which makes him appear a benefactor of man, was not looked upon by the ancient Greeks with the "schoolboy view" of Shelley or Byron as a victim of injustice; and sets forth his explanation as to how the torturing punishment he endured at the hands of Zeus could be reconciled, from their point of view, with the benevolent goodness of the god. The explanation given sends one's mind involuntarily to Charles Lamb's treatise on the introduction of roast pork. Only in this book we have a very serious indictment of fire in early, and even in modern, civilisation. Mr. Ludovici contends that it enabled man to cease to be nomad and to overcome climatic cold. Man becoming stationary began to learn the lesson of the need of sanitation. Moreover, fire introduced the evils inherent in cooked food. Prometheus was responsible for pottery; he made the working of metals easy; he enabled man, by cooked food, to devote more time to industries, and was the first father of industrial miseries. But in cooked food itself he introduced an evil which Mr. Ludovici dilates on:—

> It is now demonstrated beyond doubt that not only characteristics of mere identity, such as colour, shape and smell, are altered in the cooking process, but also that properties of the extremest value to the consuming animal—properties, too, that are strangely susceptible to heat—are partially or wholly destroyed by fire, so that unless by some accident (an accident which happens frequently enough to be regarded as a rule, where the diet is extremely varied, as in case of the modern European) compensation is obtained through other articles of food, life either cannot continue, or else disease quickly sets in. And since the diseases of faulty diet are as obscure as they are terrible, they are usually the last to be traced to their proper cause. Even in the case of the modern European, however, who can frequently obtain compensating diet without knowing that he is doing so, the evil effects of an injudicious treatment of food give rise to all manner of vague disorders, which greatly impair his enjoyment of life.
>
> For some considerable time in modern Europe doubts have been entertained and expressed about the advisability of cooking certain foods.

The author follows up this passage with unexpected praise of "the Holy Catholic Church," to which he attributes "incomparable wisdom respecting all the material side of human life." He says the Church "was probably the first institution to point to the necessity of a partially raw food diet at specified moments in the year; and with all the pomp and mystery of a religious rite, to encourage its adherents to adopt such a diet at certain stated periods." He seems to found this belief in the Church's incomparable wisdom in insisting on a partially raw food diet on a passage he quotes, in which it is stated that as late as the sixteenth century "the Italians are said to have observed the rules of their faith so strictly that, during the forty days of Lent, they went without any cooked food on three days in the week." We do not yield to Mr. Ludovici in admiration of the Church's wisdom, but we confess we had never heard of Her wisdom in recommending raw meat to Her children. Her rules of fasting, known to all Catholics, sufficiently illustrate Her wisdom in matters of bodily food. But we have no wish to detract from the author's encomium on the Catholic solution of problems concerning food. He says they must either be accepted or fresh solutions supplied in their place, and adds that it is precisely in Protestant countries which have been "foolish enough to divorce themselves for all time from those very religious observances and exercises for which their new revolutionary programme offered them no adequate substitute," that sheer panic at the consequences of neglect has produced the modern science of dietetics.

While touching on the author's mention of the Catholic Church, it may be as well to note one or two instances of his treatment of her teaching. On page 35 he says: "The Greeks loved and revered Zeus very much more than they loved and revered Prometheus—very much more indeed, as a community, than modern society loves the putative father of Christ." The context shows this does not refer to St. Joseph. On page 36 we are told Zeus "pardons the deceiver" (Prometheus) "(which is more than the Christian God ever does for the mutinous angel he casts into eternal fire)." No believer in the divine wisdom of the Church would have put a small "g" for God in the last quotation and a capital "S" for Saviour in the following sentence: "I suggest that the ills and wars gradually abated when Zeus gave his only begotten son by Semele, the god Dionysus, as a Saviour to mankind" (page 118). As to the mother of this "only begotten son" of Greek mythology, "she was" (*i.e.*, Semele was) "as I suggest, probably a simple Greek maiden, just as the Virgin Mary was a simple Jewish maiden." But this is enough of these quotations. The god Dionysus was, the author tells us, known to the ancestors of the ancient Greeks as the Saviour of mankind:

> "He discovered for them an art of life, including several important additions to their diet, such as mead, the juice of the ivy-berry, the fermented juice of the grape, and of partly germinated barley and other grain, with which it became possible for them to face the future with more courage, spirit and vigour, and to develop what was undoubtedly a high civilisation, upon beginnings which, thanks to Prometheus, were certainly unfavourable."

Mr. Ludovici pursues his original theory with great ingenuity through the book. He regards all religions in the light which he conceives Herbert Spencer threw upon them. This leads him to institute comparison after comparison between the pagan religion of the Greeks and that Christianity which he feels has been vitiated by Puritanism from the beginning. In the course of his study he touches sometimes upon unsavoury things, but he claims, logically enough, that his subject makes it inevitable. His comparison between a Promethean civilisation and a Dionysian one, and his remarks thereon, contain some barbed references to to-day. He thinks our present state of civilisation essentially Promethean, and after giving his explanation of certain features of the Dionysia, says, in a passage with which we will conclude:

> "It is the women who suffer most from the asperities of a Promethean civilisation, just as it is the women who are suffering most to-day. It is the women, the very essence of whose nature is tortured and outraged when, owing to a Promethean civilisation, their men cease from being men, cease from being males, prehensile, virile, violent and even seductive."

Has this anything to do with our women police and Parliamentarians?

AUTHORDOXY. By Alan Handsacre. (John Lane.) 5s. net.

"Authordoxy, being a Discursive Examination on Mr. G. K. Chesterton's 'Orthodoxy,'" is the full title of this book. Of course, it is a controversial book. It is written by one of those persons who think they have collared reason with the name Rationalist, just as Mr. Chesterton thinks he has got hold of Catholic truth by collaring the title "orthodoxy." Of course, quite apart from the consideration of these two writers, a man may call himself a rationalist and be the most irrational creature, or call himself a Catholic and be a mountebank. Mr. Handsacre asserts that his book is no more a serious exposition of Rationalism than Mr. Chesterton's book is a serious exposition of Christianity. What then is it? What is it written for and about? He tells us that he has attempted to state by way of "a vague and personal" commentary on Mr. Chesterton's volume why it has not converted him. But is it of interest to us to know why Mr. Handsacre is not converted to Mr. Chesterton's philosophy? Frankly it is not. Mr. Chesterton's philospohy is not of special interest to us in the first place. And, supposing Mr. Handsacre became of Mr. Chesterton's way of thinking, why should Mr. Handsacre be of any more interest than he is now? Mr. Chesterton's many friends and sympathisers, and, for all we know, the many disciples of his philosophy, may scent the battle from afar, may fall upon Mr. Handsacre tooth and nail, may possibly slay him. On the other hand, Mr. Handsacre's friends, sympathisers, and followers, if he has any (we know not), may read such an attack as his with joy, feel how right he is, and triumph over Mr. G. K. Chesterton logically slain. Shall we regard "Authordoxy" as a personal challenge to G. K. C. that there is another writer as witty and paradoxical as himself, or are we to regard the book as a call to us to take sides in the weary war between *all* who call themselves Christians and *all* who call themselves Rationalists? In either case the challenge leaves us cold. Mr. Handsacre says that "the one thing Mr. Chesterton never does in his book is to deal with facts as distinct from his own or some one else's impression of them." That may be a fact or only Mr. Handsacre's impression. One wonders, if it be not a fact, what would be Mr. Chesterton's impression of Mr. Handsacre's impression. Or again, agnostics have a certain position. Mr. Chesterton says their position is wrong. Mr. Handsacre says Mr. Chesterton is wrong because he defines the agnostics' position wrongly. But then, it is possible Mr. Handsacre defines Mr. Chesterton's position as to the position of agnostics wrongly. Only we have not time to find out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FORGER ON FORGERIES.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The Princess Catharine Radziwill, who in an interview with Dr. Landman reported in the *American Hebrew* declared, to the intense relief of that paper, that the Protocols were forgeries, did not, as stated in your last issue by Mr. Patrick Hamilton, "give Cecil Rhodes a 'dud' cheque." She went one better, for she FORGED his name on a cheque for a large sum; speaking from memory, I believe it was about £40,000. She was proceeded against by Rhodes, convicted, and served a term of imprisonment. And this, forsooth, is the lady who now poses as an authority on forgery and apparently is accepted as such by leading Jews. They must indeed be in a bad way.

The *Jewish Guardian* of the 18th inst. whoops with joy over this great, though belated, discovery by Dr. Landman, whom it warmly congratulates "on this exposure"!

This is calculated to make the average Briton, who knows the Princess's antecedents, grin sardonically and go on his way more firmly convinced than ever that the Protocols take some knocking out and that the somewhat dirty hands of the Princess are not the ones to accomplish that feat.

Yours truly,
MARY MEREDITH BEAUMONT

8, Castello Avenue, Putney.
March 22nd, 1921.

IS LENIN A JEW ?

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Permit me to add the following remarks on the above subject :—

The father of the Bolshevist leader was—if we exclude the version of a substituted identity—a well-known person in Simbirsk, holding the rank of Councillor of State, or the equivalent of a colonel in the military hierarchy. This rank carried the privileges of hereditary nobility. Thus, Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov, *alias* Nikolai Lenin, is officially entitled to the designation of a *ci-devant* noble, though, as the French would put it, his was only a *noblesse de robe.* Whether the surname of Ulianov was of Kirghiz or Tatar derivation I am not prepared to say. It is quite possible. It would account for the distinctly Tatar—not Semite—appearance of Lenin's figure and form. I know several families in Russia which have preserved the Tatar type through many generations of Russian collaterals, although mentally and morally they had long ceased to have any kinship with the Turanian ancestor.

The version of a substituted identity is based on the assumption that Ulianov *père* adopted a friend of his younger son Vladimir. Here are the alleged circumstances : Of the two Ulianov sons, the elder was executed for plotting against the Tsar's life, and the younger became consumptive and was sent to Switzerland to finish his studies. There—so the story goes—he found a devoted friend, a Jew, who tended him till his death, at which the father was present and promised the dying youth that his friend should take his place in the Ulianov household. It is a pathetic story. The only fact that does not appear to be doubtful is the hanging of the elder brother for regicide. Whether the Jew friend existed, whether his name was Zederbaum, whether Vladimir died, and whether his identity was transferred to the Jew, I do not deny or affirm, but I opine that the evidence on these points is both vague and improbable.

As regards Lenin's domestic life, it is possible that he may have married a Jewess and that the children speak Yiddish, but the fact of his marrying into a Hebrew family does not necessarily imply that he himself is a Jew ; it merely serves to emphasise his necessary subservience to the Kahal.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
R. W.

MR. ORMSBY-GORE, M.P., AND ZIONISM.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—From time to time notes appear in the controlled and influenced Press to the effect that so-and-so is a coming man, and it is remarkable the number of such gentlemen who have been wittingly or unwittingly assisting the organisers of the world-wide Jew-Bolshevik conspiracy. It would be amusing to make a collection of puffs of men who have nestled close to Zion, like Col. Amery, Mr. Shortt and F. E. Smith, and to trace how their advancement has followed their affection for the Jews and their support of Jewish interests.

One of the recent recruits has been Mr. Ormsby-Gore ; it would be interesting to know how he was got into the fold. He did very good work before the war in defence of the Welsh Church against the attacks subsidised by Sir Alfred Moritz Mond, the man who, with suitable advertisement, is assisting in the rebuilding of a church at Ypres ; perhaps Mr. Ormsby-Gore does not realise that the worship of the Jews of to-day is very largely confined to that of the " Golden Calf."

This erstwhile pillar of the Church of England is now an active partisan of Zionism, the scheme to kick the Christian and Mahomedan people out of the Holy Land, to turn it into a hotbed of Bolshevik intrigue on the road to India ; we understand that he will before long be suitably rewarded for the efforts he has made. He has denounced anti-Semetism on several occasions as a cowardly attack on an oppressed people ; he little knows the truth about the history of Europe during the last century ; for every Jew slaughtered by the mob, a hundred Gentiles have fallen on the battlefield, thanks to Jew intrigue.

He may have realised that about 80 per cent. of the Bolsheviks in Russia are Jews, but perhaps he has been told that this is due to centuries of oppression and not the natural outcome of centuries of swindling. He may be among those simple-minded men who believe that the Bolshevik Jews are " Apostate Jews," the outcasts of the race, not noticing that these " Pariahs " are being supported and financed by the Zionist Jews and the plutocrats throughout the world. The " Hands off Russia " campaign was entirely organised by Jews ; it cannot be denied that, thanks to these " Apostate Jews," many Russian churches have been turned into " dung heaps," scores of priests murdered or turned into the street to starve, that a statue has been put up to Judas Iscariot, and that no synagogues have been interfered with, while in many parts the Sabbath is now the day of rest.

He evidently has not read that so-called forgery, the " Protocols," or, if he has, perhaps he has been guided by some emissary of Lucien Wolf, the notorious pro-German ex-editor of the *Daily Graphic,* author of the " Jewish Bogey," which is to be found on the tables in so many clubs. Perhaps he does not realise that " Pogroms " have been organised by Jews to excite the sympathy of the simple minded.

The following quotation on page 27 of the Britons' edition of the *Protocols* is illuminating.

" We need their anti-Semitic outbursts in order to enable us to keep our small brothers in order." The Jews have never hesitated to sacrifice members of their own race when they wish to line their pockets or increase their power.

In the Epilogue of the " Protocols " Professor Sergei Nilus, of the Russian Church, stated on page 92 the following :—

> " Expressions of anti-Semetism were also very useful to the leading Jews, because they created compassion in the hearts of some Gentiles towards the people who were being APPARENTLY ILLTREATED, thus enlisting their sympathies on the side of Zion.

This sentence seems to fit in exactly with the sentiments of Mr. Ormsby-Gore. Later the Russian Professor, who wrote before the Russian debacle, said :—

> Note that the LEADERS OF THE JEWS never suffered from anti-Semetic risings as regarding their personal belongings or their official position in the administration."

Almost at the end of the Epilogue the Professor says, with a strange, prophetic note :—

> And only now, when I fear that it is too late, have I succeeded in publishing my work, in the hope that I may be able to warn those who still have ears to hear and eyes to see.

There is a strong rough-diamond in the States, Mr. Ford, a man who by marvellous energy has built up his car business. He found he had been " fooled " over the " Peace Ship," and for many months he has been devoting his spare time and money to the dessemination of the truth throughout the States regarding the world-wide Jew conspiracy. The *Dearborn Independent,* his paper, has published a remarkable series of articles now reprinted in book form. Mr. Ford knew quite well when he started this campaign, that has opened the eyes of millions, that he was risking his fortune and his life ; all honour to him for his pluck and energy.

As long as Mr. Ormsby-Gore is willing to remain a dupe, so long will he be puffed and pushed forward, but if he dares to realise the truth, he will be pulled up with a " round turn." He may realise one day that the influence which is corrupting our young men, which is trading on the vanity and cupidity of the masses, which through the reptile Press is trying to eat the heart out of the British people, is one and the same influence as that which is prompting him to push Zionism, the world-wide influence for evil.

The same influence which sent hundreds of early Christians to the lions under the Roman emperors and organised the religious wars of the Middle Ages, also organised the Russian Revolution which butchered the family of the Czar and almost wiped out the educated classes in Russia. If Mr. Ormsby-Gore cares "two straws" for his Church and Christianity, he will pause before he continues to be a dupe of the most unscrupulous group of men in the history of the world.

I am, Your obedient servant,
Blackcoat.

WHEN BRITAIN AWAKES.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Your Plain English, several copies of which have been handed me, has interested me very much.

Since, according to your estimate, the administration of this country is wrong, who do you propose shall govern, where are your leaders to show the people the "right path"?

It is only too true a host of our leading men are Jews, but they appear honest.

Do you propose to form a Party to fight the next General Election? For, if you can substantiate your statements, it would mean the downfall of the present Coalition.

There are thousands of people who do not like the present Government, but they say, Where are the men to take their places?

Until to-day I never had heard of your paper or your propaganda.

A little more advertisement would do a lot of good. A few posters on public hoardings would have an effect. Once convince the nation you have something better than the Coalition, something honest, give them a lead and a policy, and you will find plenty of support.

That paragraph about the Duke of York surprised me. Don't you think that Prince Edward is just a bit too popular for anything like that, or is it someone has organised his World Tour simply to negative the "plot"?

I am sceptical, I admit, but I am open to conviction.

There is one thing—this country will not go to the dogs. Admitted we are slow and a long time making up our minds, but once a bulldog has its grip on the other's throat—well, it's "good night." Once the nation is alive to its danger, if there is one to be feared from the Jews, it will know how to deal with and overcome the menace.

57, Gracechurch Street, E.C.3, Yours faithfully,
March 29, 1921. E. A. Champness.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—It is quite evident from the tone of Mr. Laurence's letter in your issue of last week that he completely fails to appreciate the present position of the Conservative Party, if it can be said that such exists. In the first place, I never used any such expression as "to re-form a Conservative Party." What I said was that there was a need for "a *revived* Conservative Party founded on sound and honest principles," quite a different proposition. Mr. Laurence ignores altogether my reply to your editorial footnote to my first letter, which very briefly explained the position as it stands to-day in regard to such a revival. The present leaders of the so-called Unionist Party are devoting all their strength and energy towards the establishment of some permanent Coalition or Centre Party, with, presumaby, Mr. George at its head. Such a body, if and when formed, will have at its command the "powerful organisation" now in existence and known as the National Unionist Association. It follows, therefore, that *Conservatives* will then cease to possess even the semblance of an organisation for its "standard-raising and trumpeting," as Mr. Laurence rather humorously describes it. It is obvious that if a Conservative Party is to become again a living force in the political world it must have an organisation, and it was that I had in view when suggesting that a body should be formed to bring such a Party together.

Mr. Laurence will hardly expect to obtain a remedy for what he calls "illegal practices" as regards taxation from a Party under the guidance of the Limehouse mountebank and his innumerable satellites, though I agree with him that a great deal of the excessive burdens on property—the result of the confiscatory policy preached by "the long-haired Communist" not so long ago—is due entirely to "the sleepy acquiescence of the victims."

As regards the very apt reference to the "so-called French Revolution" and its application to the present day, which Mr. Laurence seems inclined to discount, I leave it to his correspondent to deal with.

In conclusion, I must protest against Mr. Laurence's inference that those who have been working hard for a revived Conservative Party for many years past are "unpractical historical philosophers," and express some mystification at his cryptic closing sentence—"unpractical, that is, if they are allowed to monopolise the situation, and to avoid the problem."

Yours faithfully,
2, Cleveland Road, Barnes, S.W.13, E. James.
March 29, 1921.

THE CONSERVATIVES EMERGE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: It would indeed be welcome news to hear that the Conservatives had emerged from the sort of enchanted sleep into which various "Wizards" have cast them ever since the loss of their leader—their last great leader, the late Lord Salisbury. But have they emerged?—or are they only emerging? I do not think there was even one candidate who adopted this simple name, *conservative*—expressive and intelligible—at the last General Election; I could find none; if such a candidate existed he probably placed the word after "Unionist" as a sort of sub-title.

If "Unionist" be adopted as a name for the party, everybody will be asking what it means, for "Unionism" was founded to resist Home Rule, but "Unionists" have passed a Home Rule Bill!

Mr. Chamberlain has sat long in Parliament and is personally liked and respected; he will fill any office he may be appointed to with credit. But the particular work now before him is not official, but to lead a great Party, to rally it, reorganise it and give it the place to which it is entitled.

The Conservative Party exists, as you say, and as your correspondent, Mr. W. B. Laurence confirms, but unfortunately for years past it has been completely eclipsed by the curious contradiction called Unionism; it exists as an army of rank and file—more numerous, I feel sure, than the enemy—but without officers, without a staff and, above all, without a general. Will Mr. Chamberlain be their commander? If so let him say so, and he will be received with enthusiasm and supported through thick and thin; but after being virtually suppressed for years, Conservatives ask that Coalitionism, Unionism and the rule of Wizards should cease. Accept, sir, my humble thanks for your paper, the only genuine Conservative journal in London.—Your obedient servant,

March 28, 1921. Conservative.

THE "DAILY EXPRESS."

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: Another almost forgotten episode in the history of the *Daily Express*, refers to the subscription initiated by it, to record the destruction of the Zeppelin that fell at Cuffley on September 2, 1916. Some thousands of pounds were collected for the purpose of transforming the field into an ornamental ground, and a granite memorial was to mark the spot. It would be interesting to know what has become of the money, as I am informed that the field remains exactly the same, and the inhabitants of the district have not set eyes upon the memorial. Will the Editor explain if the idea has been abandoned, and to what purpose the money has been diverted?

Yours faithfully,
London, March 29, 1921. E. S. B.

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Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, in *The Sphere*, says: "Lord Alfred Douglas's is an extraordinarily interesting book. It is the story of reaction from a friendship which was once notorious. Lord Alfred Douglas declares that he knew nothing of Wilde's vices until the latter was committed for trial, that he was drawn towards him as a young man by admiration for his literary gifts and brilliant conversation. He spent money freely on his hero, to find long years afterwards that Wilde was ungrateful, that he had written in his 'De Profundis' a severe attack upon his old friend.

The manuscript of 'De Profundis,' we are told, has been deposited in the British Museum. . . . The policy of accepting manuscripts of a personal character of this kind by the British Museum is questionable, and it seems to me that Lord Alfred's arguments against it are irrefutable.

Lord Alfred Douglas, however, here has his revenge. He indicts Wilde as a man and as an author. With both indictments I entirely agree. . . . One of the most amusing of the many gibes in the book is one which has reference to Mr. Justice Darling. . . . The Wilde cult is being overdone at the moment. Wilde was not a great poet or a great imaginative writer in any form. It is passing strange that the first emphatic statement of that, to me, undeniable proposition should come from Lord Alfred Douglas."

The *Daily Telegraph* says: "Lord Alfred Douglas, having been bitterly attacked for his relations with Wilde, claims the right to give his own version and to clear his character from false and wilful aspersions. . . . We cannot deny to a calumniated man the duty, as well as the right, of self-defence. . . . The book is undoubtedly well written and contains, in our opinion, some just criticism."

Mr. Sorley Brown, in *The Border Standard*, says: "The chief point about the book is that it is a reply, and a truly magnificent reply, to the wicked tongue of slander and calumny. Lord Alfred has not been allowed to publish any extracts from the unpublished portions of 'De Profundis,' though they were used against him at the Ransome trial, but one by one he deals with the charges which Wilde and Wilde's biographers have made against him, and he shows how untrue and wicked those charges are . . . I believe Lord Alfred to be a man of rare heart and rarer genius."

The Times says: "Although Lord Alfred Douglas's 'Oscar Wilde and Myself' is not the kind of soft answer which will turn away the wrath of his various opponents, it will help people to form their estimate of the facts of the intimacy and confirm their probable impression of Oscar Wilde's character and talents. Lord Alfred Douglas has a pungent or even feline literary touch, but his general statement of the relations between Oscar Wilde and himself is straightforward and credible."

The Universe says: "As in the law courts it is the 'demeanour of the witness' that tells as heavily as anything else, so in a book like this it is the total impression that counts for most. And we think that no one can complete the task of reading the book through without feeling that he has been listening to a witness of truth. The two letters, printed in this book, which Lord Alfred received from George Wyndham—*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—should suffice for anyone who wants confirmation of this view."

The Nation (New York) says: "In the main the charges against Lord Alfred Douglas seem to be that he was in some way the corruptor of Wilde, and that he not only failed to befriend Wilde in his time of stress during imprisonment and afterwards, but was actually a drain on Wilde, preventing him from following his career as a poet and sucking away his slender resources. To both these charges the present answer is, in our judgment, clear and convincing. From the dates given by the friendly biographers of Wilde it is perfectly manifest that he began his corrupt practices before his acquaintance with the unfortunate son of Lord Queensberry, and if any blame of the sort attaches to the younger man, it is that he clung to Wilde too generously in his downfall and befriended him too fully after his evil character was made manifest."

The Glasgow Herald says: "If Lord Alfred Douglas's book gives the quietus to the incompetent critics and dangerous moralists who endeavour to foist an Oscar Wilde cult upon an ignorant public, it will have served a purpose. Among these blind guides who proclaim that 'vice is never offensive under the great covering of art,' who, to say nothing of religion, have abjured faith in 'the eternal decency of things,' Mr. Stuart Mason, who is responsible for the 'Bibliography of Oscar Wilde,' must be assigned the Pontificate, despite the devotion of Messrs. Ross, Ransome, and other members of the obscure but strenuous brotherhood."

Birmingham Daily Post: "Whatever else may be thought of Lord Alfred Douglas, he is certainly among the ablest writers and acutest critics of the present day. His view of Wilde will, one fancies, be endorsed by posterity. Wilde was a clever man but not a great one."

The Argonaut (San Francisco): "A defence such as this must necessarily proceed with wariness, but the author can hardly do less than repudiate categorically the suggestion made in Mr. Ransome's book and elsewhere that he was actually responsible for Wilde's downfall:—

> "'Nobody who reads Mr. Ransome's book before (out of the kindness of heart) he removed his aspersions on me, could doubt for a moment that he wished to convey the impression that I had a bad influence upon Wilde and that it was this bad influence that brought Wilde to grief and prevented him from rehabilitating himself after his release. Yet it is this same Mr. Ransome—who tells his readers in his preface that he is indebted to Mr. Ross for verifications of his biographical facts—who gives us the following precise details as to "the intensification of Wilde's personality" when he became a habitual devotee of the vice for which he was imprisoned: "*He had first experimented in that vice*," says Ransome, "*in* 1886; *his experiments became a habit in* 1889." Well, in 1886 I was a boy, fifteen years of age, at Winchester School, and I had never so much as heard of Oscar Wilde; whereas in 1889 I was eighteen years of age and in the south of France with a tutor, and was not to meet Wilde—whose name was still unknown to me—till nearly three years later. So that by the time we did meet he had already found his way to the lowest moral depths without my juvenile assistance.'

"This seems to be conclusive unless the author's dates or facts can be assailed, which is improbable. Lord Douglas makes an equally crushing reply to the charge of responsibility for the separation of Wilde and his wife after the prison doors had been opened."

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On May 8th, 1920, *The Times* published an article on "The Jewish Peril," which it called "A Disturbing Pamphlet: a Call for Inquiry." Since then in a series of articles commencing July 12th, the *Morning Post* has published a very exhaustive "inquiry," under the title of "The World Unrest: Behind the Red Curtain." The Protocols the writer very fitly names "THE BOLSHEVIST BIBLE."

Of course, Jews, orthodox and unorthodox alike, have denied the authenticity of the Protocols, and have called them a forgery. But in that case the forger must have been a super-forger, and a Jew; for no other forger could have been able not only to *forge the prophecies,* but also to *secure their fulfilment!* The *facts* are, unfortunately for us Goyim, anything but forgeries.

As the *Times* writer says, no one can fail to recognise Soviet Russia in the Protocols, and no one can deny that the Commissars of the Soviets are nearly all Jews. The writer goes on : "Whence comes the uncanny note of prophecy, prophecy in part fulfilled, in parts far gone in the way of fulfilment ? Have we been struggling these tragic years to blow up and extirpate the secret organisation of German world dominion only to find beneath it *another more dangerous* because *more secret?* Have we, by straining every fibre of our national body, escaped a "Pax Germanica" only to fall into a "PAX JUDÆICA" ?

It is incumbent on every loyal Briton to procure and study this book in the light of events at home and abroad. He will then know something of what The Jewish Peril is, and will decide for himself if Jews of any description are to be trusted in the government of this or any other Christian country.

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THE JEWISH PERIL: Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

SECOND EDITION.

To the Secretary,
"THE BRITONS," 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Please send me..............................*cop*...............*of*

THE JEWISH PERIL, for which I en lose...............

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life and Letters	283
The Facts about "Wyman's"	286
We Told You So	287
Finance and Stock Markets	288
Paris Notes	289
New York Notes	290
Lord Beaconsfield — A Sketch	291
The Breakdown of Society	293
Correspondence	295

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Blood and Sweat.

Mr. Colpoys, whose letter appears in our correspondence columns, has our sympathy and our thanks. The object of Plain English is precisely to stir up the kind of feelings that have been roused in Mr. Colpoys, feelings of dismay and sickness of heart coupled with a desperate resolution to do something, however small, to help this poor betrayed and deluded country. Most Englishmen are, apparently, incapable of any feelings at all about anything except meals, "business," or "good form." If you tell them that the country is in the hands of ruffians and is on the verge of complete ruin and enslavement, they listen to your words and reply "What you say is no doubt perfectly true, I don't doubt it for a moment, it is all very terrible, but meanwhile I must be off, as I have an engagement for luncheon," or words to that effect. While if, on the other hand, you suggest that they might possibly do something, make some small sacrifice or take some slight risk with a view to helping the good cause, they reply that on the whole "that sort of thing is not quite good form, you know," and that rather than run the risk of getting themselves "talked about" they would prefer to pay someone else (preferably a German Jew who is the author of filthy books) to do "propaganda work" for them. As the persons whom they pay to do this work for them are invariably cunning agents of the enemy, the good cause wilts and withers under their "patriotic" efforts, and so the dismal heart-breaking foolery goes on, while angels weep and while the country approaches day by day nearer to the abyss of ruin for which it is heading with frightful rapidity. The only hope is in those who, to quote Mr. Colpoys' words, "try to do their simple duty" and try to get others to do theirs. There is nothing to be done except to strive to leaven the inert lump of English selfishness, ingratitude, blindness and folly. It is a heart-breaking business, but spiritual fire can only be kindled by a process of heart-breaking. Mr. Colpoys, by writing his letter, has done more to help on the good cause than all the "members of both Houses of Parliament," who recently met together and considered the best way of "combating the revolution" have ever dreamed of doing, for all their wealth and power. For wealth mis-used and power frittered away in snobbishness and false pride are far worse than useless to a good cause. It should console Mr. Colpoys to know, as we know, that no great work for good has ever been accomplished except at the cost of intense suffering and in face of abuse, calumny and contradiction from the very people whom one is fighting to help. The cry of him who would help his fellows must still be, "*souffrir ou mourir!*"

Lloyd George presents "Our Mr. Whitley."

In *The Academy* for April 5th, 1913, at a time when it was not under the editorship of Lord Alfred Douglas, an article appeared from which we quote the following extracts (the italics throughout have been added by ourselves):

> What were the facts on Wednesday afternoon, March 26? The Consolidated Fund Bill was down for the Committee stage. It is fair to state that, as a rule, the Bill goes through without trouble, and the Government Whips evidently expected this, because they put it on as a curtain-raiser to Winston's great speech on the Navy.
>
> In these days no Minister can be properly reported after 7 p.m.; so, as his speech would take about three hours, you can see the Government did not expect any debate. On the other hand, the Radical Opposition in the past have debated the Bill in Committee, and once I think I remember eleven obstructive divisions. It is idle to pretend that the Unionists were not engaged in a "snap" division. They had sent out an urgent whip, and men had turned up from all parts of the earth at great inconvenience. The Radicals were caught napping. They may have sent out an urgent whip; but if so, a hundred men had run the risk as they had done fifty times before, disobeyed (and nothing had happened). This time something did happen.
>
> After questions, Whitley put the first clause. A few Ministerialists said: "The Ayes have it" nonchalantly and in undertones. The Opposition, flushed with the certainty of victory, shouted a stentorian "No." This was a fatal move. There is many a slip, and we were about to experience it now. "The Ayes have it," declared the Chairman, thus, we concluded, "completing the collection of the voices."
>
> Up sprang Handel Booth. It was his duty to save the position if he could. *I do not blame him in the least.* He did what Banbury or James Hope or Watson Rutherford would have done for our side under similar circumstances. He played for time. Booth on a point of order, insisted that he rose before the question was put. Byles got up too. Whitley was quite firm. He was sorry he did not see him, but he could not go back on his ruling.
>
> Both sides yelled, and then Whitley made the fatal mistake of consulting the clerks. He was entitled to do it. It is what they are there for—for advice on points of order: but, for all that, it was a mistake.
>
> Whitley announced that he had consulted his advisers, that he had not completed putting the question, and, therefore, he held that Booth was entitled to speak.
>
> *Now, Whitley is one of the nicest men in the House of Commons, and in these columns I have often borne witness to his obvious desire to be fair, and I do not believe now he meant to be unfair.* He only gave the wheel the quarter

turn the wrong way, and the Unionists became passionately angry.

They considered that, if he had acted fairly, the Government, being in a minority, were bound to go out on a Finance Bill—indeed, they could never have put their finance right before Monday, when the year ends. They must have gone out. *The Tories forgot Whitley's years of fairness*; they only remembered in their anger that he was a strong party man, and that his act had saved the Government. *I felt very sorry for him.*

Booth talked rubbish for half-an-hour. He pretended to be an innocent new member, and wanted to know "why ve wheels go wound" amid a storm of angry protest. Whitley ruled him out of order again and again, but this he expected.

* * * * *

Then Masterman got up, and in his new rôle slanged the Opposition, and talked as if the poor soldiers and sailors would have gone without their pay if the vote had been lost, as though the Government had never before trampled on financial rules and raided the Treasury when compelled to do so: He said those "things are too discreditable even for a discredited Opposition." The Tories vowed he said "disgraceful" instead of "discreditable." However, it set the House in a blaze.

Willie Moore was determined to let Whitley know what he thought of him, and, in reply to a remark, said, in taunting tones: "I suggest that your ruling be submitted to the clerk at the table." The Speaker was sent for. Moore, still defiant, was suspended.

* * * * *

In the meantime, by dint of strenuous exertions, the Radical Whips had got their majority, and the first division showed 39 in their favour. It rapidly grew, but they had to listen to gibes which must have been galling.

* * * * *

Members have now had an opportunity of reading the official account in Hansard, and it is perfectly clear from this that the voices had been collected, and that Whitley had no doubt in his own mind at the outset that Booth was out of order. Unionists are very sore, and say the incident will not be forgotten.

We are quite unaware of the identity of the gentleman who wrote the article from which we have made the extracts. If we had been editing the *Academy* at the time we should have put a blue pencil through the passages underlined. However, as it happens, the obvious desire of the writer of the article to "keep in" with Mr. Whitley and to attribute to him a "desire to be fair," which was, patently, entirely absent from Mr. Whitley's own mind, make his testimony against Mr. Whitley all the more convincing. A man who is capable of acting so dishonourably as Mr. Whitley did is obviously utterly unfitted to be Speaker of the House of Commons. It is just like Mr. Lloyd George's cynical impudence to propose to foist him on to the House in defiance of the wishes of the large majority of Unionists, by whose favour he remains Prime Minister. We are not concerned to fight the Unionists' battle for them. If they are so abject as to submit to having a Radical who is a "strong party man" imposed upon them as Speaker at the bidding of the "Long-haired Communist," they will deserve anything that comes to them. Fortunately, however, there seem to be signs that, in the blissful absence of Mr. Bonar Law, the Constitutional Party is at last beginning to assert itself.

Three Viceroys.

We print side by side two reports in two London papers of the reception of Lord Reading at Bombay.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)
BOMBAY, April 2.

Lord Reading has arrived here, and though he was met by a most representative gathering, there was a distinct coolness in his reception. His landing speech did not evoke much enthusiasm, save one passage in which the new Viceroy said that the "British reputation for justice must remain unimpaired during my tenure of office."

The romance of Lord Reading's career has fired the people of India with unusual enthusiasm, and when the alert figure of the new Viceroy stepped ashore there was a burst of cheering such as has seldom been heard at Bombay. The Viceroy's first speech made a favourable impression.

"The British reputation for justice," said Lord Reading, "will never be impaired by my tenure of office." This striking passage in an inspiring speech drew forth prolonged cheering, which was renewed when he declared that justice and sympathy were his guiding principles.

The report on the right is from the *Daily Express*, that on the left from the *Morning Post*. Which, we wonder, is true? In considering the answer to this question it is necessary to remember that the *Daily Express* is owned by a Jew and edited by another Jew, while the *Morning Post* (though as we have frequently had occasion to point out it is not devoid of Jewish influence) is on the whole anti-Jewish in its policy. In our opinion there can be little doubt that the more correct version of the reception of Lord Reading would be likely to appear in the *Morning Post* rather than in the *Daily Express*, which is pro-Jew, pro-Turk and pro-Bolshevik.

Meanwhile we hear that Lord Chelmsford (otherwise known as "the Hen") is to be rewarded with a Viscountcy for his "distinguished services" as Viceroy. A more abject and pitiable Viceroy than Lord Chelmsford has never been seen in India. Lord Chelmsford married a Guest, a family which "ratted" from the Conservative party and which has produced those fine "liberal politicians," Lord Wimborne, whose reign in Dublin was marked by the 1916 rising, and "Freddie" Guest, the toady and lickspittle of Lloyd George. The Guests are first cousins of Winston Churchill, and what they don't know about the *Hampshire* is not worth knowing. Lord Chelmsford's policy in India consisted in inviting the Jew, Monatgu, to come out and do all in his power to stir up a revolution among the natives, a policy which his successor, Lord Reading, can be trusted to carry on to the bitter end. We wish Lord Chelmsford joy of his Viscountcy concerning which we can truthfully say that he has done quite as much to earn it as his cousin "Cashby" did to get his Earldom, although there has so far been no actual "rising" in India as there was in Ireland under Lord Wimborne.

The "Daily Express" and the Cuffley Memorial.

Last week we printed a letter from a correspondent who was anxious to know what had become of the money (some thousands of pounds, according to our correspondent, which was collected in 1916 by the *Daily Express* for the purpose of erecting a monument at Cuffley to commemorate the destruction by our airmen of the first Zeppelin to be destroyed. We have seen the Editor of the *Daily Express* and examined the correspondence which he has had with the firm of Messrs. Maile & Son, monumental contractors, to whom the work has been entrusted. The amount collected was a little more than six hundred pounds. This sum has been invested in War Loan. No blame whatever for the delay is to be attributed to the *Daily Express*. The delay was caused, in the first place, by the Government's embargo on a certain class of building, which was only removed a year after the conclusion of the war. Since then it has been caused by labour troubles and by negotiations with the donor of the land where the monument is to be erected. It is hardly necessary to say that the money collected is intact and has been lying accumulating interest since it was collected. In our opinion, our correspondents (we have received other letters on the subject) would have been well advised to make enquiries from the *Daily Express* before making against that paper what almost amount to insinuations of bad faith which are, as a matter of fact, utterly unfounded.

"John Bull" and The Corporal Correction League.

On several occasions we have referred in PLAIN ENGLISH with approval to "The Corporal Correction League" which was founded about a year ago by Mr. Herbert Lee Jones, the well-known and highly respected Liverpool philanthropist. Mr. Lee Jones has for years devoted his whole time, and nearly all his money, to the care of the poor of Liverpool. He has provided free meals for innumerable thousands of poor children, he is the founder of the "League of Well-doers," and he is the originator of an "Anti-Suicide Society," which has for its object to assist financially those who are driven to despair by want. His work has been done entirely without reward, except that which is the result of a life of constant self-sacrifice in the interest of the poor and the unfortunate. Mr. Lee Jones has been impressed by the distressing signs which are everywhere apparent of the increasing naughtiness and unruliness of modern children, and he is convinced that these are chiefly due to the lack of discipline and proper parental correction, which are the result of a silly and sentimental unwillingness on the part of parents to carry out the proper correction of their children, which has the precepts of Holy Scripture and the wisdom of all the ages to recommend it. Accordingly he instituted the "Corporal Correction League," which has for its object the revival of a mild form of the old-fashioned nursery or school-room discipline which was practically universal in all well-conducted British homes and schools fifty years ago. Those who have read Mr. Lee Jones's exceedingly sensible remarks on this subject can, if they are reasonable people, have found but one fault, if any, with Mr. Jones's system, and that fault, if it be a fault, is in the direction of over-mildness. Mr. Jones is so far from being a martinet that he recommends only the very mildest form of "smacking" for naughty children (boys and girls alike), and one would have scarcely believed that it would have been possible, even in this age of humbug, hyprocrisy, cant and sensational journalism posing as "morality," to find any one who would have the face to attack him for what he has done. However, since the death of Mr. Charles Palmer, the late "assistant editor" (and in truth the real acting editor) of *John Bull*, that journal, which, during the time when the war was going on, did good work, has fallen into a desperate state of imbecility, produced apparently by an inability to find anything or anyone to attack or "show up" outside of the charmed circle of Mr. Bottomley's own immediate circle of friends and supporters. Consequently, *John Bull* has distinguished itself by attacking Mr. Lee Jones in an article which may be described as fatuous, or worse, according as one looks at it and judges the mentality of its author. In this article Mr. Lee Jones's "Corporal Correction League" is described as "an unsavoury league." The "justification" for applying this offensive and libellous description to the purely philanthropic and religious work of a man, whose shoes the present editor and assistant editor of *John Bull* are not worthy to black, is so incredible and so vile that we scarcely like to put it into words. Will it be believed that the author of this pitiable attempt to make a nasty "scoop" *à la John Bull*, actually makes the ground of his attack on Mr. Lee Jones's league a suggestion that parents or teachers who correct their children may do so in order to obtain some kind of hideous gratification of an obscure form of vice? In our opinion a man who is capable of making such a suggestion, or even of imagining it in his own brain, is not far off being qualified for a criminal lunatic asylum. No one can accuse us of ever having had more than a very limited admiration for Mr. Bottomley. In the old *Academy* days we attacked him over and over again, and while we have been anxious to give him all the credit which can possibly be his due for the finely patriotic attitude which his paper adopted during the war, we know our Bottomley far too well to imagine that he could succeed in getting very much further than the best intentioned leopard has ever got in the direction of changing spots. But, on the other hand, we have always credited Mr. Bottomley with a certain amount of "horse sense," as well as a sound journalistic instinct. Mr. Bottomley is not a fool, though he is by no means so clever as is popularly supposed (we once had the advantage of seeing him in the witness-box and hearing his cross-examination by Mr. Comyns Carr on behalf of the Official Receiver, and we can assure his admirers that there was precious little of "the great Bottomley" about the exhibition he gave on that occasion); and how he can have allowed such an article as "An Unsavoury League" to get into a paper of which he is supposed to be the editor, we are unable to understand. The probable explanation is that Mr. Charles Pilley who, we take it, is the author of the article "got loose" and ran amok when Mr. Bottomley was looking the other way or taking a holiday. Anyhow we will venture to advise Mr. Bottomley to put a severe curb on his aspiring "assistant editor," and to admonish him to refrain in future from trying to discover horrible vices in the ordinary activities of the domestic or family circle. Leaving out the gross impropriety of the thing, it is purely idiotic to try to postulate unmentionable vileness in the mind of "Ma" when she applies the flat of her hand to little Willie. Mr. Pilley himself, if he did but know it, is probably the unfortunate result of an uncorrected and unsmacked childhood, and in that case he is a walking advertisement for the League, which he has had the impudence to traduce in so shameless a way.

England's "Dire Mishaps."

On looking into the matter we find that our statement last week about Good Friday not having fallen upon Lady-day for centuries was incorrect. This coincidence actually occurred in the year 1910, and on several occasions previous to that year.

This fact raises considerable possibilities, for those interested in prophecies; and taking the ancient prophecy which we quoted last week—

> When our Lord's head falls on our Lady's lap
> England will meet with dire mishap.

as a warning voice from the remote past, it might be well worth while to examine what was happening in England in the years which were peculiar for this coincidence in the Calendar.

Let us take three of them. 1910 was the year in which the present Jew-ruled administration succeeded in deluding the electorate at two general elections, and laid the foundations of the present state of things. It is the year in which Lloyd George, the Communist, overcame the Conservative forces of law and order.

In the year 1864, the Jew-controlled Garibaldi was officially received in London, and accorded an almost universal welcome after having made war upon the Pope.

In the year 1853 the French and English Fleets entered the Bosphorus and negotiations were begun, inspired by the Jew, Disraeli, which ended in the setting of England and Russia at each other's throats. England lost the Crimean War, but that loss was nothing compared with the loss which Europe sustained by the success of the Jewish plot to separate England and Russia.

This matter was fully discussed in Plain English by General Count Cherep Spiridovitch.

Birds of a Feather.

It is quite in keeping with the Harmsworth tradition that the *Weekly Dispatch* should devote a leading column to the outpourings of the notorious Mrs. Bamberger. Why the press ever published anything about this woman a superficial person might be at a loss to discover. Such an individual would say to himself: the doings of strumpets and the police court record of their cases is invariably ignored by newspaper reporters.

We can only suppose that the Harmsworth press is anxious to do away with this salutary rule, so that it may decorate its pages in future with the cases which form a large part of police court work every morning. Apart from this Mrs. Bamberger's relationship to Lord Reading and the work which she was able to do for the learned Elders of Zion, particulars of which we hesitate even to discuss, may have had something to do with the startling publicity which was given from the outset to her case. If the *Weekly Dispatch* be permitted to publish such interviews as that with Mrs. Bamberger we may expect to have served up week by week unsavoury ideas under such a heading as "From Piccadilly to the Police Court."

Hellcraft.

After preaching Hellcraft in Australia with considerable financial advantage, Sir A. Conan Doyle has returned to this country and will lecture in the Queen's Hall on how to get in touch with devils. We strongly recommend the proprietors of the Queen's Hall to have the premises spiritually fumigated, as it were, after the three lectures by Sir A. Conan Doyle are over. For this purpose they might be well advised to make application at Westminster Cathedral.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

We recollect that Sir Oliver Lodge returned from America with £12,000 profit out of his spiritist lectures in that country; and we should be much interested to learn how much Sir A. Conan Doyle has made out of his Hellcraft tour in the Antipodes. Of course, for him, the Sherlock Holmes imposture was played out. We ourselves exposed Sir A. Conan Doyle's treatment of Gaboriau some months ago, and pointed out that the author of "Sherlock Holmes" had stolen his ideas from Gaboriau; and not satisfied with the theft, had actually made an insulting attack upon the most ingenious French author, and had declared that his famous book, *Monsieur Lecoq*, was comparatively worthless.

We are glad to observe that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published a cheap edition of *Monsieur Lecoq*, which they describe as "the greatest of all detective stories." This it undoubtedly is. And in it the reader will find all the items which attracted the public to Sherlock Holmes. At the very outset Lecoq reconstructs a scene from footprints and other things, and is able to describe the dress of the persons, their height, and actually gives an accurate report of their conversation. Even the famous Sherlock Holmes magnifying glass was stolen by Sir A. Conan Doyle from Gaboriau; and Dr. Watson came straight from the pages of *Monsieur Lecoq*, where he lived more rationally as Père Absinthe.

So much for the Apostle of Hellcraft.

THE FACTS ABOUT "WYMAN'S."

UP to the time of writing this article, that braw wee Hieland laddie, Mr. Mackintosh, Junior, of "Wyman's," remains coyly *in statu quo* behind his philibeg, so to speak, and has not come forward, on behalf of the firm which he represents in Fetter Lane, with any kind of explanation of the attitude which that firm has chosen to adopt towards Plain English. Mr. Mackintosh, Senior, again, has adopted an attitude of equal reserve, and, in consequence, we have been constrained to do a little "examining of antecedents" on our own account, and are able to present our readers with certain facts. Before bringing forward these facts, however, it may be well to repeat the following two paragraphs from our issue of last week:—

> We defy Wyman's, either in the person of the "flower of the forest," young Mackintosh, or whoever may lurk concealed behind the English-Scottish sounding names of Wyman and Mackintosh, to come out into the open and mention any legitimate or righteous reason for boycotting Plain English which exists. Plain English has a larger circulation than most of the other weekly papers, it is read by the best representatives of every class, and it has never published, nor ever will publish, a word in its columns that could give legitimate cause for offence to anyone other than unregenerate Jews, knavish politicians, traffickers in bawdy books, and sellers of pornographic papers. If Messrs. Wyman or bonny wee Jock Mackintosh (we apologise if his name is not Jock) do not happen to like the paper, they are under no obligation at all to read it. But, on the other hand, if they imagine that they are going to be allowed to boycott and suppress a well-conducted paper which is in general demand, they are making the biggest mistake they ever made in their fair young lives.
>
> To cut a long story short, Messrs. Wyman's may make up their minds that they will either sell Plain English or get off the map. We are not in the habit of making

threats which we do not carry out, and if the present state of the law allows a pseudonymous firm (which, for all any of us know to the contrary, may be entirely controlled by German Jews or other alien enemies) to boycott a paper just because it is straight and honest and fearless and British, it will not take us long to see that the law is altered or the firm brought to book.

Now for the facts. In the year 1918 the *National News* was edited by an Austrian Jew calling himself "Alexis Maria de Beck." At the most critical moment of the war this person set himself out in the *National News* to do all in his power to defeat that national unity which was necessary to win the war. The *Evening Standard* attacked and exposed "de Beck," who sued the paper for libel. The result was that "Alexis Maria de Beck" lost the case, and that the verdict of a jury justified every word of the damning indictment that the *Evening Standard* had brought against him. In the course of this Jew's examination and cross-examination, the fact emerged that the *National News*, under "de Beck's" editorship, was being financed by Sir Alfred Mond. As a result of the libel trial, "de Beck" was shown up, and the *National News* passed—nominally, at any rate—into other hands. Mr. "Alexis Maria de Beck" retired into the background, but his exposure and financial smash-up appear not to have induced him to seek less hospitable shores, for he is still "going strong," and is now engaged in running a blouse factory business in Whitechapel.

The firm who printed this scoundrel's paper, and thereby gave it the widest possible publicity, was none other than our dear friends "Wyman's" (otherwise Mackintosh).

Lest anyone who is not conversant with printers should imagine that "Wyman's" acted in ignorance of what they were doing, we may inform our readers that the printers of a paper, being as they are legally equally responsible for what appears in that paper with the editor, proprietors and publishers, could not possibly have been unaware of the nature of the matter which this alien enemy Jew was foisting upon the British public.

Sir Alfred Mond (of the *English Review*, vide article entitled "Blasphemy, Bolshevism and Bestiality" in Plain English of August 14th) does not love Plain English, and is no doubt only too pleased to see it boycotted by a firm of newsagents, who have the monopoly of the sale of newspapers on a large proportion of British railway lines. Anyone who wishes to know the sort of paper which commends itself to Sir Alfred Mond has only to refer to the numbers of the *English Review* which appeared when that journal was under his control (1910–1914), or to look up the article on the subject which appeared last August in Plain English.

Anyone, again, who wishes to understand the sort of paper that commends itself to "Wyman's" (who, incidentally we may mention, are the Government's official printers, and so are directly under the control of the Board of Works, of which Sir Alfred Mond has been President for the last four years) has only to refer back to the *National News* when it was under the editorship of Mr. "Alexis Maria de Beck" and being financed by Sir Alfred Mond of the *English Review*.

We ourselves intend to employ this last means of finding out what it is exactly about Plain English that upsets Messrs. Wyman to the extent of inducing them to boycott the paper. By printing extracts from a paper which they not only did not object to sell, but actually printed and helped to finance, we shall be able to arrive at a very fair idea of what it is about Plain English that sticks in their throats, and we shall perhaps be able to assist the public to arrive at an understanding as to what is the precise connection between the boycott of Plain English on the one hand, and "Wyman's," "de Beck," and Sir Alfred Mond on the other.

WE TOLD YOU SO.

We recommend our readers to examine the daily press of six months ago, when the Government cringed to the coal miners, and they will observe that the Jew-controlled and Jew-owned newspapers of this country (which designation, with the doubtful exception of the *Morning Post*, means the whole London press) were violently in favour of yielding the honour, security and financial safety of this country to Smillie and company. At that time we uttered warning after warning, and declared that any compromise in the face of threats would be fatal, and would be interpreted as weakness, with the result that we should be faced with a revolutionary conflict on a larger scale in the near future. Back numbers of Plain English prove this up to the hilt, and we think it well to quote a passage from Plain English of 18th September, because it shows how accurately we gauged the situation, and how correct was our prediction. In the course of a leading article we said :—

> The Government knows that the war which Smillie and his allies have declared will commence at the end of this month is a definitely-planned war to be waged under the red flag.
>
> Yet the Government can declare that "nothing which it contemplates is in the nature of strike-breaking," and further, Mr. Lloyd George can state that he is anxious to hold a conference with the traitors who are planning the ruin of our great nation.
>
> The only possible attitude for the Government to adopt is to tell Smillie they will have no communication with him, and tell him plainly that if he attempts to carry out his attack upon the British people he will be promptly arrested and deported, together with every man Jack who has ever waved a red flag or sung a rebel song.
>
> A gentleman would deal with Smillie and his gang, and smash him and his strike in five minutes ; and until we abandon the preposterous twaddle about democracy, and set up a number of gentlemen in power, men on whose word the nation can rely, we shall never cease to be the victims of every traitor who cares to play the Smillie game.
>
> Instead of acting fearlessly as a Government should, our ignoble tribe of time-servers have cringed to "Labour," and the arch-time-server himself has nothing better to say than to utter idiot words about the sacrosant nature of democracy and the beauty of trade unionism.
>
> In a mad world, at least there shall be one voice raised in protest against the criminal stupidity which is preparing the way for the overthrow of our Constitution and the enslavement and degradation of our people.

As Mr. Lloyd George was then, as he is now, a mere tool in the hands of his Jewish paymasters, he naturally did as he was told, and laid the honour of this country in the dust. By so doing he strengthened tenfold the forces of disorder, and sent off the extremists in high spirits to lay their plans for the final wrecking of the Empire. He sowed the wind, indeed the apathy of the people of this country encouraged him to do so ; and now we are reaping the whirlwind with a vengeance.

Loyal people have been puzzled by the apparently insane order given by the miners' leaders that the pits are to be flooded. But those who know anything about plans for revolution as devised by the Learned Elders of Zion know that industrial chaos and ruin are essential for the success of those plans. If the mines are flooded, the whole energy of this country will be completely paralysed for many years. The face of the land will be covered with millions of starving and maddened people, and the few industries that can be kept going by American coal will only provide commodities at such a price that the cost of living will be impossibly high.

Then, amid bloodshed and horror, England, Scotland and Wales will sink into hopeless liquidation. The natural rulers of the people will be wiped out of existence, and only a few cunning and starving folk will remain. Then the Jews' chance will come, as it came in Russia. A distracted and terrified remnant will be ruled by Jewish autocrats, and gradually all the wealth of Britain will be taken over at rock bottom prices by the Jews, as is now being done in Russia. Of course, the Empire will have fallen to pieces, and the Jews will be engaged in the delectable business of enriching themselves beyond all imagining out of the Imperial liquidation.

And yet, though fully aware of this plot, and though faced by the most deadly foe that ever assaulted the citadel of Britain, our people remain supine, and our Conservative leaders willingly continue in association with the Communist Lloyd George and his gang of Jewish Empire-wreckers.

In the face of the present revolutionary strike, we fear that the Conservatives' chance has passed. They had a chance of saving the country from disaster—in fact, they had several chances ; but they missed them. And now it is only a forlorn hope that their actions—which would require to be fearless and instantaneous—could save the situation. What they could do, if they broke away from Lloyd George and made an immediate appeal to the country, would be this : They could approach the strikers as a parent approaches a child with a decayed tooth. A child with a decayed tooth may object quite violently to be taken to the dentist ; but that any self-respecting parent will take it to the dentist is self-evident.

The majority of the strikers have not even revolutionary ideas, and those who have revolutionary ideas have no notion that they are merely the tools of the immense forces which propose to wreck the Empire and grow rich on its ruin.

A bad tooth can affect the whole body ; and a bad social tooth can affect the whole body politic.

It is the duty of the natural rulers of this country to take the strikers to the dentist, as it were, and have the decayed tooth of Jew-inspired revolution removed.

Then, and only then, can we hope for peace and prosperity.

But behind the Conservatives of this country is a force with which even the Jewish revolution-mongers will have to reckon. That force is well represented by such men as Mr. Colpoys, whose letter appears in our correspondence columns, and to which reference has already been made.

Abroad in the land there is indignation and amazement, and a determination to do something. And that determination in the breasts of the decent, loyal people of this country may yet overcome the forces of anarchy and disorder, which have their headquarters in the very heart of the Government, and whose public expression may be found in the present revolutionary strike.

Naturally the Harmsworth Press proposes that we should not attempt to call this revolutionary move a strike, lest the word should offend the Labour members.

Naturally the Jews' tool, Lloyd George, is already preparing to sell what remains of the birthright of this country.

Naturally a Jew-drugged public, deluded by a Jew-owned Press, is apathetic.

But above and beyond all this there still exists in Britain the spirit which won the war.

And, for our part, we give expression to that spirit when we say that to yield one inch in the face of threats and organised blackmail is criminal and insane.

If the Government give way one inch on this occasion the ruin of the Empire will follow, as surely as ruin follows an army which turns its back on the foe.

Now is the time to see this business through at whatever cost ; for the price of victory will be small in comparison with the universal ruin which must follow defeat.

Well, the most devastating strike that ever affected Britain is upon us ; and whatever may occur, we have a clear conscience in this matter, and can say to the people of this country—" We told you so."

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

Bank Rate 7%. Bankers' Deposit Rate 5%.

Price of Gold 105s. 5d. per fine oz.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
Alexandria	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
Amsterdam	Florins	12·1	11·31 to 11·32
Berlin	Marks	20·43	240½ to 241½
Brussels	Francs	25·22½	53·50 to 53·55
Calcutta	Rupees	1s. 4d.	1s. 3½d.
Christiania	Kroner	18·15	24·50 to 24·55
Italy	Lire	25·22½	93·50 to 94·00
Madrid	Pesetas	25·22½	28·05 to 28·10
Montreal	Dollars	4·86	4·37 to 4·39
New York	Dollars	4·86	3·90¾ to 3·91
Paris	Francs	25·22½	55·80 to 55·85
Singapore	Dollars	—	2/3¾d.
Switzerland	Francs	25·22½	22·58 to 22·63
Yokohama	Yen	25·48d.	2s. 5 5/16d.

SOUTH AFRICAN COAL AND SHALE.

Recent advices from South Africa indicate that active development work is proceeding to open up the large deposits of coal and oil shale in the Wakkerstroom district. Several new companies have been formed for this object in South Africa, and the money required seems to have been readily found. It is stated that the Royal Dutch Company are turning their attention to the district, which, if true, will show that the deposits are of much greater importance than the people on this side are inclined to think. We may find that South African exports of coal will be a serious rival to other sources of supply in the ports surrounding the Indian Ocean and Suez. The Wakkerstroom district has been very favourably reported on by eminent South African engineers. Bulk samples of the shale have been submitted to the Pompherston Company in

Scotland for analysis and experimental distillation. In one case the results gave 31·75 gallons of crude oil per ton, and 37·18 lbs. of sulphate of ammonia per ton, while a second analysis of a further lot gave 33 gallons of crude oil.

Apparently the South African Government are alive to the possibilities of the district, as they are now actively employed in linking up the new field with the main railway line to Natal and to Delagoa Bay, and other extensions are contemplated.

Scottish Widows Fund.

Presiding at the recent annual general meeting of the Scottish Widows Fund Life Assurance Society, the Chairman, Lord Kinross, gave a very satisfactory report of the progress and business of the Company for the past year, and emphasized the extreme value, especially in these days, of Life Assurance. In the course of his speech the Chairman said :—

> " We have again and again pointed out that life assurance is the only means by which a capital sum, which it would take many years to accumulate by direct investment of savings, can be secured, and secured from the moment of payment of the first premium, by a relatively small saving out of income from year to year. The Directors desire once more to urge on the members the importance of this question. Life Assurance was never more necessary than at the present time in view of the uncertainties attaching to other forms of investment, and the decreased purchasing power of money, which must in many cases have rendered inadequate the amounts of existing assurances."

The Mond Nickel Company, Limited,

Offer for sale £1,300,000 8 per cent. mortgage debenture stock at the price of £98 per cent., redeemable on November 1, 1941, at 104 per cent., the Company reserving the right at any time to purchase all or any part of the issue in the market at or below 104 per cent., and the right on giving three months previous notice at any time after January 1, 1926, to redeem at 104 per cent. the whole, or by drawings, any part of the issue at any time prior to November 1, 1941. Of the total amount of this issue, £500,000 is being reserved to offer to the holders of the £500,000 6 per cent. redeemable debenture stock of the Company in exchange for their present holdings. The Company carries on the important industry of mining, smelting, and refining nickel-copper ores The ore is derived from the Company's own mines situated in the Sudbury district of Ontario, Canada. The large smelting works of the Company at Coniston, Ontario, in the vicinity of the mines, concentrate these ores, which are shipped to England and refined at the Company's works at Clydach, near Swansea. The Company, which has been established twenty years, has been highly successful. The average annual profits for the past ten years, after making provision for Excess Profits Duty and for Income Tax, amounted to £302,985. The net value of the Company's assets at April 30, 1920, amounted to £5,530,794, a sum which is sufficient to cover the 8 per cent. mortgage debenture stock more than three and three-quarter times over.

Dividends and Reports.

British Portland Cement.—Final dividend recommended of 7½ per cent. on ordinary shares, making 15 per cent. less tax. £150,000 to general reserve for depreciation, and £181,477 carried forward, as against £136,264 brought in.

Houlder Bros. & Co.—Revenue account shows credit balance of £146,092, plus £18,583, after making provision for E.P.D., Corporation Tax, &c. Interim dividend on ordinary shares has been paid, and a final dividend is now recommended of 5 per cent., free of tax, leaving £13,550 to carry forward.

New London Brewery.—Profit for 1920 of £25,432, plus £7,082 brought in. Directors recommend payment to preference shareholders of two years arrears of dividend to December 31, 1918.

Rio Tinto Co.—Announce that no dividend will be paid on ordinary shares for 1920. The sum of £375,000 is carried forward.

Bank of Scotland.—Net profit for year ended February 28, 1921, including £54,934 brought forward, was £364,536. Directors recommend dividend at the rate of 16 per cent.

Bobby & Co.—Profit for year ended February 10, 1921, was £68,864, plus £21,384 brought in, making £90,248. Directors propose dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. on preferred ordinary shares for six months ended February 10, and dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. on ordinary shares for year.

Rose Spinning.—Final dividend of 50s. per share on "A" shares, making £5 per share for half-year ; final 40s. per share on " B " shares, making £4 per share for half-year, and final 30s. per share on " C " shares, making £3 per share for half-year.

Anglo-American Telegraph.—Dividend for quarter ended March 31, of 15s. per cent. on ordinary stock, and £1 10s. per cent. on preferred stock, less tax.

Wharncliffe Silkstone Colliery.—Net profit for past year was £30,231. Final dividend of 10 per cent. on ordinary shares and 6¼ per cent. on cumulative preference shares.

John Dickenson.—Net profit for 1920 was £287,422. Further dividend of 5 per cent., and bonus of 5 per cent., less tax on ordinary shares, carrying forward £150,576.

PARIS NOTES.

XXVIII.

" Those who know " must have watched the events of last week in Hungary with the keenest interest. They probably must have felt disheartened at the new proof of masonic solidarity and strength of opposition exemplified by Emperor Charles' failure to return to his throne. This opposition is very powerful indeed.

The days at Steinamanger were days of a short but bitter struggle between Catholicism and Freemasonry. The Church proved to be less organised, less efficient, politically, than its deadliest foe. It has paid the price of certain modernistic tendencies in politics, of a certain subservience to the democratic tendencies of the age. Its support of the Monarchical principle was lukewarm.

In the summer of 1919 *La Revue de Deux Mondes* published an article under the title *L'Eglise libre dans l'Europe libre.* It was then said that the ideas of this article had the approval of the Vatican. The author of *L'Eglise libre*—to the dismay of many readers—exulted over the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

This will never do! It never pays to disown a friend in distress. The democracies of Poland and Czechs-Slovakia, the Catholics of Jugo-Slavia, and the converts made *tambour battant* among the starving multitudes of the Ukraine and of Southern Russia will never make up for the disappearance of that time-worn but proved pillar of faith which the Viennese Court represented. To applaud the disappearance of the Hapsburgs, to cheer the defeat of " *Cesaro-papisnee* " is to court disaster.

Need the Church be " progressive ? " An old Rabbi in Southern Russia once said to me : " Truth *is*—what Progress can there be ? " In what way can the Church " progress " as it contains truth already ?

And yet one sees democratic cardinals like Mgr. Amette, the late Archbishop of Paris. The Catholic " Centrum " of Germany is far, very far from being monarchical or even Conservative. In Italy the Christian Socialists are officered by the Catholic clergy. The praises of various revolutionary bishops and priests in Bohemia and among the Slovaks and Hungarians have been sung in the Catholic press. In Ireland the situation is far from clear from the point of view of the loyalty of the Catholic clergy. Archbishop Mannix and the controversy around the Lord Mayor of Cork give one " furiously to think."

A case to point is the situation in Russia. It is obvious that only the religious feeling of the masses can save them from sinking for ever in the abyss of Bolshevik bestiality and satanism. The endeavour to create a " Society for the Religious Revival of Russia " was, perhaps, the most efficient of the anti-Bolshevk remedies yet invented. What opposition did this society find in Soviet Russia ? Catholic propaganda.

Does this propaganda expect to supply in a few months the same unity which one thousand years of Eastern Christianity have given to the Russian people ? Or is it mainly for the embellishment of the statistical returns in Rome ? Is it not obvious that by dividing the wretched nation by the introduction of a new psychological factor one can only consolidate the hold of the judeo-masonic Soviet power ?

These tragic days in the history of Christianity are not the time for settling scores between the Emperor and the Vatican, nor for weakening a sister church by dividing its followers. " The banners of the Prince of Darkness are drawing near."

The red hosts which follow them find us divided, still full of the remembrance of Canossa, of the Union of Florence, and of the Council of Nicaea.

The leaders of the Red International may well exclaim with a chuckle :

" Holy Father Abraham, how these Christians hate each other ! "

Paris, *April 3rd*, 1921. ENGO.

NEW YORK NOTES.

There is a secret all-American order known as the Kl*u*-Kl*ux*-Klan which is beginning to make its power and influence in politics felt. It has about one million members, and if one is to judge their mental attitude by the unofficial newspaper of the order (*The Searchlight*, Atlanta, Ga.), it is more than evident that the K.K.K. are " on to the Jew." Besides being born an American one has to be a Gentile before admission to the K.K.K. One of the most remarkable fights being handled by the order, is the absolutely outright fight against the Sinn Fein. The order is absolutely for the British domination of Ireland. America as a whole, at least 70 per cent. of the population stands in the same position. Even prominent Irish Roman Catholics see the danger of a free Ireland at the expense of a disabled England. For England, whether we hate her or love her, is the one country that just now stands between Christianity and Anarchy for the world.

Recently a fake Princess, Catherine Radziwill (a Polish Jewess who claims to have married a Russian Prince), delivered a lecture in the Astor Hotel (a Jewish hostelry) on the subject of " The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion." A docile young man attended the lecture and broke up the meeting. There were about 75 persons present, all but 20 were Jews. The *New York World* reported on the morning following the lecture (March 3) that the Princess was discredited and would have to prove her title, &c., before much credence would be given her arguments. The young man had merely asked three questions. The " Princess " had said no Czar had ever been killed by Jews. The questioner spoke as follows :—

" Will the ' Princess ' kindly state if she has read ' The Last Days of the Romanovs,' by Geo. C. Telbergh, published by Doran Co. (a Jewish house), and also ' The Imperial Orgy,' by Edgar Saltus (a Jew), published by Boni and Liveright Co. (a Jewish New York publishing house), in which it is specifically stated Jews killed the Czar ? " Immediately the cheap, dirty-smelling male Semites present began shouting " Scoundrel ! " " Scoundrel ! " " put him out ! " &c. It is needless to say that not a hand was lifted to put the " scoundrel " out. One real Gentile had fifty yellow-backed Semites scared. Investigation is being made now to prove the " Princess " a faker.

It is refreshing to see that the Jewish Count Michael Karolyi is being driven out of the various countries he is visiting in an effort to spread his Jewish world programme, under the guise of Socialism. We Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent are anxiously awaiting the day when we shall refuse such parasites permission to remain in this country. Personally, I feel we are fast approaching the period when to be a promulgator of any disturbing political theory will be as dangerous as to be a " Jack-the-Ripper." " Reds " of all kinds are becoming mighty unpopular, and one of the signs of the times is the fact that nearly every Gentile one meets is now aware that " Red " and Jew mean the same thing. Not that all Jews are " Reds." But all " Reds " are Jews. And there are few real " Reds " outside of Jewry.

The *New York Sun*, March 16, carried a brief news item from London, sent through the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, announcing that the English Government is loaning Jewish farmers thousands of pounds for the development of their selected lands in Palestine. It does seem to Americans that Jewish bankers and Jewish secret world organisations are ably fitted to advance all such monies to their own kin. I am wondering how poor Englishmen accept this news. There are many loyal Britishers hungry and penniless, but we don't hear of the Government extending the financial hand to them. But to the Jews. Well, they are " God's Chosen." It must be true, they say so themselves in the Old Testament. No one else, who knows them, says so.

A new secret order just forming in the United States, which will spread throughout the world, has for its main object the placing of government more securelyin the hands of Gentiles. The gold standard is to be destroyed by a new system of credit, thus all the gold which is now in the hands of the Jews, will become of little value. You know, of course, that there are only two countries at present which practically have all the world's gold—Russia and America. The majority of the gold here is in Jewish banks. The Jews are planning to make this their " nation " when Russia fails them, as it will inside of five years. Jewish freemasonry is more powerful in the United States than anywhere else, and it is here it will meet its Waterloo in 1925. KNICKERBOCKER.

At this moment of

NATIONAL CRISIS

we suggest to our readers that it is their duty to employ

PLAIN ENGLISH

as a weapon against revolution.

This can be done by making the paper as widely known as possible among their friends as well as among the enemy.

LORD BEACONSFIELD—A SKETCH.

The following article, the work of the late Sir Richard Burton, was written in 1883, and is really an attack upon the Jews, although it refers more especially to Lord Beaconsfield. Off prints of this article were made, but only three are known to exist, one of which is kept very carefully in the North Library of the British Museum. We are indebted to Mr. L. M. Penzer for the use of the MS., which will be included in his forthcoming book, " Bibliography of Sir Richard Burton."

IT was judged advisable to withhold a realistic study of the departed statesman till time had dulled the blow, till the dailies and other teachers had issued documents *à servir* which lurk in the biographical pigeon-hole, writ large, and wanting only a last sentence and a date; and, finally, till friendly and officious hands had flooded columns with a gush of little reminiscences. But now the inevitable reaction-day has dawned with advertising the " Beaconsfield pencil case " (price 3d. and 6d.), and the hour of reserve has passed away.

The first thing to be noticed was the abnormal superficiality of the biographies; all touched the outside; none the meaning, the differentia of the man. It has been with Disraeli after death as during life; the English public, the middle-class mass, never understood him; openly owned " I can't make him out," and expressed their ignorance by nicknames—" Sphinx," " Enigma," " Dark Horse," " Asian Mystery," and especially " The man called Dizzy." The latter, indeed, was as happy of its caricature—kind as " Pam " with the ostler's straw between his lips.

In this matter Disraeli was the clear reverse of his rival-in-chief, the " Gladstone body," as he is familiarly called in the canny land behind the Tweed, which has produced simultaneously two schoolmaster-archbishops. " W.E.G." is emphatically the " People's William "; they knew him as he knows himself, perhaps with a truer knowledge; they are aware that he speaks better, writes better, maunders better, and explains better than any of his English contemporaries. But they see in him, and see justly, only a difference of degree. In Disraeli there was a difference of kind, and they failed to read *le mot de l'énigme.* Per contra, D'Israeli, Disraeli, and even Lord Beaconsfield, never could, to his dying day, read his English public. His career, both literary and parliamentary, teems with occasions on which his ignorance, or rather half-knowledge, brought him into difficulties. No better instance can be given than his last dissolution of Parliament. He had come to think and, worse still, to boast himself as essential to England. " No one is necessary to the world," said Napoleon I.; " it can get on very well without me or you! " Part of this inability arose from conditions of education; but essentially it was racial.

The truth is that Disraeli was in nature, as in name, a very Hebrew of the Hebrews. He underwent the Jewish rite within the normal week, and the Christian rite in his early teens. But even the waters of baptism cannot wash away blood; nay, they seem rather to " set " it, as milk does pencillings. Englishmen, however, could hardly be expected to make knowledge-capital out of so simple a fact, when they knew so little what the " Israelite " really is.

The public has read in Shakespeare, who misdrew the Jew, that he is fashioned outwardly and inwardly like themselves. They see moving parallel with them, and at times crossing their path, a race of peculiar and un-European aspect; that speaks a peculiar dialect; that delights in money-making and in spending its money royally; that dines with them on week-days, and is prayed for by them on Sundays. They know that their business faculties are inbred; that they turn clay into gold by the touch; that they are the financiers par excellence of civilisation. They have heard that their position in the House of Commons and in the Chambers is exceptional when seats are compared with census. Not a few have learned by experience to prefer their dealings to those of their Christian neighbours; that the Jew will " jew " them, but leave them a share of profit; whereas the Christian will take all, and, often enough, ask for more. Perhaps they have learned to do tardy justice to the energy, the foresight, and the marvellous tenacity which have made the Jew the dominant figure of the day, the ethnological phenomenon of the world, where he is rapidly becoming the master. Some may go so far as to suspect that no throne in Europe is to be compared for stability with the office-stool of the house of Rothschild.

But even those who own that, as the Israelite is great in politics and religion, so he takes the highest rank in art and science, in mechanics and invention, in letters and in literature, own but a part and not the whole; the subject contains many things which they do not know. They hardly suspect that there is scarcely a titled house in England that is not leavened with Jewish blood. They see the money gained from Christians returning by marriage to Christians; but they do not appreciate the consequences. They hear the Jew professing himself a Deist, possibly an Agnostic; they do not realise the fact that at heart he is a Talmadist, stiff and stern as Joseph Karo, and that he mostly converts his missionaries, especially when the weakest brains in Europe are opposed to the strongest. They are dimly aware of the truth that the Jew's social discipline is superior to that of the Jesuit and the Freemason; and that no modern society can show a regimented body like the Société Universelle Israelite, whose heart is in Paris, and whose limbs are everywhere. And when they marvel at the excesses of the Jüdenhetze they do not understand that the Jew is " going too fast," as the phrase is, in Germany, Hungary, and parts of Russia. The superficial arguments of Lord Macaulay still prevail. " Pulling " is difficult in the race of life; but Jüdenhetze suggests danger, and a terrible danger ahead. Nor will the Hebrew race be safe until its high authorities forbid the abuse of usury, especially amongst the poor; monopolies of spirits, and the proprietorship of gambling and immoral establishments. These infamies must be abated before the Jews can vaunt that they are a " holy people," and can exchange the antipathies for the sympathies of the world.

The Jew owes his phenomenal position to a peculiar racial vitality. He is born under exceptional conditions, and his career is not subject to the rule of the ordinary. He is the only cosmopolite; he colonises, rears a family, and dies at a good old age in India and Jamaica, where races of feebler fibre, the so-called " Anglo-Saxon " and the weaker Neo-Latin never see their grandchildren attain majority. He loses proportional units during pestilences that kill off scores of his Gentile neighbours. His wife bears children at a later age than all other daughters of Eve. Superlative Sidonia, Tancred, Coningsby and " a' the lave " talk rank nonsense when they describe the Hebrew as being of " pure blood," as an " unmixed race ": they should have said that the alchemy of nervous physique, of a powerful and exceptional vitality, absorbs and transmutes into itself all foreign and baser matter. Again, it is gross ignorance to assert that the Romans, by driving the Hebrews from the barren rocklands of Palestine, compelled them to overspread the earth. Centuries before that time they had settled in force at Alexandria, and in Rome itself, where their colonies ruled society by the same arts that still rule it. Their organisation was characterised then, as its now, by it is " one-ideaness," by its absolute concentration of thought; by its masterful memory, especially when dealing with details; by its comprehensive, far-reading views, and by its strong band of common belief. We learn that much from Josephus and Philo Judaeus. " Credat Judæus Apella non ego " must be rendered " Let the Jew snips give faith to such things (as heaven and hell), I won't "; and here the philosophic Roman was a child compared with the superstitious and fanatic Palestinian. Hence, when this stupendous organisation devoted all its energies to the principle of self-interest, it easily distanced the rest of mankind, and created for itself the monopoly of wealth, which is the monopoly of power.

Benjamin D'Israeli was, I have said, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and by this light alone we can peer into his dark places. He began life with unusual advantages and disadvantages, known to all. He was, unfortunately, neither an Etonian nor an Oxonian. He "made a fool of himself," as do most youngsters of genius. He began with dandyhood—a "curled darling of fashion" is the usual absurd phrase. His Jewish love of approbation, often confounded with its abuse, vulgar vanity, made him eager to set the Thames on fire and summon England to see the flame. His artificial portrait by Maclise, with its rings and ringlets, tights, pumps and network of chains, is an index to his mind in the chrysalis stage.

His earliest works, "Vivian Grey," published when hardly out of his teens, "Popanilla" and "Alroy," dazzled by their marvellous display of gaud and glitter, of artificial tinsel, and unnatural splendour; and the writer was held to justify the ill-natured saying, "A Jew cannot be a gentleman." His "Young Duke," in characteristic dressing-gown, excited the critics' risible muscles. I doubt that the fop's creator ever, even in his latest days, smiled at his own creation. But under the mosaic there was true gold. The successful novelist then tried epic poetry, and recognised the fact that he could become a second-rate poet; he preferred to be a first-rate prosist. Haunted by the "greatest elementary power since Shakespeare," a power deprecated by Thackeray, who had read too deeply for his good the "Book of Snobs," he resolved to be a literary Byron in all but verse. There is, indeed, a great moral likeness between the men, notably in one point. Both had that exceeding sensitiveness, that womanly (not effeminate) softness of heart which finds safety only in self-concealment from the coarse, hard and cruel world that girds it. The poet disguised himself as a cynic, and many silly sages like Lord Jeffrey find in Don Juan the "demon-character of Lord Byron." The novelist, whose highly-strung, nervous-bilious and thoroughly Hebrew temperament was impressionable and excitable beyond that of most men, assumed the masque of gaiety in imperturbability, apathy. This alias served for more than one purpose, and notably it distinguished him from the somewhat forward and over-familiar manners of his race, but the assumption never deceived narrow observers. His countenance may have been as stony as Memnon's; still, there was nervous movement somewhere. I remember a traveller springing a surprise upon him. "Has your lordship ever heard of the Asian Mystery?" apparently alluding to a book newly published by an American missionary. His lordship, who must have recognised a *petit nom* 30 years old, replied with the most wooden of faces: "No, never!" The words, however, were commented upon by a twitching of the feet and the adjustment of the coat-cuffs familiar to "the House.". In fine, Disraeli's first phase was that of extravaganza; the public vented many stale jokes about the original "Jew d'esprit," and knew him only as—

The wondrous boy
Who wrote Alroy.

This infantine stage ended with his journey to the Holy Land in 1829-31, and now, with the education *d'un voyage*, began at the age of 27 the second act, the intellectual middle age of the man. He affected no useless wandering, no "grand tour," no exploration. He despised the -isms and the -ologies. He went to enjoy the "charm of origins," to mould his mind, to temper his spirit, and to raise his thoughts amongst the scenes that vividly recalled the glories of his race. He lived amongst his own people, and he clung to it with a love passing the love of women. He evolved his theories of its past and his plans for its future. Tacitus had taught him *Christianos ex Judæis exstitisse.* He boldly claimed for the Jew a "divine origin," and defined Christianity as the "School of Galilee," reckless that he was suggesting the branch may die out while the bole may live. He laid down, with inexorable logic, the obligations and the gratitude-debt of mankind to the deicides who saved their souls by the judicial murder of Jesus; he cared nothing for the only possible conclusion—Judas of Karioth is the greatest benefactor the world ever knew. His theories took shape and consistency in the famous trilogy, Young—England Coningsby, chartistic Sibyl, and crusading Tancred; they at once glorified his race and his party that was to be, and their glamour lasted him till his last. The way in which those miserable Mahometan schismatics, the Ansayrii, were made to worship the gods of Greece and Rome showed how little he cared for fact and realism when working out fiction; and this became another trade-mark. His Philo-Judæism had its instant reward. An eccentric compatriot of Torquay left him £40,000, saddled only with an easy condition. The legacy by no means showed "how powerful must have been the fascination of his singular genius over certain minds of an imaginative cast." It was a retaining-fee to the ablest advocate of Judæism, to a Maccabæus who did not hesitate to bandy bad language with the grand master of the Yahoos—O'Connell—and who, in the long duel, gave at least as much as he took.

Disraeli's proceedings after his return home show that his powers of concentration, perseverance and far-sighted ambition, tempered with moderation and patience, had attained their full development. After sundry false starts he became Conservative M.P. for Maidstone (1837), and his maiden failure promised more than other men's successes. And now begins the political career, which is popularly distributed into the four several stages of free-lance, of Opposition leader, of Ministry leader in a minority, and of Ministry leader under contrary conditions. Looked upon as a master in Israel by men of his own blood, he attached himself to the Conservatives and undertook to educate his Tories; thereby protesting against the favourite party politics of his race. Many have thought and said that Disraeli would have done better as a Liberal; some, that he should have worked out his "forte, sedition." They speak without knowledge. He had learned that the Liberal Jew is a contradiction in terms; while the Conservative Jew, who does not fear Radicals, is a logical production. *Opes mutant mores.* Men may be Whigs, Liberal Radicals, seditionists, subvertionists, whilst they have much to get; when they have gotten much they will be Tories, Conservatives, Imperialists.

Disraeli's third phase began when he first rose to high office under Lord Derby in 1852, and it lasted till he rose to the highest. He at once began to reap the harvest of his theoretical studies, and his practical genius combined with them to sow the seed of fresh successes. His power of expression, alternately brilliant, persuasive, indignant, sentimental, romantic, captivating, argumentative, caustic and always eloquent, dazzled the public. As a rule his pathos was a failure, but his half-laugh half-sneer was characteristic, original and effective; his caustic, vitriolic definitions, and his many *bon-mots*, all the best borrowed and carefully elaborated, served to make his name flutter through the mouths of men. His puzzles, his surprises, his unexpected works, his impossible combinations, startled and baffled his un-friends. His friends smiled when he preferred the "Angel to the Ape." His meteoric rise from a lawyer's indentured apprentice, a littérateur, an adventurer, a political intruder, to the serene heights of the Cabinet appealed to the rude romance and adventurousness of the many-headed; his domestic life, and legends of two huge nightcaps in the nuptial couch bending together over morning tea satisfied "respectability"; the "best of wives and worst of critics," by-the-by, spoke of "Dizzy and I" to the end of her days, and hated to be called "Beaconsfield"—the fashionable blunder. It leaked out that he was loving to his blood relations; he did not push them in society, but he made society provide them with good salaries. He did not forget his kinsmen who had changed Spain for Venice, as shown by the epitaphs of Aryeh (Lion) Israel in 1631, and of Isaac Israel in 1641. He answered with some warmth their telegramic congratulations upon his being raised to the peerage; and, if he did not provide for a pauper first cousin with one paralysed son, it was perhaps because he held the relationship apocryphal. Moreover, a host of relatives, and all ingrates, would have been raised by the whisper of a present or an annuity. He left his fortune in a way that satisfied man's sense of justice and of family affection. All things considered—there should be a special court for statesmen and politicians—he was not without conscience. The public felt with him rather than against him when he refused the promised C.B.-ship to the unfortunate Anglo-India officer who had lent him such able aid in abating the "Honourable East India Company." But in one point he was the most unscrupulous of public men. His Hebrew blood made him love those who loved his people, and hate, with the fiery racial hate, all who did not. He had no reason to bluff the Russian or to pet the Turk. But our enemies' enemies are our friends; the Muscovite abhors the Jew and the Osmanli detests the Muscovite. Ergo, Disraeli supported with all his might the Seraglio against the Kremlin. Descending lower, the best title to promotion in any of the services under his premiership was emphatically not merit. A few drops of the precious ichor that filtered down from the veins of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would have outweighed the gifts of an Admirable Crichton. In one case that shall be nameless his patronage scandalised his friends, even the permanent clerks of the Foreign Office.

Nothing need be said of the drop-scene at Berlin, except that Lord Beaconsfield returned from the diplomatic tournament crying "Peace with honour," and was pedestalled for a time as the model patriot, the idol of his countrymen and especially of his countrywomen. He became a *persona grata* to the Crown and its allied coronals. He had created an empress; he made able use of a reaction of feeling and succeeded in establishing the imperial policy which Tancred had foreshadowed. He rained titles and ribbons with a theatrical hand; he annexed Cyprus, and portentous was the cackling that hailed the laying of this prodigiously little egg. Yet the public felt that Prime Minister Disraeli was a distinct failure. As long as he led a minority as in 1867 he did wonders. But when he succeeded to the command of a powerful majority he showed an utter absence of business qualities, of accuracy, and of comprehending his new duties and his novel materials.

Then came the great downfall which Fate made final. He was old enough to be philosophic, and not too old to console himself by appealing anew to public sympathy in the old form of a novel. I need hardly say that *Endymion* was the very dullest of his works; a model failure; no second-rate writer of magazine tales would have acknowledged it with pride. It contains only one good thing concerning the "religion of sensible men," and that is a barefaced plagiarism. But in these days the novel is the colonel of the literary regiment; moreover, *Endymion* bore his name. The gaudy, tawdry stuff, brought him more guineas than were gained by all the "prose epics" of the year put together; it hired him a toy-house in Mayfair, and it procured him a few happy last months.

Most men of fine talents and great energy have begun life with a vague aspiration to climb the tree-top. The day's dream fades early; the dreamer grows practical, marries, settles down, and buckles to a career which is not pitched at a towering height. The few who succeed pass from the general to the particular subject of ambition; they discover their true bias, poetry or cricket; they train and perfect the natural bent, and they become more or less famous. Among the very few was Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, and as his life was successful so its end was happy. He died exactly at the right moment, with fame still fresh, with mind quite clear, and with body hardly so worn out as to make life not worth the living. A few years more would have seen his course run out otherwise. As it was, the English world felt the loss. The public expressed it; the sensible part confessed an uneasy sense that Elijah's temper and *savoir faire*, moderation, and conciliatory spirit—the essence of the British "compromise-policy"—would be found wanting in Elisha, whoever he may be. And public men knew that political life would be duller without the brilliant surpriser, whilst birds of ill-omen began at once to croak about the exits of Pitt and Fox.

Disraeli has left, moreover, a school without a schoolmaster. Who succeeds him? Let us hope nobody. Let him be the last of his race. He vitiated by personal influence the sound condition and constitution of his party. His semitic brain misread the signs of the times. He would have fought Russia, nay, the whole Slav world, for effete and unworthy Turkey. His march to Candahar—another anti-Muscovite move—was a mistake, only to be equalled by marching back from Candahar. His annexation of the Transvaal was a blunder, only to be excelled by the "Peace with dishonour," the shallow truce concluded in the midst of defeat. He created the Jingo—the British Chauvin—at a time when the phenomenon was least welcome, and certainly least wanted. For England, his imperial and masterful policy came either too early or too late. Her present state is essentially empirical and transitional. She sits between two stools—the old aristocratic rule which, since 1832, has been broken up, not broken down; and a young democracy, whose years have not yet brought it stamina to carry the weight. Her agriculture, manufactures, and commerce are depressed and show scant signs of recovering vitality. Her army is reduced to its lowest expression, and has lately been subject to repeated reverses. Her navy is not up to its proper mark, either in number of ships or in modern appliances. Socially she is deteriorating by a governmental taking the place of family despotism; this is one sign of *morbus senilis*. A chronic revolution affects a third of her home kingdom. And lastly, the example of flourishing Republican France is a standing menace to her monarchy. Briefly, the present state of affairs is most unfit for supporting an aggressive "imperial policy." This must change, and will change; but when and at what cost it is hard to say. Meanwhile, in the councils of Europe, England has about as much influence for good as Iceland.

The periodicals remark, "Subscriptions to Lord Beaconsfield's national memorial come in very slowly, and bear no comparison with his extraordinary popularity whilst living." We saw the same in the case of Lord Palmerston, whose memory faded and lost all colour within six months of his death. And so it ever will be when a stateman's claim to a nation's love and affection is founded upon personal qualities and party victories. Compare these two little great-men with Cavour, a great great-man, who grows every year a grander figure in the hearts and eyes of the people that claim him with pride and reverence.

THE BREAKDOWN OF SOCIETY.

THE method by which this Empire has been brought to the verge of destruction is now fairly evident to all thinking people. *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* give the plan for world revolution in detail; and current events bear witness of the application and fulfilment of this most sinister plot. It is the greatest scheme of wholesale assassination and unlimited robbery in the history of the human race. Only the smug, the intellectually indolent, and the people who do not want to think can now fail to see the confirming evidence of the carefully planned racial conquest of civilisation which every day produces. Mr. Henry Ford makes this very clear in his article in the *Dearborn Independent*, especially so in the thirteenth article of the series which, in part, is as follows:—

An understanding of the *method* is necessary if one is to find the meaning of the currents and cross-currents which make so hopeless a hodge-podge of the present times. People who are confused and discouraged by the various voices and discordant theories of to-day, each seeming to be plausible and promising, may find a clear clue to the value of the voices and the meaning of the theories if they understand that their *confusion* and *discouragement* comprise the very objective which is sought. The uncertainty, hesitation, hopelessness, fear; the eagerness with which every promising plan and offered solution is grasped—these are the very reactions which the programme outlined in the Protocols aims to produce. The condition is proof of the efficacy of the programme.

It is a method that takes time, and the Protocols delare that it *has* taken time, indeed, centuries. Students of the matter find the identical programme of the Protocols, announced and operated by the Jewish race, from the first century onward.

It has taken 1900 years to bring Europe to its present degree of subjugation—violent subjugation in some countries, political subjugation in some, economic subjugation in all—but in America the same programme, with almost the same degree of success, has required about 50 years. Certain mistaken *ideas* of liberalism, certain flabby *ideas* of tolerance, all of them originating at European sources which the Protocolists had completely polluted, were transported to America, and there under cover of the blindness and innocence of a false liberalism and tolerance, together with modern appliances for the swift acceleration of opinion, there has been worked a subjugation of our institutions and public thought which is the amazement of European observers. It is a fact that some of the important students of the Jewish Question, whom Jewish publicists are pleased to damn with the term " Anti-Semites," have been awakened to the existence of the question not by what they have observed in Europe, but by what they have seen in the swift and distinct " close-up " which has been afforded in American affairs.

The centre of Jewish power, the principal sponsors of the Jewish programme, are resident in America, and the leverage which was used at the Peace Conference to fasten Jewish power more securely upon Europe, was American leverage exercised at the behest of the strong Jewish pressure which was brought from the United States for that purpose. And these activities did not end with the Peace Conference.

The whole *method* of the Protocols may be described in one word, *Disintegration.* The undoing of what has been done, the creation of a long and hopeless interim in which attempts at reconstruction shall be baffled, and the gradual wearing down of public opinion and public confidence, until those who stand outside the created chaos shall insert their strong, calm hand to seize control—that is the whole method of procedure.

Putting together the estimate of human nature which obtains in these Protocols, and their claims to a rather definite though as yet incomplete fulfilment of the World Programme (these two comprising the themes of the previous two articles), some of the aspects of this propaganda of disintegration have become clear. But not all of them. There are yet other aspects of these methods, which will be dealt with in the present article, and there are yet future reaches of the programme which will be considered later.

The first point of attack is Collective Opinion, that body of ideas which through men's agreement with them, holds large groups together in political, racial, religious or social unity. Sometimes we call them " standards " sometimes we call them " ideals "; whatever they may be called, they are the invisible bonds of unity, they are the common faith, they are the great overarching reason for group unity and loyalty.

The Protocols assert that here the first attack has been made. The history of Jewish propaganda in the world shows that also.

The first wave of attack is to *corrupt* Collective Opinion. Now, to " corrupt " in the real sense does not mean anything unsavoury or unclean. The whole power of every heresy is its attractiveness to the good mind. The whole explanation of the strong hold which untruth has gained upon the world of our day, is that the untruth is reasonable, inspiring and apparently good. It is only after a long discipline in false ideals—which are reasonable, inspiring and good—that the evil fruits appear in acts and conditions which are unreasonable, destructive and wholly evil. If you will trace the idea of Liberty as it has appeared in Russian history, from its philosophic beginning (a Jewish beginning, by the way) to its present ending (a Jewish ending also), you will see the process.

The Protocols claim that the Gentiles are not thinkers, that attractive ideas have been thrown at them so strategically and persistently that the power of thought is almost destroyed out of them. Fortunately this is a matter on which any Gentile may apply his own test. If he will segregate his ruling ideas, especially those that centre round the thought of " democracy," he will discover that he is being ruled in his mind by a whole company of ideas into whose authority over him he has not inquired at all. He is ruled by " say so " whose origin he has not traced. And when, pursuing those ideas, he finds that they are not practicable, he is received by the explanation that " we are not yet sufficiently advanced." Yet when he does see men who are sufficiently " advanced " to put these very ideas into operation, he recoils from what he sees them do, because he knows that " advancement " such as that is deterioration—a form of disintegration. Yet every one of the ideas were " good," " reasonable," " inspiring," " humane," to begin with. And, if this Gentile will observe a little further, he will see that they are the most persistently preached ideas in the world; he will also see who the preachers are.

The Protocols distinctly declare that is it by means of the set of ideas which cluster around " democracy," that their first victory over public opinion was obtained. The *idea* is the weapon. And to be a weapon it must be an *idea* at variance with the natural trend of life. It must indeed be a theory opposed to the facts of life. And no theory so opposed can be expected to take root and become the ruling factor, unless it appeals to the mind as reasonable, inspiring and good. The Truth frequently seems unreasonable; the Truth frequently is depressing; the Truth sometimes seems to be evil; but it has this eternal advantage, it is the Truth, and what is built thereon neither brings nor yields to *confusion.*

This first step does not give the control of public opinion, but leads up to it. It is worthy of note that it is this sowing of " the poison of liberalism," as the Protocols name it, which comes first in order in those documents. Then, following upon that, the Protocols say :—

> " To obtain control over public opinion it is first necessary to *confuse* it."

Truth is one and cannot be confused, but this false, appealing liberalism which has been sown broadcast, and which is ripening faster under Jewish nurture in America than ever it did in Europe, is easily confused because it is not truth. It is error, and error has a thousand forms. Take a nation, a party, a city, an association in which " the poison of liberalism " has been sown, and you can split that up into as many factions as there are individuals simply by throwing among them certain modifications of the original idea. This is a piece of strategy well known to the forces that invisibly control mass-thought. Theodor Herzl, the arch-Jew, a man whose vision was wider than any statesman's and whose programme paralleled the Protocols, knew this many years ago when he said that the Zionist (cryptic for " Jewish ") state would come before the Socialist state could come; he knew with what endless divisions the " liberalism " which he and his predecessors had planted would be shackled and crippled.

First, to create an ideal of " broad-mindedness." That is the phrase which appears in every Jewish remonstrance against public mention of the Jew and his alleged World Programme: "We thought you were too broad-minded a man to express such thoughts," " we thought Mr. So-and-So was too broad-minded a man to suspect the Jews of this; " " we thought the daily or weekly or monthly such-and-such a paper was too broad-minded editorially to consider such material." It is a sort of keyword, indicative of the state of mind in which it is desired that the Gentiles be kept. It is a state of flabby tolerance. A state of mind which mouths meaningless phrases about Liberty, phrases which act as an opiate on the mind and conscience and which allow all sorts of things to be done under cover. The phrase, the slogan, is a very dependable Jewish weapon. ("In all times people have accepted words for acts."—Protocol 5.) The reality behind the phrase the Protocols frankly admit to be non-existent.

Nothing has served to create "broad-mindedness," a state of mind whose breadth indicates its lack of depth, so much as the ideas of liberalism which the Jews are constantly teaching to Gentiles and on which they never themselves act. We need a new sort of allegiance to the reality of life, to the facts as they are, which will enable us to stand up under all cajoling to "broad-mindedness" and assert a new intolerance of everything but truth. The terms "narrow" and "broad" as they are used to-day represent lies. The liberal man ought to believe more, he ought to be deep and wide in his beliefs in order to merit that name; but as a usual thing he believes nothing. He is not liberal at all. When you seek belief, belief with a foundation, belief with vitality, you must seek it among men who are sneered at, under this false Jewish-promoted notion of liberality, as "narrow men." Jewish propaganda, in common with the Protocols, is against men who have dug down to the rock; they want "broad-minded men" who can easily be shifted about the surface, and thus serve the invisible scheme in any manner desired. This type of men, on their part, never imagine but that their "broad mindedness" is a mark of their superiority and independence.

Now, see what follows. Men are born believers. For a time they may believe in "broad-mindedness" and under the terrific social pressure that has been set up in its favour they will openly espouse it. But it is too shallow to satisfy any growing roots of life. They must believe, deeply, something. For proof of this, notice the undeniable strength of the negative beliefs which are held by men who fancy that they believe nothing. Therefore, some who are highly endowed with independence of spirit, root down into those prohibited matters which at some point touch Jewish concerns—these are the "narrow" men. But others find it more convenient to cultivate those departments which promise a highway whereon there shall be no clashes of vital opinion, no chance of the charge of "intolerance"; in short, they transfer all their contemplative powers to the active life, even as it is written in the Protocols—

> "*To divert Gentile thought and observation, interest must be deflected to industry and commerce.*"

It is amazing to look around and see the number of men who have been actually browbeaten into committing their whole lives to these secondary or even tertiary things, while they look with great timidity and aversion at the vital things which really rule the world and upon the issue of which the world really depends.

But it is just this deflection to the materialistic base that offers the Protocolists, and similarly Jewish propagandists, their best hold. "Broad-mindedness" to-day consists in leaving vital matters severely alone. It descends quickly to material-mindedness. Within this lower sphere all the discord which distresses the world to-day is to be found.

First, there is the ruin of the upper circles of industry and commerce:

> "*To make it possible for liberty definitely to disintegrate and ruin Gentile society, industry must be placed on a speculative basis.*"

No one needs to be told what this means. It means, as everything about us shouts, the prostitution of service to profits and the eventual disappearance of the profits. It means that the high art of management degenerates into exploitation. It means reckless confusion among the managers and dangerous unrest among the workmen.

(*To be continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLOOD AND SWEAT.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR: I am one of those who, for eighteen years before the war, lived and worked on what I understand to be called "the outposts of the Empire."

That is as it may be, but my point in mentioning it is this: Since the war there are many of us who, owing to wounds and sickness engendered by the war, have had to give up our work before our time and come home.

In those far-off days we used to think of and live for, almost, the time when we should be able to return for good to England,—that England of our dreams where we thought, how foolishly, all was good, where there was no petty spite, no underhandedness, where men acted as men and conditions were not such as we had to deal with as part of our daily work.

How blind were we and what fools to think that our lot was not better there; how much better even now after two years of so-called peace we do not realise fully, even with all its toil and drawbacks, than in our "England." Is it England? We may well ask.

There we had children to deal with, naughty children, perhaps, but with child-like faith in strong men who tried to show their children what Englishmen were.

Such was our work and the ideals we tried to live up to.

I first read your paper in January and have taken it in ever since, together with such numbers as I have been able to obtain previous to that date.

Sir, you have made us sick at heart, and we are bewildered.

During the war we saw good men sit down and weep, nor all the times we went through ghastliness was any man in real despair.

But now!

Is it true what you write? If not, may God have mercy on you. If true, God help us; but He expects us to help ourselves.

What can we do, what can I do? During the war this question was answered easily; but now! Who is there whom the common people, such as I, can look up to as their leader, and trust.

What can we do to help you? You have opened our eyes to the danger, and we can see it, and in so doing realise fully the danger you are running in trying to warn England.

Tell us how we can help you.

I like to think I am one of those whose family, generation after generation, has tried to do its simple duty, but it is difficult to see how best that duty can now be done.

Week after week you warn us, and we, realising the truth, chafe at our impotence, for impotent we are.

We would send you money, as suggested, but it takes us all our time to exist on our small earnings and on what capital we have managed to save from the wreck—believe me, sir, sometimes it is all I can do to find the necessary sixpence for your paper.

I share you paper with others, read and re-read it, for now it is all my "library"; I do not like to part with it, as at times I refer to it when talking of these matters to my friends—the jobbing gardener who sometimes clips my hedge, the porters at my station, the plumber who mends my leaky pipes, the little old lady who keeps the "general" shop at the corner of my road and the "hands" of the little factory owned by another friend of mine.

For it appears to me that these are the people who should know of what you write and be taught to realise how true your writings are.

I also try to combat the influence of such papers as the enclosed, but it is difficult as there is much opposition, and it is being well circulated in the National Health Insurance offices at Kew, where I live, and Richmond.

This is a little, but not enough, and I do ask you to tell me what more my friends and I can do, for your object and ours is the same and we try to go forward to one end.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. B. G. Colpoys.

58, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

[Our comments on this letter will be found in "Life and Letters."—Ed.]

ALIEN BOLSHEVIST INVASION.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—The observation in your issue of April 2nd, regarding the placing of Polish Jew agents as tallymen in our coal mines, adds strength to suspicions raised on examining the Official Return of aliens landed in this country during 1920, Table II.

The total aliens landed is stated at 427,246, omitting for some subtle reason, the alien nationals from Czecho-Slovakia 3,678, Finland 2,132, Jugo-Slavia 781, China 245, Bulgaria 79, and Poland 12,253, amounting to another 19,168 and bringing the grand total to 446,914.

This grand total includes aliens from Russia 11,167, Greece 4,747, Italy 18,855 and America 84,633.

For what purpose could 12,253 Poles want to land in Great Britain last year, except that those of the Semitic race, bordering the Russian frontier would make excellent agents for their Moscow Bolshevist paymasters to spread the poisonous, Bolshevist virus amongst our miners and workers ?

If, as stated in Table II, 420,836 aliens had *not* embarked during 1920 we should have in addition to aliens previously resident here, upwards of three-quarters of a million aliens wandering about this country in December last. For what purpose ?

But the 446,914 alone have been sufficient, aided by the resident sympathisers with Bolshevism, to play havoc with our miners and others in readiness for the outbreak of a Bolshevist revolution apparently desired by the officials of the Miners' Federation.

This horde of aliens constantly landing here must increase the shortage of dwellings and of employment, most detrimental to the ex-service men and workers of our own nationality.

There is in Czecho-Slovakia one Hillerson, a "Bolshevist Representative" on whom the "Commissariat for Foreign Affairs" in Russia "can rely entirely" in their evil work abroad.

Is the blank laxity of the Home Secretary, with the Prime Minister's encouragement, in permitting this constant invasion of the United Kingdom by Bolshevist immigrants to be allowed to continue ?

Surely Herbert Smith and Frank Hodges of the Miners' Federation are liable to prosecution for their direct incitement on Wednesday, March 30th, and instructions to the miners of that Federation to stop work, in malicious and unlawful restraint of trade throughout the United Kingdom without just cause ?

It seems desirable to organise pressure on the invertebrate Coalition and on the Government to promote, during the present Session, drastic prohibition of certain undesirable aliens landing in the United Kingdom.

Offers of support of action of this character, in a matter of such paramount National Importance would be gladly received.

Yours faithfully,
A. Toulmin Smith.

Farmers' Club,
2, Whitehall Court, S.W.1.

OSTARA AND NIETZSHE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Apropos of "Ostara" and Mr. Orlo Lynus, since reference to both has cropped up again in your pages. Readers interested in the principles advocated in the original letter, headed "Ostara," will find them exceedingly fully expounded in the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, more especially in *Jenseit von Gut und Bose* (Beyond Good and Evil), *Antichrist* and *Umwertung aller Werte* (Revaluation of all Values). I do not know whether the English version of the titles is exactly the same as that which appears in the published translation, as I read the writings in the original, and am merely giving the meaning here. A really perspicacious reader will not fail to remember that Nietzsche was a Pole, conscious of his race, and that he did not love the Germans. I fancied I heard a Mephistophelian chuckle at the end of the reiterated recommendation : "Be evil, since at the bottom of your souls ye hanker after it. . . . Be evil, and yet more evil ! . . . ."

In any case, I fail to see why, in order to combat the evils of Semitism, we should be recommended to a Pagan deity rather than to Christ, that we should look to the Swastika rather than to the Cross. Oh, I know that historically and philosophically the two symbols are related ; but at this moment it is not a case of comparative religion, but of one of the greatest crises in history. And—while admitting all the virtues of our Nordic ancestors—is the ruthless quest of glory and red gold, so wonderfully sung in the Sagas, really *so much more* pregnant of salvation for the soul than the more insidious, no less ruthless, quest after intellectual domination as pursued by the latter-day Jew ? In fact, it is an arguable proposition whether it is not precisely this ambition of the Nordic man (I should rather call it his weakness) that makes him liable to be exploited as the mere mercenary of his more cunning rival.

The remedy against both weakness and evil is Christianity, and not some new Pagan cult, and if I am really not to be allowed to be a Christian, at least let me be a Buddhist, and cultivate detachment from the lures and temptations of this world !

And what are the coal mines of Pécs standing for in all this business ? Your Budapest correspondent says that the county in which they are situated is at present occupied by Serbia, whereby he presumably means the Kingdom of Serbia, Croats and Slovenes, more often called *Jugoslavia*, as it represents—though not in its entirety—the national territory of the Southern Slavs. Until the war, or perhaps I should say *until the Peace*, this territory was singularly free from Jewish finance and influence, and certainly the Southern Slav is no friend of Bolshevism, from which he has all to fear and nothing to gain, as the overwhelming majority of the population are engaged in agriculture, and most of the properties are freehold farms.

Incidentally, I have good reason to consider that Jugoslavia's claim to the output of the Pécs mines and the Baranja as allotted to her, was both just and reasonable.

Jugoslavia (the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes) is a constitutional monarchy with a Parliament which provides facilities for party government, the blessings and drawbacks of which I do not feel obliged to discuss here.

I am pretty sure that if a Jugoslav Government were to pursue a pro-Jewish, let alone a pro-Bolshevik *cum* Jewish policy, it would forfeit the confidence of the nation and find itself turned out at the first opportunity, in spite of the easy-going Slav temperament of the people.

The letter from Lieut.-Col. D. C. Kemp interested me greatly. It furnishes a comment upon what I had always looked upon as Nietzsch's, treacherous teaching.

Yours truly,
F. S. C.

MUSIC HALL MICROBES—SOME REVELATIONS.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir : In these days, when strange ailments are prevalent, it behoves the public to ensure that possible centres of infection are rigidly scrutinised.

The hygienic conditions at many an "Empire" or "Hippodrome" are such that, did people realise them, an outcry would surely arise for the drastic cleansing of such places. In many cases it is safe to say that any proper measures of disinfection or even cleaning are absent.

The whole of the interior is one huge dirt trap—such portions of the building as can be reached with a duster, or, in the more up-to-date halls, a vacuum cleaner, being few indeed. One has only to look at the senseless, garish mouldings and plaster work by daylight to discover that the innumerable nooks and crannies are caked with dirt. The plush seats and carpets again, are either brushed—which is no cleaning at all, or, once a week, vacuumed. A glance at the receiver of the apparatus reveals indescribable living filth for which a daily extraction would be scarcely adequate. In hot weather pages may be seen waving a hissing apparatus which sprays a sickly smelling liquid supposed to "clear the air."

The time devoted to this operation is usually about 20 minutes, when the lads are fresh to the work and like their new toy. When the novelty has worn off the time is more likely curtailed to five or ten. In any case the disinfection provided is just about sufficient for a large dog-kennel.

In the cheaper parts of the building metal discs are often used as tickets; the unfortunate individuals who have the task, twice nightly, of counting these can tell of the infection these discs will carry. The idea of washing them in some antiseptic is not favoured. It is looked upon as time wasting and fastidious.

Some places proudly advertise a sliding roof. This is no more than a large trap door, and the idea that it has any value for ventilation is manifestly absurd. All halls should instal a system of cleansed air circulation similar to that on the tubes. This is particularly needed in the orchestra well, which too often forms a sink for all the contaminated air of the building. It is not generally known that the terrible scourge, consumption, is particularly rife among theatrical instrumentalists for this very reason.

People would be horrified if they knew how the average theatre swarms with rats and mice. If one stands quietly in the house when the lights are out, a constant pattering and squeaking will be heard as these vermin devour the litter of nuts, chocolates and crumbs, &c.

Systematically attacked these disease carriers could be exterminated; yet nothing really efficacious is done.

What is the Ministry of Health about, to permit these conditions?

In the interests of the community's well being, a theatrical proprietor should be compelled to keep his houses as clean as a hospital.

If age or bad planning prevents, then they should be treated as a dangerous slum—condemned and rebuilt.

Yours, &c.,

Bitntwyshy.

RUSSIAN GOLD IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—In the issue of Plain English of April 2, 1921, on p. 265, under the heading "Russian Gold in America," you mention the name of Max Rabinoff in connection with "War Department, Washington, D.C." In order not to take up your valuable time unnecessarily, I will at once explain that, so far as it is known to me (a former Instructor and Investigator of the Military Intelligence Division, Washington, D.C.), Max Rabinoff, in July, 1918, applied for a position of agent, but which on my intervening was refused. However, a few months later, the M.I.D. Office at San Francisco employed Rabinoff in the capacity of a secret agent (hired informer).

On page 276 your correspondent, Mary Meredith Beaumont, in writing about "Princess" Catharine Radziwill(?), should have consulted the "Princess" employer, Mr. Otis F. Wood, 17 W.38th Street, New York City, and he could have given your correspondent the exact position the "Princess" occupies as an "interviewer," and also her correct name.

Another correspondent, R. W., on p. 277, under the heading 'Is Lenin a Jew?" wastes a great deal of time by trying to make Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov a Jew. I happen to know him personally, and am able to say positively that he is a real Russian. Lenin, it is true, is in the hands of the Jews, and does as he is bid. Lenin is, unlike his friend Ludwig Mertens (not Martens), formerly a resident of Hoxton, a fanatic.

I have in my possession interesting information about the Jews and their aspirations, which I am quite prepared to let you have should you care for it.

Yours very truly,

Casimir Pilenas.

21, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2,
April 2, 1921.

ANTI-SEMETIC DEFENCE FUND.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Last week one of your correspondents suggested a fund to which each subscriber would contribute £100.

In my opinion, a less sum, say one shilling upwards, would bring in more money. Let those who can afford give their hundreds, or even thousands. But many might wish to give something but could not afford £100. I myself cannot. But will willingly subscribe £1. The fund to be devoted to propaganda, and, if necessary, to pay the legal expenses of Plain English when up before the Council of the Leaders of Zion.

Subscriber.

SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Dear Sir,—I have read with considerable interest the letter on the subject of Montenegro signed "A Friend of all South Slavs," and I have no hesitation in saying that either your correspondent is deplorably ignorant, and is speaking of matters as to which he has only second-hand information, or else he is deliberately attempting to throw dust in the eyes of your readers.

I have been a close witness for the past six years of the whole of the Serbian intrigue against Montenegro, and anything more infamous it would be impossible to conceive. In fact, I do not mind confessing that had I not been "behind the scenes" in a peculiarly close manner I should have refused to credit the statement that I myself am about to make to you on this subject.

We all know that isolated acts of injustice may occur between man and man, arising simply from the fact that we all have our faults of ignorance, prejudice or misunderstanding; but it is inconceivable to the ordinary Englishman that studied and deliberate acts of calumny, injustice and fraud should be carried on systematically in the way they have been carried on by the Serbians, and, above all, that they should have succeeded, as up to this moment they undoubtedly have.

Your correspondent admits that the "Black Mountain became the citadel of refuge and freedom"; that "the Montenegrins helped their Serbian kinsmen beyond their own borders and in every war against the Turk." He only omits to state, what is equally true, that the Serbian Army in the great Retreat, when the Austrians were pressing them, would have been wiped out to a man but for the valour of the Montenegrin troops in keeping back Mackensen's forces. Your correspondent also admits that King Nicholas "always aspired for the national redemption and union of the Slave race," and then calmly apologises for the deliberate robbery of Montenegro by the Serbians, on the ground, if you please, that King Nicholas was "addicted in his old age to a growing love of money," that he was "intolerant," that "he did not adapt himself to altered circumstances," and that "these were in essence the charges brought against the late King Nicholas by the Serbians." And it is on this account, is it, that the King has been maligned—sent to his grave a broken-hearted man, his loyal subjects imprisoned in Serbian gaols, as they are *to this very hour*; that the whole forces of the Serbians, the large funds poured into their coffers by British and American philanthropists (ostensibly for the Red Cross), have been utilised for this wicked propaganda against their sister country, and that that country has been wiped off the map of Europe? Every promise made by the Allies for self-determination and the restoration of the King to his people has been deliberately broken, and this country has calmly stood by and assented to this wickedness.

However, I have a great notion that Truth will be revealed sooner or later, and there is already a strong reaction setting in, as the truth becomes known. If the Serbians (whose name has always been associated with bloodshed and murder) imagine that they are going to hoodwink the British public *permanently* they make a great mistake. When the truth is told the eyes of the public will be opened, and then I think that poor old Nicholas of Montenegro may sleep untroubled under the shadow of the beloved Mount Lovchen of his land.

The charges brought against King Nicholas of Montenegro were, however, very different to those mentioned by your correspondent. He was deliberately calumniated by the Serbians, who tried to make out that he was disloyal and unfaithful to the Allies, and had negotiations with Austria and Germany during the war, which slanders, of course, are devoid of a single word of truth, and when the other day I stood by the coffin of the old King at San Remo, it was to see on one side letters and telegrams of condolence and sympathy from England, France, Italy and other Allied Powers—these letters in themselves refuting every word of the Serbian intrigue against the old King. But what was nauseating was to see a telegram from His Excellency M. Vesnitch, the Serbian ex-Premier and Minister for Serbia to France, one of the prime movers and leaders in this scandalous intrigue, expressing his admiration for the character of King Nicholas, and his great sorrow that so esteemed and noble a man should be dead!

There were also telegrams from the Crown Prince and King Peter of Serbia, who only owe their crown to the fact of a murdered King, into whose shoes they stepped, and who have been party and privy to this attack upon Montenegro all through these years!

Then your correspondent goes on to say that "few people realise the difficulties under which the Jugo-Slav Union was decided upon, and under which it is still carried on." Let me inform your correspondent that the Jugo-Slav Union was decided upon by the Serbians at Corfu in the early days of the war, by a conference *from which they deliberately excluded the Jugo-Slav State of Montenegro*, and at the conference at Corfu King Peter Karageorgevitch was imposed upon the Jugo-Slavs as their King *without any reference to the wishes of the Jugo-Slav people as a whole*, which act in itself makes quite clear the idea of the Jugo Slav-Union socalled. It is simply a camouflage for a "Great Serbia," about which the Serbians are just now commencing to speak openly, but have always had in their hearts.

They are clever people these Serbians, because a Jugo-Slav Federation, sincerely respecting the individual rights of all the Jugo-Slav countries, and which would bring them together in a legitimate Federation, is really *the only solution of all these difficulties*. But, mark my words, *this present Jugo-Slav Union will fail*, as it deserves to fail, until some honest and honourable man is found to work out a geniune scheme for a genuine Federation, under which I hope to see the poor little country of Montenegro once more free and independent as she had been for centuries. At present the little country is under the harrow, and in the cruel grip of Serbia, the victim of a bogus election, having lost her old King, and therefore leaderless and powerless for the present.

I need only say, in conclusion, that either your correspondent is handing out second-hand information, or is making a deliberate attempt to mislead the British public and to take advantage of that "fearless and conscientious championship of truth" which he says is associated with your paper, to throw dust in the eyes of your readers, and deceive them as to the real state of affairs.—Yours faithfully,

Northwood Park, **Alex. Devine.**
Winchester, April 4, 1921.

ASYLUM REFORM.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: If you would only open your pages to propaganda for reform of asylums for the nerve diseased you would render your name immortal. The subject is tabooed partly because of the colossal public ignorance of the subject—and partly because no great medical research has been undertaken since Harvey discovered the truth of the circulation of the blood.

The subject engrossed my attention (I have neither been a patient nor employee of asylum) for years, and I found that 90 per cent. certified patients in asylums were nerve diseased—not brain diseased, and that the remaining 10 per cent. were mentally deficient.

In 1911 I got Lord Pentland to probe the matter, and his lordship worked well for Scotland, and brought a minor Bill into the House of Lords, November, 1911, for better administration of asylums. That bill was blocked. Then a correspondent sent me a paragraph from an Edinburgh newspaper eulogising Lord Pentland's work for the mentally deficient, and I sent this to the King as no Minister of the Crown would put the matter before His Majesty (Lord Pentland had been sent to India), and the King's influence got the Mental Deficiency Bill, for which others had been trying to get passed into law for 30 years previously, put into Parliament. But reform of asylums was rigidly blocked. All asylums were called Mental Hospitals on the passing of the Mental Deficiency Bill in 1913.

Mental deficiency is pre-natal; wrecked nerves are caused by organic disease or shock, and the blood becomes either inflamed or congested, then follows either delirium or depression. Delirium is Nature's mode of throwing off the disease, and when this fever is checked by narcotics, cure is impossible; with congested blood the régiure of narcotics is worse.

What is urgently wanted in asylums is skilled medical daily and individual treatment and nursing, electrical and hand massage, suitable invalid diet, gentle recreation, drives, amusement.

The very monotony of asylum life induces the microbe of fatigue, and thus increases the disease. Watching the hands of the clock go round daily is not exhilarating. There is no reason why men patients should not carry on their business or professional work, and thus save themselves and families from dire poverty, while they are recuperating under a reformed system in asylum. In Scotland alone there are over 16,000 patients rate paid, and most of these are nerve cases, and the unfortunate people have been in comfortable circumstances till placed in asylum.

Of the brain diseased, too, cure could come by medical research. Sir Wm. McEwan was the first to lift the "lid" off the brain and "look in."

A young doctor in Hanwell Asylum told me two years ago, when I was visiting some of our war strained there, that I was forty years before my time. Well I am trying to save the other thirty-eight years. With humane treatment asylums could be closed in 12 years. Ernesto Lugaro, Professor of neuropathology, Modena University, the most brilliant metaphysician in the world, has scientifically corroborated what I have found out by common-sense observation.

I have asked the Government to appoint me Hon. Lady Commissioner to Asylums in Scotland, and London, so that I can help these hapless invalids practically, and Government delays.

In 1911, when I found this humane reform blocked by vested interests I wrote Mr. Asquith, then Premier, that there would never be peace till this work was accomplished! Has that been prophetic? Has there been peace since 1911?

> "They are slaves who fear to speak
> For the fallen and the weak.
> They are slaves who will not be
> In the right with two or three."

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.,

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Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, in *The Sphere*, says: "Lord Alfred Douglas's is an extraordinarily interesting book. It is the story of reaction from a friendship which was once notorious. Lord Alfred Douglas declares that he knew nothing of Wilde's vices until the latter was committed for trial, that he was drawn towards him as a young man by admiration for his literary gifts and brilliant conversation. He spent money freely on his hero, to find long years afterwards that Wilde was ungrateful, that he had written in his 'De Profundis' a severe attack upon his old friend.

'The manuscript of 'De Profundis,' we are told, has been deposited in the British Museum. . . . The policy of accepting manuscripts of a personal character of this kind by the British Museum is questionable, and it seems to me that Lord Alfred's arguments against it are irrefutable.

Lord Alfred Douglas, however, here has his revenge. He indicts Wilde as a man and as an author. With both indictments I entirely agree. . . . One of the most amusing of the many gibes in the book is one which has reference to Mr. Justice Darling. . . . The Wilde cult is being overdone at the moment. Wilde was not a great poet or a great imaginative writer in any form. It is passing strange that the first emphatic statement of that, to me, undeniable proposition should come from Lord Alfred Douglas."

The *Daily Telegraph* says: "Lord Alfred Douglas, having been bitterly attacked for his relations with Wilde, claims the right to give his own version and to clear his character from false and wilful aspersions. . . . We cannot deny to a calumniated man the duty, as well as the right, of self-defence. . . . The book is undoubtedly well written and contains, in our opinion, some just criticism."

Mr. Sorley Brown, in *The Border Standard*, says: "The chief point about the book is that it is a reply, and a truly magnificent reply, to the wicked tongue of slander and calumny. Lord Alfred has not been allowed to publish any extracts from the unpublished portions of 'De Profundis,' though they were used against him at the Ransome trial, but one by one he deals with the charges which Wilde and Wilde's biographers have made against him, and he shows how untrue and wicked those charges are . . . I believe Lord Alfred to be a man of rare heart and rarer genius."

The Times says: "Although Lord Alfred Douglas's 'Oscar Wilde and Myself' is not the kind of soft answer which will turn away the wrath of his various opponents, it will help people to form their estimate of the facts of the intimacy and confirm their probable impression of Oscar Wilde's character and talents. Lord Alfred Douglas has a pungent or even feline literary touch, but his general statement of the relations between Oscar Wilde and himself is straightforward and credible."

The Universe says: "As in the law courts it is the 'demeanour of the witness' that tells as heavily as anything else, so in a book like this it is the total impression that counts for most. And we think that no one can complete the task of reading the book through without feeling that he has been listening to a witness of truth. The two letters, printed in this book, which Lord Alfred received from George Wyndham—*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—should suffice for anyone who wants confirmation of this view."

The Nation (New York) says: "In the main the charges against Lord Alfred Douglas seem to be that he was in some way the corruptor of Wilde, and that he not only failed to befriend Wilde in his time of stress during imprisonment and afterwards, but was actually a drain on Wilde, preventing him from following his career as a poet and sucking away his slender resources. To both these charges the present answer is, in our judgment, clear and convincing. From the dates given by the friendly biographers of Wilde it is perfectly manifest that he began his corrupt practices before his acquaintance with the unfortunate son of Lord Queensberry, and if any blame of the sort attaches to the younger man, it is that he clung to Wilde too generously in his downfall and befriended him too fully after his evil character was made manifest."

The Glasgow Herald says: "If Lord Alfred Douglas's book gives the quietus to the incompetent critics and dangerous moralists who endeavour to foist an Oscar Wilde cult upon an ignorant public, it will have served a purpose. Among these blind guides who proclaim that 'vice is never offensive under the great covering of art,' who, to say nothing of religion, have abjured faith in 'the eternal decency of things,' Mr. Stuart Mason, who is responsible for the 'Bibliography of Oscar Wilde,' must be assigned the Pontificate, despite the devotion of Messrs. Ross, Ransome, and other members of the obscure but strenuous brotherhood."

Birmingham Daily Post: "Whatever else may be thought of Lord Alfred Douglas, he is certainly among the ablest writers and acutest critics of the present day. His view of Wilde will, one fancies, be endorsed by posterity. Wilde was a clever man but not a great one."

The Argonaut (San Francisco): "A defence such as this must necessarily proceed with wariness, but the author can hardly do less than repudiate categorically the suggestion made in Mr. Ransome's book and elsewhere that he was actually responsible for Wilde's downfall:—

> "'Nobody who reads Mr. Ransome's book before (out of the kindness of heart) he removed his aspersions on me, could doubt for a moment that he wished to convey the impression that I had a bad influence upon Wilde and that it was this bad influence that brought Wilde to grief and prevented him from rehabilitating himself after his release. Yet it is this same Mr. Ransome—who tells his readers in his preface that he is indebted to Mr. Ross for verifications of his biographical facts—who gives us the following precise details as to "the intensification of Wilde's personality" when he became a habitual devotee of the vice for which he was imprisoned: *"He had first experimented in that vice,"* says Ransome, *"in 1886; his experiments became a habit in 1889."* Well, in 1886 I was a boy, fifteen years of age, at Winchester School, and I had never so much as heard of Oscar Wilde; whereas in 1889 I was eighteen years of age and in the south of France with a tutor, and was not to meet Wilde—whose name was still unknown to me—till nearly three years later. So that by the time we did meet he had already found his way to the lowest moral depths without my juvenile assistance.'

"This seems to be conclusive unless the author's dates or facts can be assailed, which is improbable. Lord Douglas makes an equally crushing reply to the charge of responsibility for the separation of Wilde and his wife after the prison doors had been opened."

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Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 40.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] APRIL 9, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

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Of course, Jews, orthodox and unorthodox alike, have denied the authenticity of the Protocols, and have called them a forgery. But in that case the forger must have been a super-forger, and a Jew; for no other forger could have been able not only to *forge the prophecies*, but also to *secure their fulfilment*! The *facts* are, unfortunately for us Goyim, anything but forgeries.

As the *Times* writer says, no one can fail to recognise Soviet Russia in the Protocols, and no one can deny that the Commissars of the Soviets are nearly all Jews. The writer goes on: "Whence comes the uncanny note of prophecy, prophecy in part fulfilled, in parts far gone in the way of fulfilment? Have we been struggling these tragic years to blow up and extirpate the secret organisation of German world dominion only to find beneath it *another more dangerous because more secret?* Have we, by straining every fibre of our national body, escaped a "Pax Germanica" only to fall into a "PAX JUDÆICA"?

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Life and Letters	303	Paris Notes	310
The Social Evil	305	The Breakdown of Society	310
A Triumph for Decency	306	Kikes and Catholics	312
Finance and Stock Markets	308	Verlaine	313
		Correspondence	315

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

The "Sunday Times" and the Duke of Northumberland.

We read the Duke of Northumberland's article in last Sunday's *Sunday Times* with a great feeling of disappointment. Reading between the lines, and in the light of certain information which has come our way, we feel pretty safe in saying that the Duke's article does not appear in the *Sunday Times* in anything like the form in which it was written. To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, it bears all the signs of having had most of "the guts taken out of it," by the editor. Considering that the Duke's views, if fully expressed, could not fail to be in direct opposition to the anti-patriotic bleatings of Mr. H. G. Wells, the world's greatest writer-up of Bolshevism, it is not perhaps surprising that the editor of the *Sunday Times* hesitated to give publicity to an article on one page of his journal which directly traversed another article on another page of his same issue. We think, however, that the Duke of Northumberland should have stipulated that his article should either appear exactly as he had written it or not at all. To be "toned down" and emasculated in order that one may not conflict with H. G. Wells is surely somewhat humiliating. Our advice to the Duke of Northumberland is to give a wide berth to newspapers which give hospitality in their columns to writers of the class of Mr. Wells, and our further advice to him is to try to cultivate the faculty of distinguishing between real and false friends, and to refrain from "making himself cheap" in the interests of the latter.

The "Morning Post" has Another Relapse.

The *Morning Post* has lately shown distressing symptoms of a return of its anti-Catholic mania. About a week ago it published a leading article entitled "An Irish St. Bartholomew," which consisted of a shameless attempt to make out that the Irish trouble is the result of a deliberate desire on the part of Catholics to exterminate Protestants. The basis of this abominable accusation was the fact that two Protestant farmers in the South of Ireland have been murdered by Sinn Feiners. The *Morning Post* knows just as well as we do that 85 per cent. of the victims of the Sinn Fein murder gang are Catholics. Yet to serve its own base ends this leading English journal deliberately tries to get up a no-Popery "stunt." We have at last been able to trace the source of these periodical outbursts of unscrupulous fanaticism in The *Morning Post.* The source simply General Ivor Maxse, whose father the late Admiral Maxse, a gentleman of Dutch Jewish origin, was a rabid atheist and a determined foe of Christianity. General Maxse who is a brother-in-law of Lord Leconfield, has a considerable interest in The *Morning Post,* and many of the strange vagaries of that on the whole excellent newspaper can be traced to his sour influence. In a sense we are glad that this is so, because it enables us to exonerate Lady Bathurst from much which we have had to condemn in the past. Divided counsels and a divided policy are terrible misfortunes to any paper, and Lady Bathurst is to be commiserated inasmuch as even when animated by the best intentions she is not, and never has been, mistress of her own paper.

The Autobiography of a Child.

An Austrian lady, formerly a governess in the Queensberry family, writes from Vienna to one of the members of that family a letter from which we take the following extract:—

> Weather here is lovely, but this is the only blessing left to us, what with the Jews and what with the Bolsheviks, we have to perish. Will the Conservatives if they get in at the next election help Austria? . . . I always look to England for help, but will it come? Since the 20th of March, the pharmacies are in the hands of the Bolsheviks and we are no longer masters of our income or of our assistants. We have to pay and obey. . . . The Viennese Jews were most indignant with Lord Alfred about his objections to that scandalous book, "The Autobiography of a Child"; they attacked his lordship in the *Sonn und Montagszeitung* in a rather vulgar and very Jewish way.

This interesting piece of information confirms our opinion that the whole so-called "psycho-analytical" movement is part of the Jewish scheme for the corruption of Christians, which is carefully explained in the "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion." We refrained from elaborating this aspect of the matter when conducting our case at the Mansion House before the Lord Mayor, because we were anxious to avoid importing into the case anything like unfair prejudice against the defendants. But now that the book has been definitely condemned and ordered to be destroyed as obscene by the police, the Jews must be prepared for a searching examination into the whole business from the point of view indicated. That even after the condemnation of the book, those who endeavour to foist filth in the guise of science on the public will never be without support and countenance in the London Press, is fairly exemplified by the following unedifying paragraph which we take from last Tuesday's *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

> SCIENCE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.
>
> It will be regrettable if the prosecution of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Company should not be reviewed by a higher court than pronounced upon it yesterday, because it is rather obvious that a Mansion House tribunal is scarcely qualified to decide the real issues involved. The Lord Mayor, who affirmed in his decision that the impugned volume was written "in a popular rather than a scientific manner," seems to take the naïve view that what is easy to understand cannot be scientific.

Observe the headline to this poisonous piece of special pleading. *Science* at the Mansion House, forsooth! The *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is interesting to note, has lately become the property of the Honourable Morton Weir, the eldest son of a newly created peer styled Lord Inverforth.

Lord Buckmaster Again.

A very pretty little manœuvre in connection with Lord Gorell's Divorce Bill was enacted on Tuesday in the House of Lords. Lord Buckmaster proposed an amendment that desertion for three years should constitute ground for divorce. Lord Gorell remarked that if the amendment were passed he would cease to be responsible for the Bill; the amendment was carried by 66 votes to 48, and thereupon Lord Gorell intimated that he would no longer accept responsibility for the Bill. Lord Buckmaster replied that in those circumstances he would take charge of the Bill in its subsequent stages. Thus Lord Gorell's Bill, which, appropriately enough, has the support of the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York, becomes Lord Buckmaster's Bill and is neither more nor less than a Bill to do away with Christian marriage. We say that it is appropriate that such a Bill should be supported by the Archbishops of the Anglican Church, because that Church, as a historical fact, owes its inception to the refusal of the Pope to allow Henry VIII. to divorce his lawful wife and "marry" another woman. The break-away from Rome occurred on that issue, and it is fitting that the leaders of the Anglican heresy, which has devastated this country for more than three hundred years, should throw the whole weight of their position as leaders of that heresy into the scale against Christian marriage and in favour of legalised polygamy and polyandry. Fortunately, however, it is likely that these pitiable episcopal time-servers and "hireling shepherds" will not be able to get the Bill passed into law. The same force which threw Lord Buckmaster's last Bill out of the House of Commons will, we are fairly confident, mete out a like fate to Lord Buckmaster's second attempt to destroy the institution of Christian marriage.

Wyman's and "Plain English."

In the last two issues of PLAIN ENGLISH we challenged Messrs. Wyman, or Mackintosh, to give us any righteous or reputable reason for the attitude they have taken up towards the sale of this paper. Up to the present Messrs. Wyman or Mackintosh, have remained as dumb as fishes, but a newspaper called *The National Newsagent, Bookseller & Stationer*, which appears to have some connection with Wyman's, obliges its readers with a few comments from which we select the following sparkling examples of wit and good taste:—

> Who is Lord Alfred Douglas?
>
> If it's time he learned to know the various "heads" of the big firms?
>
> Who is the "Budding" Wee Jock at H.O.? We all know.
>
> If the whole of the Press are still laughing at that idiotic article? We think so. "Oscar" may have been "Wilde," but "Our Duncan" wasn't.
>
> To put it in plain English, it was the silliest advertising stunt yet. Oh, Lord help us!

Any comment would be entirely superfluous. But our readers, including certain persons who have lately been greatly concerned to teach us our own business, may be interested to learn that Messrs. Wyman have just sent in an order for a supply of PLAIN ENGLISH, which would appear to indicate that Messrs. Wyman have had the good sense to abandon their attempt to boycott our paper.

The Undermining of Poland.

A valuable and interesting book, entitled *A World Problem*, has been written by Mrs. Stephanie Landyn, and published by the author at 1145, Noble Street, Chicago, at $2.25.

Mrs. Landyn describes how Poland charitably received the Jews when all other countries expelled them, and how the Jews repaid Poland by undermining that country until it ceased to be recognisable and finally collapsed.

Mrs. Landyn writes from the standpoint of an American, with an intimate knowledge of her subject, who desires to warn her fellow countrymen against the forces which threaten them from within, before those forces get an upper hand in the United States.

That conditions in America resemble the state of affairs in this country is proved by the fact that Mrs. Landyn had the utmost difficulty in getting her book published. It was refused by every publisher to whom she offered it.

Mr. Harry Ford's weekly, *The Dearborn Independent*, has something to say on this subject:—

> Jewish propaganda is now appearing with the imprint of the oldest and most dignified American publishing houses, but the truth about the Jewish Question is made an outlaw thing by the attitude of those who control the printing press. The attitude is that the pro-Semite can deal in nothing but truth and calmness, and that everybody else deals in lies and prejudice. This is, of course, a passing phase. The Jews are rapidly using up their power by revealing it. A reaction will come.

Yes, a reaction will come. In fact, there are definite signs of its appearance.

It is strange that the Jew, with all his race-memory, forgets the lessons of the past, and heads again and again for destruction by exasperating the people among whom he dwells.

The restlessness of the Jew will not permit him to live beside the Gentile without endeavouring to domineer over him body and soul.

But a reaction will come, as it has come in the past; and then the Jew will squeal and declare that he is being "persecuted," for the Jews "have been delivered over," as St. Paul explains, "to a reprobate sense."

"The Irish Catholic Heresy."

It appears that Father McNamara, who was the preacher at St. Francis, Pottery Lane, on St. Patrick's night, has had the remarks in our issue of 26th March attributed to him. We should like to make it clear that our comments bore no reference to Father McNamara nor to the St. Patrick's night service, but referred to the special service and sermon on St. Patrick's eve, when, as a matter of fact, Father McNamara was not even present.

The Tories and Manual Workers.

We have frequently asserted that the manual workers of this country have only contempt for a weakling who yields to threats, and that industrial and social peace would follow the victory of a Conservative Government.

The Times, which is the least Conservative organ in London, found space for the following statement from " A Working Miner."

> At Pontypridd I heard a remarkable statement from a collier who has spent his life at the coal face. He declared : " They say the Labour leaders can't govern ; this has proved it. We will never return to prosperity in South Wales until we have a Conservative Government in power." This is a statement often heard among the Welsh miners, and they openly say the coal trade fares well under a Tory Government.

Of course the coal trade, and every other trade, fares well under a Conservative Government. And in their hearts the manual workers know that the Liberals have done the talking and the Conservatives have done the deeds. It was the Conservatives who passed the Employers Liability Act, for instance ; and those with long memories recollect what a social advance was marked by the passage of this act. Those with long memories will also remember the ideal state of things which prevailed before the " Chinese slavery " lie deluded the people of this country into electing a Liberal majority in 1905. The moment the Liberals were in power, two things happened. In the first place prices began to rise, and that rise has been steady ever since, until at this moment it is almost impossible for the average man to live.

In the second place, the disorderly elements in the community began a process of Prime Minister—bating which has been continued with ever increasing danger to the State.

If the Conservatives have the courage to break away from Lloyd George their action would, among other things, bestow two blessings upon the distracted community. It would create respect for authority and lower the cost of living.

We observe with satisfaction that the *Chicago Tribune* (European Edition) in its issue of 11th inst., says :—

> The Tories are the strongest single party in England to-day and are likely to increase in power at the next election. It is also a fact that the election will soon be necessary from the constitutional point of view.

Glee in Frankfurt.

The *Evening Standard* in making the following very proper statement is not sufficiently comprehensive :—

> The *Daily Herald* to-day flamboyantly shouts, " Workers ! Stand by for the call," and that a " White Guard " is to be recruited ' to fight workers in the struggle for the right to live." This, of course, is not only arrant nonsense, but it is mischievous. The public in all classes is insisting that the miners receive fair and generous treatment, and the real " call to the workers " is to come and protect a great national asset.
>
> Only in two places can there be glee and chuckling to-day. One is Berlin—and the other is Moscow.

If there is one place on the face of this merry earth where there is glee and chuckling over the criminal insanity of the British manual workers in our coal, railroad and transport industries, that place is Frankfurt, the headquarters of revolution.

We are glad to hear that many of the Trade Union leaders are beginning to realise that British Trade Unions are being used by the Jews for their own purposes. The meetings held recently at Unity House have revealed to British Trade Unionsists that Semites can be trusted to swarm at Trade Union headquarters, and some of the wiser leaders are beginning to open their eyes and put two and two together.

Lies and Revolution.

The world was drugged with lies about the Royal House of Russia, before the revolution was carried out by Kerensky, Lenin and Trotsky. The truth is that the Czar died rather than sign the German peace treaty. But it is quite certain that Lenin's object in trying to persuade the Czar to betray his country was to have it in his power to convict the Czar of treachery, and thereby provide evidence to support the lies which were so cleverly circulated before the revolution.

The hand which forged the Russian lies is now at work in Britain, and we are presented with a manifesto by the so-called " Triple Alliance," the first sentence of which is a deliberate falsehood :—

> " The miners are locked out by their employers."

If such lies be permitted in this country, the sooner we abandon the use of words, and employ the gibbering of apes the better for all concerned.

Persons who utter such falsehoods, and seek to profit by them, are true sons of the Father of Lies, and by adopting immoral measures they immediately make the existing struggle a spiritual one.

That these sons of the Father of Lies are busily employed is proved by a circular which has been widely distributed by the Labour Party, which is described as " Labour Party Leaflet No. 2 (New Series)." The first statement in this leaflet is piteously false :—

> Why brain-workers should join the Labour Party and vote for Labour candidates : Because the Labour Party has now become the Party for all who live by their own work, either of hand or brain, as opposed to those who live by the work of others.

This statement is so packed with fallacies that we leave it for the consideration of our readers. But in one sense it is consoling, for at long last the Labour Party is compelled officially to recognise that there are some people in this country in addition to the manual workers.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

They filled their cups of life with brews of death,
And, now, half-waking from delirium,
They are but duller for the fever-draughts,
And thirstier of soul than those who dropt
In deserts ere they reached their Place of Palms.

Now, sick in sin because they did not strive
For wholesome wine beyond the easy hours,
They drain the lees for which they bartered youth,
Until within parchéd veins the brews died down,
Chilling and dulling ere the noon of years.

Nor flower, nor child, nor sweet wild wind of Heaven ;
Can stir responsive freshness in their blood.
Old, thickened, slow, it crawls through shrunken veins ;
Nor shall it dance again, a sun-thrilled stream,
Nor stir to pipes save those which satyrs play.

So early aged ; so blind they could not see
How wiser—even as this world's children count—
To look for their authentic summer-time
Of loves which blossom and fulfil to fruits
For nourishment and liquid-running joy.

They are beyond the reach of help from me,
But, Sacred Heart, Who saved Saint Magdalen,
Take Thou my hand, and teach it how to touch
The yet undrunken, ere they reach young hands
To Hecate's presented hell-broth cup.

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

A TRIUMPH FOR DECENCY

IN the issue of PLAIN ENGLISH dated March 19th we printed the following paragraph :—

> THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.
>
> A few weeks ago we announced that, failing its immediate withdrawal by the publishers, we intended to bring to the notice of the police the book above mentioned, which we described as a "disgusting and diabolical publication." We subsequently wrote to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. asking them if they intended to withdraw the book. They replied to the effect that they saw no reason to withdraw it, and we accordingly carried out our threat and laid an information before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor, after reading the passages marked by us in the book, expressed the opinion that the book was an obscene publication and issued a warrant for its seizure. All available copies were accordingly seized, and it now rests for Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. to show any cause, if they can, why the whole edition of the book should not be destroyed. We say no more for the moment as the case is, to a certain extent, still *sub judice.* Common fairness, however, compels us to point out that no member of the family of the late Mr. Kegan Paul has any connection with the persons who now use his name. The principal of that firm is Mr. Swan Sonnenschein.

It is the almost incredible fact that the publication by us of this paragraph, which, as our readers can see, consists merely of a brief *résumé* of the proceedings at the Mansion House referred to, was made the occasion for an *ex parte* application on the part of the publishers of the book in question to commit the Editor and publisher of this paper for contempt of court. This application was, of course, refused by the three Judges to whom it was made, Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Salter. Mr. Justice Darling, however, in refusing to grant a rule, thought fit to make certain remarks, the report of which we reproduce from *The Times* of March 23rd :—

> MR. JUSTICE DARLING, in refusing the application, said that before it granted such a rule the Court must be satisfied that the person had done something that was calculated to prejudice a fair trial. It did not follow that, because this article ought not to have been published, and was in bad taste, it could be said that it was likely to prejudice the trial. They must be satisfied that something had been done to prejudice the fair and impartial hearing of the summons before the Lord Mayor. It was not every comment on proceedings that were pending that amounted to contempt of Court. There was no reason to suppose that the Lord Mayor, or anyone else sitting as a magistrate, would be prejudiced in favour of the person who wrote or published the article; if there was any prejudice it was more likely to be against the man who wrote the article. There would be no rule.

Here we have Mr. Justice Darling all over. This judge has evidently not been able to forgive Lord Alfred Douglas for the public setting-down which was administered to him by Lord Alfred at the Old Bailey in the course of the hearing of the case against Mr. Pemberton Billing. Mr. Justice Darling would, no doubt, have been only too delighted to grant a rule against the Editor of this paper if there had been the slightest grounds for it, but as he was quite unable to do this, and as even if he had attempted to do so he would have been outvoted by the two other Judges sitting with him on the Bench, he "makes a virtue of necessity" and refuses to grant the rule, but he cannot resist the opportunity of "getting a little of his own back" in the course of his speech to counsel. The best reply we can make to Mr. Justice Darling's aspersions is contained in the appended letter which was sent by us to the Lord Mayor on the same day as that on which the report of Mr. Justice Darling's remarks appeared in *The Times* :—

> PLAIN ENGLISH,
> March 23rd, 1921.
>
> MY LORD MAYOR,—In view of the strange remarks made by Mr. Justice Darling yesterday in the course of his refusal to grant a rule against me for contempt of court, I think it advisable to send you a copy of PLAIN ENGLISH dated March 19th in which the paragraph in question about "The Autobiography of a Child" occurs. You will observe that the remarks I made in that paragraph amount to no more than a report of what happened at the Mansion House and a repetition of the description of the book which had already been given in PLAIN ENGLISH of February 19th. Judging from Mr. Justice Darling's comments alone, you might be led to suppose that I had been guilty of some impropriety in my reference to the proceedings before your Lordship. The explanation is that Mr. Justice Darling is animated by a personal spite against me which he never loses an opportunity to ventilate.
>
> I am, my Lord Mayor,
> Your obedient servant,
> ALFRED DOUGLAS.

So much for Mr. Justice Darling; and to turn to the main theme of this article we need do no more than chronicle the fact, which will already be known to our readers, that our action against Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. was completely successful. We quote *verbatim* the words used by the Lord Mayor in giving his decision :—

I find that this book deals with certain unnatural practices and much of it is obscene. I regret that such an old and respectable firm should have published it. The book is written in a popular rather than a scientific manner, and its innocent and attractive title gives no indication of its contents. The reading of the book would tend to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such influences. Whilst I do not think the defendants intended the book to be sold to such persons, I have no doubt that anyone could buy a copy from the booksellers. I am satisfied that the book comes within the terms of the Obscene Publications Act, 1857, and order the copies seized to be destroyed in accordance with the terms of that Act.

It only remains for us to say that the action we took in this matter was undertaken simply and solely in the public interest. A desperate attempt to prove that the book was a scientific and not a pornographic work was made by the defence. It has to be chronicled, to the great discredit of modern standards of ethics, that they were able to call into Court no less than nine witnesses (two of whom were women) who were not ashamed to state on oath that this horrible book was a harmless and indeed valuable contribution to the literature of "psycho-analysis." The absence of Mr. Comyns Carr, our counsel, who at the last moment was obliged to throw us over in order to defend a client who was standing his trial on a serious charge at the Old Bailey, put the prosecution at considerable disadvantage. Lord Alfred Douglas at twenty-four hours' notice was obliged to take over the conduct of the case (instructed by Messrs. Carter and Bell) and to cross-examine the witnesses, every one of whom was described as an "expert" by the defence.

That he was able to do this with success merely shows how hopeless was the attempt to prove that the book was otherwise than we have described it.

Far be it from us to go out of our way to exult over the fallen. We have not, and never had the slightest personal feeling against the members of the firm which describes itself as Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Individually they are unknown to us, just as the author of the book, Mr. Cyril Scott, is unknown to us. To say that the firm in its present form is a Jewish firm is merely to state an indisputable but not insignificant fact. To say that neither Mr. Kegan Paul (who has been dead for years) nor any relative of his has any connection whatever with the firm is merely to do the barest justice to a devout Catholic of unblemished reputation, as a publisher, and as a private individual. The late Mr. Kegan Paul would have as soon thought of committing suicide as of publishing any book remotely resembling " The Autobiography of a Child," and as the London Press has been careful to suppresss almost all our cross-examination of the witnesses, it becomes absolutely necessary that we should at least bring out the result of it in so far as it affects the reputation of the late Mr. Kegan Paul.

It only remains for us to tender our hearty thanks to Sir Alfred Fripp for the valuable assistance he gave us at considerable cost to himself. This is not the first time that Sir Alfred Fripp has sacrificed himself in the public interest and out of a chivalrous desire to fight the battle of virtue and honour and decency. We could have wished that a similar sense of public spirit had manifested itself in other distinguished members of his profession. Nine " experts " on the wrong side and only one on the right side does not make a very imposing picture. It is true that we did not invite any other member of the medical profession to give evidence on our side, but in a case of this kind one might have hoped that some voluntary offer of assistance would be forthcoming.

In conclusion it is worthy of remark that although Lord Alfred Douglas went into the witness-box, counsel for the defence did not ask him a single question in cross-examination, and that he likewise refrained from making a concluding speech for the defence, which would have given Lord Alfred the right to make a speech in reply. The moral of which appears to be that even the shining constellations of the Bar are beginning to tumble to the fact that a simple literary man is not always a mere helpless victim in the witness-box. Perhaps one of these days we shall meet a cross-examiner who will be able to get some small change out of us.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 104s. 10d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country.	Foreign. Currency.	Normal Rate.	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·31 to 11·31½
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	242 to 243
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	53·20 to 53·25
CALCUTTA	Rupees	1s. 4d.	15⅝d. to 15⅞d.
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	24·27 to 24·32
ITALY	Lire	25·22½	84½ to 85
MADRID	Pesetas	25·22½	28·08 to 28·09
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·40 to 4·42
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·91⅝ to 3·91⅞
PARIS	Francs	25·22½	55·20 to 55·25
SINGAPORE	Dollars	—	$27\frac{15}{16}$ to $28\frac{3}{32}$
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	22·60 to 22·64
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	29½ to 29⅝

HOTELS AND MINING.

It is something these days, in spite of strikes and general trade depression, to learn that the issue of 700,000 £1 Preference shares of R. E. Jones, Limited, the Welsh Caterers, has been oversubscribed, and the Company are to be congratulated on the support they have received. When one considers that this enterprising firm has only recently "arrived" in London their success is all the more remarkable, having regard to the fact that other public issues of commercial concerns, more widely known, were unable to relieve underwriters. It now remains to R. E Jones, Ltd., to complete the purchase of the Piccadilly Hotel and thereby greatly increase their earning power while establishing at the same time a position in hotel management in London with probably the best site in London. It is to be hoped that from the proceeds of the issue the H.E. Proprietary, Ltd., and the Oceana Consolidated, Limited, who were chiefly concerned as the shareholders of the Piccadilly Hotel, will now seriously tackle their interests in the Far East Rand, their best mining asset. Possessing as they do the deep level of "Klippoortje," or at least a large interest in it, one trusts they will have the courage to forthwith take in hand its immediate development. The outcrop of Klippoortje belongs to Houtpoort, Limited, who some two years ago proved the existence of the Nigel and Van Ryn Reefs by borehole, but we are not aware that either the H.E. Proprietary, Ltd., or the Rhodesian Exploration Company, Ltd. (who own the neighbouring property, Maraisdrift), have done more than adopt a waiting policy. Perhaps with cash resources now augmented a more active and satisfactory policy will be adopted, to the satisfaction of shareholders and the advantage of the great goldfield.

Australian Economics.

Our Eastern colonies have in common with the rest of the world—as a war participant—suffered through trade depression resulting from the economic law of producing less than they consume or wish to purchase. The Earl of Midleton, the Chairman of the Bank of Australasia, at the recent Annual General Meeting of shareholders in London, gave some interesting details of the progress of the bank and emphasised the trade necessities of the Colony. The gross profits of the bank have increased by £236,000 and the net profits appear at an advance of £113,000. The difference between the two sets of figures is mainly accounted for by an increase in taxation of £34,000, and in management costs £65,000—the latter "due to the various States of the Commonwealth having adopted a flat rate based on length of service for all the lower classes of bank employees." It would appear that in this respect the bank are not masters in their own house!

On the subject of Australian trade and the Exchange, Lord Midleton stated the position as follows:—

> "What has happened is this: that the great acceptability of Australian exports following immediately on the Armistice, and especially with the increased facilities for freight, naturally were followed by imports on a large scale. Those imports have been carried to a point of excess of the money provided by exports, and in consequence there has been a stringency, and the whole of the financing of the difference has fallen on the banks. By an illustration of figures you will see how great this change in the trend of affairs has been. Taking the four months immediately preceding our balance sheet of 1919, the exports were as high as £48,000,000 and the imports £25,000,000. There was therefore the very handsome balance of £23,000,000 in favour of Australia. Taking the period of the year now under review, the imports, instead of being £25,000,000 had gone up to £56,000,000 and the exports instead of being £48,000,000 had fallen to £38,000,000. Therefore, instead of a balance of £28,000,000 in favour of Australia, there was a balance of £18,000,000 against Australia. The whole of that had to be financed by the banks. The receipts here were naturally *pro tanto* smaller than the money which had to be provided from Australia, and the gravity of the situation has to some extent been increased by the decision of the Commonwealth Government that gold should not be exported. In times past, where there has been a balance of imports over exports, it has been met naturally and legitimately by the exportation of gold, because Australia, being a gold-producing country, is always receiving fresh supplies in excess of her local requirements, but the situation has been altered by the decision of the Government."

Dividends and Reports.

Bank of Scotland.—The net profit of the Bank of Scotland for the year ended February 28 was £309,603, against £319,721. The sum of £20,000 is applied in reduction of Bank premises account; £120,000 (against £160,000) is allocated for depreciation of investments; and a final dividend of 8 per cent. is proposed, making 16 per cent. for the year less tax, leaving £76,137 to be carried forward.

National Bank of India.—The net profits for the National Bank of India for 1920 were £553,398 (against £452,169 in 1919). A final dividend of 10 per cent. is proposed, free of tax, making 20 per cent. for the year; £200,000 is placed to reserve; £20,000 is written off property account, and added to officers' pension fund, leaving £149,032 to be carried forward. Interest to December 31 last on the new capital of £500,000 and on the premium of £300,000 at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum free of tax, has been paid. The new shares will rank equally for dividend with the old shares as from January 1st last.

Rio Tinto.—For the first time since the year 1874, no dividend is being paid on the Ordinary shares of Rio Tinto Copper Mines for 1920. The balance carried forward is £375,000. For 1919 40 per cent. was paid.

Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.—Dividend declared at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on Preferred stock less tax, and Interim Dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on Deferred Stock, free of tax, for half-year ended 31st March.

Mazawattee Tea.—Profit for year 1920 was £58,259. Directors recommend transferring £5,000 to reserve and dividend of 10 per cent. less tax on Ordinary shares, carrying forward £25,209, subject to half-year's Excess Profits Duty and Directors' Commission.

Steel Bros. & Co.—Net profit for 1920, £1,143,689. From this is deducted for Excess Profits Duty, Income Tax, Indian Income and Super Tax, £409,434; Corporation Tax, £40,000, expenses in connection with new capital issue, £2,500, and provision for bonus to employees and benevolent or provident accounts, £60,000. Interim dividend has been paid on Ordinary shares of 12½ per cent. tax free. Final dividend recommended on Ordinary shares of 27½ per cent., tax free, making 40 per cent for the year.

Hyman & Company.—Net profit for year ended February 12th, 1921, was £23,058. Dividend proposed of 10 per cent. on Ordinary shares for year and bonus of 10 per cent.

London & Brazilian Bank.—Report for year ended January 31st, 1921, shows available balance of £811,647, including £505,619 brought forward. Dividend recommended at the rate of 14 per cent. and bonus of 8s. per share, making 18 per cent. per annum, less tax; £20,000 for bonus to staff and £521,647 carried forward.

STOP PRESS.

Max Rabinoff, Lenin's agent in Moscow last year and also an agent of the United States Government under the Wilson regime, has just arrived in London. He is marked by the forces desiring to destroy the Empire as the Lenin of the English revolution. Krassin, because of his ignorance of English, is to be withdrawn to an advisory position.

The post of England's Trotsky is to be filled by Sir Leopold Chiozza Money, a Genoese Jew, who is an alien in common law and the author of the worker's manifesto which appeared in the Press on Monday.

Chiozza Money contested Swansea against Sir Alfred Mond upon the platform of "Vales for the Velch." This made the seat safe for Mond, who repeated the tactics of fake opposition in the general election, and even went so far as to put the editor of the "English Review" in the field to contest the Prime Minister's seat.

PARIS NOTES.

XXIX.

On several occasions before it was mentioned in these notes that French political circles consider England's internal affairs as extremely serious. One meets many people here who prophesy and have prophesied for many months the collapse of the British Empire. The Anglo-Soviet treaty was considered by these pessimists as a decisive step towards the revolutionary "liquidation" of Great Britain. They pointed out that it was not war but peace with Red Russia which had proved to be fatal to all the States which had come to terms with Moscow. The "peaceful penetration" of Bolshevism is its deadliest weapon.

The present state of affairs in England goes far to confirm the forebodings of the said French pessimists. Of course, *il y a dans le malheur de nos amis quelque chose qui ne déplait pas.* Sometimes the dark prophecy and the concern over the fate of the neighbour is not entirely free from self-complacency and a feeling of superiority. The Frenchman thinks that the proverbial "common sense of the British workman" is somewhat overrated and far behind the steadiness and conservatism of the French "bourgeois."

The Frenchman also says that the fact that Mr. Lloyd George remains in power, in spite of a very general feeling of the British public against him, is a sign of great political peril. Everyone knows over here that Mr. Lloyd George is not a statesman; that is, he has no broad views, no wide conceptions, no erudition. He is a man of great resourcefulness, a genius of expediency, a remarkable political acrobat. Can an enormous empire be run indefinitely by so typically a "hand to mouth" policy? With inexorable logic the Frenchman concludes that the catastrophe must come.

The fact that Mr. Lloyd George remains in power proves to the Frenchman that the British public is afraid of parting with him lest his successor should be frankly worse. Can an enormous empire governed by time-honoured representative institutions depend on the acrobatic subtleties of one man, and that man—Mr. Lloyd George? Something must be fundamentally wrong. When learned doctors retire from the bedside of a patient and a . . . "crank" takes their place, one naturally thinks that medical science has given the patient up and that these desperate methods have been taken by the patient's family because they have nothing to lose. . . .

The bitterness of French criticism is to a great extent due to the fact that England (=Mr. Lloyd George!!) persists in "being superior" and having a hectoring tone towards France in matters of foreign politics.

Let us say once more, that since the abolition of secret diplomacy, complete and sinister darkness has spread over international negotiations. No one knows what was actually settled at the London Conference, what decisions were arrived at, say, in the Russian question on or about March 7. M. Briand (our Lloyd George) swears that he is absolutely free to act as he pleases and as the interests of France require him to act. His subordinates bitterly complain that their hands are tied by pacts, promises, understandings . . . *que sais je?*

In business circles a *mot d'ordre* has been circulated to be kind to Bolsheviks and not to indulge in anti-Bolshevik propaganda. "Mr. Lloyd George does not like it." Officials work themselves up to a state of frenzy when they maintain that France will never, never, never follow in the footsteps of the Anglo-Soviet treaty. Meanwhile, the Russians of Wrangel's anti-Bolshevist army are threatened by the guns of French destroyers in order to make them embark on transports which will take them into the loving care of Trotzky.

In the camps of the Russian troops French officials carry on a systematic propaganda tending to prove that the Bolsheviks are not as black as they are painted, that life in Soviet Russia is pleasant (if somewhat rough), that every true Russian should return home. It is difficult to convert people who have been through hell that fire and brimstone are grossly maligned articles. When propaganda fails, guns are trained on the illogical Russian peasant and he is made to embark. Some of them jump off into the sea and drown. The rest, while passing through the straits of Constantinople, crowded on deck, waving their arms frantically and shouting that they were being taken away to their death! . . . Do civilised countries act thus when they have entire freedom of action? Or if such a line of action has been imposed, what can one call those who imposed it?

Paris, April 10th, 1921. ENGO.

THE BREAKDOWN OF SOCIETY.

(Concluded.)

But it means something worse: it means the split-up of Gentile society. Not a division between "Capital" and "Labour," but the division between the Gentiles at both ends of the working scheme. Gentile managers and manufacturers are not the "captialists" of the United States. Most of them have to go to the "capitalists" for the funds with which they work—and the "capitalists" are Jewish, International Jews.

But with Jewish capital at one end of the Gentile working scheme putting the screws on the manufacturers, and with Jewish agitators and disruptionists and subversives at the other end of the Gentile working scheme putting the screws on the workmen, we have a condition at which the world-managers of the Protocol programme must be immensely satisfied.

> "We might fear the combined strength of the Gentiles of vision with the blind strength of the masses, *but we have taken all measures* against such a possible contingency by *raising a wall of mutual antagonism between these two forces.* Thus, the blind force of the masses remains our support. We, and we alone, shall serve as their leaders. Naturally, we will direct their energy to achieve our end."—Protocol 9.

The indication that they are highly satisfied is that they are not only doing anything to relieve the situation, but are apparently willing to have it made worse, and if it be at all possible for them to do so they would like to see this coming winter, and the privations which are scheduled for it (unless Gentile flabbiness before the Jewish power, high and low, receives a new backbone), bring the United States to the verge of, if not across the very line of Bolshevism. They know the whole method of artificial scarcity and high prices. It was practiced in the French Revolution and in Russia. All the signs of it are in this country too.

Industrial problems for their mental food and light amusement for their leisure hours, these are the Protocols' method with regard to the Gentile mind, and under cover of these the work is to be done—the work which is best expressed by the motto, "Divide and Rule."

Read this:

> "To divert over-restless people from discussing politica- questions, *we shall now bring forward* new problems appal rently connected with them——problems of industry.—" Protocol 13.

Has not everyone been struck by the divorcement which exists in this country between the mass-thought which is almost exclusively devoted to industrial questions, and the party-thought which is endeavouring to keep the field of pure politics ? And is it not a fact that our friends, the Jews, are strongly entrenched in both fields—in politics to keep it reactionary, and in industrial circles to keep it radical—and so widen the split ? And what is this split but a split of the Gentiles ?—for society is Gentile, and the disruptive influences are Jewish.

Read this :

> " *We have included* in the constitution rights for the people that are fictitious and not actual rights. All those so-called ' rights of the people ' can only exist in the abstract and can never be realised in practice * * * The proletarian gains no more from the constitution than the miserable crumbs *thrown from our table* in return for his votes to elect *our* agents and pass *our* measures. Republican rights are a bitter irony to the poor man, for the pressure of daily labour prevents him from using them, and at the same time, deprives him of the guaranty of a permanent and certain livelihood by making him dependent upon *strikes*, organised either by his *employers* or his *comrades*."—Protocol 3.

This remark about strikes is not at all puzzling to anyone who has studied the different types of strikes in this country. The number fomented from above the working class is astoundingly large.

Read this also :

> " *We will force up wages* which, however, will be of no benefit to the workers, for *we will at the same time cause a rise in the prices of necessities*, pretending that this is due to the decline of agriculture and of cattle raising. *We will also artfully and deeply undermine the sources of production by instilling in the workmen ideas of anarchy*."—Protocol 6.

And this :—

> " We will represent ourselves as the saviours of the working class who have come to liberate them from this oppression by suggesting that they join our army of socialists, anarchists, communists, to whom we always extend our help under the guise of the fraternal principles of universal human solidarity."—Protocol 3.

" Broad-mindedness " again ! In this connection it is always well to remember the words of Sir Eustace Percy, words which were sponsored by Jews themselves—" Not because the Jew cares for the positive side of radical philosophy, not because he desires to be a partaker in Gentile nationalism or Gentile democracy, but because no existing Gentile system of government is ever anything but distasteful to him."

Or, as the author of *The Conquering Jew* says : " He is democratic in his sentiments, but not in his nature. When he proclaims the common brotherhood of man, he is asking that the social gate now closed against him in so many quarters shall be open to him ; not because he wants equality, but because he desires to be master in the social world, as he is showing himself in so many other spheres. Many an honourable Jew, will I doubt not, dispute the accuracy of this distinction ; but if he does it will be because he has lived so long in the atmosphere of the West that he is unconscious of what is bred in the bone of his Eastern race."

It is not difficult, therefore, to see the genealogy of the Jewish ideas of liberalism from their origin to their latest effects upon Gentile life. The *confusion* aimed for is here. There is not a reader of these lines who has not felt in his own life the burden of it. Bewilderment characterizes the whole mental climate of the people to-day. They do not know what to believe. First one set of facts is given to them, then another. First one explanation of conditions is given to them, and then another. The fact-shortage is acute. There is a whole market-full of explanations that explain nothing, but only deepen the *confusion*. The government itself seems to be hampered, and whenever it starts on a line of investigation finds itself mysteriously tangled up so that procedure is difficult. This governmental aspect is also set forth in the Protocols.

Add to this the onslaught on the human tendency toward religion, which is usually the last barrier to fall before violence and robbery unashamed stalk forth. In order to bring the condition about at which this World Programme aims, the Fourth Protocol says :

> " It is for this reason that we must undermine faith, eradicate from the minds of the Gentiles the very principles of God and Soul, and replace these conceptions by mathematical calculations and material desires."
>
> " When *we deprived* the masses of their belief in God, ruling authority was thrown into the gutter, where it became public property, and *we seized* it."—Protocol 5.
>
> " *We have taken good care long ago* to discredit the Gentile clergy."—Protocol 17.
>
> " When we become rulers we shall regard as undesirable the existence of any religion except our own, proclaiming One God with Whom our fate is tied as The Chosen People, and by Whom our fate has been made one with the fate of the world. For this reason we must destroy all other religions. If thereby should emerge contemporary atheists, then, *as a transition step*, this will not interfere with our aims."—Protocol 14.

This will probably offer matter for reflection by the " broad-minded."

It is curious to note how this religion programme has worked out in Russiaw here Trotsky (as loudly heralded in the American Jewish press) is said to have no religion, and where Jewish commissars tell dying Russians who ask for priests, " We have abolished the Almighty." Miss Katherine Dokoochief is reported, under a Philadelphia date, to have told the Near East Relief that Russian Christian churches have been subjected to the vilest indignities by the Bolsheviki, details of which she gives ; but " the synagogues remain untouched, meeting with no damage."

All these lines of attack, whose object is the destruction of the natural rallying points of Gentile thought, and the substitution of other rallying points of an unwholesome and destructive nature, are assisted, as we saw in the last article, by the propaganda for luxury. Luxury is recognizedly one of the most enervating influences. Its course runs from ease, through softness, to flabbiness, to degeneracy, mental, physical and moral. Its beginnings are attractive, its end is lasciviousness in some form, testifying to the complete breakdown of all the strong fibre of the life. It may make a theme for a more complete study some day, this lure to lasciviousness through luxury, and the identity of the forces that set the lure.

But now, to conclude this general view of the method, rather this part of the method, the confusion itself, which all these influences converge to produce, is expected to produce another more deeply helpless state. And that state is *Exhaustion.*

It needs no imagination to see what this means. Exhaustion is to-day one of the conditions that menace the people. The recent political conventions and their effect upon the public fully illustrate it. Nobody seemed to care. Parties might make their declarations and candidates their promises—nobody cared. The war and its strain began the exhaustion ; the " peace " and its confusion have about completed it. The people believe little and expect less. Confidence is gone. Initiative is nearly gone. The failure of movements falsely heralded as " people's movements " has gone far to make the people think that no people's movement is possible.

So say the Protocols :—

> " To *wear everyone out* by dissensions, animosities, feuds, famine, inoculation of diseases, want, until the Gentiles see no other way of escape except an appeal to our money and power."—Protocol 10.

> "We will *so wear out and exhaust the Gentiles* by all this that they will be compelled to offer us an international authority, which by its position will enable us to absorb without disturbance all the governmental forces of the world and thus form a super-government.
>
> "We must so direct the education of Gentile society that its hands will drop in the weakness of discouragement in the face of any undertaking where initiative is needed."
> —Protocol 5.

The Jews have never been worn out or exhausted. They have never been nonplussed. This is the true psychic characteristic of those who have a clue to the maze. It is the unknown that exhausts the mind, the constant wandering around among tendencies and influences whose source is not known and whose purpose is not understood. Walking in the dark is wearing work. The Gentiles have been doing it for centuries. The others, having a pretty accurate idea what it was all about, have not succumbed. Even persecution is endurable if it is understandable, and the Jews of the world have always known just where it fitted in the scheme of things. Gentiles have suffered more from Jewish persecutions than have the Jews, for after the persecutions were over, the Gentile was as much in the dark as ever; whereas Judaism simply took up again its century-long march towards a goal in which it implicitly believes, and which, some say who have deep knowledge of Jewish roots in the world and who too may be touched with exhaustion, they will achieve. However this may be, the revolution which would be necessary to unfasten the International Jewish system from its grip on the world, would probably have to be just as radical as any attempts the Jews have made to attain that grip. There are those who express serious doubts that the Gentiles are competent to do it at all. Maybe not. Let them at least know who their conquerors are.

KIKES AND CATHOLICS.

NEW York is the biggest Jewish city in the world. There are more Kikes—"Kike" being the American for Jew—in New York than there are in Warsaw.

New York is also about the biggest Catholic city in the world.

Consequently these two elements, the Kike and the Catholic, play a very big part in the life of America's industrial capital. Politically we might be inclined to think sometimes that they are the only people who play any part at all. That is not so. New York has a very considerable share of the best type American, a type second to none in the world, but like the best motor car engines it is a silent type. It takes something cheap and nasty to make a big noise.

That good Americans can spare time from their goodness to make a noise sometimes was evidenced at Sir Philip Gibbs' recent lectures in New York where they joined vocal issue with the Sinn Feiners. They did not make much of a show it's true, but it is good to know that they are there; maybe their strength lies in their silence. After all, though it is the cock that does all the crowing it is the hen that delivers the goods.

The Jew in New York is more powerful than in any other city in the world. He loves New York and congregates there in millions in spite of all the Zionist movements, for the Kike is a bird of prey and eateth not of his own kind when he can get anyone else to eat. No city provides such a long Bill of Fare as New York, for there flock people from every country the world over, some ambitious, and some only unsuccessful, some malcontents, some criminals, but all in search of the Almighty Dollar. Of course, the Jew has the dollar, and, as usual, he is quite willing to part with it provided always he can get just about twice as much as he pays for. The pound of flesh he is hankering after at the present moment is somewhere in the region of Britain's Imperial heart, and New York is an ideal market-place to transact his business. There he can do two little jobs at once: he can buy assassins and power at the same time; and both are necessary, for in addition to a pound of the British Empire he wants the whole of America.

In the streets of New York among the hundreds of thousands of Jews are hundreds of thousands of Catholics, and among the hundreds of thousands of Catholics are tens of thousands of Irish, and while the Jew looks for the lucre the Irishman seeks the limelight, the result being that the Jew rides in a motor car and the Irishman, representing all the power of the law, holds him up on Fifth Avenue.

Among those tens of thousands of Irish there are some good Catholics, in fact, quite a lot, and very good Catholics they are; there are also some Sinn Feiners who differ from Catholics in their attitude towards the Ten Commandments; the Catholic, though he may be worried by the Ten Commandments, accepts them, the Sinn Feiner ignores them when they interfere with his political aspirations; he is a Decalogue Dodger: it is an old heresy.

New York is the capital of Sinn Fein on the Scriptural principle that "where thy treasure is there is thy heart also." America in general (*i.e.*, Irish-America in days gone by, and now hyphenated-America—and there are only two sorts of hyphenated-Americans!) and New York in particular, has provided the funds for every anti-British movement in Ireland for many a long day—in fact, if payment could ensure delivery, it might almost be said that America owns Ireland by right of subscription.

The Irish political Papist in New York is at a disadvantage. As a rule he has never lived in Ireland, and for that reason he loves her. His parents, or grandparents, who left the old country did not learn to appreciate its beauties until they were three thousand miles away, and even then it took some time. But gradually, and to the accompaniment of a few sweet-sounding words like "acushla" and "mavourneen," some plaintive melodies, and a lot of bad history, patriotism dawned in their hearts, but they always knew too much about the real thing to go back. The active patriot only develops in the second or third generation, when the blood begins to get mixed, and he is the backbone of upheaval. Sinn Fein is no exception to the general rule; Ireland rises and Ireland fights (*i.e.*, if she is unable to dodge the pickets on the Passport Office), under foreign leaders, with foreign paymasters and subscribers and home-fed cannon-fodder—Find your Jew!

The Jew controls Sinn Fein in New York.

That control is one of his most successful achievements. It has not cost much, it is absolute, and, to the mass of the controlled it is unsuspected; so unsuspected that most of the dupes would be highly indignant at the very suggestion. They have not realised it, for a bad Catholic is no sort of a match for a Kike; it takes the Lord of Light to fight the Prince of Darkness.

The Jew's appeal to the Sinn Feiner is indirect. Recent American history is full of it; for example take the last elections, those that returned Mr. Harding to the White House.

There were three candidates contesting the Governorship of New York State. A Democrat—Al. Smith, the Governor, a Catholic, of Irish extraction, a Tammany man. He had made good, and was overwhelmingly popular; even his political opponents had not a word to say against him. A Republican—Nathan Miller, who had the benefit of a flowing tide and nothing else. With a solid Catholic vote, a solid Democratic vote and a host of new-made friends, Smith should have got in. But—Dudley Field Malone, a Sinn Feiner, who called himself "Farmer-Labour" on the voting papers, and "Typical American" in London a few weeks ago, came forward, backed by William Randolph Hearst; but so impossible was he as a candidate that the astute owner of *The New York American* threw him over and veered to Smith during the last few days of the campaign after he had done all the harm he could. Smith was the first Catholic Governor of the State, he was an unqualified success, as was admitted even by his religious enemies, he polled more Protestant and Republican votes than any Catholic would have believed possible. If in addition to the Catholic vote he had been given that of the Sinn Feiners he would have won. But the Sinn Feiners voted for the impossible Malone, and Nathan Miller is at Government House, Albany, to-day.

New York State elects its judges of the Supreme Court, which may or may not be a good system. Edward J. McGoldrick had a seat on the Bench and came up for re-election. He is a good Catholic and, *ipso facto*, a good American; in addition to being a first class judge, he was a very popular man, but for some reason unknown to him he did not get the Sinn Fein vote and his place in the Supreme Court was won by one Isadore Wasservögel.

Jerome Donovan needs no National introduction. As United States Congressman he had given satisfaction for many years, he too is a good Catholic, but apparently his genuine Americanness and decency were too much for the Sinn Feiners; they tried to elect a stool-pigeon Socialist, and the won by another Kike—Martin Ansorge.

These are only three instances, and all in New York, of Catholicism under the heel of the Kike. There are hundreds of others. The only satisfaction one has is the fact that it is not genuine Catholicism. Sinn Fein is not, and in its present state cannot be, Catholic, and that being the case the Sinn Feiners' fight in Ireland is not against the British Government, but against the Power of God, a very different proposition. To sell one's soul for material gain is an old old story. There are those in a distant market who would sell the soul of Ireland to a German Jew. Luckily it is not theirs to sell.

WAMBY.

VERLAINE.

Mr. Harold Nicolson has given a clean account of the pitifully unclean life of Paul Marie Verlaine,[*] an elusive but true poet and one who is no longer without honour even in his own fastidious country. For some reason, which, no doubt, a psycho-analyst could determine, the character of Slightly in *Peter Pan* is always associated in my mind with Paul Verlaine. Certainly Pauvre Lélian, to use the anagram which Verlaine made on his name, belongs to the band of waifs whose captain is the boy who would never grow up. And among these singing child-spirits, even if Francis Thompson would have found him no strange bed-fellow, when one considers Chatterton, Blake, and Shelley there is no doubt but that Pauvre Lélian, in comparison, is "slightly soiled." It has been his fate more than the fate of any other lyrical poet

"To sweat, and make his brag, and rot,
Crown'd with all honour and all shamefulness."

Mr. Nicolson, by whimsical anecdote, sets out his tale in such a fashion that we see Verlaine as a wanton child and not as the "modern villon" of *rive gauche* legend. Yet he quite admits that in the years between 1886 and 1896 Verlaine himself did much to encourage the legend. With the same spirit of boyish *blague* which caused him to pretend at Arras "in loud whispers" that he and Arthur Rimbaud had committed some imaginary murder and were planning how to dispose of the corpse and the booty, Verlaine twenty years later enthralled the admiring circle at the François Premier with accounts of how he pursued Lepelletier through the thickets of the Bois with a sword, of how he shot Rimbaud at Brussels, and of innumerable other crimes that had no greater foundation than the glasses of absinthe supplied by his guileless worshippers. For these last ten years motley was the only possible wear, and as Mr. Nicolson says, "Verlaine himself was perfectly prepared to don the motley; he was perfectly ready to become the Falstaff [in truth a lean one] of the Boulevard St. Michel. And, after all, what alternative was there before him? He was not young, he was not industrious, he was not, of course he was not, respectable. He was sociable and forgiving, he was docile and childish; he had no shame; he had no prospects; he had, unfortunately, no responsibilities." He had lost that "external discipline" which he had found in the Catholic Church, and like a child who talks objectively of misfortunes, "he liked extremely telling stories against himself; he preferred the settees of the François Premier to all the forty fauteuils of the Académie Française."

Verlaine threw such a glamour over his different terms in prison that one is apt to forget that the central fact of Verlaine's experience in prison was his re-conversion to the Catholic faith. Mr. Nicolson is of the opinion that "the most tangible and the only permanent result of Verlaine's imprisonment and conversion was the composition of the important poems subsequently published under the title of *Sagesse*." However, when one considers those actions of Verlaine in which "the gift of grace" finds expression, it is the wonderful unselfish love revealed in the volume entitled *Amour* which most truly records the result of his conversion.

It was in the eighth month of his imprisonment in the gaol at Mons that Verlaine sent for the prison Chaplain. Mr. Nicolson tells the story:

> Monseigneur Gaume, the Chaplain of Mons gaol, was a kind but prudent man. He had had long experience of such conversions. He treated Verlaine with gentleness, but with some suspicion. He began by giving him a tract. But Verlaine was not at first convinced by the perusal of this catechism; he objected to its syntax; he was irritated by its calm platitudes; he was on the verge of a reaction; and then Monseigneur Gaume, with real intuition of the poet's emotional nature, told him to skip the early chapters and to read on about the Holy Sacrament. The sensuous mysticism with which the Catholic Church has clothed her supreme ceremonies came as a revelation to Verlaine. His conversion was immediate. It was hysterical. Below the little crucifix in his cell there hung a lithograph of the Sacred Heart. Verlaine mentions expressly that it was a bad lithograph; but it portrayed, adequately enough, a Christ who radiated with forgiveness and pity. "I do not know," writes Verlaine, "what or who it was that then lifted me so suddenly, that flung me half undressed from my bed, that prostrated me sobbing and in tears before that crucifix and before its companion picture, evocatory of the strangest and, to my eyes, the most sublime devotion of the Catholic Church."
>
> Next morning he at once sent for Monseigneur Gaume. The miracle had been accomplished. The scales had dropped from the sinner's eyes. The gift of grace had fallen upon him. Monseigneur Gaume was gratified, but still cautious. He would wait before hearing Verlaine's confession; the hysteria must first have subsided; meanwhile Verlaine should calm himself; all would be well.
>
> The confession when it came was for Verlaine an orgy of self-revelation; it was long; it was lurid; it was "infinitely detailed." And the strange, the marvellous, thing was that Monseigneur Gaume was *not* horrified; he was not even shocked; in fact, he formulated quite gratuitous and specific questions as to other unmentionable offences, which even Verlaine's fertile imagination had never contemplated; and from it all came, not absolution as yet, but benediction, the feeling of an unburdened conscience, a little pride, even, that there were others, perhaps many others even worse than himself. "On est fier souvent, quand on se compare." A few weeks later he received the coveted absolution, and was admitted to communion. "From that day," he writes, "the duration of my captivity seemed short to me; had it not been for my mother, I should say too short."

Sagesse, of course, was written during the eight remaining months of Verlaine's term in Mons gaol. Most French critics consider it his supreme achievement. But, as just pointed out, it cannot be taken as the highest point reached by his newly-purged spirit. We must look to *Amour*, and the source of its inspiration, to find Verlaine at his best; at his detached and loving best, absorbed in the service of educating the youth who inspired "the purest, and perhaps the deepest, affection that life was to give him."

Through his friend, Ernest Delahaye, Verlaine secured a post as master in the Catholic College of Notre Dame at Rethel, in the Department of the Ardennes. We have a picture of him at his new post:—

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[*] *Verlaine.* By Harold Nicolson. (Constable). 12s. 6d. net.

> To his colleagues, the priests, he was at first a somewhat problematic figure: reserved, studious, almost morose. His fierce and shattered features, his faun-like eyes, his premature baldness and elliptical skull, contrasted strangely with his devout and regular behaviour, his fervid, and at times emotional, catholicism.

For six years had Verlaine fought single handed "a world beset with pitfalls and with absinthe." Mr. Nicolson with great insight tells how now he was to be aided and inspired by an intense devotion to the one spotless character, excepting his ever faithful mother, who was to come into his cheerless life. There can be no better record than Mr. Nicolson's own words of Verlaine's affection for Lucien Letinois :—

> Among Verlaine's pupils at the College de Notre Dame was a farmer's son from the Ardennes, a slim, graceful boy of seventeen, called Lucien Letinois. Verlaine has left us in the volume entitled *Amour* a detailed picture of him whom he was later to love as his adopted son :—
>
> Je connus cet enfant, mon amère douceur,
> Dans un pieux collège ou j'étais professeur.
> Ses dix-sept ans mutins, et maigres, sa réelle
> Intelligence, et la pureté vraiment belle
> Que disaient et ses yeux et son geste et sa voix,
> Captivèrent mon coeur et dictèrent mon choix
> De lui pour fils, puisque, mon vrai fils, mes entrailles,
> On me le cache en manière de représailles
> Pour je ne sais quels torts charnels et surtout pour
> Un fier départ à la recherche de l'amour
> Loin d'une vie aux platitudes résignée.

Letinois had first come to Verlaine's notice in the ordinary course of college duty ; he had from the outset been attracted by the boy's frank eyes, his deep and gentle voice, and the "sombre beauty of his soul." Gradually, and increasingly as his life at Rethel became less simple, Verlaine came to cling to Lucien as a support in his troubles, as a gentle companion upon whom he could vent his overpowering desire for affection, as an unclouded soul whose simple faith gave fresh vigour to Verlaine's now vacillating convictions. And behind it all was Verlaine's "horror of remaining alone" ; his terror at his own unaided weakness ; his fear of falling again under the influence of some less ideal companion :—

> . . . . l'affreux besoin de plaire aux gens,
> L'affreux besoin de plaire aux gens trop indulgents. . . .

As Verlaine's self-created difficulties at Rethel came to a climax, he became terrified at the prospect of the future. Lucien was leaving the college at the end of the summer term. Verlaine was leaving also. Their ways were to lie apart ; they would be separated for ever. Verlaine could not bring himself to face so desolate a prospect. He could not face a lonely return to Paris, and an inevitable relapse into the old everyday life of degradation.

> . . . . la ville où se caille et se lie
> Ce passé qui'on boit jusqu' à la lie, ...

The solution was reached by Verlaine returning with Lucien to his father's farm at Coulommes. Later Verlaine pursuaded his mother to buy a farm at Juniville, near Rethel, and not far from Coulommes where he and Lucien "would put the Georgics into practice." Lucien did his best to work the farm, but "Verlaine spent hours sleeping upon hay-ricks, watching his two elm trees whispering together, playing piquet, or talking, and, alas ! drinking with the yokels in the village inn." In the end the farm was abandoned and Verlaine, his mother and Lucien left for Paris. Lucien's parents soon followed. "An odd pair, these two Ardennes peasants, under the heights of Montmarte," but all were happy together. Verlaine's friends promised to secure his reintegration into the Hotel de Ville. Yet to Verlaine above all other thoughts there was Lucien ; all this bright sunlight was due to Lucien, "the adopted son, the support and joy of his old age, in whom he would live again the scope, the freedom, but not the licence of his own young years. The future glimmered before Verlaine's tired eyes in roseate colours ; he had a home, he had a son, he was on the verge of obtaining employment."

And so, in poetry, he paid tribute to Lucien for his blessings :

> Mon ami, ma plus belle amitié, ma meilleure,
> —Les morts sont morts, douce leur soit l'éternité !
> Laisse-moi te le dire en toute vérité,
> Tu vins au temps marqué, tu parus à ton heure ;
>
> Tu parus sur ma vie et tu vins dans mon coeur,
> Au jour climatérique où, noir vaisseau qui sombre.
> J'allais noyer ma chair sous la débauche sombre,
> Ma chair dolente, et mon esprit jadis vainqueur . . .

Among the poems of *Amour*, written at this period, are many which echo the beauty of the earlier Sonnets in which Shakespeare planned a future—and children—for Mr. W. H. In a similar manner Verlaine planned to realise vicariously all the joys he had failed to gain for himself.

> Le petit coin, le petit nid
> Que j'ai trouvés,
> . . . .
> L'âme aimante au coeur fait exprès,
> Ce dévouement,
> Viennent donner un dénouement
> Calme et si frais
> A la détresse de ma vie
> Inassouvie
> D'avoir satisfait toute envie !

Of the *dénouement* which Verlaine tells in these verses, which "was to come soon enough and weighted with unforeseen tragedy," let Mr. Nicolson tell in his own words :—

> Quite suddenly Lucien sickened with typhoid and was taken to the hospital de la Pitié. By the time Verlaine had reached his beside, the boy was delirious. In a few days he died. For the third time in his life Verlaine had given his whole heart away and saw himself abandoned.
>
> The shock was terrible. "My son is dead," he cries. "Oh ! God of mine, your punishment is hard. My son is dead. You take him from me when my poor footsteps ached for this dear guide in my narrow path. You gave him to me, you are taking him away. You gave him, I give you back his purity" :
>
> Et je reste sanglant, tirant
> Mes pas saignants vers le torrent
> Qui hurle à travers mon bois chaste.
>
> Lucien Letinois was buried in the Communal Cemetery at Ivry. His father and mother, with Verlaine and Ernest Delahaye, followed the bier to the cemetery. The coffin was covered with a white pall. "He at least," Verlaine sobbed to Delahaye, "has earned that virginal coverlet. How many young men at his age—I wonder ? . . . ."

Of the rest, of the last ten years, the world knows too much already. The calm which was Verlaine's lot since his conversion, reinforced for three years by his love for Lucien, was broken. Absinthe, the cafés, the dreadful women and the squalor beckoned and called him. "Verlaine was never to repudiate religion ; even in the last squalid years he would, quite often, fling himself hiccoughing upon its bosom ; but it is from the day of Lucien's death that we can trace the decline towards complete moral and mental degradation."

On Wednesday, January the 8th, 1896, Paul Verlaine died in the arms of Eugénie Krantz, a stout *passé* creature of the streets.

On Friday, January the 10th, the Ministry of Public Instruction took charge of his dead body and defrayed the expenses of his funeral as an expiation of former neglect. The hearse was covered with orchids and white lilac. He was buried in a granite vault in the Batignolles Cemetery. The pall-bearers were Lepelletier, Montesquion, Barres, Mendes and Coppée. Over five thousand persons followed the hearse. Among them was the woman Eugénie Krantz :—

> She stood there by the graveside, a stout and solitary figure, listening in astonishment to the declamations of Mendes and Coppée, bewildered by all those serious and tidy people, by the orchids and the crowd beyond. Suddenly a flash of comprehension lit her tear-stained features. Flinging herself on her knees she stretched forward towards the coffin. "Paul !" she screamed, "Paul ! Ils sont *touts* là."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"OSTARA" EXPLAINS

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—The great number of inquiries and congratulations received in reply to my letter in your paper of February 26th showed not only the lively interest among the Anglo-Saxons for "Ostara, Library for the Blond," but proves also that the race problem, including the Jewish problem, is the problem of all problems. The inquiries exhibit also the great necessity of an exact treatment of rare science. Thus I am urged to give to the public some further preliminaries.

"Ostara, Library for the Blond," as unique pioneer in race science, exposed and rectified the first the ruling erroneous premises and conclusions in race anthropology with the means of modern scientific research in pre-history, history, anthropology, qualitative jurisprudence and comparative history of religions. The principal results of the "Ostara" researches are as follows:

1. The point of "race" is neither ethnologic, nor political, nor confessional, but reflects logically a qualitative discrimination of the human species. This anthropological qualitative discrimination again is reflected physiologically in the complex of form, colour and sound among the various human races. To pronounce the unity of a human race it is not sufficient to consider just the colorit of hair, eyes and skin, or just the plastic of the scull, face and body. But colorit and plastic together have to be considered. For instance, there are in Europe blond and blue-eyed Mediterraneans, Mongoloids and Negroids. On the other hand there are Aryans in type, but with hair and eyes of a dark hue (see "Ostara," No. 1, 26-31). Plastic and colour should be harmonious to prove race purity. Plastic is always decisive criterion for race classification, while colour is its most striking exponent. Plastic reflects spirit, colour reflects materia, sound reflects soul. A blond Mongoloid, Mediterranean or Negroid proves race mixture between fair and dark races, just as well as a dark-haired or dark-eyed Aryan. Fairness reflects more spirituality, while darkness reflects more materialism, viz., sensualism. Because the Aryan type is the most spiritualised he is also the fairest and most perfect of all races. However, among all races are perfects and primitives.

2. Bio-chemical, electro-magnetic and metric experiments showed absolute physical differences between the four elemental races and proved that the blond heroic Aryan race (fair hair, bright eyes, long heads, long faces, stretched bodily forms) is to be considered from the standpoint of genealogic evolution and morphology as the highest developed of human races. The blond heroic Aryan race manifestates in its forms of the body the most perfect technical economy and most æsthetic harmony.

3. Based on deep and comprehensive researches "Ostara" shows that just this "Blond Heroic Race" alone is the originator of all culture. It is not just an accidental product of nature, but the result of a one hundred thousand years conscious breeding and cultivation. The arch-homeland of this race and thus of all culture is Europe, especially the shore-lands of the North Sea. From there the blond heroic race migrated already in pre-historic periods in numberless expeditions on land and sea over the whole world. They were the inventors of ship and chariot. With the help of their superior weapons and race physique they subjected the darker races, such as it is still done by the leading people of the blond heroic race, the Anglo-Saxons, to the benefit of higher humanity and culture. Following the exact researches of "Ostara" is this race superiority, not "mythical," but historical. And there is probably no British Colonial officer who would assume or even wish that this superiority was ever "mythical" or that it ever will be such.

4. But all the bodily technical economy and æsthetic harmony of the heroic blond race would be but a purposeless fancy if it were not to reflect a characteristic of this race which all other races are entirely wanting, and that is the Ethos as point of honour or will-ethic as against the must-ethic of all other races. This Ethos was the metaphysical phenomenon which made the heroic Aryan race the state founders all over the world. The state is the basis of all cultural endeavour. Any states, unity declines with the extinction of the blond heroic race. The more prevalent blond heroic race element is in a political unity, the more saints, heroes and genius it will possess. The higher also will be its culture. In one respect the dark races outdo the blond that is in generative sexuality. They are of a pronounced erotic and enormous fertility. Vermin and weed perpetuate much easier and faster than what is highly and nobly bred. All antique states went to ruin because the aristocratic, blond, heroic leadership subsided in the super-generative and destructive flood of dark-raced Tschandalism.

This same fate threatens the modern states. If they ignore heroic race politic they shall decay by the worm of demotic dictatorship like Babylon, Athens and Rome. Great Britain owes its world hegemony to England's expulsion of the Jews in 1290. Thus it freed itself for many years from this most parasitic and destructive dark-raced element. Germany tried to follow this example 200 years later. However, during the later middle ages and modern times it became more and more the Jewish World-Asylum. Germany's liberalism and tolerance prepared an "over-Jewed" policy and with this its own destruction. The same danger threatens Great Britain.

All is race! Honour and crime are but racial reflections. Bible and history, art and science become a wonderful logical revelation in the light of race knowledge. Race mixture is cause of all evil effects. All evolution is differentiation and disintegration. Genius, reason, ethic and logic dwell but within the heroic Aryan race. They are the divine privileges of the heroic blonds. To deny this fact proves nothing to the contrary.

In full recognition of "All is Race" as eternal truth and for the diffusion of "Ostara, Library for the Blond" the "Ostara Society" incorporated with the World League for Christian Heroic Patriciat has been founded. All further inquiries regarding membership, &c., also financial contributions and bequests may be addressed to "Ostara Society," 18, Evelyn House, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Most faithfully yours,

April 6th, 1921. Orlo Lynus, *Editor of "Ostara."*

IRISH AND JEWS IN U.S.A.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: Under another cover I am posting you a sheaf of clippings, chiefly from the New York and Boston *Heralds* (those from the latter sent me by my friend Dr. Richards), dealing with current events—mainly Irish and Jewish activities —in the U.S.A. Needless to say, violence characterises the former; subtlety the latter. The Irish are dangerous and reprehensible principally because, from their numbers in the great cities (no "foinest pisinthry" here—policeman, "ward politician," "boodling" contractors, &c.) they are valuable as votes to professional politicians; and, relying on the proverbial good-natured tolerance of Americans, and the lingering and always latent anti-British sentiment, they maintain a perpetual platform for the airing of their own grievances, to which flock (on the principle "Birds of a feather!"), as sympathisers, representatives of all the out-cast, inferior, servile races, to air *theirs*; except (to their honour, be it said) the unhappy negroes, who refuse to be cajoled by them.

But there is this of hopeful in the situation. The ceaseless shrieking of this parliament of hoodie-crows is beginning to tell on American ears and nerves, and the authors of it voted a public nuisance; not only so, but I am convinced—I think I may say, I know (and I have every opportunity of knowing)— that throughout the Atlantic seaboard, at least, the vast mass of traditional blood-pure Americans, the responsible, cultivated, thoughtful classes, are more friendly to and sympathetic with England in her world-task and world-difficulties than ever before. Especially, should I say, was this the case in the two great services—the U.S. Army and Navy. And it is largely the Irish and their fellow-agitators who have shrieked them into it.

There is also another crumb of comfort to be picked out of the gleanings I enclose you. The Irish have demonstrated to admiration how well fitted they are to govern themselves and their unhappy country by falling by the ears already among themselves—true to the Celtic tribal instinct—De Valerites and anti-De Valerites! the former refusing to walk in the Patrick's Day "parade" (which, praise be, for the first time in its history was not received officially from the steps of the Cathedral, nor at all by the Archbishop in person; no doubt, through an authoritative hint to his Grace on his recent visit (*ad limina*!), and having to be "thrown out" by their friends the police for interrupting, in their headsman's favour, the "exercises" of the "blood-dyed Clan-na-gael" on Sunday night last! Old and New Fenians at their everlasting wrangle—each wanting to kill his meat in his own way, and prevent his neighbours doing so in *his*! *Sic semper Hibernici*!

But if the Irish have made themselves a nuisance to all right-minded Americans—(I wish, Sir, for the instruction of your readers, you could find time and space to print, from the slips I enclose, State Senator Kely's (Major) childishly bad-tempered proposed resolution to the Assembly regarding the abolition of national holidays, because officers of the U.S. Army and Navy had forbidden men in the uniform of either service to march in the Irish "Republican" procession; or "Colonel" Anderson's more insolent one, adopted by the Clan-na-Gael, addressed to the Federal authorities, urging that the U.S. Government demand the instant payment of England's indebtedness, or, in lieu of it, the surrender of the English Fleet, and also the Bermudas and the West Indian colonies!)—the Jew is the universal menace.

Clever, but unintelligent; shrewd, but unimaginative; capable (like their father—Satan) of comprehending and utilising to the utmost the power that lies in gold, and the appeal to the three concupiscences in man, but incapable (like him) of understanding the Divine mysteries of charity and grace, and the potency of humility and simplicity, they control to-day all those material resources which they covet, which a materialistic age has betrayed into their grasp, and which, when the time is ripe, they will use swiftly, pitilessly and resistlessly against all who thwart their ambition—triumphing over everything, except His Kingdom, which is "not from hence!" It will not be for the first time in history, though it may well be the last!

Let me quote a concrete example from ancient history, which, I confess, had escaped my memory till some particular research, altogether unconnected with the present subject, recalled it to my mind.

In the year of Our Lord God 117, Trajan—perhaps the best, wisest and most beneficent of the Pagan Emperors—was waging a long, harassing, and at times disastrous, series of campaigns in Mesopotamia and thereabouts against Eastern rebel hordes—Parthians, Arabians, Armenians—and all the turbulent, treacherous, barbarians that still remain to be dealt with to-day! He was old, though rather with cares and anxieties than years. He was struggling against disease. His legions had been more than once defeated. It seemed as though the Roman Empire were tottering to its fall, and the tide of barbarism about to return and overwhelm the world. And this was the Jew's hour—long waited and prepared for—and they recognised it, and acted unhesitatingly and at once. And now, lest I should be accused either of manufacturing or exaggerating the incident, I will use another's words, not my own. I quote from the article "Trajan," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th edition), by Prof. Jas. Smith Reid, fellow and tutor of Gonville and Caius College, Cambs., &c., &c.

Having referred to the Emperor's determination to return to Rome, if possible, before death overtook him, and to the disasters which retarded him, the article proceeds: "A more alarming difficulty lay before him. Taking advantage of the absence of the Emperor in the far East, and possibly by an understanding with the leaders of the rising in Armenia and the annexed portions of Parthia, the Jews all over the East had taken up arms at the same moment and at a given signal. The massacres they committed were portentous. In Cyprus 240,000 men are said to have been put to death, and at Cyrene 220,000."

What would you more? "What *Jew* has done *Jew* can do!" Russia is a case in point.

Mutatis mutandis, it fits our age to a nicety. And we are more undefended than they on whom it fell.

There is no secular power in the world to-day comparable to the Roman Empire. Not one in which, to its remotest borders, life, property and individual liberty—all that makes civilisation—are one tithe as safe as they were in the Roman Peace; and in the only one which, in universality, and sometime vigour and attempted equality of justice, seemed a feeble shadow of Rome—the British—all the leading posts have deliberately been betrayed to the Jews. We have only to sit still now and await the event—or forestall it.

But there *is*, praise be to God, *one* Power, *one* Kingdom, *one* Empire which the Jew can never overwhelm, the Kingdom, the Empire of Christ—the Catholic Church. And I will, with your permission, sir, end this overlong letter with that superb boasting—the only justifiable boasting in the world—which the Vicars of Christ for ever fling into the face of the world, from the cross-topped granite column in St. Peter's Square:—

Ecce crux Domini:
Fugite partez adversæ.
Vicit Leo de tribu Juda:
Christus vincit: Christus regnat:
Christus imperat:
Christus ab omni malo
Plebem Suam
Defendet.

Thanking you for the courtesy of your space,

Believe me, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R. T. N.

New York,
March 30, 1921.

[Translation of the above

"Behold the Cross of the Lord:
Flee ye who oppose it:
The Lion of the tribe of Juda hath conquered:
Christ is victor: Christ is King: Christ is Emperor:
Christ will defend His People from every ill."]

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN COMMUNISM AND THE RELATION OF JEWS TO BOLSHEVISM.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—In your issue of September 4th, last year, you reviewed at some length and in generous terms my short study entitled "The World Significance of the Russian Revolution" (Blackwell, Oxford, 2s.). Will you allow me space to reply briefly to some of the numerous questions which have been addressed to me since and which at this distance I have not been able to answer personally? The subject is, I think, of sufficient general interest.

1. THE FAMILY SYSTEM AND THE NATIONALISATION OF WOMEN.

Many of the press and private criticisms I have received centre round the comparatively trivial detail of the authenticity of the "Nationalisation of Women" decree, of which so much was made for propaganda purposes. In one daily paper I am accused by the reviewer of "swallowing the nationalisation of women story," and in another—*The Times*—I am rebuked for "accepting a local (Kronstadt) pronouncement about nationalisation of women as if it were a characteristic feature of Bolshevist Russia." I will pass over the fact that it was precisely *The Times* which originally made so much fuss of this "local pronouncement," and, characteristically enough, entirely failed to perceive its true significance and its relation to the Bolshevist theory as a whole.

This true significance I attempted to bring out, *not* by concentrating on the *bona fides* of one isolated local decree, which as a matter of fact has been sufficiently proved by unimpeachable evidence, but by showing that in common with all previous experiments in Communism, the Bolshevist theorists must necessarily encourage all steps in the direction of the "nationalisation of women and children." A study of their own literature makes this sufficiently clear.

In their attack upon private property the family system and family sentiment stood in the way, so it is against all family ties that the Bolshevists have consistently, and from their point of view logically, waged war.

This is certainly not denied by the Bolsheviks themselves, as their own enactments and their own propaganda show clearly enough.

In the March and April numbers of the *Contemporary Review* (1920) there appeared a literal translation of the Russian Soviet Government's codes dealing with their laws on registration, marriage, the family, and guardianship as published by the "People's Commissariat of Justice." The official preface to this document is of special interest as illustrating just what *is* a characteristic feature " of the Bolshevist attitude towards women and the family. These codes, the preface explains, may be of only transitory value, for they deal with the registration of marriage records, and it will "perhaps be possible, in the near future, to abolish the record of marriages, and of changes in family names, if more rational. more intelligent methods of distinguishing people are established in place of family names." For "we ought to substitute for the care of children by their relatives their care by society, without exception." Registration will only be necessary "so long as the individual family exists." Their present regulations are designed, it is explained, "to break the parents of the habit of that narrow and unintelligent love for their children . . . "

Bolshevist propaganda makes subtle use of the "woman's movement," for it claims to establish "complete equality between man and woman . . . . and refrains from making marriage a life-long institution it liberates the woman . . . . and by so doing leads the woman better to assimilate the ideas of Socialism." Thus the woman will be taught to look forward to the time "when the paternal care of the children shall be replaced by the care of the community" and the family system will no longer "provide better conditions for the education of the children than an irregular sexual connection, which may be severed at any moment at the will of either party." Finally, as a principle, "no distinction is drawn between legitimate and illegitimate relationship." The Bolsheviks may indeed assume that when their principles have been put into practice for a sufficient length of time, when no man any longer knows who are his own children, when his wife has been completely "freed" and communised, and when parents have been thoroughly "broken of that bourgeois and unintelligent love for their children," "family names" will assuredly be no longer "necessary, rational or intelligent." For the family will no longer exist.

Surely in view of the Bolsheviks' own pronouncements from which I have quoted it is almost unnecessary for investigators like Mr. Bertrand Russell to go all the way to Russia in order to discover, as he duly records in his new book, "The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism," that "the whole temper of the Soviet authorities seems directed towards breaking the link between mother and child," or even in order to be able to reflect that "the universal class-war foreshadowed by the Third International . . . . might produce a state of affairs in which women would only be safe while armed men protected them?" Yet, perhaps, the journey was worth while, since it evoked such a confession from a man who yet, and in spite of all, still believes in Communism.

II. The Jews.

Dr. Oscar Levy's (the author of the preface to my book) and my own treatment of the Jew Problem seem unfortunately to have been singularly liable to be misinterpreted, and to be misunderstood. The reason for this is apparently that we are neither antisemitic nor philosemitic; yet we both recognise that there *is* a Jew problem, and that Jews, as distinct from the Russians, Poles, Germans or Englishmen amongst whom they live, *do* exist. Our insistence upon a fact has made us unpopular with the shallower critics on both sides.

The ordinary modern antisemite, who imagines that the whole Jew Peril is the traditional hostility and desire for revenge of Jews against Christianity (which they seem to forget is itself the cult of a Jew), blames me for saying anything in praise of any Jews—for are not all Jews necessarily implicated in a dark conspiracy to overthrow "Christian civilisation"?

Philosemites and Jews on the other hand generally abuse us for recognising in the history of the Jews, and above all in their peculiar psychology, any reason why their association with, and influence on, revolutionary movements, finance and communism, is of such special importance and significance.

I would remind these latter critics that one of the greatest living psychologists, Dr. Jung, of Zürich, considers this difference of psychological character so great that (I believe I am correct in stating) he employs a different technique when he treats Jews from the one he employs with his other patients. There is also good reason for the opinion that the method of Prof. Freud, himself a Jew, is as a rule more successful with Jews than with Gentiles.

If on account of our views we are to be accused of antisemitism we must protest that our antisemitism has very little to do with the modern antisemitism of the type, for instance, of the Count de Soissons, who recently published an article in the *Quarterly Review* entitled "The Jews as a Revolutionary Leaven." In this muddled article Heine is attacked as a revolutionary Jew, because in his writings, a beautiful and happy life on earth was an ideal preferred to the mortification of the flesh in aspiring to an after-life in compliance with the demands of the Church. The truth being that Heine opposed the aristocratic ideal of Hellenism, full of the joy of living, to that ascetic ideal of the Jewish-Christianity with its life-hating anti-sensual values.

In truth there is an antisemitism which includes in the semitic movement many Christians and Gentiles, and has on its side many noble-minded Jews. It is, however, an antisemitism that is not readily understood to-day; but in fairness to Dr. Levy it may be recalled that he declared himself on this subject over seven years ago. "Gobineau's Antisemitism," he wrote, "like Nietzsche's, had nothing whatever to do with modern antisemitism, that movement born of fear, envy, and impotence. It must be upheld, even in the teeth of German Jewry, and in spite of Teutonic misrepresentation, that Gobineau's is not the antisemitism of people who are (as Nietzsche baptised them) 'schlecht Weggekommene'; it is an upright, a genuine, a gentlemanly antisemitism of the aristocrat, who sees his very blood threatened by revolutionary religions."*

For my part I entirely dissociate myself from these who hold Jewry *exclusively* responsible for the present chaos in Russia, which every Jew is said to have *consciously* wished to bring about. I would hesitate to make such an unnecessary disclaimer were it not that I have been several times (*e.g.*, in the *Jewish Guardian* of November 19) misrepresented as upholding this view.

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* Introduction to English edition of Gobineau's "Renaissance." (Heinemann.)

The Jew is a factor only, though not the least important one, in the World Revolution. The Jewish Peril, and often also the greatness of Jews, lies in their psychology, their distinctiveness, their racial self-consciousness, and separation from the land they live on, rather than in the doctrines they assimilate and develop, whether they happen to be financiers or communists, or are neither.

I am, Sir, &c.,
George Pitt-Rivers.

Melbourne, Australia,
Jan. 10th, 1921.

THE NEW VICEROY OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Dear Sir,—There has been a certain amount of talk in the press about the wonderful diplomacy of appointing a Catholic Unionist to be Viceroy of Ireland.

Suppose they think that what they lose on the swings they'll get back on the roundabouts.

And I hope it may solve the difficulty. For I should hate to hear of Lord Edmund Talbot begin either shot by Sein Feiners or burnt by Protestants. For I believe he is a gentleman we could ill afford to lose.

31, Glasshouse Street,
W. 1.
7th April, 1921,

Yours faithfully,
Frank Otter.

THE "PRIME MINISTER" SYSTEM.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir: You were good enough, last week, to allow me to point out that the Conservatives of this country were without a chief; they had no one to direct their policy—no Pitt, no Peel, no Salisbury. They may find one in the respected gentleman who is now to manage the current affairs of the House of Commons, or they may not; time presses, while the institutions they value and which they exist to defend are in exceptional danger. The greatest of those institutions is the Monarchy; it is the keystone of the Constitution, the guarantee of the stability of Parliament and of our liberties; remove it, and the Empire would go to pieces at once. It is threatened by an insidious danger, the Prime Minister system; beginning with Walpole, whose versatile wisdom enabled him to become a sort of go-between and eventually an "indispensable" man, it has grown until at last it threatens to supersede the Constitution altogether. The Minister is everything; he governs Parliament from a distance, and decides British questions in the intervals of Continental gatherings.

The House of Commons, by means of coupons and coalitions, all springing from the System is becoming powerless; its historic parties seem to be "under gas"; the House of Lords, admitted even by Radicals to be the only independent body of gentlemen left, will soon be another victim; from the Limehouse oration to the fatal Resolutions of March 22, 1910, which struck at its hereditary character, and thence to our own day, it has lived under a sort of Damocles arrangement, reminded of its danger from time to time by Mr. Bonar Law.

Gradually all this is accustoming the public to a new view of the Monarchy, one that is wholly at variance with our traditions. Mr. Lloyd George's predecessor had the audacity to say that the Royal veto was dead; our present dictator has spoken of its being, at a certain conjuncture, "*the duty of the King* to take the opinion of the electors." Who is he to tell the King "his duty"? It would be an enormous relief to the country and a long step towards the restoration of a virtually suspended Constitution if the reigning sovereign would some day exert his undoubted prerogative, used by every one of his predecessors, of dismissing his Ministers and appointing new ones—always, of course, on the assumption that the former may have displeased him. What is at fault now is the part—or, rather, many parts—played by a single member of the Cabinet, and it is questionable if the office itself of "Prime Minister," only acknowledged a few years ago, be really indispensable to England.

Your obedient servant,
April 7, 1921. "Conservative."

CORPORAL CORRECTION LEAGUE.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Your references to the Corporal Correction League and *John Bull* suggest certain reflections. We live in a time when the high-brow specialist so analyses every subject that he weaves into them the most unheard of absurdities.

Even corporal correction of the young (which, by the way, I do not believe in, except for those who cannot guide by the influence of *love*) is instanced as an example of that invention of moderns which is called "Sadism." There is no such thing, except, possibly, among lunatics.

As a former school master, I consider that this purely hypothetical notion is bunkum—absolutely. The very suggestion is an insult to the human intelligence. No doubt there are certain morbid semi-lunatics who imagine these things in regard to themselves or others. There are always those who look for infamy in the other fellow. But of all the stupidities of the pseudo-scientific quacks, this is the most absurd. "Sadism" is the invention of a maniac, and is accepted only by the highly credulous psycho-analysis people who follow the lead of some former "expert," who would be best housed in a lunatic asylum.

Old Isleworth,
9th April, 1921.

Yours very truly,
Hugh Blaker.

GOOD FORM.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Your comments on Mr. Colpoys' admirable letter, especially the remark about "good form" prompt me to send you the following incident which occurred just about the time Mr. George became Prime Minister:—

I was passing through Lincoln's Inn Fields when I spoke to a stranger anent the history of the neighbourhood. From that we drifted into politics, and in reply to some remark of mine about Mr. George, said: "Whom would you get to do the work, the *English are too gentlemanly*"? In relating this to a friend later on, I said: "Good Heavens! our forefathers were greater gentlemen than they are to-day, but they neither minced their words or their actions when *necessary*. What he should have said is that they were too *genteel*."

The fact is, Sir, that people, top and bottom and in between, don't seem to know the difference twixt a *genteel* man and a *gentle*man—they are as opposite as the goody-goody and the good, especially among the pinchbeck English of the South, who seem to lack virility of mind.

The writer is a Northumbrian of the old stock, *i.e.*, Anglo-Saxon, and of course knows something of the enmity between the Scotch and English on the borders in days of old, and he is somewhat amused to see that it should be left to a Scotchman—many thanks to you—to give us Plain English.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Edward Forster.

Tunbridge Wells,
11th April, 1921.

TEMPERANCE
OR
PROHIBITION.

TEMPERANCE is self-imposed, self-enforced.

PROHIBITION is imposed by others without your consent.

TEMPERANCE means your control of yourself.

PROHIBITION means other people's control of you.

TEMPERANCE implies use in moderation.

PROHIBITION forbids even use in moderation.

TEMPERANCE is a virtue.

PROHIBITION is a form of insanity.

TEMPERANCE can be defended; it cannot justly be attacked.

PROHIBITION cannot be defended, but must be attacked and destroyed.

EVERY ARGUMENT THAT PROVES

TEMPERANCE RIGHT

DEMONSTRATES THAT

PROHIBITION IS WRONG.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 41.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] APRIL 16, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interests of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government:
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall in stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

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THE LAW OF LIBEL.

PLAIN ENGLISH

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Of course, Jews, orthodox and unorthodox alike, have denied the authenticity of the Protocols, and have called them a forgery. But in that case the forger must have been a super-forger, and a Jew; for no other forger could have been able not only to *forge the prophecies*, but also to *secure their fulfilment!* The *facts* are, unfortunately for us Goyim, anything but forgeries.

As the *Times* writer says, no one can fail to recognise Soviet Russia in the Protocols, and no one can deny that the Commissars of the Soviets are nearly all Jews. The writer goes on: "Whence comes the uncanny note of prophecy, prophecy in part fulfilled, in parts far gone in the way of fulfilment? Have we been struggling these tragic years to blow up and extirpate the secret organisation of German world dominion only to find beneath it *another more dangerous* because *more secret?* Have we, by straining every fibre of our national body, escaped a "Pax Germanica" only to fall into a "PAX JUDÆICA"?

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters ... 323
The Law of Libel ... 326
Communists and Weathercocks ... 327
Finance and Stock Notes ... 329
New York Notes ... 330
PAGE
Government Inquiries and Commissions in the Past ... 331
Tapestries at South Kensington 332
Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War ... 333
Reviews ... 334
Correspondence ... 335

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Saturday Fudge.

We quote the following paragraph from the *Saturday Review* as an example of fatuity. In old days the *Saturday Review* was a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and the grotesque ignorance revealed by the writer of the paragraph would have been laughed out of its columns.—[The italics are ours.]

> "Then we have the sudden realisation that pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo is a wanton piece of cruelty. It never was anything else; and the Prince of Monaco's statement that he is in sympathy with the protests, but unable to interfere, is somewhat amusing, for he is the principal party to the bargain by which the Société des Bains de Mer carry out their affairs in his principality. But these sympathetic people discovered that pigeon shooting is by no means confined to Monaco, but prevalent in our own country. *Nor is it more cruel than coursing, the shooting of driven birds, or that mock heroic of sports, tiger and lion hunting.* One always remembers the explanation of the bookmaker new to coursing, who, when questioned about laying uneven odds, exclaimed, "Ain't the ruddy hare got any chance?" *The hare never has a chance, any more than a rabbit, pigeon, partridge or grouse.* They are all there to be killed or shot, and they satisfy some of the crudest and rudest instincts of human nature. If, therefore, we object to pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo—and by all means let us denounce a loathsome business—we should be logical and revise many of our so-called sports."

We hold no brief for pigeon shooting, but to say that shooting driven birds is cruel, or that driven grouse and partridges "never have a chance"' is the high-top gallant of cockney ignorance.

We should like to station Mr. Baumann, the proprietor and editor of the *Saturday Review*, behind certain butts that we wot of, and put some driven grouse over him on a day when there was a high wind blowing. We will bet a new hat that most of the "cruelty" would be on the side of the grouse. The *Saturday Review* when it belonged to Mr. Gervase Beckett was not a very exhilarating paper to read, but at any rate it would not have "given itself away" on the subject of sport, as it has done in the paragraph we have quoted from its current issue.

Charges against High Officials.

We take the following from the *Daily Express* of Wednesday last:—

WAR COUNCIL SECRETS.

CAPT. PETER WRIGHT REPEATS HIS CHARGES.

> Captain Peter E. Wright, in a letter to the *Daily Express*, reiterates his charges against Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Sir Frederick Maurice, and Colonel Repington, that they "combined, for personal motives, to publish in the Press and so betray to the enemy the essential military plans of the Allies during the height and crisis of the war."
>
> "The article in which they were divulged," he continues, "further recommended to the Central Powers the best method of frustrating the Allied offensive which was to be carried out by the British armies in the East.
>
> "Such a charge against any man," adds Captain Wright, "would be in the highest degree libellous, and I have exactly followed the proper procedure as laid down by Lord Wrenbury in the Douglas Pennant inquiry that when a person desires to bring a grave charge against a high official, military or otherwise, his proper course is to publish a libel.
>
> "The official can then refute the charge by bringing and winning an action for defamation. But Lord Wrenbury's doctrine must be carried to its logical conclusion. If no such action is brought, the charge must be considered to be true. No action has been brought against me."

We have not read Captain Wright's book and we are consequently unable to express any opinion about the charges which be brings against Sir William Robertson, Sir Frederick Maurice and Colonel Repington. But we are glad to endorse every word which he says on the general question of bringing charges against high officials. The principle laid down by Lord Wrenbury is, obviously, entirely sound. If a grave charge is made against any public man, his remedy is to take action for libel and refute the charge. If he fails to do this, the public at large is entitled to assume that the charge is true and that his failure to take action is dictated by fear of the result of such action. We should like to call the attention of Mr. Winston Churchill to the above in connection with our disclosures about the battle of Jutland.

The Duke of Northumberland And the League of Nations.

We were greatly surprised to see a few days ago in the Northcliffe publication, the *Evening News*, a paragraph in which it was stated that the Duke of Northumberland was going to address a meeting of the 1900 Club in favour of the "League of Nations." On enquiry, we find that the *Evening News* has just about as much authority for its statement as it had for its announcement of our "death" a few weeks ago. The Duke of Northumberland never has addressed and never will address any meeting in favour of the "League of Nations," and we have the very best authority for stating that His Grace makes no secret of the fact that he regards the "League of Nations," just as we do, as a Jewish device for wrecking the British Empire.

The Autobiography of a Child.

We take the appended paragraph from the columns of a contemporary :—

> "Mr. Leonard Wells, Solicitor, representing Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., referred, at the Mansion House to-day, to the work entitled "The Autobiography of a Child," concerning which a summons was recently heard at the court, when the destruction of the copies was ordered.
>
> "He said his clients, having regard to their reputation, felt that whatever might be the decision of any court, they would not care to be connected with a work to which exception was taken, and under the circumstances they had decided not to proceed with the contemplated appeal.
>
> "The Lord Mayor.—That is very satisfactory, as far as I am concerned."

For our part, we have never for a moment supposed that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench Trubner & Co., Ltd., would be so lacking in common sense as to appeal against a decision which could no more be upset than could the "decision" that black is black and white is white.

Had the firm of publishers in question appealed, they would not only have lost their case again, but they would have revived the scandal with great disaster to themselves. Nor should it be lost sight of that the question of further proceedings against those who had been guilty of endeavouring to palm off this abominable book on the public, might have arisen if they had persisted in their attempt to defend their misguided action. And here we are entitled to ask how it comes about that the task of bringing about the suppression of this book should have been left to a private individual, who is notoriously a man of slender means and "up to his neck" in other work. Our original intention in referring to the book was, as we stated, to direct the attention of the police to the matter. It was only when we found that the police showed no signs of action, and when the publishers definitely refused to withdraw the book from circulation, that we felt compelled, in the public interest, to take up the matter ourselves. Needless to say the costs allowed by the Lord Mayor do not cover more than a fraction of the expense to which we were put, and to this cost must be added the "expense of spirit" which is involved in getting up a case and spending two whole working days in a police court over a peculiarly unpleasant matter. Why this sort of thing should be left to a private individual when, even apart from the police, whose duty it is to attend to such matters, there exists a "Vigilance Association" with a large annual income and a whole army of officials drawing comfortable salaries, it passes our comprehension to understand.

And while we are on this subject we should like to ask what steps, if any, it is proposed to take with regard to the so-called experts who were called by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. to swear that this loathsome book (a book so appalling that, even in a police court, it was impossible to read aloud the passages specially marked for condemnation) was a harmless and valuable work, and one which ought to be in the hands of "parents and teachers and students of psycho-analysis." At least two of these witnesses actually hold official positions under the government. Another of them, Miss Norah March, has a post in connection with education which puts her in a position of authority over young children. This Miss March is the same lady whose disgraceful speech deprecating chastity in young girls we recently pilloried in a former issue of PLAIN ENGLISH. We were not aware of this fact when she gave her evidence at the Mansion House, if we had been aware of her identity we would have put her own speech to her in cross examination. But are persons who hold these views and who have publicly committed themselves to enthusiastic approval of a book which has been destroyed as obscene by order of the Chief Magistrate of London, to be allowed to go on holding official positions and freely exercising their opportunities for spreading their pernicious doctrines among defenceless little children? We trust some member of Parliament will raise the question in the House of Commons.

Human Sacrifice among the Jews.

It is not generally known that the late Sir Richard Burton was the author of an unpublished book entitled "Human Sacrifice among the Sephardin, or Eastern Jews." The manuscript of this book was purchased some ten years ago at Messrs. Sotheran & Co., by the late Viscount Canterbury (then the Honorable Henry Frederick Walpole Manners Sutton). Lord Canterbury made arrangements for the publication of the book, when an action to restrain him from doing so was brought by Burton's executors. We append the report of the case :—

KING'S BENCH DIVISION

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S MANUSCRIPTS.

ALEXANDER v. MANNERS SUTTON.

(Before Mr. JUSTICE LAWRENCE, without a jury by consent.)

This was an action by Mr. D. L. Alexander, K C., asking for an order that the defendant, Mr. Henry Frederick Walpole Manners Sutton, do deliver up to him a manuscript of Sir Richard Burton, entitled "Human Sacrifice among the Sephardin, or Eastern Jews," and all copies of the same; also for an injunction restraining the defendant from printing or otherwise dealing with the manuscript, or doing any acts in derogation of the plaintiff's right to publish the manuscript and obtain copyright therein. The defendant claimed the manuscript was his property, he having purchased it at Messrs. Sotheran & Co., of 140 Strand, London.

Mr. Montague Shearman, K.C. and Mr. H. S. Q. Henriques, instructed by Messrs. Emanuel & Simmonds, appeared by the plaintiff, Mr. Theobald Mathew, instructed by Messrs. Charles Russell & Co., for the defendant.

THE PLAINTIFF'S CASE.

Mr. Montague Shearman, in opening the plaintiff's case, said there were certain parts of the manuscript which it was thought inadvisable to publish, and to prevent their publication an assignment of it had been taken by the plaintiff.

Sir Richard Burton died in 1890, leaving the manuscript and all his property to his wife, Isabel Burton. Isabel Burton died in 1896, and appointed Elizabeth M. R. Fitzgerald, Arthur Arundell and others her executors, and Elizabeth Fitzgerald was appointed her residuary legatee. She also bequeathed the manuscript to literary trustees. In January, 1897, the executors delivered the manuscript to Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., of Paternoster Row, for publication, under the editorship of Mr. W. H. Wilkins. The manuscript was published in book form, called "The Jew, the Gypsy and El Islam," *in which the objectionable parts were omitted.* The manuscript was then taken in 1904 by Wilkins, and left with Messrs. Sotheran & Co., Strand, for sale. Elizabeth Fitzgerald died in 1902, and Wilkins in 1905.

In 1908, the defendant purchased the manuscript from Messrs. Sotheran & Co. In March, 1909, the surviving executors of Isabel Burton, the executors of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, and the executors of Wilkins assigned the manuscript to the plaintiff. The plaintiff had a valid title to the manuscript, as Wilkins had no power to part with it. The firm of Messrs. Cope, Fenwick & Co., of which the defendant was once a partner, proposed to publish the manuscript, and it was necessary to apply for an interim injunction restraining them publishing the manuscript pending the trial of the action, which was granted.

Witnesses were called for the plaintiff to prove that W. H. Wilkins had no authority to part with the manuscript.

For the defendant Mr Theobald Mathew contended that he was entitled to judgment, as the defendant was an innocent purchaser. The plaintiff had not proved affirmatively that Wilkins had no right to sell the manuscript. Wilkins was the agent of the executors and trustees, and those who claimed through them could not dispute his authority to sell.

> Mr. Justice Lawrence held that a good title to the manuscript had been proved in the plaintiff, and he made an order for the delivery of the manuscript and granted an injunction restraining the defendant from printing or otherwise dealing with it.

Thus Lord Canterbury, who had purchased the manuscript for some such price as a hundred pounds, was compelled to hand it over to Mr. Alexander, who has suppressed it ever since. We happen to have read the manuscript (Lord Canterbury having lent it to us for the purpose) and we can say that it was a most interesting and convincing indictment, for it consisted chiefly of the *verbatim* report of various trials for ritual murder brought against Jews in Damascus and other places. The most recent of these cases was no further ago than the eighteen-seventies. We, of course, make no reflection upon Mr. Alexander, who as far as we can judge had a right to the manuscript, but we cannot but feel that it is most unfortunate that such a valuable document should be for ever withheld from the public, in the interest of the Jews. The Jews have always indignantly denied the stories circulated about them in regard to human sacrifice or ritual murder. But if the stories are, as they declare, ludicrous falsehoods, why were they so desperately anxious to suppress the evidence? For our part we assert that Burton's *dossier* was quite overwhelming and unanswerable, and we take it upon ourselves to say that if his facts had been capable of refutation no objection would have been raised to the publication of the work. If our contention is disputed, will Mr. Alexander give the world an opportunity of arriving at a reasonable conclusion by publishing Burton's manuscript, together with any answer to his assertions which can be compiled by any learned defender of Judaism?

Urbain Gohier of "La Vieille-France."

For 220 weeks Urbain Gohier has edited his weekly paper, *La Vieille-France*; and until recently he has been able to do this without being forced to ask for financial assistance. We are pleased to learn that Alphonse Daudet was one of the first to respond to Monsieur Gohier's appeal, and that there is every prospect of *La Vieille-France* continuing to maintain the fight in France against the ensnaring web spun from there by the *Grand Orient*.

We regret to note, however, that for the first time an article in *La Vieille-France* is specially copyrighted, "*droits de reproduction et de traduction réservés.*". The article in question is a belated exposure of our learned Elder of Zion, Achad Ha'am, *ci-devant* Ginzberg, the Rabbi of Tring Park. Why should "L. Fry" wish to reserve the right of exposing Ginzberg? Does "L. Fry" wish to sell the facts to Mr. Henry Ford, who is quite willing, no doubt, to buy a copyright from any honest writer, although since his deception by Rosika Schwimmer he now examines the antecedents of his "friends"?

As a matter of fact, Achad Ha'am was, some weeks ago, shown by PLAIN ENGLISH to be the guide, tutor and friend of Alfred Zimmern, the chaste choice of "the gentleman with the Duster" for Mr. George's present "position of profit."

Causes of Social Unrest.

There are two things which have been indirectly responsible for the existing social unrest; and, as they are by no means unimportant, they should be considered by all those who desire to secure industrial peace in this country.

The first of these is the irritation which arises on account of the people who represent capital in the opinion of the manual workers. Perhaps an analogy will explain what we mean. The Irish agrarian agitation was a success because in most cases the actual landlords were misrepresented by local agents, and the peasants seldom, if ever, saw the man to whom they were paying rent.

Allowing for exaggeration, it must be admitted that some of the agents were guilty of gross lack of consideration and rudeness.

Now, to bring the problem up-to-date, is it not possible that the mine owners have been in many cases represented—shall we say—unfortunately?

The war had the effect of enriching a host of beggars; and a beggar on horseback is a source of irritation, because he rides roughshod over the feelings of persons who would otherwise be amiable and considerate.

And when we have a Prime Minister who represents law and government in the opinion of the manual workers, and who cannot retain an opinion or keep his word for more than three days, it should be obvious that the gentry of this country are in danger of being quite excluded from proper contact with the manual workers.

The second indirect cause of social unrest is the fact that capitalists have apparently made no effort to counteract the effect of socialist oratory. What is required is a band of educated gentlemen who will put before the workers of this country in a proper and eloquent manner the truth about the social problems of this weary world.

One fearless man could change the face of things if he were given a free hand, and if meetings to be addressed by him were organised in the centres most marked by disaffection.

Apart from personal consideration, why should we leave the workers of this country at the mercy of orators who are their greatest enemies, and also desire to use them for the ruin of the state?

"Modern" Impertinence.

We take the following astounding passage from *The Nation and the Athenæum* (Athenæum Department) because it quite perfectly exhibits the self satisfied impertinence of your "modern," "literary" "young man," and confirms a statement which we made some weeks ago, that Mr. Lloyd George was attempting to push aside the Privy Council and assume supreme executive power:—

> "It is impossible to read Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria" without feeling that for our generation at least the Victorian age, for all its nearness of time, has almost completely disappeared from view. To the true Georgian it is not merely remote; it is incredible. Its statesmen are not statesmen, nor its poets poets; and the faces of its men and women seem hardly more real than figures on a sampler, or a drawing-room "set" at Madame Tussauds. If this is true of the age, it is equally true of the Queen. Within twenty years of her death, the robust and characteristic figure of Victoria has faded to the colourlessness of Anne. Mr. Strachey has, literally, to recreate her; and if the result is a historical study of less than the traditional seriousness, one may blame a little the author's abundant gift of the Comic Spirit, but still more the extraordinary difference between his age and hers. Observing the latter through his Gulliver's glass, Mr. Strachey is unable to keep a straight face. He can only regard it *sub specie absurditatis*. If such people could be conceived as ever existing, it must have been

> on a floating island, or in a country where horses ruled men.
>
> "And if the age in which we live has changed in spiritual texture from that on which Victoria bestowed her simple affections, it is so altered politically that if her ghost could revisit it for an hour, it would shriek and fly away again. Everything is gone. Nominally her grandson's throne is the only great Monarchy left in Europe. In reality, and in Mr. Lloyd George's hands, England has become almost a plebiscitary Republic."

It would be waste of time to discuss the foregoing list of absurdities. But we present our readers with this sample from the revolutionary stock of the Athenæum Department, and can only say that in our opinion association with *The Nation* has completed the intellectual and moral destruction of what used to be a worthy and dignified literary weekly

A Warning.

The smash up of The Triple Industrial Alliance—to give that nation-threatener its full name—has led certain of our newspapers to state that the strike, as an industrial weapon, is out of date, and is shortly to be "scrapped."

The present strike has been remarkable for a wholesale attempt to destroy the means of production; and in a previous issue we explained what was behind the sinister innovation. Briefly put, the extremists wished, by the flooding and ruin of the mines, to create such a state of distress that the people would be driven into the commission of acts of violence, and would become pliable material in the hands of those who desire to wreck the State.

The statement that the strike weapon is to be thrown aside—coming as this statement does immediately after an attempt to destroy the mines—has led us to the conclusion that it is best for all concerned that the plain truth should be told.

So elsewhere we have explained, in a leading article entitled "Communists and Weathercocks," how the strike weapon was tested in Dublin, and abandoned for the weapon of an armed Trade Union.

The Communist has made no secret of its object; and as it speaks for the extremists, we may safely conclude that when it proposes "the arming of the proletariat," it means business.

So it rests with those who love this country and who are loyal to the King, to prepare themselves for an attempt by our local Bolshevists to arm a section of the manual workers of this country.

The persons who are to conduct this business of "arming the proletariat" have nearly all arrived in Great Britain. Those who have not arrived will, of course, be welcomed with open arms by those whose business it is to exclude them.

As was pointed out in PLAIN ENGLISH of the 9th inst., 446,914 aliens were permitted to enter this country in 1920. Of these nearly 12,000 were Polish Jews.

In other words, at a time when the country is crowded with unemployed workers, we have allowed nearly half a million undesirables, half of whom represent the revolutionary scum of Europe, to settle in our midst. Under present conditions there is no room in this country for an alien, though he be a proper and harmless individual, and certainly there is no room in this country for alien revolutionaries who settle in Great Britain with the object of reducing this nation to the condition of Russia.

Just as cockroaches scatter and hide when the light is turned on, so we may expect that the social cockroaches who are defiling our land with impunity will scatter and hide when the light of public opinion is turned upon them.

Let this warning resemble the striking of a match in the national basement.

Richard III.

"Richard III." is being played to crowded houses at the "Old Vic." It is well produced, and the care which has been taken to reproduce contemporary costumes and decorations adds considerably to the value of the play.

"Richard III." is a tale of intrigue and murder, unrelieved by a trace of humour, unless humour could be associated with the hypocritical utterances of Richard.

The play is unworthy of Shakespeare, and it is doubtful whether he was responsible for the whole of it. It might be claimed to be his work on account of its moral value, and because there are some fine and noble lines distributed pretty evenly over the play, such as those which begin "A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman," "I am your sorrow's nurse," "Pity, old stones."

Robert Atkins played the part of Richard very convincingly. Ernest Milton as Edward IV., exhibited in this small part the same finished work which he gave us in the immense part of Hamlet.

Neil Curtis acted the part of Clarence, and acted well; but it seems to us that the sheer grovelling cowardice of the death scene represented an interpretation that is unfair to the memory of a valiant gentleman.

The acting of Dame Geneveive Ward, as Margaret, was much appreciated by the audience; and the "Old Vic" audience, where Shakespeare is concerned, can be trusted to be critically accurate in its judgments.

On the whole, the play was well worth staging. But in view of the immense success of Mr. Fagan's production of "Henry IV.," Part 2, at the Court, we urge upon managers the desirability of producing "Henry IV.," Part 1, because like Part 2, it contains the most perfect humour in the English language. The manager who presents it will have a triumph.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

A LEADING article on the strike, entitled "The Art of Empire Wrecking," was written to fill the columns which appeared blank in last week's issue of PLAIN ENGLISH. At 2.45 p.m. on the day of going to press, long after the final sheets had been corrected, revised and passed for press, our late printers, the Fleetway Press Ltd., announced that they refused to print the article. The article will in the near future be printed and issued to all subscribers of PLAIN ENGLISH, and it is our intention to issue a writ on the Fleetway Press for breach of contract and damages. Meanwhile, a few words on the vexed question of the libel laws in their relation to editors and printers would seem to be opportune.

In the first place, however, we must make it quite clear that the reason given by the Fleetway Press for their unprecedented action, which might have involved the wrecking of the paper they had contracted to print, was not that they considered the article libellous. Far stronger comments on the public actions of public men have appeared week by week in PLAIN ENGLISH for months past, and the Fleetway Press made no objection to print them. Moreover, whenever (as has occasionally happened) they have objected to any particular passage in any of our articles, we have invariably met them and given the utmost consideration to their objections, even going so far on more than one occasion as to delete or modify such passages even when their objections were unreasonable and founded on ignorance or misapprehension. In the present case, the excuse given for their procedure was that they considered that the article in question "might involve them in difficulties with the authorities." How far this excuse will serve them in the Law Courts in palliation of their breach of contract the future will show, and we have no desire to create prejudice against them by discussing the matter, even though we are fully entitled to do so, since the case is not at present *sub judice*. Our present remarks are dictated not by particular, but by general considerations.

The ignorance of the average layman (in which category we include ninety-nine out of every hundred printers in London) on the subject of libel is phenomenal. This is scarcely surprising, considering the fact that the general volume of public opinion is still (in spite of Lord Campbell's Act) governed by the acceptation of that hoary old piece of sophistry, "the greater the truth the greater the libel." This wholly false axiom was doubtless invented by some lawyer or other who was impregnated by the desire (not uncommon with lawyers) of making things pleasant for evil-doers. For if it were really true that "the greater the truth the greater the libel," it is obvious that it would be impossible for any newspaper to expose any kind of evil-doing.

As a matter of fact, Lord Campbell's Act, passed in 1843, was the great Charter of Freedom for newspapers and editors, for it made "justification" a perfect defence to a libel action either in the civil or the criminal courts. Thus, so far is it from the truth to say "the greater the truth the greater the libel," that it is, on the contrary, the actual fact that it is perfectly safe to write anything about anyone, provided that what you write is true, and that you are ready and willing to prove it, and provided also that it is written in the public interest and not as the result of mere spite and malice. It is precisely a recognition of this fact, and a determination to live up to it in the public interest, that has given to this paper and gave to *The Academy* (when it was for three and a-half years under the same Editorship and run on the same lines as PLAIN ENGLISH) their almost unique position of immunity from libel actions. No action for libel was ever taken against *The Academy* while it was under the editorship of Lord Alfred Douglas, and no action for libel has ever been taken against PLAIN ENGLISH. It would be interesting to know if there is one single editor of any "live" journal in London who has been at his job for nearly five years who could say as much.

On the other hand, the fact that a printer is technically equally liable, in the event of libel proceedings, with the editor and publisher of a paper, has ever been a weapon which is ready to the hand of the evil-doer. Many a rogue, who is well aware that he cannot frighten such and such an editor, may yet consider that he has a very good chance of bluffing that editor's printer. A solicitor's letter only costs six and eightpence or so, and more than one rogue has succeeded in stopping an editor's mouth through his printer by taking six and eightpence worth from his "legal adviser." In this respect, and to this extent, the libel law (thanks to the ignorance or pusillanimity of some printers) may truly be called the rogues' charter. Human nature is human nature all the world over; a printer may be an honest British tradesman with all the honest British tradesman's old-fashioned pluck and independence and hatred of knaves and scoundrels. On the other hand he may be something quite different.

Our experience of printers is that more often than not when they raise an objection to an article or a statement on the ground that it is "libellous," what they really mean is that for reasons of their own they object to some particular rogue being shown up. The particular rogue happens to have "business relations" with them, or, more simply, is a friend of theirs and is "a very nice man." In other words, dog objects to eating dog.

On the other hand, again, no reasonable editor—and least of all ourselves—would ever fail to give all due attention to any *bona-fide* objection raised by his printer. A case may easily arise (does, in fact, frequently do so) when a certain statement may appear on the face of it to be a gross and gratuitous libel on a harmless individual. In such a case the printer will naturally ask for chapter-and-verse before taking any risk. For example, if we were to call a man a thief or a dishonest scoundrel, the printer would naturally want to know what was our justification. In such a case the production of an official report of the conviction of the person in question for theft or swindling would, in certain circumstances, constitute a complete answer to any objections to printing the words questioned.

To cut a long story short, we wish to impress on our readers (printers and all) that the safety and honour of this country are bound up with fearless and honest journalism. A man who hampers an editor when he is acting in the public interest by showing up roguery in high or low places, is just as much a traitor to his country as was ever a man who sold a military secret to the Germans. Unfortunately such persons exist and unfortunately as long as they exist and are "for sale" they will from time to time be bought.

COMMUNISTS AND WEATHERCOCKS.

IN a rather dazed and puzzled mood, the people of this country have observed for more than ten years, the conduct of certain deluded manual workers, led by clever and calculating extremists. They have also observed with astonishment and disgust an inclination on the part of the Government to eat its own words on every possible occasion, when dealing with extremists and manual workers.

Again and again we have been faced by strikes, each one less justifiable than its predecessor, and each one better calculated than its predecessor to involve the manual workers in a conflict with the Government.

In addition to this we have been faced by a curious and disturbing phenomenon—a Prime Minister who deliberately degrades his office by rushing into conferences with extremists, instead of leaving such work to the representatives of the trades involved, or the proper Minister of the Crown.

But a yet more sinister phenomenon has been presented to the astonished and disgusted people of this country—a tendency on the part of the Government to grasp every opportunity of saying on Monday—"The Government has decided that under no circumstances can it do so and so"; and on Tuesday—"The Government has decided that it will do so and so."

However, it should at this point be carefully noted that this weathercock, word-eating, governance-degrading policy is only adopted when the Government is negotiating with strikers or extremists who are attempting to blackmail the nation.

The Government, for instance, ignores the complaints of the whole nation on the subject of liquor control, and joyfully treads upon the liberty of the general public.

There is diabolical method behind this policy of strikes, and cringing to strikers. It is a policy whose object is the overthrow of society as at present constituted. It is a policy aimed at the Constitution of this country and the stability of the Empire. And unless the persons responsible for this policy are compelled to mend their ways, there can be no hope for the future of Britain.

Long ago we pointed out that Mr. Lloyd George had been consistent in one thing, *i.e.*, his work for Communism. In his youth he adopted Communist principles, and for the triumph of Communism he has worked untiringly, as we have proved again and again in PLAIN ENGLISH. Communism for Mr. Lloyd George means a degraded and enslaved nation, controlled by himself as lime-lit "President."

His first effective move in the Communist game was the passing of the Trades Dispute Act, which granted to Trade Unions "rights" which no other corporation possesses. The object of this Act was to tie the hands of the police, and allow the extremists to arrange for gross intimidation of workers who refused to strike when ordered. The extremists immediately decided to test the value of this weapon which had been put into their hands, but to test that value in an industrial centre as far as possible from England, lest the British public might become alarmed. Having chosen Belfast as a place for the test, the notorious Jim Larkin was sent over to prepare the ground. It was decided to involve a body of workmen whose occupations would enable the extremists to stretch to their furthest limits the powers which they possessed under the Act. So a strike of transport workers was declared. That is to say, all persons engaged in the handling of goods were called out. Naturally, a great many workers ignored the call, and then the test came. Carters were subjected to "peaceful picketing." Men, under the eyes of the police, mounted moving vehicles and intimidated the drivers. In some cases violence was used, and a good deal of property was destroyed. From the standpoint of a trade dislocation the strike was a success; but from the standpoint of a trade dispute it was a complete failure, because the employers held out, and refused to be intimidated. The strike was organised and led by the Bolshevist Jim Larkin, and when it was over he presented his report to the extremists in London, Glasgow, and Dublin. His associate, James Connolly, then carried out a similar strike in Dublin; but that failed, though it was supported financially by the interested Trade Unions in Great Britain.

From these tests the extremists gained much information of value to themselves; and to make the strike weapon effective as an empire-wrecker, it was decided that the dispute must involve the Government itself.

Plans were laid for a general strike under what is now known as the Triple Industrial Alliance, and an understanding was arrived at whereby the Government would intervene in the person of a certain knight bearing the name of Askwith.

In association with this scheme for wrecking the Empire by strikes, every effort was made to isolate the members of the Trade Unions from the general public. A daily paper was started in the interests of manual labour, but it failed; and, finally, a small sheet was issued in London under the title of the *Daily Herald*, whose subsequent history is notorious.

The isolation process was carried out by means of specially placed revolutionaries, whose business it was to make political gatherings out of Trade Union meetings, and this policy met with considerable success. Shop stewards were specially prepared for their positions, and so the game went on.

Of course, the war changed the face of things. But, acting on Bolshevist instructions, the so-called Liquor Control Board did what it could to irritate the workers of the country by depriving them of alcoholic drinks; and Mr. Lloyd George made up his mind to continue the process of irritation by liquor control after the war was over.

In the year 1916, however, a direct blow was struck at the Empire by James Connolly, who collected his armed transport workers in Liberty Hall, Dublin, on Easter Sunday night, and sent a message to Pearse and the rest of the Fenians that, though they had called off the rebellion, he would begin a fight the next morning alone. Stung by the imputation of cowardice, Pearse and the rest cancelled their order, and called out the Irish Volunteers.

Connolly made no secret of his object. He desired to see how far it would be possible to use physical force in a labour dispute. That is why he organised and armed what he called his Citizen Army, which was quite distinct in object and character from the politically constituted Irish Volunteers.

Connolly's fate caused the extremists in Great Britain to realise that physical force can be employed by both sides, and that the British manual worker, unlike the Dublin docker, regarded the Law and Constitution of Britain as on his side, rather than against him.

Besides, they realised that the British manual worker is made of very different stuff from the Attacotic material employed by James Connolly. The theory of physical force was, therefore, abandoned; and in its place it was decided to employ two weapons for the ruin of the Empire. These weapons were a succession of strikes, which would destroy security and credit, dislocate the trade of the country, and, if possible, involve the Government. Mr. Lloyd George, on his part, decided that he could best live up to his convictions by discounting the dignity of his office, and by taking up a firm attitude on Monday and yielding on Tuesday.

To bring the Government into direct association with trade disputes, in the capacity of super-employer, Mr. Lloyd George applied the principles of Socialism to the state, and "took over" Railway, Shipping, Transport, Coal, and other industries.

We took upon ourselves three weeks ago to expose the manner in which Mr. Lloyd George was attempting to warp the Constitution and force the supreme executive power aside. This constituted a grave and unique exposure, and involved a partial revelation of the position of the Crown, Privy Council, and Foreign Office.

It is sufficient to say that Mr. Lloyd George's little plan for a final cringe to coal-miners was nipped in the bud by the recent Proclamation. More than that we do not propose to say.

What we desire to assert is that, in spite of the curbing of Mr. Lloyd George, that agile communist will, before the present revolutionary dispute is settled, endeavour to wriggle out of the difficult position in which he has been placed by the exposure of his secret intentions, and will do whatever lies in his power to eat every word he has uttered, and lay the security and safety of Britain under the heel of the agents of Lenin in this country, with whom he has recently signed a pact, in defiance of the Privy Council and Foreign Office.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 7%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 104s. 8d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97¼	... 97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·31½ to 11·32½
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 248½ to 249½
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 52·94 to 52·99
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. $3\frac{11}{16}$d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 24·60 to 24·65
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 80·00 to 80·25
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 28·41 to 28·43
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·42¾ to 4·43¼
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·92⅝ to 3·92⅞
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 53·87 to 53·90
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. $3\frac{5}{16}$d. to 2s. $3\frac{15}{16}$d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·65 to 22·70
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 5½d.

THE COST OF GOLD.

The value of gold is of relatively common knowledge—though from one's personal experience for several years now, the metal seems to be so scarce as to be unprocurable, and is certainly never seen in coin shape. Any effort, therefore, to give this rarest of coin the old pre-war popular circulation would be indeed welcomed. It would seem, however, that the cost of mining the gold is becoming so prohibitive as to almost indicate annihilation, and a speedy end of the supplies we have for twenty-five years been receiving from the Rand of South Africa seems inevitable. In fact, if the value of the metal had not risen from the old pre-war price of 85s. an ounce to something in the neighbourhood of 110s. the gold mines would have closed down. Many of them are only now working on a bare margin of profit—less than 1s. per ton of ore crushed. That beggarly margin is likely gradually to recur or even disappear as the trade stability of the world is re-established. What provision is being made in the world output of gold to remedy matters? Where is the much desired metal to come from? The answer would seem to be "from the Far East Rand." This area adjoins the old mines of the Central Rand, and developments have been going quietly ahead for the past five years. Had it not been for the war and the general trade upheaval, more would have been heard of the very rich discoveries, and probably the biggest boom in gold mining shares in the world's history would have occurred. It may still, however, be expected. This new field is said to contain £1,000,000,000 of gold—easily got at. Much of the area is in the control of essentially British capitalists. It is a notorious fact that the old Central Rand, and the gold companies working it, were directed and manipulated by German banks and German capitalists.

The cost of producing the gold in most of the mines of the old Central Rand for 1920 as shown in the latest returns was in the neighbourhood of £5 7s. 6d. to £5 10s. 0d. per ounce, and as the price of metal is about 105s. per ounce it would appear that these mines are to-day actually working at a loss. In the case of some of the bigger producing mines of the Far East Rand, the average cost to the Modder Deep was £2 3s. 0d. per ounce for 1920. Other mines in the locality had costs ranging from £2 8s. 11d. per ounce up to £3 8s. 7d., the latter being the figure of the Springs Mines. The lower cost of production in the Far East Rand producers is due to the comparatively shallow depth at which most of the mines are working, together with the higher grade of ore and bigger quantities of ore handled. We may here mention that the gold returns of the Rand for the month of March are the best since September of last year, due probably to the increase in the number of men employed; and in the annual reports of many of the companies which have recently been published, very gratifying results are shown, thanks, as has been remarked previously, to the gold premium.

BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS.

The accounts of the Birmingham Small Arms Company recently presented, covering a period from July 31st, 1919, to January 31st, 1921, show a net profit, after making full provision for taxation of £566,880, being at the rate of £377,920 per annum, which compares with £373,090 for the year to July 31st, 1919. This result may be regarded as highly satisfactory, showing that the rate of net earnings of the Company has been more than maintained. The dividend to the Ordinary shareholders for the eighteen months in question is, however, only 5 per cent., free of tax, in comparison with 10 per cent., free of tax, for the year 1918/1919. The Directors have, no doubt, adopted this cautious policy in view of the present uncertain trade position and outlook, and are to be commended for their decision. The Company's undivided profits have, however, been substantially increased, a surplus of £510,818 being carried forward while £218,167 only was brought in. Although shareholders may be somewhat disappointed at the small dividend, they will, no doubt, agree that the balance sheet discloses a strong and healthy position.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Company, held on the 11th April, the Chairman, Sir Hallewell Rogers, defended the general policy of the Board and received the unanimous support of shareholders. He intimated that the Company had taken every opportunity of developing their trade, and that special efforts were being made to stimulate their export business, and concluded by stating that the most hopeful element in the present position was that "business men in all countries appear to be awakening their governments to the undoubted truth that the extravagant promises and the fantastic hopes that arose out of the reaction after the war could not be realised in our time."

TRADE TROUBLES.

Some important remarks were made at the recent Ordinary General Meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, by the Chairman, Sir Montagu Cornish Turner, on the decline of the great commercial activity we were enjoying some twelve months ago. In the course of his speech he said :—

> "Some people are inclined to attribute the great collapse to a particular cause, such, for instance, as the imposition of the 60 per cent. excess profits tax. Others attribute it to the vagaries of exchange, or the attitude of labour in bringing about constant strikes It is not quite fair or reasonable to attribute the disaster to any one particular cause. Several causes have come into play. The unsettled state of the world, financial disorder in Central Europe, resulting in the absolute upset of foreign exchanges, lavish expenditure in arms and munitions and various other avenues of unproductive expenditure, and, in this country especially, the ill-advised action of labour in limiting the output to a point which rendered it impossible to compete with other nations."

Dividends and Reports.

Army & Navy Co-operative Society.—Net profit to 22nd January, 1921, £246,047, plus £62,759 brought in. Final dividend recommended of 2s. per share and bonus of 6d., making with interim payment, 3s. 6d. per share. £22,542 carried forward.

Goldsmith's & Silversmith's Company.—Net profit for year ended 31st January, 1921, after providing for depreciation was £49,812, plus £44,903, making £94,715. Final dividend recommended on ordinary shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, making 7½ per cent. £45,182 carried forward subject to Excess Profits Duty.

Val de Travers Asphalte. — Net profits £29,960, plus £5,321 brought in. Dividend of 1s. 9d. per share less tax recommended, making 10 per cent. for year. £8,782 carried forward.

Drapers & General Insurance.—Net premium income for 1920 was £49,943, an increase of £6,616. Total claims paid and outstanding, £26,404, representing 53 per cent. of net premium income. After setting aside £19,997 as reserve for unexpired risks, there remains a balance of £6,618, from which Directors have set aside £3,000 as reserve for investments depreciation, and recommend that balance of £3,618 be carried forward.

Yorkshire Indigo Scarlet & Colour Dyers.—Profit after providing for depreciation of property, plant and machinery, etc., and all other charges was £27,828, plus £6,758 brought in. Dividend recommended of 1s. per share and bonus of 6d. per share on preference shares and dividend of 6d. per share and bonus of 3d. per share on ordinary shares subject to tax.

London Guarantee & Accident Company recommends a final dividend of 5s. 6d. less tax per £1 (fully paid) ordinary share, making 9s. per share for year.

World Marine & General Insurance.—Final dividend recommended of 15 per cent., making 20 per cent., payable 29th April to shareholders registered on that date.

Queensland National Bank.—Interim dividend for quarter ended 31st March, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, payable 19th May to shareholders registered 18th May.

Yorkshire Insurance Company.—Dividend of 9s. per share, free of tax, on fully paid shares, and 4s. 6d. per share on partly paid shares, making 14s. and 7s. respectively for 1920.

London Trust Company.—Dividend on 5 per cent. preferred stock for half-year ended 31st March, and final dividend of 6 per cent. per annum on deferred stock, making 10 per cent.

NEW YORK NOTES.

THE speech of Lord Curzon at the farewell dinner to John W. Davis, U.S. Ambassador to England, in which the Chief of the Foreign Office indicated his intention of selecting a Jew (probably Lord Burnham, Levy-Lawson) as British Ambassador to the United States, has shocked and disgusted many prominent Americans.

In the diplomatic corps, representing many foreign countries, at Washington, there are few Jews holding high-ranking positions. Many Senators and Congressmen are asking why England insists on sending a Jew to represent the chief European Christian country. Did not our President (Harding) manifest his lack of admiration of Jewish talents by refusing the members of the "Chosen People" places in his cabinet ?

Has the "Jewish Government" of England failed to hear of the growing unpopularity of the descendants of Shem, since the many anti-Semitic publications have been circulating widely throughout this vast country? The patriotic propaganda of America's giant patriot, Henry Ford, is reaching millions of people weekly, who are being aroused to an understanding of how, even these United States, a virgin territory, are actually owned, body and soul, by Jews from all over the world. Through scores of other avenues, scarcely less formidable than the *Dearborn Independent*, Mr. Ford's weekly newspaper, the news of the Jew's plan to dominate the entire world is being heralded broadcast. I need mention but a few of the most important. Splendid editions of "The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion" are published by the Small, Maynard Company, of Boston, and the Beckwith Company, of New York City, and both are having very large sales. The Russian Nationalist Society, of 5 Columbus Circle (this city), issues a weekly bulletin, containing up-to-date authoritative information, most of which is alarming, direct from reliable Russian sources. The society has members in and near Russia. The Anti-Bolshevist League, of this city, is doing wonderful work in disseminating the truth regarding the Jewish flavour of the Bolshevist regime.

The National Civic Federation, with branches in every large city of the country, is waging a very effective war against Bolshevism, through its national membership, composed of labour and capital representatives. This organisation does not touch on the Jewish tinge of Bolshevism, but it is none the less doing a great work. In the immediate future a great Christian Alliance is to take up the work of advocating Christian control of the Government, and I look for some heartening and refreshing news for a sad Christian world before many moons have gone.

In the face of all this and much more anti-Semitic propaganda, it is hard to understand how the astute Jewish politicians of England can propose to send to this country a Jewish Ambassador. With feeling as it is at present, and which is growing more acute each hour, I should be surprised if such an appointee on arrival here were not met by a hostile mob of real Americans, and forbidden to land. Public indignation against Jews who would rule the world by ruining Gentile governments, is growing tremendously. Is it the time for Great Britain to send to these shores as Ambassador a member of a despised race ? Surely England has one Christian diplomat who can fill this important post as efficiently as Cecil Spring Rice, whom every real American loved. As a friend of "Merrie Old England," let me advise her to have a care. This is not the time to tamper with the friendship existing between her and America.

It must be evident to every true Englishman that the Jewish octopus is stretching out its "golden talons" to bring about a war between England and America, to divide the English-speaking peoples, and thus destroy the only hope of Gentile government in the world. In "The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion," which book all loyal Nationalists of every country should read, the Jewish plan to divide the people of the nations is referred to frequently. By divisions the nation is weakened, and the "power of gold" in the hands of the Semitic race is calculated to bring the despised race world domination.

Just from the press of Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, ($2.50), is the marvellous volume of Lieut. Boris Brasol of Russia, but now a resident of New York, entitled :—"The World at the Cross Roads." The author, who is an acknowledged student of International politics, clearly shows the nature of the forces behind the momentous activities in nations and politics. He also throws new light on the workings of the Third Internationale. This book should have a wide circulation. The underground work of the organised secret-working Jew is clearly proven. No Christian or Gentile should be without a copy of "The World at the Cross Roads."

I attended a free public meeting last evening given by a new anti-American organization known as The Disarmament League. There were about 1,500 persons present, fully 1,200 of whom were Jews. There were six speakers, three of them women. Five of the six are pronounced Socialists; the remaining one, Father John Ryan, of the Catholic University of Washington, being noted for his leanings that way. The speeches were a pitiful display of weak-mindedness and woeful ignorance. These six insignificant "orators" wanted England and America disarmed first, so that the other nations would have a good example set for them, and would undoubtedly follow suit. Not a word was said as to first disarming the Bolshevists and the Sinn Fein, so that the English-speaking nations might survive. Oh, no! Why? Well, when you learn that Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the Jewish-English woman who visited Lenin and Trotsky to sculp their masks, and enjoyed the gay company of these murderers of Czars and Christian bourgeoisie, was the chief speaker, you will guess the answer. Another speaker was the Rev. John Melish, one of the extremely few radical Episcopal ministers. It is said he was formerly an English Jew, who came to this country, and professing conversion to Christianity became a "Dominican." He is avoided as a plague by the Episcopal ministry as a whole. He was a noted pacifist during the war, and came near being jailed for sedition on several occasions. Another of the speakers was a Socialist professor, also an English Jew. Still another speaker was a Jewess who posed as the President of the Disarmament League. Some one asked her how many members she had in her league, and after some hesitation she replied "26."

So a company of "twenty-six Jews," posing as Americans, are for "disarmament" of the Gentile nations, but not of Soviet Russia.

When one considers world politics one is surprised that a handful of Jews in every country are running the politics. Horthy, who poses as a Protestant Christian, but who, I am told on good authority is a 33 degree mason in the Jewish Consistory of Berlin, and a few of his confrères are able to keep King Charles off his throne in Hungary. The same situation exactly exists as to the Emperor of Germany and the other deposed kings. The main idea, of course, behind the whole affair is to destroy the Christian Church. The Czar was the head of the great Orthodox Church; the Kaiser the head of the great Lutheran Denomination; the Emperor of Austria the representative of the Universal Church in his domain. They have all been put "down and out," so that Jewish masonry may rule the Gentile nations.

The same thing happened to France when the Jewish revolution dethroned her King. And what is France to-day but a Jew-run republic. I am not a Roman Catholic, but my sympathies are with the Christian of any faith, for our civilization will sink or rise as Christianity fails or succeeds. A great tide of feeling toward a return to the practice of the Christian principles, is sweeping these United States, and only the narrow-minded and peanut-brained bigot is opposed to any form of Christianity. In any form it is welcome. We must accept it in some form and unite under the banner of Christ's Holy Name if we desire to defeat the enemy of Gentile civilization and culture.

Our newly-appointed Episcopal Bishop, Dr. Manning, is showing in a clever, subtle way that he thoroughly appreciates how the Semitic race is undermining the morals and character of the Anglo-Saxon race. At a trial show of "The Merchant of Venice," which is soon to be presented to a New York audience, Bishop Manning stated: "I am pleased to see that the character of Shylock has been changed in no detail." The Jews will no doubt be out with one of their "protests" in the next few days.

KNICKERBOCKER.

GOVERNMENT INQUIRIES AND COMMISSIONS IN THE PAST.

DURING the last fifteen years the Government of the country has been in the hands of the professional politican, and, as might be expected, those who go into politics for what they and their friends can get out of it, from time to time take part in transactions which will not bear the light of day, and which require investigation.

Sometimes commissions find, quite properly, that nothing wrong has taken place. There have been honest commissions and enquiries in the past, but only too often they have been little else than whitewashing shams. If the reports are inconvenient, they have been ignored, and the short memory of the public does the rest, as in the case of the Kut Commission.

The Marconi Commission was a pattern which has been repeatedly followed, and Messrs. Handel Booth, late M.P. (who was later mixed up in the Haigh-Gruban affair), and James Falconer showed that, in the eyes of the Radicals and their paymasters, it is quite proper for a member to sign a finding which is contrary to his own personal knowledge and convictions. This same Commission, which prevented the break-up of the Asquith-Lloyd George-Isaacs group of "pocket-liners," showed how useful the correct selection of members could be, the decision in that case, as in other more recent cases, being a foregone conclusion before ever it began to sit.

The notorious Sankey Commission was of the same type, Mr. Lloyd George having given a pledge to the miners beforehand that a majority of members to be selected could be trusted to give a verdict in favour of the miners, regardless of any evidence which might be given. Socialist recommendations were, in fact, drawn up even before the evidence had been terminated.

It was therefore of great importance in the case of "whitewash" inquiries that those who sat should be suitably selected, preference being given to those who could not afford to quarrel with their bread and butter. If public pressure interfered with the selection of members, then a suitable secretary or other official was found; somebody who had an eye to the main chance, who could be most useful, especially when the preliminary dealings with witnesses were concerned. To some men a road to success has been covered with whitewash. An honest chairman may be used to cover up fraud, as it may be said later that, as so-and-so is satisfied, things must be all right, although the person in question may have been hoodwinked, perhaps, by being casually shown something faked or photographed.

In all commissions one of the first things to be done is the fixing of the terms of reference. Those who have a hand in the fixing of the exact wording sometimes know a great deal more about the affairs to be investigated than the man in the street; the scope of inquiry must be restricted, superficially to save time and public expense, often in practice to "save the bacon" of some convenient intermediaries and to shut out evidence.

Then comes a question of procedure. Is the inquiry to be public, or behind closed doors, as in the case of the Colwyn Commission? On oath with legal procedure, or not? A public enquiry is a great safeguard, although the Coalition Press is beginning to select the passages they publish, and a verbatim report in a "White book" is of very small value to the public. The legal rules of evidence tend to force a witness to tell the truth, but if insisted upon regarding documents, they may cut out a large amount of matter that should be disclosed; and the avoidance of circumstantial hearsay cuts both ways. A preliminary sworn declaration is a great advantage, as it tends to prevent witnesses being tampered with.

When it is the real intention that fraud is to be deliberately hushed up, it is most important for the "success" of the proceedings that details of evidence and lists of witnesses should be found out in advance. Witnesses in Government employ can then be got out of the way; some pressing Government business in "Timbuctoo," or they may be told that if they or their relatives appear and give evidence unfavourably to the "powers which ought not to be," their official careers will be ended. This is why witnesses have often failed at the last minute, as in the Douglas-Pennant case; even their solicitors may have been got at.

Prospective witnesses in the past have at times been asked if they wanted to have their names bandied about in the papers; naturally, where "whitewash" is concerned, those who persuade witnesses to keep away have promotion thrust upon them. The class of man who during the war jumped from lieutenant or captain to major or colonel in one night is not anxious to displease the "wanglers in high places." During the last ten years, even comparatively honest men, who were given well-paid jobs as "square pegs in round holes," in order to be dupes of influence, have shown little anxiety to investigate or report on scandals which would show up their own incompetence or ignorance of the work they have undertaken.

Witnesses during preliminary investigations have been asked what documentary proof they have for their evidence; if they have any, they may be jumped on for having it; if they have not, and especially if it is not to be found through the "official channels," they may be told that their evidence is worthless.

The public, in many investigations, ought to have known who some of the witnesses were, their real family names, and their relationships to parties concerned.

In the past it has happened that evidence which could not be shut out through the "terms of reference" is shut out by other means; quantities of irrelevant matter is gone into, everybody gets bored, "hurry up" becomes the "slogan," and then many matters of real importance are shut out. This was very much the case over the notorious Sankey Commission, when, after some commissioners had dishonestly given evidence themselves, a large part of the coalowners' evidence was deliberately shut out; and those interested in mineral rights as a class were refused the facilities of representation by counsel.

In the same Sankey Commission a twenty-years'-old housing report was read as if it were up-to-date, producing a sensation; although it was, for the purposes of the evidence, equivalent to a forged document. In these days of democratic hypocrisy, after such gross deception, naturally nothing was done or said, men producing such "forged" evidence being considered nowadays respectable members of society.

A favourite scheme has been the "red herring" which is ultimately found to be a "mare's nest." Information regarding an interesting side issue comes into the hands of the complaining party, which seems to be conclusive, with "corroborative detail." When it comes before the inquiry it is beaten up into a huge scandal; the "hush-up" Press gives full details, everyone talks about it, and then suddenly it proves to be valueless, the side issue, swelled into a main issue, collapses; the reaction sets the court and the public against the whole thing, and the main matters, which should have been sifted, are smothered in froth and prejudice, and the actually guilty parties escape. This was the course adopted in the Douglas-Pennant affair.

In the Sankey Commission, despite the fact that a High Court Judge presided, members of the Commission were allowed to give evidence themselves, and to decide regarding their own evidence. This grossly unfair procedure, coupled with the shutting out of much relevant evidence, showed the coalowners that a decision in favour of the Bolshevic miners' leaders, and not one based on fact, was the original intention of the Government; the public being left to infer that the members of the Commission in receipt of Government salaries had received their orders in advance.

In the past some of the Government commissions have been nothing less than a farce, and it is to be hoped that in the future the memory of past scandals will enable the proceedings of such bodies to be carried out in an honest manner. The efforts of the Government to force through the Hush-up Star Chamber Inquiries Bill bodes ill for the future, and those who wish to bring scandals to light should keep their eyes open and their powder dry.

THE TAPESTRIES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

An artist has many methods by which he can express himself. As a metal worker, as a painter in oil colours, as an etcher, as an enameller, and so on. And, as the artist Whistler was emphatic in asserting, each method has its particular qualities and its particular limitations.

When a water colour becomes by the technique of the artist very similar to an oil colour, it becomes something else than a water colour. We have wondered at the mosaics in St. Peters, and have been asked to admire them as equalling the brushwork of the oil painter; we have looked at the more modern of the mosaics in St. Mark's, and have been told to admire them for their picture-like qualities; we have had pointed out to us that the charm of a Latona Pastel is that it is as solid as a painting. This is a wholly mistaken idea, and Whistler was undoubtedly right. The charm of the particular medium is lost when any effort is made to force it to express something beyond the scope of its own individual character.

In the remarkable collection of tapestries at South Kensington there is a Salon d'Honneur, and this Salon d'Honneur is admirably hung with magnificent examples from the Gobelin manufactory, woven at the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The place of honour in this hall of honour is given to a piece woven by Jean Jans, from a design by some well-known artist of the time. One is filled with astonishment at it, with admiration as well; but the wonder at the perfection of the weaving and the richness of the somewhat conventional composition of line space and colour certainly exceeds the admiration with which one regards it as a work of art. Here in this piece, "The Wrath of Achilles," Jean Jans, the weaver, has accomplished the task of translating the design of some artist so perfectly that one might almost be deceived into thinking it a painting! It must be remembered that Jean Jans was nothing more nor less than a highly accomplished machine.

The full proof of this, were any proof needed, faces one on the adjoining wall, where four large designs by Pierre Miguard hang, translated into tapestries by his hand.

Perhaps the most beautiful of these is that called "Winter," full of exquisite passages of colour, and singularly unlike, in every other way as well, the powerful "Wrath of Achilles." It is impossible to credit that both are the work of the same hand until one remembers that Jans was only the translating machine, for they are as far apart as is a Rubens from a Puvis de Chavannes.

Now let us see the tapestry belonging to the Cathedral of Rheims. This is a century earlier in date; there is a glimmer of realism, a little indication of the future. Let us walk straight from "The Wrath of Achilles" to "The Perfection of the Virgin." How differently are we moved! Here is a tapestry which aims no farther than to be a tapestry. It does not suggest it is jealous of oil painting; it does not seem to profess to be able to do as well as oil painting; it simply exists as a very beautiful expression of the mind of a tapestry designer interpreted by an efficient weaver.

I imagine that when the ladies of the Court of William the Norman set about the sewing of the Bayeux tapestry, wrongly so named, for it is no tapestry at all, they delighted in the invention of their own designs. These they sewed on the linen, or whatever the material was, improving on the design as they worked it, and thus they became authors, artist designers, and sole creators of the work. I imagine, too, in the earliest days of the loom, the first weavers were their own designers, little patterns appearing as fancy dictated, until the days of the first tapestry, for tapestry is midway between an ordinary textile and embroidery.

How delightfully the pattern or form of the design varies when the designer and craftsman is one and the same! It is this which makes so much of the charm of the old decoration of our churches, the varied work in old metal, and in early precious rugs and carpets. The craftsman should be his own designer, and this is where this fine Gobelin tapestry fails, it has lost the spirit of tapestry. The first false step was made when the craftsman ceased to be his own designer, and the last and most deadly one when the designer ceased to know and apparently to care what tapestry was.

This is the reflection that should guide us as we examine these many treasures at the Museum, and it will not prevent us from appreciating to the full the advantages time had given to the workers of Beauvais and the Gobelin factory in the use of colour and other mechanical aids, but it may serve to make us understand why the older work has a quality so much more beautiful.

J. R. K. D.

INSTINCTS OF THE HERD IN PEACE AND WAR.*

READERS interested in problems of group and individual psychology will welcome the reappearance in up-to-date consolidated form of W. Trotter's work. The first portion originally appeared as essays in 1908 and 1909, but the bulk was written in the autumn of 1915 when the fate of Europe was trembling in the balance. A postscript written in 1919 completes the volume.

Thus the author is fortunate in his rôle of psychologist, having been able to survey and discuss his subject from three points of view and compare the results. He is careful to emphasize the fact that the old, crude, materialistic conception that human behavior is prompted by such obvious instincts as self-preservation, nutrition and sex is no longer sufficient. Man does, as a matter of fact, frequently run counter to these instincts, and though, no doubt, this would have been admitted by psychologists and biologists of the past the point has only comparatively recently been emphasised. What then is the factor that can make man run counter to his primary inherited instincts? It is the herd instinct, and this question forms the subject-matter of the book.

Thus human life represents two constantly warring elements—the individual instinct and the herd instinct—and as civilisation becomes more complex so do each individual and each individual group become more and more dependent on each other. One of the principal dangers of the herd instinct is the obstructive attitude it generally implies to anything in the nature of change, however beneficial. The writer, like others who deal with such subjects, indulges in some gloomy doubts about the future of Civilisation. Under the influence of strong emotion or enthusiasm a society can become unified to a prodigious extent and conquer vast difficulties, but alas! the enthusiasm subsides with the emergency and the bond of unity becomes loosened. Throughout the world's history destructive forces have always been more potent than constructive ones, and the past, strewn with the ruins of Civilisations and half-forgotten Empires, gives ample proof that this is so.

Will human intellect and directive power become sufficiently potent to save the Civilisation under which we live? It may be contested that there are no barbarians sufficiently powerful to break down our present civilisation, but it must be remembered that barbarians can come from within as well as from without. The author is particularly illuminating in his disertation on British and German mentality. Put tersely, he assumes that the herd instinct in Germany is that of the wolf, while that of Britain is modelled on that of the bee, but lest British vanity be unduly flattered he hastens to add that the cult of the bee as a model is very far indeed from having arrived at a realisable form. In one very telling passage he points out that the only way of inspiring wholesome fear and respect in the "wolf nature" is by drastic punishment. "If she (Germany) is allowed to escape under conditions which in any way can be sophisticated into a victory, or at any rate not a defeat, she will continue to hate us as she continued to hate her victim, France." This passage, written in 1915, should give our politicians of the "Be-kind-to-Germany" school pause to think furiously. One might go further still and wonder if the armistice of November, 1918, was not premature. In his summary, written as a postscript, the writer wavers between optimism and pessimism. While not denying that there may be good grounds for hope as regards the future of human society, he nevertheless sees that the "dead hand" of officialdom is as stable and reactive as ever, while the social inspiration of the "common man" has once more dwindled. It may be so, and the writer is at one with many a pilgrim who has trodden the thorny path of sociological research. However, if we take long enough views and can bear in mind what the ages say to the hours we see no reason for discouragement as regards the future of our race.

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* By W. Trotter. (T. Fisher Unwin. Price 8s. 6d. net.)

REVIEWS.

JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, IN BLACK AND WHITE. By E. Channing Matthews. (W. P. Spalding.) 4s. 6d. net.

A charming little volume is here supplied, presenting Jesus College, Cambridge, pictorially and in apposite extracts from authors. And if it be true that "among the pleasant views of other Colleges" in the shop windows at Cambridge Jesus College is not represented as it might be, every lover of the College will be grateful to Mr. Channing Matthews for producing this book, which will go far to supply the deficiency. Queen Elizabeth is said to have spoken of Jesus College in her polite Tudor fashion as lying "too far out of the way." Mr. Matthews brings it near, and does so in a quite alluring fashion. First, we have a pleasant introduction contributed by Mr. Arthur Gray, M.A., Master of the College; and therein find the mention of Mr. Matthews as having used pen and pencil equally successfully, but in the very different sphere of bloodshed and battle, in a previous book. Then we have a series of excerpts containing mention of the College and of black-and-white sketches which illustrate, not only the College, but the fact that in Mr. Matthews John Hassall, R.I., had an apt pupil. A neat little ground plan gives us something of a *coup d'œil* of the subject of the book, and the sketches, which form its main feature, include that of the University Arms, the College Arms, the Master's Lodge, the Founder's Doorway, where, we presume, Bishop Alcock, who founded the College in the Catholic surroundings of 1496, placed the motto, *prosperum iter facias*, the Gate of Entrance, the Master's Lodge, the Courts and Cloisters, the Chapel, the College buildings new and old. It is natural for one so recently returned "as a somewhat battered piece of wreckage to the quiet haven of Jesus College" (as the Master describes him) to give prominence in his book to the long list of those who, in Mr. Arthur Gray's words, "in the studies and playing-fields of the College, and in worship in this Chapel, learned those lessons of self-devotion which—at a call that as Christians and English gentlemen they could not disobey—led them to surrender their lives and all that in life was beautiful and hopeful and dear." The list given is a long one, and the names are recorded on the Cloister wall of the Chapel, to furnish inspiration and example to generations yet to come. The artistic merit of the illustrations makes the book a pleasing one for anyone to have, and, no doubt, it will furnish many an undergraduate with a most treasured adjunct when in future, concerning College times, *hæc meminisse juvabit.*

KIPLING'S SUSSEX. By R. Thurston Hopkins. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Thurston Hopkins is a worshipper of Rudyard Kipling rather than of Sussex, and it is perhaps as well for the title of his book that Mr. Kipling did not make his home in Dorsetshire, or, shall we say, Wessex, for it being already Hardy's Wessex, Mr. Kipling would have appeared at least an interloper. And, of course, concerning Sussex, Sussex was made, Sussex was loved, Sussex was written about, painted and poetised before Rudyard Kipling was "born or thought of." For instance, the old family of the Frewen Aylwards, which is mentioned in Kipling's "Gloriana," consists of Sussex folk that can trace descent from John Frewen, rector of Northiam in 1583. Florence Aylward, the composer of "Beloved, it is Dawn," and so many popular songs, was exercising her gift in Sussex when Kipling was unknown. Kipling stands in the eyes of the great public, not so much as the revealer of Sussex, as the literary ruler of India and the Seven Seas, as Sir Gilbert Parker is of Canada, Sir Rider Haggard of South Africa, or R. L. Stevenson of the islands of the South Pacific. Only Kipling is Kipling, just as Dr. Johnson was Dr. Johnson. And as his name means much, it is not unnatural that the countryside which his later art has touched should be described in book form with illustrations, some of which are reproductions of photographs, some original drawings and some gems of book-illustration reproduced by permission from elsewhere.

Mr. Hopkins does not always date things back as far as they will go. For instance, he quotes the couplet:—

> Turkeys, carp, hops, pickerel and beer,
> Come into England all in one year.

He appends this as the original of the variant:—

> Turkeys, Heresy, Hops and Beer,
> Come into England all in one year.

"However," he says, "the couplets are both erroneous. Pike or pickerel were the subject of legal regulations in the time of Edward I." But pike or pickerel did not come in with Edward I., or why did the Norman invaders call them "luce" or "umber," putting their lordly Norman names on fish of the choicest sort, such as "carp" and "salmon" and leaving eels and dabs and roach to Saxons?

On the other hand, he does not always go back as far as he might do. Speaking of the river Dudwell, which flows at the back of "Bateman's," Rudyard Kipling's home, he remarks:—

> The farmer who once had the Dudwell at the bottom of his garden has more often, in days of flood, his garden at the bottom of the Dudwell.

This may be "an excellent jest," like Bishop Corbet's, but it was not born in this volume. We ourselves heard it from poor Dan Leno's lips over twenty years ago—except that the Dudwell then was the Thames. Perhaps this is straining at gnats, as it might be to complain that Mr. Hopkins' evildoers are "hung" in some parts of the book and "hanged" in others, according, apparently, to the source of the writer's information. The book before us is one which has gathered together information from many sources, and ere we have reached the end of it we have long since got over the prejudice stirred by the title. Mr. Kipling has written well and lovingly of Sussex, but so have other men, and if his name be the greater attraction which draws men to the book, they find in the book itself that Sussex is not only Kipling's, it is Richard Jefferies' Sussex, W. E.

Henley's Sussex, W. H. Hudson's Sussex, R. D. Blackmore's Sussex, as well as the Sussex of Harrison Ainsworth, who wrote several of his novels within a few miles of "Ovingdean Grange"; of Arthur Beckett, Hilaire Belloc, William Blake, Cocker Egerton, Francis Thompson—and a host of others.

Rottingdean, where Kipling first settled in Sussex is associated in some men's minds more with Burne Jones than Kipling. But, after all, Mr. Hopkins was well advised. "Kipling's Sussex" is a more attractive title, with its conjunction of two interesting associations than either would be, taken separately, and Sussex men may feel grateful to him for gathering together so much interesting lore of their native county and bringing back to them memories of its charm, of the downs and the "ship ponds," of the Devil's Dyke, and the Wilmington Giant, of Rye and Winchelsea, of Dimchurch sands and Pevensey Bay, of castles at Pevensey, Bramber or Hurstmonceux, of quaint Sussex churches, of the Song o' the Sussex men. And then, with their reawakened love of their native county, they turn with gratitude towards the author of "Soldiers Three" and "The Recessional," and rejoice that he, after "wonderful mornings of youth in brilliantly lighted lands where everything was possible – and generally done," has felt the charm of Sussex and has added his own powerful pen to the recording of its praise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The natural indignation of the people aganst the strikers tends to suggest the thought that the "labour leaders" should be arrested.

It appears to be a disputed point whether the Triple Alliance is illegal, or acting illegally, or that the prominent agitators could be committed; even if the Alliance, or its actions, is illegal, the long pandering to it by the present Government would make any legal proceedings distinctly Gilbertian; but this is beside the point.

The only question worth considering is: Would any lasting good result? I think not; but I can visualise children and other sight-seers of a later generation being shown the stained glass windows dedicated to the Martyrs, "Saint Bob" and "Saint Frank."

No, Sir, ridicule is a far better punishment for such as these.

No one can convice me that the miner—or any other British working man—is at the bottom of this trouble; I worked with them as a miner in my early youth, and I had some of them in my company during the war.

Who then are the dangerous ones?

They are those who work in the lines of communication between the headquarters of this revolution and the visible puppets in England.

The Company Commander, the Brigade or General Officer may be killed, but the front line carries on, and a new, perhaps better, General directs.

Permanently destroy the lines of communication, then the fighting line starves, and the Commander-in-Chief is impotent. Without these lines of communication these revolutionaries are defeated.

Who are they? What are they?

Look through the *London Gazette* and the names of some of them will be found among the changelings—Wilhelmshon, I beg his pardon, Wilson—his brothers and sometime his sisters. These are a few, not so dangerous, as you and I can deal with them, as we see and know them, especially when they speak.

But there are others we cannot deal with directly, as we very seldom see them; but he, whom I call the Watcher, can and does, if his hands are not tied.

They arrive, few know how or whence, and leave—but not always—in this manner they come and go, and in this manner can they be dealt with.

The expert, intent on committing theft, covers his approach and his entry to the house, likewise his exit; it is, at least, difficult to find, and he takes care to leave no trace of his line of retreat. Often he comes and goes, till at last the Watcher sees him, no one else saw him, nor will he ever be seen again; he came just once too often. His friends, enemies of the Watcher, have no evidence. The thief was just too clever.

The Watcher? Our Secret Service, and this Service alone, as yet, can deal with these lines of communication, till you and I and every British-born give our assistance by urging and enforcing our demands that these lines of communication be utterly destroyed, NOW, not next year or to-morrow, but to-day.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. B. G. COLPOYS.

58 Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

"ANTISEMITISM."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The important letter of Mr. George Pitt-Rivers, in your issue of April 16th, prompts me to suggest a caution in the use of words coined or used by Jews. They nearly all have double meanings, and non-Jews are expected to take them only in the sense in which Jews intend them to be taken. To the non-Jew, the word "Antisemite"—a word coined by Jews expressly to confuse Gentiles—means a person with an antipathy, inborn or acquired, to all the descendents of Shem, and especially to the Jews. But the Jews mean something very different by the term. Any person who refuses to glorify the entire tribe, the Jews call an "Antisemite."

A short time ago I addressed to the *Spectator*, a letter consisting entirely of a few quotations from Jewish writings, without any comment of my own. For this I was dubbed in the Jewish press not merely an antisemite, but "one of the most pestilential of the gang"; a title by which, I can assure my Jewish friends, I am not a little gratified. The Jewish papers are written by Jews for Jews, and if a Gentile takes them at their word, and *in their own sense*, they are, according to the Jews, "Antisemites," although they may be as full of benevolence towards the tribe as the Editor of the *Spectator* or myself.

But—*amicus Judæus at magis amica veritas.* And, after all, it is Truth which is the most deadly "Antisemite" in the Jewish sense. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, an expert in this line, recently said that the one and only art that is native and peculiar to his race is the art of *camouflage*, which was invented by Jacob (or his mother) when he passed himself off as Esau. And the trouble is that the Jew expects you to take his camouflage as fact, and, if you don't, you are an "Antisemite."

Now, when Abraham Gershon, for example, camouflages himself as "Alfred Gresham," or Moses Samuel turns himself into "Samuel Montagu," you are an "Antisemite" if you persist in saying he is a Jew and not an Englishman.

Last year the *Spectator* ventured to remind "English" Jews, that there had been no persecution of Jews in this country for many centuries, and that any Jew in England, who puts "Jew first and Englishman second," was not entitled to complete British citizenship. According to the *Jewish Guardian* (Nov. 5th, 1920) to say this is a most virulent form of antisemitism; in fact, it is worse than progroms! "There are methods of annoyance" (these are its actual words), *so refined in their cruelty as to be worse than actual persecution.*" Thus, according to Jews, for Englishmen to claim England for the English, and to object to a Jew-regime, is rank "Antisemitism."

There is a very urgent need for an English-Jewish dictionary. I do not mean English-Yiddish, but a dictionary giving the different meanings attached to English words by Englishmen and by Jews. Take the word "community," for instance. To the Englishman it implies all the people in the British Isles. To the Jew it means, primarily, all the Jews in the world, and secondly, all the Jews in each country. Then the Jews have not only an alien and secret language of their own in every country which they inhabit, but also a secret meaning attaching to the vernacular of the peoples they live amongst.

An English-Jewish dictionary should be a boon to both Jew and Englishman, as enabling both races the better to understand one another.

Yours, etc.,
J. H. Clarke.

8 Bolton Street, Mayfair.
April 17th, 1921.

Mr. HUGH ROBERTON

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—A London Scot requests me to draw the attention of the London Press to the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Hugh S. Roberton, conductor of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. When this choir visited Galashiels in the autumn of last year two performances were given, and at the close of neither was the National Anthem played or sung. When asked if he intended to finish the programme with the singing of "God Save the King," Mr. Roberton made the following impudent reply—"Why? Is he ill?" As editor of the *Border Standard* I severely reproved Mr. Roberton for such unseemly conduct, and suggested that if this heaven-inspired musical genius would cultivate a little less love of music and a trifle more love of manners he would be taking a wise course. I thought that Mr. Roberton would take the line of repentance and reform, but my London Scot correspondent informs me that at a concert given by the Orpheus Choir in the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, on Saturday, 9th inst., the National Anthem was not played until my correspondent entered a protest and shouted for "The King." It is to the credit of the audience that they sang the National Anthem with the greatest fervour, and thus showed their disgust of Mr. Roberton's bad taste. As there is no more patriotic, loyal and fearless newspaper published in this country than Plain English I trust that you will have something to say on this matter, especially as many of these much-boosted choirs, which are largely composed of plotters against the throne, make a point of refusing to sing the National Anthem.

In conclusion allow me to thank you for the very great public service you have rendered by your constant exposure of the forces for evil that are at work in our midst. I am very glad to see that the proceedings instituted by you against the publishers of "The Autobiography of a Child" have resulted in the copies of this disgraceful book being destroyed. To such a pass has criticism and reviewing come nowadays that but for your prompt and timely action this obscene book would probably have commanded a large circulation and poisoned the minds of many of its readers.

With all good wishes for the success of your fearless paper,

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
W. Sorley Brown,
Editor, *Border Standard.*

Galashiels.
April 13th, 1921.

SARCASM!

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—On referring to your issue of the 19th ult., I read a letter on a very important national question. I am a busy man, and hence the letter escaped my notice. Is it too late to refer to it again?

Mr. Hugh Blake refers to "Public School Snobbery" in the abstention of pupils of the better-known Public Schools from the recent Boxing Championship Competitions. I wish to point out his mistakes. We will assume for the moment that the etiquette of the ring is quite *au fait;* that the judges and referee are all "square" (I do not suppose the abstainer, Public Schools, finds fault with *that!*) The fault must be in the nature of the sport itself.

We heard quite recently in the Press, the remarks of a head-master (I think he was) of Eton (was it not Dr. Weldon?) who very rightly called boxing a brutal pastime. He was referring to the Becket-Carpentier "fight." I maintain that it is a duty the Public Schools owe to all the sense of propriety and good appearance, that anything in the nature of coarseness should be discouraged. Remember, these young fellows at Eton are embarking upon a period of tuition, which will lead the best of them eventually to our Hereditary and Elective Chambers of Legislation of the Country.

We know how important—more than ever!—it is to show that a gentleman is a gentleman. We depend a good deal on the fine discriminating taste of a large number of the electorate who are refined ladies; and the spectacle of a brutal fellow—as sometimes these coarse pastimes of Rugby football and boxing leave their ugly mark "of the beast" on the person of whoever lowers himself to that degree—is indeed a thing to be avoided among those who count their whole future at stake in the nature of the early training, which is going to develop the promise of their lives.

It is not "snobbery!" It is elegance and good taste. Are there not plenty of directions in which the muscles may find magnificent play, without dragging in the distressing sacrifice of a man's personal appearance into the business?

The Ancient Romans were the fine flower of patrician culture; and they give us an example. It was at that battle between Pompey (?) and the Roman Cæsar—or was it Philippi?—where the patrician lads were exhorted to guard their Roman features from the nasty stab of the short sword of the veteran legionaries who opposed them, that we saw the real Roman at his best; it gives us a picture of the right good Roman spirit which deserved the empire, which the elegant eagles obtained. Of course, elegance embraces the matter of dress. It is sad to think. that this was forgotten at Lord's some year or two ago—you remember? When the good old English sport of the "bear-gardens" was added to those of the "playing-fields" to help our sprightly youth in the "winning of battles." Dress!—the glorious top-hat was smashed. However, this can be replaced; but a beautiful face *never!* Our exteriors are of inestimable benefit to the nation of English gentlemen.

I am moved to this piercing lamentation when I think of what mothers and head-masters will think of the story I will tell them, that came under my personal notice:—

> "A little boy (as he was some years ago) had the misfortune to own a male parent who took no pride in the little fellow's perfect, classical features, beautiful blue eyes and fair hair, and rosy complexion.
>
> "It annoyed the parent, whose dearest wish was to see that nose broken before the lad was in his 'teens. I recently saw the lad again. His nose was not in the straight—not plumb-line perpendicular from his Greek forehead. A little bird told me—because the boy himself would not discuss the details—that the tragedy occurred in a stand-up fight with a taller and heavier opponent. A disgraceful exhibition of fisticuffs ended in the 'pretty boy' being 'top dog.' I hate to use these un-gentlemanly expressions about the lad, as his father wants to put his boy into a Highland regiment when he is grown up. He is now so far disfigured that he will only be fit for the ranks.
>
> "I am told he has lost his main asset for favourable notice with the real authorities, who can judge whether a man is a gentleman or not—I mean the ladies, of course. And that is everything in these days. To think that so fair prospects should be shadowed by an

injury to that perfect sun-dial of a face, which betokened the spring-day of his life."

Weep, O Head-Masters!
Weep, all ye Nymphs and Naiads!

Yours truly,
MORALIST.

London,
April 17th, 1921.

PSYCHO-LOGY AND -ANALYSIS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR, -So the *Pall Mall Gazette*, having waddled out of its American millions into the cash of Scotland, does not think London's Lord Mayor is qualified to deal with common obscenity when such obscenity masquerades under the name of Science. It looks very much as if the *Pall Mall Gazette* under its "Weird" new ownership (bad joke perpetrated to fit the minds accustomed to the *P.M.G* — if the Editor wants to be particularly considerate he can "cut" it) was not qualified to deal with the English language, for the meaning of the word "science" stretched wide enough to include "The Autobiography of a Child" would include the offences of every "drunk" and wife-beater in every court in England.

Since its introduction by a German resident in Vienna called Freud. Psycho-analysis has become a veritable harbour of refuge for everybody with a perverted or filthy mind. Freud decided, upon no authority but his own, that the sub-conscious self is wallowing perpetually in a mire of sexual filth and called his conclusion Psycho-analysis, which shows that Freud knew as much about the meaning of the two words as the *Pall Mall Gazette* knows about "science."

Consequently two perfectly harmless though hardly harmonious words have come to have a particularly unpleasant meaning in some very-pseudo-scientific circles.

Psycho-analysis bears exactly the same relation to Psychology as Surgery does to Osteology or Medicine to Anatomy, and just as no sane man would place his aching tummy in the charge of a doctor who did not know something about what a well tummy ought to be, or his broken leg in the hands of a surgeon who did not know something about a whole one, so no sane man will accept views about minds or souls, which you will, from a ballad writer whose friend admits that he is abnormal, and whose book stamps him as morbidly unpleasant.

To write a book on ozone it is necessary to live elsewhere than in a sewer, and to write a book about minds or souls, even your own, it is necessary to have at least some experience of minds that are healthy. In a properly constituted state the utterances of Cyril Scott and his shameless witnesses would be enough to put him and them under restraint; in an ideal state they would be given single tickets to a lethal chamber.

Psychology is an old, honoured, much-practiced, and, so far as it has been able to go, a very exact science. The reason why it has not been able to go very far, and it has done no more than scratch the surface of its subject, is that it spends its time attempting the impossible, trying to put a quart into a pint mug, to measure the mind with its own powers. On to this very reputable and salutary study has been foisted by Freud, like a flea on to the back of a horse, a system which he has called Psycho-analysis, which is no more than the typically Teutonic justification of a filthy mind by laws which neither he nor anybody else understands.

As Psychology treats of the normal or healthy mind or soul, Psycho-analysis ought to treat of the soul that is diseased. In doing so it would be obviously the work of a trained psychologist who in his treatment would know at least what he was aiming at. As a matter of fact, though it is practised legitimately and well by many very good and reputable doctors, it has become the happy hunting ground of freaks and degenerates, of short-haired women and long-haired men, of beings abnormal in every way, in dress and in deportment, in aspect and in outlook, and they have made of it an excuse for their own abnormalities.

Obviously the Lord Mayor's Court is the place to deal with such people. Their judgment, and let us hope their chastisement, is and ought to be in the hands of normal, sane, common-sense folk, who will treat their disease with consideration in much the same way as they treat syphilis and leprosy.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
WAMBY.

April 16th, 1921.

LABOUR AND THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The insidious designs of Extreme Labour upon the funds of the great Co-operative Societies have not much interest for the man in the street because he does not appreciate their significance, in pointing out which you would be doing a real service not only to co-operative members but to every soul in the country except the hot heads.

It is perfectly well known that trade unions, take them *en bloc*, are not so financially healthy as they have been at the time of previous industrial upheavals. In fact, more than one of the great unions is reputed to have in its coffers not more than a week's full "strike" pay. In these circumstances Extreme Labour has for long cast covetous eyes on the swelling bank balances of the co-operative Societies. To gain control of that wealth would be a real *coup* for Extreme Labour, which would then—in spite of the fact that the co-operative constitution does not permit its funds to be devoted to political purposes—have control of funds which would be of enormous value at this juncture in the distribution of propaganda the aim of which—there is no sort of doubt about it—is red revolution.

During the last transport strike one Co-operative Society in the South of England, which has been "captured" by Extreme Labour, had made complete arrangements for the cornering of the food supply; strikers alone were to be fed, while all others of us were to have food withheld from us. It is patent that this Bolshevist scheme would provide a weapon which could starve the nation into any demand, however outrageous, which the strikers put forward. Is that interesting point generally realised?

An amalgamation of two large London Co-operative Societies takes effect next September, when the joint concern will have a capital fund of nearly a million and a half sterling. If Extreme Labour had a swamping vote in the control of that trust, I shudder to think what malign influence could be exerted.

Unless co-operators wake up to the danger—their indifference to-day springs from ignorance and want of thought—they will find their funds used for an illegal purpose; a purpose which, when all is said and done, has no other meaning than the overthrow of their and our constitution.

So far no editor has seen fit to utter a warning note, and PLAIN ENGLISH might do worse than take a lead in the matter.

Your obedient Servant,
NIGEL LISTER.

24 Arkwright Mansions,
Hampstead, N.W. 3.
April 13th, 1921.

JEWISH WORLD-DOMINATION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Your New York correspondent "Knickerbocker" seems in this week's Notes nearly to have scored a "bull's-eye." He implies that the Jews are able, through their control of financial credit, to dominate the world.

It may be a long time before "masters" and "men" are aware that there is no real quarrel between them, but that the actual satan is another, the Jewish banker, who, to use a borrowed metaphor, diverts the flow of money for the evil purpose of feeding his own gross paunch, and leaves the nations of the world anæmic.

I do not think it is necessary for those who would obtain a key to this problem, how to destroy the power of our Jewish taskmasters, to go so far afield as America, and there to seek admittance to a secret society, for the matter has already been fully ventilated at home.

Major Douglas, R.A.F., and Mr. Arthur Kitson have both discussed this subject in England, and have each arrived at an identical solution: the first, in "Credit, Power and Democracy" (Palmer); the other, in articles recently published in the *Times* Trade Supplement.

I would earnestly bring your attention to the enclosed, which will, I hope, stimulate an attention that my own deficiencies might deny.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
HENRY SPIERS.

5 Powis Cardens,
Bayswater, W.
April 13th, 1921.

OSTARA.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The correspondence in your PLAIN ENGLISH *re Ostara* rather tickles me. It proves up to the hilt that your correspondents appear as babes in the wood, viz., in the anti-Jewish question. I am convinced to state the truth when asserting that Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels (who happens to be not a Belgian, but a German-Austrian) is a Roman Catholic priest. The principles advocated by Dr. Von Liebenfels are the absolute contrary to what Nietzsche says—Nietzsche was not a Pole, but a German. Nietzsche was the personified anti-Christ, and few have done a greater service to Jewry than he. Not for nothing the pan-Jewish press sang hymns of praise to Nietzsche, because he destroyed Christianity. But of course, he has some truth in his doctrines, and the wrong is so cleverly hidden, that the endless stream of reading sheep fails to detect where truth ends and lie begins. The greatest lie is always a statement "generally quite correct" but which is just missing only the dot on the letter "i" in the word "quite"! It seems to me the great merit of Dr. Lans von Liebenfels, that he peeled what is true and good in Nietzsche (and that is pretty little) out from the thick padding of lies and falsehood and that he cleaned off some of the Jew raised vapours which did not permit a free look on real Christian Christianity. Though I am a strong Lutheran, I admire Dr. Lans von Liebenfels' work and I dare say that he made me a true Christian. There is nothing pagan about him; but he does not mince his words about the Jews. Liebenfels is to my knowledge the first to prove that a true Christian is born a Christian—only Aryans, Indo-Germanic and Germanic races can be true Christians, whilst bastards and half-Jewish mongrels never can be real Christians. It is not easy to follow Liebenfels through the bewildering maze of his writings, but it is worth while to do so for any to get clearness about THE query of queries, viz., the Jew. As the race question is an eminently metaphysical qnestion, too, Dr. Liebenfels explains the appearing (but not really existing) differences between the race and the creed. I also believe that his writings are printed with the episcopal "Imprimatur."

I am, Sir, your interested subscriber and obedient servant,
KURT KERLEN.

Ostseebad Zingst,
Pommern, Germany.
April 11th, 1921.

After having written above, I read Lillie C. Hosie's letter *re* Asylums. "Mental deficiency is pre-natal" she says. Quite right—a Christian is born; he has become a Christian by the birth of his parents already!

K. K.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOCIAL.

MAN'S DESCENT FROM THE GODS.—By Anthony M. Ludovici. (Heinemann. 14s. net.)
DIPLOMACY REVEALED. By E. D. Morel. (National Labour Press. 5s.)
ROYAL ROMANCES AND TRAGEDIES. By Charles Kingston. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)
A PRISONER OF THE REDS. By Francis McCullough. (Murray. 18s. net.)
KARL MARX AND MODERN SOCIALISM. By F. R. Slater, M.A. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1815-1914. By J. H. Clapham. (Cambridge University Press. 18s. net.)

LITERATURE.

VANESSA AND HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH JONATHAN SWIFT. (Selwyn & Blount. 7s. 6d. net.)
KIPLING'S SUSSEX. By R. Thurston Hopkins. (Simpkin. 12s. 6d. net.)
WALT WHITMAN. By Will Hayes. (Daniel. 4s. 6s. net.)

POETRY.

LYRA MUTABILIS. By Morley Roberts. (Blackwell. 5s. net.)

NOVELS.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS. By "Sabretache" of the *Tatler.* (Odhams. 8s. net.)
SHASTOR OF THE WOLVES. By Olaf Baker. (Harrap. 6s. net.)
THE POISONER. By Gerald Cumberland. (Grant Richards. 9s. net.)

FICTION.

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE. By Margaret Lockyer. (Duckworth. 8s. 6d. net.)
MR. DIMOCK. By Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. (Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)
THE LURE OF THE HONEY BIRD. By J. Weedon Birch. (Heath Robinson. 7s. 6d. net.)
THE WILD GOOSE. By Gouverneur Morris. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. net.)
THE EUROPEANS. By Henry James. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
MY ORIENT PEARL. By Charles Colton. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)
ROUMANIAN STORIES. Translated by Lucy Byng. (Lane.)

DRAMA.

PLAYS. By W. E. Henley. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

A JACOBEAN LETTER WRITER. By E. P. Statham. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)
UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES. By E. T. Raymond. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
AUTHODOXY. By Alan Handsacre. (Lane. 5s. net.)
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THOMAS. By Will Hayes. (Daniel. 3s. net.)
A NEW BOOK ABOUT LONDON. By Leopold Wagner. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING. By J. Ward. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)
TRIAL OF LORD LOVAT. Edited by D. N. Mackay. (Hodge. 10s. 6d. net.)
TRIAL OF THE WAINWRIGHTS. Edited by H. B. Irving. (Hodge. 10s. 6d. net.)
SIGURD, OUR GOLDEN COLLIE. By Catherine Lee Bates. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)
THEOU SOPHIA. By H. E. Sampson. (Rider. 8s. 6d. net.)

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PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 42.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] APRIL 23, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interest of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government.
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall of stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Copies of "Plain English" for the above dates will be forwarded to any address post free for 7d. each. Remittances should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38 Great Ormond Street, W.C. 1.

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WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

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Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion

THE BOLSHEVIST BIBLE.

On May 8th, 1920, the *Times* published an article on "The Jewish Peril," which it called "A Disturbing Pamphlet: a Call for Inquiry." Since then in a series of articles commencing July 12th, the *Morning Post* has published a very exhaustive "inquiry," under the title of "The World Unrest: Behind the Red Curtain." The Protocols the writer very fitly names "THE BOLSHEVIST BIBLE."

Of course, Jews, orthodox and unorthodox alike, have denied the authenticity of the Protocols, and have called them a forgery. But in that case the forger must have been a super-forger, and a Jew; for no other forger could have been able not only to *forge the prophecies*, but also to *secure their fulfilment!* The *facts* are, unfortunately for us Goyim, anything but forgeries.

As the *Times* writer says, no one can fail to recognise Soviet Russia in the Protocols, and no one can deny that the Commissars of the Soviets are nearly all Jews. The writer goes on: "Whence comes the uncanny note of prophecy, prophecy in part fulfilled, in parts far gone in the way of fulfilment? Have we been struggling these tragic years to blow up and extirpate the secret organisation of German world dominion only to find beneath it *another more dangerous* because *more secret?* Have we, by straining every fibre of our national body, escaped a "Pax Germanica" only to fall into a "PAX JUDÆICA"?

It is incumbent on every loyal Briton to procure and study this book in the light of events at home and abroad. He will then know something of what The Jewish Peril is, and will decide for himself if Jews of any description are to be trusted in the government of this or any other Christian country.

3/- Net, by Post 3/2.

THE JEWISH PERIL: Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

SECOND EDITION.

To the Secretary,
"THE BRITONS," 62 Oxford St., London, W. 1.

Please send me........................*cop*............*of*

THE JEWISH PERIL, for which I enclose......
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Life and Letters	343	New York Notes	351
What is a Gentleman?	346	The Scottish Language......	351
Plans for Revolution.........	347	Tapestries at Sth Kensington	352
Finance and Stock Notes ...	349	Coal and Railways............	352
Paris Notes	350	Correspondence................	355
		Books Received................	358

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Our Suppressed Article.

We announced last week that the leading article, "The Art of Empire-Wrecking," which was suppressed from our issue of April 16th by our late printers, the Fleetway Press Ltd., would shortly be issued to all our subscribers. At the time of writing those words we had made arrangementh with the "Britons," of 62, Oxford Street, to reproduce the article in the form of a pamphlet. Later, however, we realised that the subject matter of the article was of such immediate topical interest that the delay which its issue by the "Britons" would have caused should be avoided. Accordingly we printed the article last week under the heading "Communists and Weathercocks."

We purposely omitted to mention to our new printers that this article was the article which the Fleetway Press, for reasons best known to itself, refused to print, because we wished to establish (as we have now done beyond dispute) the fact that the article in itself was just as proper an article to appear in PLAIN ENGLISH, and just as incapable of being questioned in a *bonâ-fide* manner, as any leading article that has ever appeared in this paper since it was founded. We leave it to our readers to draw their own conclusions as to the motives for the unprecedented action taken by the Fleetway Press, an action which might have resulted in wrecking PLAIN ENGLISH and which did, in point of fact, involve those responsible for the production of the paper in the greatest possible difficulties and cause very grave damage and loss. Naturally we could not allow the printers who had inflicted such a wanton injury on us any more scope for possible further activities in the same direction. In consequence we were obliged to find a new printer at not much more than twenty-four hours' notice. No less than five firms of printers refused to take the contract of printing the paper, though our yearly payment to our printers runs into more than two thousand pounds.

Our friends the learned Elders of Zion were not altogether, it seems, "talking through their hats" when they announced a month or two ago that they were going to stop the publication of PLAIN ENGLISH. They appear to have at least had a pretty good try! But "in vain is the net spread before the eyes of them that have wings."

The "Morning Post" Reveals Itself Again.

The *Morning Post* unashamedly continues to propagate its campaign of deliberate lying about the situation in Ireland. Although it is perfectly well aware, and cannot even attempt to deny, that at least 80 per cent. of the victims of the Sinn Fein murder gang have been Catholics, it still (in its issue of Wednesday last) goes on repeating its remarks about "an Irish Saint Bartholomew." By this absurd phrase it intends to convey that Protestants in Ireland are being massacred by Catholics, and that the object of Sinn Fein is to wage a "religious war" against those Irishmen who are not Catholics. This is a malignant lie. For as we have repeatedly pointed out, and as the *Morning Post* itself is bound to admit, the people who are being murdered in Ireland are nearly all good Catholics, whereas the Sinn Fein murderers choose to call themselves Catholics, just as the late Charles Peace might have described himself as a "Bible-Christian," but in reality they are Catholics in name only, and are condemned by their own Church.

The late Robert Ross, for whom the *Morning Post* always exhibited such a remarkable tenderness, was a Catholic in the same sense as the Sinn Fein murderers are Catholics. The late lamented Dr. Crippin was a Catholic, and any scoundrel or ruffian in the world can call himself a Catholic if he likes, and can in fact become one, but if he then goes about murdering other people who happen to be good Catholics, the *Morning Post*, if it wishes to retain what little reputation for honesty and straightforwardness it still enjoys, must not describe his activities as "Religious persecution of Protestants."

Elsewhere in the same issue of the *Morning Post*, we get its views about the result of the trial of Archdeacon Wakeford. It is scarcely necessary to say that the *Morning Post* is all for the Archdeacon. This is what it says about the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council:—

> And now a word as to their judgment. It might be thought presumptuous, as it is certainly useless, to question it. But it may be permitted, at least, to point out that in almost every paragraph and at every point their Lordships seem to have been assailed by so many doubts and perplexities that the ARCHDEACON might have been given—not in charity, but in justice—the benefit of one of them. Having regard to the conflicting nature of much of the evidence, it is safe to say that many persons will still not unreasonably retain their faith in the appellant's innocence.

Here, then, we get the *Morning Post's* views as to the value of a verdict given first of all by the Consistory Court and then confirmed, after an exhaustive review of the evidence, by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Its value, according to the *Morning Post*, is absolutely nil. All the judges are wrong, and the *Morning Post* knows better and thinks it a great pity that the Archdeacon was not acquitted. As a matter of fact, the charges against this singularly unpleasant Anglican parson who has tried to shift the burden of his guilt on to a whole company of innocent witnesses, and who still has the effrontery to go on calling on the public for "a few more thousands," were established up to the hilt by an overwhelming weight of evidence. It is quite obvious that both the Consistory Court and the Privy Council Committee would have been only too delighted to let him off if they could. But in face of the evidence they were utterly unable to arrive at any other conclusion than that which they both reached. To acquit the Archdeacon would have been to convict a dozen independent witnesses of calculated villainy and wilful perjury, for which there was neither opportunity nor the shadow of a motive. If we were to acquiese in the brushing aside of the verdict of two courts by such organs of opinion as the *Morning Post*, we might as well make up our minds to do away with the law courts altogether, and leave all questions of innocence and guilt to be decided *ex cathedrâ* by General Ivor Maxse and Lady Bathurst.

Propaganda.

The following extract from a letter sent by a lady to the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH is distinctly instructive:—

> "———— — was dining with Mrs. ———— a few evenings ago with the 'Poet's Club' members at a restaurant in Soho. 'Many of the poets.' he writes, 'read their own latest efforts or effusions, and *entre nous*' I think it was mostly rubbish.
>
> ". . . . . There was a big number of Jews and Jewesses, and I was sardonically amused to hear a man describe PLAIN ENGLISH as a 'most vile rag.' The man in question arrived with Gilbert Frankau, 'the famous novelist and poet.'"

It is interesting to note that Mr. Gilbert Frankau, "the famous novelist and poet" (save the mark!), the author of "One of Us" and "One of Them," is the gentleman who has been "specially selected" by the Committee of Members of both Houses of Parliament who are "combating the revolution," as a writer of "propaganda."

We quite admit that what Mr. Frankau doesn't know about a certain class of "propaganda" isn't worth knowing. But on the other hand, if we had to choose between the revolution and the country "saved" by Mr. Frankau, we would vote for the revolution every time.

The Duke of Northumberland speaks out.

On Thursday last the Duke of Northumberland, speaking at the annual meeting of the South Kensington Conservative Association, exposed the conspiracy working behind the attempted strike of the Triple Alliance. The Duke quoted chapter and verse from the Red International organisation, and showed how, consciously on the part of the leaders and unconsciously on the part of the rank and file, the Labour Movement has become an agent of German finance, whose purpose is our destruction economically, morally and as a nation. The Duke of Northumberland said:

> The miners' strike and the attempt to extend it to the Triple Alliance was an attempt which, if realised, would have meant, and was intended to mean, revolution. The real origin and purpose of the strike remain a sealed book to most Englishmen.
>
> The first fact to realise is that we have in our midst to-day a powerful enemy organisation, working for our destruction. This enemy organisation is known as the Red International of Moscow. It is controlled by a body of Russian and Jewish adventurers, whose purpose is the abolition of all law, order, morality and religion throughout the world; in fact, the destruction of civilisation. In order to achieve this purpose, the first aim is the complete overthrow of the British Empire, because that is the principal bulwark of law and order in the world.

The speech made by the Duke of Northumberland at the South Kensington Conservative Association, and reported in full by the *Morning Post*, consisted, as a matter of fact, of all the important parts of his contributions to the *Sunday Times*, which that journal, under its new control, calmly cut out because they conflicted with the imbecilities of Mr. H. G. Wells, who, elsewhere in its columns, was expressing his willingness, for a consideration, to oblige the community by "re-writing the Bible." The *Sunday Times*, by adopting this incredibly foolish course of action, has definitely committed itself to the wrong side. It stands now, once for all, for H. G. Wells and his "gospel," and those of its numerous readers who look upon Mr. Wells' views with disgust and contempt can only show their feelings by ceasing to read the paper. The *Sunday Times* will then get the kind of circulation it deserves and appears to be asking for and all parties will, we suppose, be satisfied.

Sir Richard Burton on Ritual Murder.

"Murder will out," as the saying is, and in spite of al Jewry's efforts to suppress the facts of ritual murders, they cannot be hidden. From a great personal friend of Sir Richard Burton, who was with him in Damascus, we are able to state that in the suppressed manuscript, to which we made reference last week, among other events narrated there is reference to the murder of a Catholic priest, the French Curé, Père Thomas. This saintly man was murdered at Damascus in 1840. Fortunately, besides Sir Richard Burton's record, the facts are given in full detail in the sixth chapter of *Le Juif, le Judaïsme et la Judaïsation des Peuples Chrétiens*, by Gougenot des Mousseaux. In this book a very full account of the trial of the culprits is given. The evidence was so overwhelming that the culprits confessed and a conviction was obtained. The French Consul on behalf of the French Government demanded that the Turks should execute the criminals. And what happened? "The Jews of Europe uttered loud cries, not against the murderers but against their victim, against the French Consul, against Justice! Worthy of the noble country he represented the Consul of France did his duty, in spite of the Jews' offers, promises and threats. The Jews demanded of the French Government the Consul's punishment and dismissal for interfering in the case! They offered enormous sums to employees of the French Consulate to steal or suppress all letters and reports of the trial." But the attempt to suppress the truth was all in vain, because the record stood and was shown to Sir Richard Burton. Yet the influence of the Jews was such that the assassins of Père Thomas were rescued from the sentence of death pronounced by the Turkish Government. Money played the principal part in the affair, the Jews of all countries sending subscriptions. Moses Montefiore, of London and Crémieux, founder of *L'Alliance Israelite Universelle*, went to Damascus and bribed Ibrehim Pasha, the Governour. But the facts remained on record, and it was not until after Sir Richard Burton had thoroughly investigated and written his own report of the case that the Jews in London, learning of his activities, secured his recall from Damascus. When Sir Richard Burton's successor arrived in Damascus with authority to take over the Consulate, Sir Richard said in the presence of a gentleman still living, "I knew from the moment that I discovered the truth of the death of the French priest, my dismissal was certain."

The blood of Père Thomas, for the sake of obtaining which the murder was committed, and which was found carefully preserved in a sealed vessel, mysteriously disappeared and has never been traced.

The Irish Elections.

The Times is making a vigorous effort to persuade the Government to postpone the election for the Parliament of Southern Ireland.

It endeavours to confuse the issue, and assures its readers that the election will be fought out as between the "Black and Tans" and the Irish people.

The truth is that when the election takes place the electors will have to choose between an acceptance of the parliament for which they have clamoured at intervals during the past century, or the policy of murder and outrage. If they reject the chance of self-government which is offered to them, they will stand before the world as a people incapable of governing themselves; and more than that, they will enable those who have no love for them to point out that they are in reality a race of spoiled children, whose proper place is an international nursery, directed by a firm and intelligent nurse.

Who has not seen a spoiled and naughty child reject with disdain the very object for which he has been howling?

When Sinn Fein decides for crime instead of a Constitution, the task of settling the Irish question will be an easier matter.

Fools (and Knaves) rush in . . . .

It is comforting to observe the effect produced in certain high places by our leading article of last week, "Communists and Weathercocks." And when it is understood that this article is the article which our former printers refused to print, some light will be shed upon the forces which lay behind that refusal.

We congratulate Mr. Lloyd George and his friends upon the energy which they displayed in trying to keep dark the facts which our "suppressed" leading article contained; and we feel disposed to congratulate them on the wisdom with which they have accepted the revelation of those facts.

In the course of our statement we said:—

> His first effective move in the Communist game was the passing of the Trades Dispute Act, which granted to Trade Unions "rights" which no other corporation possesses. The object of this Act was to tie the hands of the police, and allow the extremists to arrange for gross intimidation of workers who refused to strike when ordered. The extremists immediately decided to test the value of this weapon which had been put into their hands, but to test that value in an industrial centre as far as possible from England, lest the British public might become alarmed. Having chosen Belfast as a place for the test, the notorious Jim Larkin was sent over to prepare the ground. It was decided to involve a body of workmen whose occupations would enable the extremists to stretch to their furthest limits the powers which they possessed under the Act. So a strike of transport workers was declared. That is to say, all persons engaged in the handling of goods were called out. Naturally, a great many workers ignored the call, and then the test came. Carters were subjected to "peaceful picketing." Men, under the eyes of the police, mounted moving vehicles and intimidated the drivers. In some cases violence was used, and a good deal of property was destroyed. From the standpoint of a trade dislocation the strike was a success; but from the standpoint of a trade dispute it was a complete failure, because the employers held out, and refused to be intimidated. The strike was organised and led by the Bolshevist, Jim Larkin, and when it was over he presented his report to the extremists in London, Glasgow, and Dublin. His associate, James Connolly, then carried out a similar strike in Dublin; but that failed, though it was supported financially by the interested Trade Unions in Great Britain.
>
> From these tests the extremists gained much information of value to themselves; and to make the strike weapon effective as an empire-wrecker, it was decided that the dispute must involve the Government itself.
>
> Plans were laid for a general strike under what is now known as the Triple Industrial Alliance, and an understanding was arrived at whereby the Government would intervene in the person of a certain knight bearing the name of Askwith.

Sir George Askwith (now Lord Askwith) was appointed Chief Industrial Commissioner in the year 1911; and we are prepared to accept his assurance that he was unaware of being a knight in Lloyd George's Communist game. But a knight, of the chess variety, he undoubtedly was; for he jumped from one place to another, over the heads of employers of labour, and rushed into any and every industrial dispute. No doubt, good easy man, he felt that he was doing great things; and in a sense he was, for by interfering in labour disputes, he dragged the Government with him.

Now, in the light of our revelations of last week, he sees the part which he innocently played in making a path upon which Lloyd George could tread for the degradation of his high office; and he proceeds to shake himself free of the Lloyd George gang of Communists by writing two columns for the *Evening Standard*.

In the course of his article, Lord Askwith says:—

> It is ludicrous that the Prime Minister and the Ministers of the Crown should be continually involved in settling industrial disputes. What a legacy they are leaving to their successors! Instead of doing their ordinary Parliamentary and administrative work—which in all conscience is heavy enough—are they to be drawn off by sudden industrial disturbances to determine wages, hours, and "pools"?
>
> The proposition has only to be stated to see that the machinery is all wrong. If the principle is persisted in the appeals to Ministers will become more and more frequent. They had better vacate their posts and at once form themselves into an industrial court, and leave their offices to be run by their permanent officials. At present there can be no continuity in the policy of their work.

Perhaps the plotters in high places will realise that permanent suppression of the truth is impossible. You may put off the publication of an article for a week; and you may set up a printer's boycott against a fearless paper; but there is sufficient patriotism left in this country to ensure the publication of vital facts.

Perhaps the time is not far distant when Mr. Lloyd George will realise that in rushing into labour disputes, he has not been a free agent. He is a clever man; but in this matter we are disposed to call him a fool rather than a knave.

In the political puppet-show those who pull the strings are out of sight.

A Dangerous Game.

Lord Derby, after declaring that the latest recruit for the Conservative ranks was Mr. Lloyd George, had a consultation with the Prime Minister, and set out for Dublin under the name of "Mr. Edwards."

In visiting Dublin, on behalf of Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Derby is merely following his predecessor, Mr. Austin Harrison. Mr. Harrison spent some time in Ireland in 1917, and placed in all the Irish papers a series of inexplicable advertisements, which mainly consisted of quotations from the Irish press. The amount of money spent in this way was incredible.

Beyond the fact that Mr. Harrison poured money about like water, and seemed eager to entertain Sinn Fieners at the Shelbourne Hotel, nothing could be discovered regarding the motives which lay behind his conduct until, by a fortunate chance, a telephone wire was tapped, and Mr. Harrison was found to be in daily conversation with Mr. Lloyd George.

This interesting disclosure was made public at the time in an Irish paper by the present assistant-editor of this paper; and as a result, Mr. Harrison abandoned his "mission" and returned to London.

Now Lord Derby has followed in Mr. Harrison's footsteps, and his conduct in Dublin was every bit as mysterious as the behaviour of the Editor of the *English Review.*

Surely the Irish Office is capable of reporting accurately upon the condition of Ireland, without special emissaries of Mr. Lloyd George being sent to embarrass them in their difficult and dangerous task.

We wonder how much connection there is between Lord Derby's light-hearted welcome of Mr. Lloyd George as a "Conservative" and his Lordship's visit to Dublin. There may be more than meets the eye. For it is a truism in Irish governance that the native Irish respect the British Conservatives. But the Irish are not fools; and they will readily appreciate the difference between a genuine Conservative and such a mushroom "Tory" as Mr. Lloyd George, who, seeing that the Conservative party must inevitably sweep the country, has determined to become a Conservative and carry that party triumphantly into the Communist ambush.

Completing the Ruin.

After the trade slump and the present coal strike, it only required Mr. Austin Chamberlain's Budget to give this unhappy country a third push towards the abyss.

As we have more than once pointed out, Mr. Chamberlain devised his financial schemes in defiance of the expert advice of the City, and preferred to listen to the voice of the learned Elders of Zion.

Income tax, according to his estimate, is to produce £410,000,000 next year, or twice the revenue of the British Isles in 1913. This is only one instance of the system which now prevails in the country, whereby taxation is designed to irritate and impoverish. Every time a man pays the existing preposterously high income tax he silently curses the Government; and every time a man buys a drink he is either consciously or subconsciously irritated. Thus we have impoverishment and irritation of the upper and middle class, and irritation of the manual workers.

No attempt seems to be made to obtain revenue, as the French do, by means which enable the public to pay without feeling that they are paying.

We venture to say that if the Government were to abolish income tax (which is merely a tax on honesty—for the rogue escapes) and adopt the system which has proved so successful in France, we should have a more contented and industrious country.

And we assert that if the Government were to abolish all those "Ministers" and attendant staffs which have been set up since 1910, "they never would be missed," and this burdened country would heave a sigh of relief and contemplate the saving of over £200,000,000 in national expenditure.

The problem of saving this country could be solved if Parliament restored those powers to the Crown which uneasy and rebellious demagogues filched from it in the past.

Under an absolute Monarchy, supported by an efficient Privy Council, the sorrows of Britain would be quickly ended.

Parliament, after all, is an institution for the making of laws and the collection of revenue. It exceeds its powers when it allows a cabinet to act in the supreme executive capacity. And the people of the country are gradually beginning to realise that national salvation lies not in mob rule, but in the beneficent rule of the Crown.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

WE take the following paragraph from one of last Sunday's papers:—

> NEW YORK, Friday.
>
> Dr. J. Robinson, American publisher of Dr. Marie Stopes' book, "Love in Marriage," in the Court of Special Sessions today was fined 250 dollars on the ground that the book is obscene.
>
> The defendant put forward strong evidence to rebut the allegations, including testimony in favour of the morality of the work endorsed by Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, and others.

Thus it appears that America, as well as England, is beginning to turn her attention to her "pyscho-sexual-analysts" and similar pests, and to deal faithfully with them, in spite of the evidence given in their favour by "experts" of the class quoted. We cannot help wondering whether the admirers of the "Dingy Dean" of St. Paul's, the Apostle of "Birth Control" and the persistent enemy of the supernatural in Religion, are gratified to find him figuring along with H. G. Wells (the world's greatest writer-up of Bolshevism) and Bernard Shaw, the "Bible-Smasher" (the Nietzsche of Bayswater), as an apologist for filthy literature.

This is what we get to (Dean of the Establishment and all) when we apply our powerful natural gifts and the subleties of our trained intellect to the consideration of "the problems of humanity," without that foundation of wisdom which is supplied by the Holy Spirit.

The Dean of St. Paul's is a man of commanding intellect, and in many respects his views are sound. He is not a dupe of the silly catch-words of "Liberalism" and Democracy, and humanly speaking he is able to look the facts of life straight in the face. And yet just because he is not really a Christian, because he does not believe in the Incarnation, discards the doctrine of original sin, and is doubtful about the Resurrection, he comes the most terrible cropper when he starts to instruct his fellow creatures. The articles he has lately contributed to the *Evening Standard* are object lessons in the futility and emptiness of mere human cleverness, when it has no super-natural force and backing behind it.

The Dean committed himself in one of these articles to the statement that any bishop would rather be told that he was no Christian than that he was no gentleman; and this saying definitely and damningly epitomises his whole creed. Let him speak for himself and for his own Church. For our part we do not know of any Catholic bishop who would, for a moment, assent to such a proposition.

Merely to make such a statement as Dr. Inge's reveals a hopeless ignorance of what is the essence of true Christianity. For, properly speaking, it is quite impossible for a man to be a gentleman unless he is a Christian. There were no gentlemen before Christ. The idea of a gentleman did not arise before Christ revealed it in his own conduct.

For, verily, the whole foundation and groundwork of being a gentleman is the virtue of humility, and this virtue was not recognised as a virtue at all before Christ. On the contrary, it was despised as something abject and ignoble.

It follows that, to this day, to be called "no gentleman" may sometimes be the greatest compliment that could be paid one, for, far too often, the modern conception of what is becoming in a gentleman conflicts with what is becoming in a Christian. The whole standard as to what constitutes a gentleman is confused by Anglican "theology," and needs to be re-adjusted by Catholic principles. This is not to say that a great many true gentlemen may not be found among all classes of Englishmen who are not Catholics. No, but it is the old Catholic leaven which still persists all these years after the "Reformation," which preserves the ideal and produces the type. A Catholic, of whatever class or degree of culture, who lived a truly Catholic life, could not fail to be a gentleman, and it is as true now as it ever was and always has been that the faculty of being a gentleman does not reside in any one class; it is equally true that the faculty does not depend upon education or culture, using the words in their generally received sense.

The extraordinary attitude adopted by a great number of worthy persons towards the case of Archdeacon Wakeford is the result of the confusion of moral values which arises out of Anglican "theology." In the first place, it would be a hard task to find a "man of the world," a "gentleman" in the ordinary sense, among non-Catholics, who truly and sincerely believes that impurity is a deadly sin. The average Protestant or Free Thinker arguing about Archdeacon Wakeford, would say something like this: "even supposing that the Archdeadon really did what he is alleged to have done, there is nothing so very terrible about it, and the punishment for such a 'slip' or series of 'slips' is quite out of proportion to the offence." From that, he would inevitably go on to the next step in the sophistical argument, which is, "even if the Archdeacon is guilty, I sincerely hope that he will be acquitted." It never seems to strike persons who argue on these lines, that if the Archdeacon had been innocent it would have followed that all those who accused him and gave evidence against him would necessarily be liars and perjurers, and villains of the deepest dye, and would be liable on conviction to well-merited terms of imprisonment.

But your convinced pro-Wakefordite cares nothing about the character or subsequent fate of the numerous independent witnesses. Not a bit, "let them all go to blazes provided the Archdeacon is whitewashed," is his cry.

What an utter bankruptcy of true Charity is revealed by this attitude, and how much more like hell than it is already would this world become if such an odious subversion of Justice were indeed to prevail, as your pro-Wakefordite would have had it prevail.

"But what has all this got to do with being a gentleman?" we seem to hear someone ask. Well, it has this to do with being a gentleman and it serves to this extent to pillory the Dean of St. Paul's speciousness, that no gentleman (not even a learned K.C.) could possibly (if he were indeed a gentleman in the only true sense) desire to see a guilty man triumph at the expense of the innocent. It follows that all the so-called gentlemen who have been praying and paying for the acquittal at all costs of the Archdeacon, whether he were guilty or not, are not really gentlemen at all. They are, in fact, victims of a corrupted sense of Justice and a perverted apprehension of Charity which we contend to be the direct result of the National Apostacy from true religion.

Of that National Apostacy, the Dean of St. Paul's is at once the type and the apologist. He has accepted it and embraced it in an even fuller sense than many of his fellows in the Anglican Church, because he has definitely accepted and embraced its logical conclusions which are ultimately the surrender of all faith in supernatural Christianity. Dr. Inge says that he would rather be told that he is no Christian than no gentleman. But we maintain, that if a man is not a Christian, he cannot possibly be a gentleman. *Ergo* ——— —. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

PLANS FOR REVOLUTION.

WITHIN the past three weeks we have been able to shed some light upon the apparently inexplicable conduct of the coal miners in attempting to destroy the mines, and thus deprive themselves of their sole means of livelihood.

Your average miner is no fool; and while we can assert with accuracy that those who sought to destroy the mines were in the minority, the number of miners in favour of the policy of destruction was considerable. Now, even the extremists among the miners are persons who could not be accused of a willingness to ruin themselves financially; and so we must look for some motive which obviously prompted these men to act as they did. That motive lies in the promise which was given to them by the Bolshevist agents who are acting as tallymen in the mining districts.

These agents of Lenin told the local extremists that if they would agree to destroy the mines, a revolution would inevitably follow, and that after the revolution they could enrich themselves at the expense of the "Capitalists." And the fact that many thousands of miners believed this piece of absurdity merely goes to prove that the Bolshevist agent is well trained, and has considerable powers of persuasion.

We are in a position to present our readers with a very remarkable document, which was prepared and circulated for the use of Bolshevist agents all over the country. A complete copy has just reached us; and as its publication in full would only serve the diabolic purpose of those whose interest it is to circulate it, we propose to print a few extracts from it, and to examine extracts in detail.

The document is entitled "How to get a Labour Government," and bears the sub-titles "The Unimportance of Parliament—Strikes and Parliamentary Action."

It is written by a Bolshevist bearing the name of H. Rubenstein, who begins by saying:—

> There seems to be much misunderstanding — and perhaps misrepresentation—in our own ranks, of the meaning of Communist Parliamentarism. Let us try to make it clear popularly, and then see whether and how it is applicable in this country. We shall soon have the scientific thesis on this question, from the Moscow Conference.
>
> Parliament is an institution of the capitalist state, for doping the workers, and it can never become anything else. The parliamentary majority—whether Government be Tory, Liberal, or Labour—remains a part of the oppressive machinery of the bourgeois state.
>
> Consequently, it is our mission as Communists to destroy it—and, perhaps, as William Morris said, turn its building into a storehouse for manure.

There is much cunning observable in this opening statement, and the attack upon Parliament, which after all is an institution for the making of laws, involves an attack upon the King and the Ministers whom he appoints.

Persons like Mr. Lloyd George, by usurping an executive power which does not belong to them, and by giving the impression that Parliament is the executive in this country, have deliberately permitted an attack from this Jewish writer, Rubenstein, to have a force which it otherwise could not have.

Mr. Lloyd George and his cringing supporters have made Parliament a reproach and a byword by what is called "Parliamentary tactics." But the institution of Parliament will survive Mr. Lloyd George. There is in it the machinery for expressing the national will, and it is just because Parliament is a machine for expressing as accurately as possible what the majority in this country desire that the Jew Rubenstein attacks it. He realises that unless he can destroy the machinery by which the nation expresses its desires, that he cannot destroy the nation.

Your Communist is an autocrat; and Heaven help the workers who submit to control by such a social pest as a Communist autocracy! They could only wade back to freedom through a sea of blood; and their chance of being drowned in the sea is by no means remote.

Rubenstein continues:

> How are *we* going to destroy Parliament? Firstly, by destroying the faith which millions of British workers still have in it; Secondly, when *we have secured power enough*, by dispersing it by the force of Red Guards in the street, and the force of *paralysing* strikes in industry
>
> To destroy the faith of the workers in Parliament requires an enormous amount of direct propaganda outside it. We must preach the futility and humbug of Parliament; unmask, reveal and denounce Parliamentarians. That is obvious. To disperse Parliament by force it is necessary to organise and prepare, also outside Parliament, for the armed mass-revolt and the general industrial strike. This is equally obvious.

All that requires to be said about the above statements is that "we" represents the Bolshevist Jew element in this country. "We" have almost completed "our" plans. "We" have chosen the heads of "our" Communist government, and are prepared to set these Jews in their places when the deluded manual workers of this country have wrecked the State and delivered themselves over, bound, into "our" hands. And when the preliminary ruin has passed, and the people of Britain are ranged up by industrial press gangs, "we" shall sell the wealth of Britain at a low figure to "our" financial giants; and then the spoiling of the "beasts of the field"—the term which "we" apply to all Christians—will be complete, and they will thenceforth be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their Jewish masters.

It is a dream worthy of the Devil himself, and it remains to be seen whether our deluded manual workers will agree to making it a reality.

Mr. Rubenstein states that "we" must beseige the "Parliamentary fortress" "by the very heavy artillery of mass-action." But he also says:—

> But just as an ordinary army needs sappers, who lay mines underneath first, and spies who direct the fire from the inside, to the most effective spots, so Communists can make use of sappers and spies inside Parliament. They must try to get at the bottom of the intrigues and sinister machinations of the capitalists, and direct the actions of the revolutionary masses right to the vulnerable spots in the political plans of the enemy, which Members of Parliament have better opportunities of knowing than outsiders. To that end they must make the fullest and most callous use of the privileges of Members of Parliament.

This reveals a pretty state of things. And what follows makes it quite obvious that Messrs. Henderson, Thomas & Clynes are merely unconscious tools in the hands of the plotters who would ruin this nation. For it is part of "our" plan that the Independent Labour Party must win a General Election, and be compelled to face the problems of Government.

Mr. Rubenstein says that "we"

> Ought to keep the Labour Party to conquer the Coalition Government, and make a Henderson-Thomas-Clynes Government instead; when the masses, clearer than before, could see through the futility and treason of these fakirs.

Perhaps those absurd persons who represent the Independent Labour Party, will now see what a pretty kettle of fish they have boiled. Their destiny is mapped out for them; and there is no doubt in the Jewish mind as to the value of their services. Having paved a road for the progress of the conquering Jew, they are to be cast aside, as witness this description of what is to take place if a Labour Government should appeal to the electorate.

> When that time comes we Communists will have to hinder them from having that election, by what means cannot here be discussed; but one of them would be to play on their fears of losing their sweet office. We must compel them to be sufficiently long in office to make themselves impossible in the eyes of the masses, and then we can start the final battle for the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

"The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" means autocratic rule by Jews.

How the people of this country will like this programme of "ours" we should be interested to learn. At any rate the main points in the programme are now revealed, and it rests with the British people to say whether they will allow preachers of such doctrines to remain in this country.

STRANGE PROCEDURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE UNION.

THE following letter appeared in the *Morning Post* on Tuesday last:—

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND REVOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—At the request of the Duke of Northumberland we are approaching various patriotic organisations to ask if they can arrange for the distribution of a pamphlet containing his speech on the 21st inst. at Kensington Town Hall on "The Revolutionary Movement."

We should be glad to hear from any organisation or people who are prepared to assist; and also from friends who will help us in defraying the cost of this undertaking. The present industrial position affords striking proof of the urgent need for the educational campaign which the Union is carrying on throughout the industrial areas, and which could be greatly extended with further support.—Yours, etc.,

REGINALD WILSON, General Secretary.

British Empire Union, 9 & 10 Agar Street, Strand,
London, W.C. 2, April 25.

Our readers and the readers of the *Morning Post* will be surprised to hear that not only was this letter written without the authority of the Duke of Northumberland, but that, as a matter of fact, it entirely and deliberately misrepresents the attitude which the Duke has taken up towards the publication of his speech. The Duke is publishing the speech in pamphlet form at his own expense, and has made no appeal to the public for funds in connection with its publication. It is extraordinary that the *Morning Post* should publish such a letter, and it is still more extraordinary that Mr. Reginald Wilson should have had the impertinence to write it. To use the Duke's name without his authorisation in an appeal for funds seems to be getting perilously near to an attempt to "obtain money by false pretences."

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

In our issue of April 16th, we printed a poem by Miss Jessie Anderson, entitled "The Social Evil." By a vexatious slip, of the pen for which the authoress of the poem was not responsible, the fourth line of the second stanza was printed as follows:

"Until within parchéd veins the brews died down."

The word "parched" should, of course, have been printed without the accent on the "e." Obviously it should be a monosylable and the accent on the "e" by turning the word into a dissylable makes the scansion of the line impossible.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6½%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 104s. 2d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97¼	... 97¼ to 97⅜
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·29½ to 11·30½
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 255½ to 256½
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 52·25 to 52·30
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3⅝d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 25·20 to 25·25
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 80⅞ to 81⅛
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 28·35 to 28·40
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·41½ to 4·42½
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·94⅞ to 3·95⅛
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 52·70 to 52·80
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3⅝⅞d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·68 to 22·73
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 5⅜d.

BUDGET AND MARKETS.

As was expected there has been no relief to the taxpayers in the Budget just disclosed, and so the public must drag along for the next twelve months with their usual load of taxes. The only point of real interest that seems to have been created, either in the House of Commons or outside, is the proposed Conversion of the National War Loans, holders of which are offered a new 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan at varying rates, according to the date when the respective Bonds now in issue are due for repayment by the Government :—

For Bonds Due.	Amount of 3½ per cent. Loan.
1922 . ..	£163
1923	£162
1924	£161
1925	£160

There will be, as a result, a slightly increased rate of interest accruing, but on the other hand, as the premium payable on the War Bonds on maturity is surrendered if the exchange is effected, there is really very little attraction in the offer made by the Government. Besides, the new Loan is irredeemable for at least forty years, and in this respect presents no attraction to anyone who may be in want of an appreciating security, and it is very doubtful if any Government, even in forty years, will be able to borrow money on a 3½ per cent. basis, and as a consequence the new Conversion Loan may be at a relatively low discount. It would be interesting to know from whom the proposal for the conversion emanated, whether from the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Horne, or his colleague who put forward the Budget as a substitute. It has the stamp of being hastily considered.

MARKET NOTES.

The principal excitement of the past week has been the tremendous success of the new Indian 7 per cent. loan, the lists of which were closed on the same day on which they were opened. Applicants for the stock who applied for £2,000 or less received allotments in full, while larger applicants are stated to have been given allotments on the basis of something like 10 per cent. to 12 per cent., and consequently the stock opened on a small premium which gradually rose to about 1¾ per cent. There is no doubt the investment is a first-rate one, but it seems strange that the Government of India should not only have to pay 7 per cent. for the loan, but should go to the expense of having it underwritten, which we believe was carried through on a 1¼ per cent. basis. Anyone therefore who took firm stock must have done extremely well on the transaction.

There is some agitation going on in connection with the proposal of the Burmah Corporatian Ltd., to acquire a controlling interest in the lead market. This Company has a very large and rich property, and would be very large producers of lead. Whether the scheme proposed will be carried through is doubtful, and an influential London committee has been formed to consult with the Burmah Corporation as to the merits of the scheme.

OIL SHARES.

Now that the budget is out of the way, and there is a prospect of the miners' strike being satisfactorily settled, markets in many directions are beginning to shape themselves to better times. There has been a considerable appreciation in several of the leading gilt-edged securities, and the popular speculative investment "Oils" is once more a prime favourite. The returns of the big producers show increased results, and as a consequence oil shares are being quietly picked up by shrewd investors. There has been considerable buying from the North, especially in Burmah oils, on dividend expectations. It is anticipated that a final dividend of 25 per cent. will be paid by that Company for 1920, giving a total dividend for the past year of 35 per cent., which is equal to about 63 per cent. on the old capital. It should be borne in mind that for 1919 a bonus of four shares was given for every five shares held.

The Trinidad group has also been particularly active, and the shares of some of the smaller companies have also participated in the renewed enquiries. We believe there is a very good time ahead for oil companies. Every disturbance in our coalfields will tend to a wider increase in the uses of the liquid fuel.

GENERAL MEETING.

At the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the London & Brazilian Bank the other day, the Chairman, Mr. John Beaton, reviewed very exhaustively the business of the bank for the past year, and in the course of his speech, paid special reference to the rapid strides being made by the Germans in the recovery of their trade in South Africa. He also read a cable from the Buenos Ayres Branch of the bank under date 12th inst., showing that there was a great influx of German goods into Brazil at about 80 per cent. cheaper than British. As a lesson to the leaders of the trades unions his remarks on German foreign trade are of particular interest at the present time:—

> There is no doubt that her people are working in such wise that she is enabled to offer goods in her former foreign markets on very favourable terms. Of course, the present depreciation of the mark facilitates her offers at low prices. She is, however, once again in the field as a competitor, as shown not only by the cable I have read from Buenos Ayres, but by the following extract from Wileman's *Brazilian Review* of the 2nd March last:—"German cement is being imported in larger quantities than from the United Kingdom or any other European country, and at about 33 per cent. cheaper. German printing paper is being offered in this market (Rio) 30 to 40 per cent. cheaper than other grades, while in chemicals and dyestuffs no one is near the German price. On a moderate order for machinery for which tenders were asked the German quotation in milreis was nearly 100 per cent. under any other."

Lord Leverhulme at the General Meeting of Lever Bros. last week:—

> There was never a time when we could feel more confidence, pride and pleasure in the practical common sense, loyalty and devotion of the majority of the workers throughout the United Kingdom, and we feel specially so of our own staff, both of the parent and associated companies; but the workers are badly led by leaders of immature judgment and colossal ignorance.

RAND MINES.

The report just issued of the Rand Mines Limited, for the year 1920, shows a profit of £863,006, an increase on the previous year of £16,437. The balance unappropriated at 31st December last was £1,729,486, from which a dividend of 145 per cent. has been paid against 100 per cent. for the year 1919.

The Company is interested as a shareholder in a number of gold mining companies in the Transvaal (Central and Far East Rand), including Modder and Modder East, and has also a considerable interest in the Anglo-American Corporation. The dividends received from these and other investments more than offset the heavy decline in profits from the realisation of other securities, which amounted to only £32,300 against over £300,000 from the same source in 1919. Altogether the various share and debenture holdings of all kinds total £2,745,100, which figure is stated in the report to be "considerably below the market value."

Dividends and Profits.

Hamburg South Amerika Line.—Dividend of 16 per cent. for 1920.

Royal Insurance Company.—Final dividend of 11s. per share less tax, making with interim dividend paid in November, 22s. per share less tax for 1920.

London United Tramways.—Gross receipts for 1920 £532,742, an increase of £36,200. Working expenses were £482,592. Balance on working £50,144

Fairbairn Lawson Combe Barbour.—Profit for year after providing for taxation is £206,413 plus £32,982 brought forward. Further dividend recommended of 2½ per cent. on preference shares, making 5 per cent. for the year. Further dividend of 7 per cent. on the ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. for the year; bonus of 5 per cent. free of tax on the ordinary shares. £50,000 transferred to reserve fund. £99,396 carried forward.

Nelson Brothers.—Interim Dividend of 4 per cent. (actual) free of tax.

San Paulo (Brazilian) Railway.—Directors propose final dividend of 2½ per cent. on preference, making 5 per cent. for year, less tax, and 5 per cent. on ordinary, making 10 per cent. for year free of tax, carrying forward £8,698.

Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance announces final dividend of 8s. 6d. per share, making 17s. per share, less tax, for year.

Premier Diamond.—Dividend of 125 per cent. or 6s. 3d. per share, on preference shares, less South African tax at 1s. 6d. in the £ and British income tax, for half-year ending 30th April.

Wolhuter Gold Mines.—Dividend of 3¾ per cent. (9d. per share) for period ending 30th April, payable to shareholders registered 30th April, and holders of Coupon No. 27.

PARIS NOTES.

XXX.

RE-ENTER AMERICA.

Since the return trip of the "George Washington," taking Wilson to his long-delayed doom of general contempt, it is the first time that the United States re-appear on the stage.

No wonder everybody was listening eagerly to the first sound of the voice of the Big Winner of the "1914-1918 match."

"Their master's voice!"

The official and semi-official French press express lukewarm satisfaction with the note of the American Government to Germany, or wisely, like *Le Temps* and *Le Journal des Débats*, say nothing.

The independent press "does not disguise" or, in Trans-Atlantic parlance, "is as sore as h . . ."

Bonsoir writes: "The United States enter the peace negotiations late, as she entered the war late. We waited for America long and impatiently. In the last two years America has given us many deceptions. It is permissible to state that Americans have no interest in alienating French sympathies. International difficulties exist outside of Europe. No one denies that Japan is watching America's mistakes, to use them to her advantage when the time comes."

Eclair writes: "Yesterday America was our associate. To-day Germany has asked her to arbitrate our claims for damages. How can President Harding intervene without repudiating every doctrine which permitted the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles."

Gustave Hervé in *Victoire* says: "If France accepts American arbitration then the financial aid of the United States is assured to France for reconstruction and to Germany for paying reparations."

La Libre Parole says: "Harding has rushed conciliation to the extreme limit in consenting to present to the Allies the German proposals if he considered them acceptable. Such an act is not a simple transmission, but really a recommendation binding the United States if Germany fails to execute her promises."

L'Avenir says: "America agrees by suggestion and advice to assist in the solution of the reparations problem, which signifies: first, that America resumes her rôle in European affairs; and second, that she no longer refuses to accept a part in collaborating in the liquidation of the war."

Figaro writes: The United States requests us to find a solution of reparations. France must state clearly what she wants. Hesitation is no longer permissible."

La Lanterne: "If the White House has followed the course of the reparations quarrel it should not ignore the fact that the London negotiations resulted in rupture, and that action, not discussion, is necessary to-day."

La Démocratie Nouvelle: "America rejects the rôle of mediator, but is ready to present to the Allies the German proposals if they are worthy of discussion. Is not that mediation? The French official position is well defined—no mediation."

Le Gaulois: "Germany has already discovered a new occasion to divide the Allies, in President Harding's note. She hopes to formulate offers which will convince the Allies of her sincerity, and through hypocrisy elude the execution of the obligations most important to us."

Le Petit Bleu: "If we are not careful the time will come soon when Germany will become strong again and will not have to ask for neutrals, Americans or anyone, to interpose on her behalf. That day, woe to us!"

The other day, while everybody here was craning his neck and straining his ear for President Harding's answer, an American said to me—"After all we have won and Europe has lost, that's about the size of it." Uncle Sam is going to give a penny to the bad boy to pay the good boy, and so both the good and the bad boy will owe him one more penny.

ENGO.

Paris, April 24th, 1921.

NEW YORK NOTES.

ONE of the first acts of the Department of Justice after the departure of the Wilson *régime* from control of American affairs was the arrest of Robert Rosenbluth, formerly a Captain of Engineers in the United States Army. Rosenbluth is charged with the murder of Major A. P. Cronkhite (the son of Major-General Cronkhite), who died from a bullet wound October 25th, 1918, at Camp Lewis Washington. Rosenbluth was one of the witnesses at the enquiry held by the authorities of Camp Lewis and testified that Major Cronkhite had shot himself accidentally.

Rosenbluth is the son of the superintendent of the Hebrew Hospital of Philadelphia, and for two years he was connected with the Joint Distributing Committee, of which Felix Warburg, Trotsky's banker, is chairman. According to Jonah Goldstein, Rosenbluth's attorney, Rosenbluth will be supported by powerful friends. Miss Bement Davis, of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, has offered to do anything possible for the accused man.

Rosenbluth, after the death of Major Cronkhite, was mustered out of the army and went abroad immediately, visiting Siberia, Turkey and other countries, collecting information and statistics which he sold on his return to Warburg for enough (so he says) just to cover his expenses. The shooting of Major Cronkhite was thought to have been forgotten, but the Harding administration has cleared the Jews from posts of influence, and many other "hushed" crimes of the Jews are about to come to light.

The Department of Justice had evidence of the proposed murder of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, but as the late ambassador died suddenly in Canada the jurisdiction is no longer in their hands. Lord Reading, who succeeded Sir Cecil Spring Rice, made no use of the facts in the possession of the United States authorities. Murder has, however, an unpleasant way of crying out from the very stones. The future bids fair to be interesting.

At this moment of

NATIONAL CRISIS

we suggest to our readers that it is their duty to employ

"PLAIN ENGLISH"

as a weapon against revolution.

This can be done by making the paper as widely known as possible among their friends as well as among the enemy.

THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.*

THE appearance of the "The Manual of Modern Scots" is most timely, particularly in these days when national idea is a political creed, and it will do much to revive the interest of the Scot in his language, though at the present time many even of them are unaware that they have one all to themselves. The thanks of the public are due not only to the compilers of the work, but to the Carnegie Trustees, who have always in a very generous way rendered financial help when the educational interests of Scotland are concerned.

As the introduction to the book states, a study of the texts will enable the student to read or recite any passage from Scottish literature with a pronunciation which would be recognised by the Scot wherever it is spoken, and the "Lingua Scottica" henceforth should be insisted upon with as much patriotism and certainly with as much claim to language as the Danish or Swedish, because, like these, it has national life and literature behind it, and these are the main essentials.

The book deals very exhaustively with the various types of Scottish speech, and while showing that there is no absolute uniformity, the points of agreement are sufficient to mark off the standard Scots found generally throughout the Lothians, Midlands and Lowlands of Scotland, from the dialects of the Southern and North Eastern counties. It is this language of mid-Scotland that corresponds to the language of the Old Scottish Court prior to 1603, and it is used throughout the book for the interpretation of literary Scottish in the majority of the phonetic texts.

The book is in four sections, the Phonetics—very carefully compiled, and easily followed; then follows the Grammar, showing a trace of French influence through the Middle Scots in its early history. Parts 3 and 4 comprise Reader and Ballads and Songs, showing side by side how alike many of the Scots words are to those of present day standard English. The spelling of Scots words is founded on the Midlothian dialect referred to, while that of standard English represents in a general way the London pronunciation of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Before the Union of the Crowns in 1603, Southern words and spelling had crept into the literature of the Scots, chiefly through the influence of the religious writers; and for nearly one hundred years after 1603 the Scotch language was rarely used for literary purposes, to be then revived by Ramsay and his followers of the eighteenth century. By that time much of the old Scottish vocabulary had been lost or replaced by Southern words, and English had then taken the place of Scots in the pulpits, schools, platforms, and in "polite conversation," while in the humble home the language of the Holy Writ used in family worship was that of the South. Even the national bard, Robert Burns, with other poets, used the English for metre. Allan Ramsay set the habit of writing songs in Anglified Scots or Scottified English, and he had many imitators. There are to-day, of course, districts in Scotland where the mixture of population has led to a curious amalgam of English and Scotch, but it is pleasant to know that good Scots "notwithstanding the School Board" may still be heard in many parts of the country, particularly at Caithness, Roxburgh, Forfar, and Galloway. It is this characteristic that "The Manual of Modern Scots" sets out to educate and instil, and we sincerely hope that everything possible will be done to foster the purposes and policy of the work. Instead of weakly using an English equivalent, our Scots writers will, in future, strive to find their appropriate native word, and if they are to succeed, a thorough knowledge of the dialect is absolutely essential. This can be secured by a study of the book, and easily assimilated, and it should be the purpose of at least Scotsmen to read and understand it. Times, however, have changed, and student and reader generally may lack the will to revive the Scots language (musical and expressive as it is), but there is no reason why every Scotsman should not take a pride in knowing at least two languages, and his own thoroughly, refusing to merge his individuality in the Englishman however much the Scot may glory in being a citizen of the British Empire.

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* "Manual of Modern Scots," by William Grant, M.A., Lecturer on Phonetics in Aberdeen Training College, and James Main Dixon, Litt. Hum. D., M.A., St. Andrews University, Cambridge, at the University Press, 1921.

THE TAPESTRIES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WE are inclined to accept far too readily that description we ourselves have had considerable share in making, which styles us an inartistic nation. A little thought will show us that we have a far better record than we imagined.

In art we can claim originality and invention as well as a quick appreciation, and the power to understand, imitate and absorb the art of others. England has always enjoyed eminence in her craftsmen. Indeed, the inherited manual dexterity of her workers has won for her a position of singular prominence, and has been principally instrumental in preserving her trade.

If we take an illuminated book, say of the twelfth century, we can see at once whether it is English work; not that it differs in quality of beauty from a French work, but because it bears the unmistakable mark of English origin in its character.

The bands of travelling foreign builders, masons and sculptors are not sufficient to account for the great quantity of beautiful parish churches, of Norman and Gothic form, scattered so thickly throughout the country. There are early English sculptors who have left their names as authors of some of our most beautiful mediæval tombs.

The important art of painting in water colours has been regarded always as peculiarly English. We were painting in oil colours at a very early period. There seems to be some doubt whether the discovery attributed to the Van Eycks was oil painting at all, and it has been asserted that oil was used as a medium in England before that date.

The use of crayon or pastel came from Italy into France, but from France it travelled through, in the hands of Faithorne, at once to England. French and English artists began the use of it almost at the same time.

Perhaps after these instances we may not be so surprised to find there are Old English Tapestries. It is said that the Crusaders brought back to France and England the art of tapestry weaving from the East.

We certainly have it in the time of Edward the Third, and we hear a good deal of it in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and it was in the reign of James the First that a factory was started at Mortlake. This Mortlake venture was one of importance, running, as it did, some eighteen looms. By the examples in this exhibition at South Kensington, we cannot fairly judge it. It could produce, evidently, both good and bad, and the weaver being capable, the success or failure of a piece depended on the designer. There is one piece which is a pathetic example of the way not to do it! It was Charles the First who is said to have procured the well-known Raphael cartoons for the use of the Mortlake factory. Of course, Raphael did not happen to be a designer of the character required. He could not see a two-dimensional picture, and tapestry was out of his province. Added to this, they were evidently unable at the factory to produce a man competent to deal with the colour, and we see the result now at Kensington!

Luckily there is another Mortlake hanging more in accord with one's idea of what tapestry should be. The Mortlake factory gradually decayed with the failure of public interest in tapestry, and at the end of the seventeenth century was dead.

Now that the public interest in a beautiful art has been re-awakened by this exhibition, it would be invaluable encouragement to all art workers if the authorities would organise an exhibition of tapestry restricted to that of British manufacture.

J.R.K.D.

COAL AND RAILWAYS.

GOVERNMENT POLICY REGARDING RAILWAYS AND COAL.

THE country is now enjoying to the full the benefits of fifteen years' interference in the business of running the railways and collieries; the professional politician and his allies have "sown the wind" and the public and investor have to reap and pay for the whirlwind. It is so easy to take control and interfere in a difficult business, and then to hand it back when it has been landed in an economic quagmire. The policy now being adopted regarding the decontrol of the railways and coal trade is typical of the politician's morality in this "Great New World" of semitic dishonesty and make believe. According to the Socio-Bolshevic system, of which the hero of Limehouse and Newcastle is perhaps one of the world's greatest exponents, all workers are oppressed and all employers and capitalists are getting excessive profits at the expense of the "under-dog." Some of the Government prize "sycophants" may say that the Wizard from Wales has been converted, but despite pretty speeches when he comes to action he continually panders to the undiluted doctrines of Karl Marx. It is the admitted policy of organised labour to cripple undertakings by excessive taxation and by continuous demands by the worker, to an extent well known by labour leaders to be in excess of that which business can stand. By such tactics, according to the Marxian scheme, the market values of stocks can be forced down below the intrinsic value of the property created by the industry, and then by a system of nationalisation such property can be purchased at break up prices; in other words by dishonest confiscation. It should be noted that nationalisation, after a material amount of damage has been done to any form of industry, is not favoured by the semitic financiers who guide our easily persuaded cabinet ministers; it is part of the scheme to lower prices in order to stampede shareholders in order to buy up cheap. The Jews wish to control the railways and coal mines. They did not develop either; as in the case of town lands they organise unfair legislation and then quietly get control; once complete control is obtained adverse legislation will stop. As pointed out by Mr. Ford, the Jews always are anxious to damage any interests which they do not control, as every independent source of income must be upset to enable the investing classes to be drawn into their clutches. It is interesting to note that the notorious Hebrew Financier of very-much-alien antecedents, Emil Davies, has been for years one of the leaders of the attacks on British Railways and Mines followed by the " Dago parasite," Chiozza Money.

It should not be forgotten that all over the world the Hebrew revolutionaries have picked out key employments in order to upset society, every possible trouble has been organised where transport and coal are concerned; electricity, an offshoot of both, being in England and in several other countries in the hands of Bolsheviks of the lowest type. The moulders' strike was an attack on a key industry.

Before the war the International Transport Workers in Berlin, under the fostering care of the German Foreign Office, was the fountain head of much of the world unrest; the I.L.P. being an ardent ally, supported as it was by Sir Edgar Speyer, a Privy Councillor, who had apparently a season ticket for meals at Downing Street.

Soon after the Jew-subsidised Radicals got into power, attacks were made both in the railways and on the coal industry, every grievance-monger receiving the tacit support of the Government. Dealing first with the question of railways. Deliberate lies over the Taff Vale Railway judgment were a powerful factor in the 1905 election and the Government could not forget its supporters, however dishonest. A campaign was started to work up public sympathy. Speakers and writers groaned about the long hours, no mention being made of the number of men in branch lines with little to do, and of the time paid for in other situations when off duty for all practical purposes. Deliberate deception was the rule regarding pay and conditions. Mr. Thomas, with his tongue in his cheek, repeatedly spoke about the thousands of men receiving less than £1 a week. He never mentioned the farcical payments for overtime, the housing at peppercorn rents or free housing for many men, the uniforms, the boots, the free travelling and the holiday tickets for the family and the pensions. Porters' and guards' tips were naturally not considered, though railwaymen of all grades seem to show little bashfulness when tip cadging is possible.

Some years before the Great War, when there was a sudden crisis with Germany, a strike was organised in England. The Cabinet knew perfectly well that the two were connected, so Mr. Lloyd George, with his customary sense of duty rewarded the strikers with an advance, and then appealed to the railways to give way in view of the national danger; an increase in rates was promised at the expense of the community, and the Government in order to gain popularity tried later to shuffle out of its responsibility. The Cabinet, with the subscriptions of the Meyers, Schröders, Cassels, Speyers, Schusters and Rothschilds dangling under their noses, could not protect the public and denounce the conspiracy.

The North Eastern Railway, under the shuffling quakers, had for some years been a " Union " railway, and it had been rewarded by continuous trouble. The travelling and commercial public often were treated with democratic bad manners; the troubles on this railway naturally encouraged the Cabinet.

When the war broke out the Government took control of the railways with regard to labour and traffic, leaving most of the technical work to the existing directors, the shareholders being guaranteed their pre-war profits. The privately-owned railways were an invaluable asset to the nation in time of danger. The railwaymen at first behaved well, but the policy adopted by Mr. Lloyd George of overpayment and extravagance in time of war instead of sacrifice, led to the payment of £3 to £5 for unskilled work to boys and unskilled labourers. This angered the experienced railwaymen, and the same " Hidden Hand " which guided Mr. Lloyd George, guided the labour leaders who fanned the trouble. Jew agitators, for obvious reasons, were given the run of the country. It is amusing to remember that railwaymen at Crewe and elsewhere thought that labour employed by (tax-shirking) co-operative societies should not receive nearly as high a war bonus as they demanded themselves. An increase was granted under the accepted condition that no further demands should be made during the continuation of the war. The labour leaders with their characteristic dishonesty later deliberately tore up this " scrap of paper," when they thought the country was in a corner, and like Oliver Twist, " asked for more." The Government having an instinctive sympathy for pledge-breakers naturally gave way again. After the Directorate of Transport was developed, the Hun-influenced labour leaders brought influence to bear on the transport services in France to prevent many of their precious members from being sent too close up to the firing line.

During the last five years continuous time-wasting and money-wasting concessions have been made; railway expenses and railway rates have risen to such an extent that the commercial prosperity of some of the inland manufacturing towns is being seriously threatened. Even before the war, in order to damage the railways, many radicals supported schemes for the building or the enlargement of canals for which the contours of our hilly island country were unsuitable, and now similar projects are being mooted to " rob Peter to pay Paul."

To-day, when every effort is required to build up national trade, the actual work of many thousands of railwaymen (like that of most of the coal miners) can now be conveniently measured in minutes per day, mealtimes being included in the eight hours, overtime being paid for anything beyond. It takes three men in many situations to do the work done fifteen years ago by one man, and many passenger and other services are worse than they were forty years ago. The Government has put every possible obstacle in the way of the railways, and it now wants the shareholders to " stand the racket." Had the railways (and for that matter the coal mines) been owned by the Jews, every possible facility would have been given; accounts would have been passed without demur, and railway directors would be driving about like east-end clothing contractors. Instead of this the Colwyn Commission was organised to rob the railway shareholders. A very large proportion of the railway capital of the United Kingdom is held by small men, and in accordance with the policy of the Hebrew plutocrat wire-pullers, they are naturally the very people to be attacked and injured. Labour leaders speak about railway shareholders as if they were all millionaires. Unlike the Jews, the class of people who have a large part of their savings in railways went out to the war to fight, and did not stay at home to profiteer; they, therefore, deserve no consideration at the hands of men of the Lloyd George type. The Colwyn report has rightly been termed a "scrap of paper." The proceedings were mainly held behind closed doors; the evidence of officials of the railways was not wanted, the evidence of the bureaucrats from the discredited Transport Ministry being preferred, and an effort is now being made to rob the railways of many millions properly due for upkeep and other incidentals. Naturally, those who ask for fair play are denounced for their greed.

In a few months there will be a crisis on the railways. It will be impossible to go on paying excessive wages and to employ thousands of unnecessary men forced on the railways by professional vote cadgers. There will then be a howl about the attempt to "smash the Unions," brave words will follow from Mr. Lloyd George, and the taxpayer will be robbed again. The financial credit of the country largely depends on the stability of "Home Rails." This is a fact well known to the Anglo-Alien financial element, which wishes to humble the country for daring to help to win the war against their blood relations. The railways should be run as a business proposition, not as a Downing Street popularity-mongering scheme, Despite popular Radical myths, there has been very little "water" in British railway stock; that sort of dirty work has been a speciality of American railway stock, manipulated by International Jews. The return before the war was low compared with the services rendered to the community, and even railwaymen should remember that they owe their means of livelihood to the thrift of those classes they have been taught to loathe. Before the war about £2,000 capital was required before a railwayman could be employed.

For years past it has been the fashion in certain circles to attack the coal trade—trade which through the export business paid for a large proportion of the imported food stuffs, especially from the Baltic, the Mediterranean and South America. It is interesting to remember how the Harmsworth All-Yellow Press attacked the coal owners before the war, and statements regarding profits of a deliberately misleading character were made from time to time in the *Daily Mail* and *Times*. Perhaps in those days someone in touch with the "powers that be" failed to get "options" in colliery shares on approved terms, or perhaps some little incidents regarding advertisements took place, like those connected with the "Lever Soap Trust" some years ago. IF PROFITS WERE SO GREAT, WHY DID THE MINERS' FEDERATION REFUSE TO TAKE OVER THE MINES OFFERED TO THEM SOME YEARS AGO?

Before the war the Eight Hours Bank to Bank Bill did a great deal of harm to the trade, and this legislation put many thin seams of coal out of action. When war broke out our patriotic miners' leaders refused to consider the war as a "National Emergency" within the meaning of the act; it was for them the "highwayman's" opportunity. Instead of an increased output per man, slackness was encouraged in every way. Furs, whippets and pianos WERE BEFORE "THE BOYS IN THE TRENCHES." The output fell, especially as the French mines had mostly been destroyed, and our Allies had to go short of coal for the manufacture of munitions. Every farthing sent by German agents to mining wire-pullers in Scotland and England paid cent. per cent. dividends.

Many thousands of the best miners joined up, and once they got away from the pernicious influence of the delegates and leaders they did their duty and showed a remarkable spirit of kindliness and self-sacrifice, showing quite plainly that if they were enlightened as to economic facts and honourably led they would be among the most loyal of our citizens; while to-day they are simply "marionettes" guided by blood-stained hands from Moscow.

At the end of 1918, after the armistice, orders simply poured into the United Kingdom; this did not suit the book of the plutocrat correspondents of Trotsky, so labour troubles were organised and millions worth of orders were driven and frightened out of the country in a few weeks. Mr. Lloyd George, under "orders," guaranteed the miners a packed Commission, and one of his Majesty's judges dragged the reputation of the Bench in the mud by the shameful way in which he conducted affairs. During the proceedings the remarkable anachronism, a Fabian Society "banker," A. Emil Davies, gave evidence regarding colliery finance, in which he had to admit he had no practical knowledge worth mentioning. The protests of the three colliery representatives have been proved by recent events to have been well founded, and the main responsibility for the present coal strike must rest on Mr. Lloyd George and those members of the Commission who were willing to shut their eyes to facts to please the corrupt Cabinet with jobs to give away and the mob. The increased wages and reduced hours of labour have simply killed much of the coal export and strangled much of our internal trade. It takes several tons of coal to make one ton of iron, steel or paper, and the Sankey Commission dealt a deadly blow at our national trade; the only wonder is why the "learned" judge did not get a peerage for his services to the Bolsheviks. Having turned the coal trade upside down, the Government has handed it back without so much as a thank you. Considering the enormous capital outlay necessary to sink a modern pit, the risks and grossly unfair income tax regulations, which refuse to allow for the repayment of the cost of sinking and developing the mines, the coal owners and shareholders are underpaid for their services to the State.

Under the system of the miners' "Soviet" the men were ordered to strike; in our "democratic" trade unions the individuals have lost the right of "self-determination"; they are tied down by "block votes," and Moscow and Berlin have more to say in the policy of the Miners' Federation than all the individual British miners put together. The present difficulty is not a labour dispute at all; it is an attempt at revolution, and the Government should treat the leaders as alien-influenced revolutionaries ought to be treated—not by appeals, but by orders. The Government has ample powers under existing Acts of Parliament to deal with the situation, but all the Cabinet is after is more conciliation. The trade union funds should have been put under sequestration for a start, and even now the colliers' income tax should be ear-marked to compensate coal owners for the damaged pits.

Miners to-day, despite reams of humanitarian slush, lead a healthy life compared with many other trades; they can, if they wish, earn the best wages for manual work in the Kingdom. They save practically nothing, and after a few hours strike they "howl" for poor relief, which ought naturally to be refused. Miners' leaders never talk about the free or low-priced coal and the low-priced housing; and, unlike the army officer, a collier does not pay income tax on his fuel or other allowances. They have now so little work to do that bitter complaints are made in many colliery districts that these "worn-out toilers" are "knobsticking" other "workers" by playing at cinemas and music halls or by undercutting market gardeners at their business.

The Hebrews in England must be rejoicing, every hour's strike means money in their pockets and a blow to many of the old families which they hate so much; but the "Tribe" is interested in fuel oil. During the last five years many millions have been lost to the country through the change by passenger and other steamship lines from coal to oil fuel, and thousands of stokers have been put into the street to join the discontented unemployed. Many of our export coal markets have been killed, and the Kosher oil merchants are putting up fuel oil tanks on the Tyne and in South Wales ports—sending fuel to Newcastle with a vengeance. The advertisements of oil fuel for the Savoy Hotel and the use of oil fuel by the ultra-British Lyons Company speak for themselves. Every ton of imported fuel is a blow at our national trade; our exchange is bad enough already. If only the collier could be told the truth what a rumpus there would be in a matter of hours.

The attacks on railways and mines are part of the world-wide Jewish scheme to rob the objectionable independent middle classes of their property, and to drive work out of the country into the hands of the brothers and cousins of hundreds of Hun-loving "British subjects." The Jews wish to smash up and then buy up; their world-wide policy. The next time Mr. Lloyd George, the obsequious High Steward of the international financial-cum-Bolshevik gang, preaches a political sermon in a rate-free Non-Conformist pulpit, he should take the stories of Uriah the Hittite and of Naboth's Vineyard, to be followed by a collection of the current Kosher base coins. "Modern ideas" are based on expediency, not on justice or common sense. Little long-haired David has been "playing with fire" for years, and when an explosion happens he takes care that only others and other people's friends are injured; a man who makes an agreement with Krassin one day and denounces socialism the next is only fit for Broadmore or the gaol; which of these we leave his friends and taskmasters to judge for themselves.

Mines and railways are among our greatest assets; for years we have existed as the leading nation of the world by a very small margin. The Jews, who are swarming daily round Unity House and hanging round Cabinet corridors, are out to smash that margin. Thousands of those who went out to do their level best during the Great War are seeing the results of their efforts, and those of their friends who died, melting away through the deliberate policy of a cowardly and corrupt Government, which apparently wishes to make our land a country only fit for our heroes to "hang themselves in." The working man is piecing bits together, and perhaps before long he will rise to rend those who have fooled and robbed him, and the sooner he does this the more hope there will be for a country that some people still care for.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EVIL OF PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—During the past half century, throughout professing Christian countries, there have been great efforts made by numerous societies and associations towards the goal of temperance and sobriety. Social workers interested in the well being of their fellow men and women have made real sacrifices to convert the intemperate, and by kindly counsel and noble example have done valuable and successful work to the glory of God and to the good of mankind.

But of more recent years, since the beginning of this century, movements for Social Prohibition have been pushing their way to the forefront, intending by hook or by crook to stop indefinitely the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages.

At the present time a proposal for such National Prohibition would meet with mighty opposition from the majority of people in civilised communities, if the clear issue were placed before them all at the same time. So amongst the advocates of "compulsory abstinence," the majority have decided to support a legislative measure whereby a locality may veto, in its own area, licenses granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in public houses, which are, to the less fortunate classes, in a real and certain sense what wine cellars are to the rich. This measure, known equally well as Local Veto as Local Option, embodies a principle identical with the one in National Social Prohibition; it is this: that one section of the people, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, can force its whims and fancies on the other section without regarding its likes and dislikes. In short, it means that one man decides for another in respect of his neighbour's domestic and personal affairs.

No man denies that the best things in life may be abused, and that the excessive use of strong drink is evil and morally wrong; but to tyrannise the multitude for the abuses of the few is contrary to our Constitution and utterly opposed to common sense. The function of the State is undoubtedly to encourage temperance by the forcible discouragement of intemperance. The policeman is guardian of the peace, not the keeper of men's consciences; and whilst men and women conduct their lives in decency, to transfer individual conscience to the State would be a violation of most holy principles, which would threaten civilisation with a repetition of all the intolerance and bloody persecutions of past history.

If drink was sold exclusively for the purpose of making people drunk, or of doing them grievous bodily harm, the case would be different, and prohibition would be in accordance with civil liberty. Liberty is a secure state wherein a person may order his life according to his own will, provided he neither commits a nuisance to his neighbour nor infringes his neighbour's liberty. The law punishes the thief for the nuisance to the victim, for the infringement of his neighbour's LIBERTY to possess private property, which possession is not to the detriment of the community.

In earthly communities, without law to punish and suppress abuse, liberty would cease to exist, since without law, one man could commandeer another's goods and dictate to him in his personal affairs, and the other man would have no security against violation, which security is essential to liberty. Although one may not appropriate another's property, yet he may have his own. Similarly the law punishes the drunkard for the nuisance to society, which nuisance infringes the liberty of the other members of society. Although one may not deny the rights of others, yet he may retain his own liberty. And from this we conclude: a man may not drink to excess or become drunk, yet in accordance with liberty, as a sane man, he may, if he desires, partake of a reasonable or moderate quantity of strong drink.

In the heart of man there is an instinct which tells him that his divine Creator has given him the right to order and govern his own life, choosing for himself what he shall eat and what he shall drink, all provided he does not break the moral law. As soon as the laws of humbug and petty tyranny encroach on the sacred preserve of individual freedom, they create a keen sense of deprivation and set up a strong determination to defeat the laws which, in the case of drink, are so tyrannical in their puritanical doctrine of total abstinence.

When the law is thus brought into contempt, the standard of patriotism is easily lowered and the small seeds of revolution are quietly sown in fertile soil. To me it seems that excessive restrictions in the Welsh mining areas are doing more for Bolshevism than would a whole company of Lenin-Trotskys put together.

Apart from my objections to prohibitory legislation, in this case, on the grounds of its undesirable consequences—inasmuch as it leads to deceit and hypocrisy besides worse forms of vice and immorality—the principles are fundamentally unsound in that the devinely endowed free-will of man is vetoed by other mere mortals. In the beginning God gave man a free-will, with a conscience and an intellect to govern it; and then placed him here on earth with good and evil side by side, in order that he should seek out his salvation. No one will say that in endowing man with a free-will which distinguishes him from the lower animals, God made a mistake; yet the prohibitionists and no-license advocates seem to think they have wisdom more infinite, and must of necessity circumvent the Divine purpose by prohibition. They tamper with the Divine prerogative and blaspheme against the majesty of God. A free-will which acted only one way and never let a man down in sin would be like a glorified raffle without any blanks; and human beings would be mere mechanisms. God has given men the choice of good and evil. God is God; Prohibition is a heresy.

There is no more fruitful source of human error than that which arises from people calling things by wrong names, and describing one thing by a name which strictly should apply to another. Perhaps no word has been prostituted more than that splendid word "temperance," and naturally, all right-thinking people object to its monopoly by those who, when they say "temperance," mean conclusively compulsory total abstinence or prohibition. True temperance strictly means moderation in respect of all the natural appetites and passions of the human being, and is rightly regarded as an individual virtue. Freedom is essential to individual virtue; sometimes the phrase "compulsory virtue" is heard, but it can only be compared with "a square circle" which cannot exist. Prohibition is not "compulsory virtue" but merely incapacity—that is, provided it is successful—which is very unlikely—because it is opposed to human nature itself. Without the choice between good and evil, between use and abuse, there can be no virtue. Throughout all it must be kept in mind, "one man's food is another man's poison," and every sane individual is bound to control himself according to his knowledge of his own constitution. To the weaker brethren, abstinence from intoxicants may be temperance; to those who mortify the flesh, abstinence may mean virtue; but, to the great majority of mankind, true temperance means the amount dictated by the conscience which is generally known as "moderation." Of mankind most are real men and real women, not minors nor invalids in a protected corner; not cowards, fleeing from trial and temptation. They will obey the Almighty in conscience according to the moral law which is written on the heart of man; with the light of truth and love, they will advance on the chaos and darkness of tyrannical fanaticism, enjoying all God's gifts in moderation.

The more we are trained to carve our own destinies, and the more we suffer for our faults and triumph in our successes, the higher the result and the nobler the characters that will be produced. It is consoling to know that in the last fifty years drunkenness in Britain has been decidedly decreasing, without the discredited methods of prohibition. Well may we repeat with a great writer in history, "Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor seek to accelerate the birth of the eternal."

So, on our great ship of State, let all put their hands to the helm of reform; we will sail o'er the seas to prosperity, and—Liberty shall remain.

Your obedient servant,
R. N. PERCEY.
"*The Boy Preacher of London.*"

"THE CITY OF BRASS."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The poets of a country are sometimes the prophets and always the watchmen. Those whose business it is to stone the prophets have in these modern days "taped" the prophets, or rather those who wish to destroy decency, loyalty and, in fact, all Christendom now try to suppress all words of warning from watchmen with vision. The *Morning Post* on June 28th, 1909, published "The City of Brass," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, but to the best of our knowledge in no other newspaper, magazine or even book, was the poem ever reprinted. It disappeared from the face of the earth apparently. Could the reason have been that our Prime Ministers, Mr. Asquith or Mr. George, took personally the lines?:

When the wine stirred in their hearts their bosoms dilated,
They arose to suppose themselves kings over all things created,
To decree a new earth at a birth without labour or sorrow,
To declare we prepare it to-day and inherit to-morrow.

Or did Rufus Daniel Isaacs, not yet the belted Earl of Reading, think these lines would prejudice his future?:

They chose themselves prophets and priests of minute understanding,
Men swift to see done—and outrun—their extremest commanding,
Of a tribe which describe with a jibe the perversions of Justice,
Pandars avowed to the crowd whatsoever the lust is.

The Haldanes, the Amerys, the Glassman-Lansburys, the "little navy" gang, all those who wished to weaken England certainly did not wish this thought to become lodged in the nation's mind:

Swiftly they pulled down the walls that their fathers had made them,
The impregnable ramparts around they razed and relaid them
As playgrounds of pleasure and leisure with limitless entries,
And havens of rest for the idle where once walked the sentries,
And because there was need of more pay for the shouters and marchers,
They disbanded in the face of the foeman their slingers and archers.

All the bleating flock of hygienic Inges, empty Wells, unshaved Shavians, Ashkenaszim Zionists and "Christian" Commonwealth builders must have smothered with zest these four lines:

They replied to their well-wishers' fears, to their enemies' laughter,
Saying, "Peace, We have fashioned a God which shall save us hereafter,
We ascribe all dominion to man in his factions conferring,
And have given to numbers the Name of the Wisdom unerring."

If the *Morning Post* wishes to do the country a service and can brave the anger of Ivor Maxse, Maurice Low and other doubtful members of its staff, let it reprint in full "The City of Brass."

Your obedient Servant,
PATRICK HAMILTON.

Hep, near Tring, Bucks.

OSTARA.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Permit me to point out what seems rather a misstatement in Herr Kerlen's letter on "Ostara."

Though I may be a babe in the Liebenfelsian wood, I can confidently assert that he will be hard put to to prove from the Scriptures the final authority for *Christians*—that a Christian is born so naturally. The birth is generally considered of a higher order.

To follow his statements to a logical conclusion, we learn that the apostles cannot have been "true Christians"! Yet to them we must trace our knowledge to Christianity!

If "only Aryans, Indo-Germanic and Germanic races" can be "true Christians," how does Herr Kerlen dispose of the divinely-inspired statement that: "There is neither Jew nor Greek. . . . for ye are all one in Christ Jesus," to disregard such passages as John iii., 16?

A Christianity such as Herr Kerlen's is no more a "way of salvation" than Confuciasism, and it pains me to see that he unfortunately knows nothing of the Gospel of "the Grace of God" that "hath appeared salvation-bringing to ALL men."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
W. L. DENNY.

104 Whitehorse Road,
West Croydon.
April 25th, 1921.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—I am greatly indebted to your correspondent, F. S. C., for telling me the titles of some of Nietzsche's books on the principles advocated under the title "Ostara." May I, in turn, give him the title of a most interesting book by an Englishman, Professor Max Müller, of Oxford University (some years ago)—a series of lectures on Language and Peace? I wanted it, to study the principles of language. The author discredits the whole idea of "plastic" classification. He writes in rather good English. But we know that the possibilities that lie in the wonderful uses of the English language enable it to express the deepest and most subtle arguments, and reveal the most secret individualities of the speaker or writer. So we can expect a good deal from a Professor of Languages, in the way he places before us the verbal dressing of his most recondite learning.

I am grateful to all this correspondence for being convinced at last on the subject of "Ostara," which I had not quite understood; but which the clearer language in which I read it now shows me its great possibilities—in *every* direction!

But I see now that the Aryan type is the "fairest" and the most spiritual. I find some difficulty only when I try to imagine the "Negroid Blonde" or "Blonde Negroid" (I must be careful not to confuse the two!). But I daresay my imagination will reach it.

There is no doubt this "race superiority" question is an absorbing one indeed. Talking about absorbing topics, I have a suggestion to make: it is that all the differences of type, human and animal, may be traced to the influence of fish as a diet. Yes, fish! Which contains so much phosphate and is therefore a brain-producing nutriment.

It is the diet-ethos of blonde Nordic creatures in general.

Let me try to explain it. Imagine yourself a "negroid" polar bear—I am following the classification of Orlo Lynus, and adding to it the case of the polar bear which our Hindu friend told us was a timid animal!—This brute only becomes "Nordic" by migrating from the region of roots and berries to that of fish and succulent fishy constituents.

But see how the change in diet affects him! He becomes more "timid" in his "negroid" part and more "Nordic" in his appetite. Yet in the wide vistas of those great wide ice-regions he sees more than the close covert of the forests afforded him.

This fish diet! it gives him a sort of fishy wisdom enabling the far-seeing monster to detect the *velt politik* (so to speak), he suspects, to observe the near approach of the hunter who is lying in concealment behind the ice-hummocks. This wisdom gives him to retreat further north—become more "Nordic" each year. Not like his fellow of the Sudaminous South who lets himself be slowly "extincted" by a want of fish diet. In plain truth, the fish diet enables him to see the things he ought to see, and not the others.

I suppose it is this continued travelling that gives the polar bear so much of the "*bodily technical economy and æsthetic harmony*" which I see in this correspondence comes to light, *i.e.*, the firm magnificent claim to as much of the flat earth as those two or four pads can reach. And the humpish neck so gracefully bending at the junction of the spine ethos with the "Yea, I will" ethos which enables the Nordic animal to yield more than his heart is willing to give.

It is quite rightly addressed in your correspondent's terms—"æsthetic harmony"—and was evidently fashioned by a Superior Hand.

Yours truly,
D. C. KEMP,
Lt.-Col.

London.
April 20th, 1921.

A FLAG DAY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—On Sunday, May 1st, a Flag Day will be held throughout London to celebrate "The Re-birth of a Nation," and the proceeds are to be devoted to the rebuilding of Palestine. This information cannot be made too widely known, as numberless people will object to be inveigled into supporting a Movement, for which they already unwillingly contribute in the way of taxation. Any Flag Day held on a Sunday must be regarded with the utmost suspicion, as the Zionist Movement had two Flag Days last Autumn, both on a Sunday.

Yours faithfully,
E. S. BROWN.

London.
25th April, 1921.

THE CONSERVATIVES AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

DEAR SIR,—While our Kosher conquerors are able to keep the Government in the hands of their Welsh Kerensky, and the London daily press remains under Jewish and Sinn Fein control, Messrs. Hodges, Thomas, Williams, Hartshorne and other Welsh labour-fakers will presumably be allowed to engage in conspiracies to blackmail and ruin our unfortunate country. The worst feature of the war which these socialists are waging against the British people is the disgusting cowardice of the gutless boobies and war profiteers who misrepresent the Conservative party in the Commons. Not one of these wretched politicians has dared to demand the prosecution of the conspirators, or of the Jews and sexual perverts who own and conduct the rags which pander to the greed, envy and hatred of the organised loafers, Bolshevics and traitors whom the Welshmen batten on. The cowardice of the few conservative journals we possess equals that of the politicians, or they would have ventured to tell the ca'canny loafers of the coal mines that if their earnings were insufficient to pay for their food, lodging, clothes, dog-fighting, coursing and beer-guzzling, they should work harder and longer, or seek other and more remunerative employment. There is at present a great demand for manual labourers in England, but not for those of the four-day-a-week and seven-hour-a-day sort.

It is announced that the owners (some of whom are Jews) of the Welsh mines which are flooded will demand huge sums as compensation on the ground that the Government neglected to afford proper protection to the officials and others engaged in the pumping. It is to be hoped, in that case, that before any compensation is paid Parliament will satisfy itself that the Government's negligence was not inspired by the Welsh and Jewish owners of the mines. The flooding may be a put-up job between certain members of the Government and the owners of mines which have become exhausted and worthless. Then before any compensation is paid Parliament should be certain that none of the flooded mines is owned by the Jews and others who during the war imported swarms of lowest class aliens to work in the mines.

When the rulers of a country are so weak, corrupt and cowardly as to whine and negotiate with traitors and revolutionaries instead of prosecuting them, that country is on the high road to anarchy. This is the position of our country now, and wealthy Englishmen are partly responsible for it, just as wealthy Frenchmen were partly responsible for the French revolution and anarchy, and wealthy Russians for the revolution and anarchy in that country. The Jews would not have been able to capture our Government, and politicians like Asquith and Lloyd George would not have become premiers if our wealthy Englishmen had not compelled the Conservative party to depend on Jew plutocrats for its funds. And the Jews and Sinn Feiners would not have captured almost the entire metropolitan Press if wealthy Englishmen had not refused to supply the necessary funds for establishing and publishing Conservative organs. As it is, here in London, more than half of whose population is Conservative, we have now only one Conservative daily journal, and even that, being edited by a compatriot of Lloyd George, Hodges, Thomas, Hartshorne, and Williams, is Conservative only in spots.

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH BANISTER.

40 Mazenod Avenue,
West Hampstead, N.W.
April 20th, 1921.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SNOBBERY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The pretty sarcasm of "Moralist" on the superior public school boy who is prevented from competing with the inferior public school boy in the Annual Public Schools Gymnastic, Fencing and Boxing Competitions, would be justified, but for one point. This is, that they "gym," they fence, they box heart and soul among themselves in the superior schools, but their jumped-up masters are so overwhelmed with the fact that their pupils pay a few pounds a year more than t'other fellows, that to compete with t'other fellows would be a loss of caste, a lowering of the standards which they have set up for themselves. And at the Polytechnic, instead of Aldershot . . . ! Horror ! !

That there is more sound education carried on at the Polytechnic in one year than in three years at the majority of public schools is well known. Indeed, many public school boys are forced to undergo a course at the "Poly" before they can fill any useful position in life, other than that of an office boy. I myself was a victim of the public school classical education swindle, and left knowing nothing of English or English literature, let alone classics. This is the experience of the majority, so even the "superior" schools havn't much to write home about.

The almost inconceivable snobbery in refusing to enter for these annual competitions is entirely the fault of the public school masters. The heads (and assistants) suffer from swelled heads by being in daily contact with boys whose cranial development is normal. An extraordinary phenomena, surely. The boys are not to blame; their parents are not to blame. I hope the latter will make a point of protesting. It would be a service to sport. It is a poor prospect if the rising generation loses the understanding of sport at the dictation of a pack of snobs, who find themselves thrust into positions, which they entirely fail to justify. In the old days the boys of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and the rest, were never happier than when measuring their strength in gymnastics, fencing and boxing with the other schools, and it would be the same to-day, but for the pitiful crew which directs them. This social fog is not a healthy atmosphere for youngsters.

I should like to see "soccer" teams from the public schools compete with boys of their own age from the L.C.C. schools. Although the latter would "make rings round them," such events would be productive of much good. It would be a refreshing change from the caste which is creeping into a certain section of school boy sport—due entirely to educationalists, who cannot educate. When schoolmasters become top heavy, from reflected glory, it is time that they began to think—*hard*.

Yours very truly,
HUGH BLAKER.

Old Isleworth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

SEX & SILLER. By Charlotte Mansfield. (Holden & Hardingham. 7s. 6d. net.)

A MAN MAY NOT MARRY HIS GRANDMOTHER. By F. Morton Howard. (Holden & Hardingham. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE BURNING SECRET. By Stefan Zweig. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

PEARL ISLAND. By Henry C. Rowland. (Collins. Colonial Edition.)

BLIND. By Ernest Poole. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

CONFIDENCE. By Henry James. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

MOTHWISE. By Knut Hamsun. (Gyldendal. 6s. net.)

29 SHORT STORIES. Translated from the French. (Philpot. 6s. net.)

ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME. By A. E. Coppard. (Golden Cockerel Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

SWAMP BREATH. By Robert Simpson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d. net.)

PHILOLOGY.

MANUAL OF MODERN SCOTS. By William Grant & James Main Dixon. (Cambridge University Press. 20s. net.)

BIOGRAPHY.

QUEEN VICTORIA. By Lytton Strachey. (Chatto & Windus. 15s. net.)

TRAVEL.

THIS WORLD OF OURS. By J. H. Curle. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY.

ENGLISH HISTORY, 499-1914. By Arthur Hassall. (Duckworth. 1s. net.)

ESSAYS.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By W. E. Henley. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

THE TALE OF TERROR; A STUDY OF THE GOTHIC ROMANCE. By Edith Birkhead, M.A. (Constable. 15s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS. By Robert Lansing. Constable. 16s. net.)

FLOWERS AND FRUIT OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH. (Anglican). (Society St. Peter and Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

¶ A few bound copies of Volume I of "Plain English" (July to December, 1920) are available at the price of One Guinea.

¶ This Volume, in addition to its literary value, contains the best record of political and international movements and developments of the period which it covers.

¶ No paper ever published in England has been so outspoken and so consistently correct in its statements and predictions. "Plain English" is the untiring enemy of political, social and literary corruption.

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PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 43.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] APRIL 30, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP. Title and Preface by Bernard Shaw. 5th Edition. With note by Author, five Poems and Frontispiece portrait of 1908. Postage 6d. ... ... 7s. 6d. net.

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A NOTE TO LIBRARIANS.

The Dundalgan Press venture to call attention to the fact that they have issued a SPECIAL LIBRARY Edition of

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By HERBERT MOORE PIM,
With Notes by
PROFESSOR EOIN MACNEILL.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

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The Spectator: Part of this work consists of an exposition, brief and necessarily incomplete but sound within its limits, of the philosophic work of John Scotus Erigina, John Duns Scotus, Berkeley and Hutcheson; the remainder is devoted to a brilliant endeavour to discern a philosophy akin to, if not identical with, the theories of the Neo-Platonists, underlying the legends of Druidic Ireland. Mr. Pim's view of the allegorical nature of these legends is undoubtedly illuminating; and whatever may be the ultimate verdict on its correctness, it gives them a unity and coherence which hitherto they have lacked. The style throughout is forcible and exact. . . .

The Witness: Again and again Mr. Pim reveals himself as a diligent and ardent student of Plato, in whose works are almost unimaginable riches. Mr. Pim's style is marked by clarity and strength, and his diction is elevated and choice. For these qualities, for the results of his research, for his learning and his breadth of thought, we commend his pages to our readers. They will find they will have broadened their knowledge, widened their outlook, and possessed themselves of, as it were, a world of the existence of which some of us were hardly aware. . . .

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THE TRUTH ABOUT NORTHCLIFFE

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 44.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MAY 7th, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE.

Duke of Northumberland's Fund.

The Duke of Northumberland has addressed the following appeal to the Nation, in a letter to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, dated April 30th, 1921, and published by them on May 2nd, 1921:—

I have received many letters and enquiries, not only from friends, but from strangers, concerning our recent meeting at the House of Commons.

The evidence there put forward, as I need hardly remind you, went to show that there are sinister forces at work for the destruction of the British Empire, and that the various subversive movements which now confront us, whether political, national, social, or moral, are closely co-ordinated, are being pursued in accordance with a definite plan, and have one end in view. The evidence comes from many sources, from our great industries, which are the life of the nation, from Ireland, from India, from Egypt, and indeed from wherever British interests exist. It suggests that these enemies work in many ways, utilising every discontent, every grievance, and even every vanity, against our industrial peace, against our system of Government, against our religion, and that they work not merely from without and in ways open to view, but that they also "bore from within."

The fate of Russia and indeed the present state of England warn us of the need for vigilance in opposing these enemies, whether foreign or domestic, with a whole heart, if we are to escape destruction. The true nature and extent of this conspiracy are not understood. Investigations are being carried out by a group of gentlemen under my chairmanship, who have devoted much time to the study of the subject. They are giving their services voluntarily, and a considerable amount of information has already been circulated.

The requests for information and enlightenment led me to publish a report of the meeting in pamphlet form, and this has led to so much interest being aroused and to so many offers of help that I have decided to go a step further. I think it undesirable to add to the number of existing Anti-Revolutionary Organisations, but I have opened a Fund to meet the expenses of printing, etc. Our purpose is to offer these pamphlets to various organisations for distribution to the public, and to use all possible means to enlighten the nation on the dangers which threaten it. The following have kindly consented to act as Honorary Treasurers of the Fund: Lord Sydenham, Mr. Rupert Gwynne, M.P., and Mr. R. Sanders

Those of our readers who desire to help in this work are invited to send their subscriptions to

The Honorary Treasurers,
DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S FUND,
Barclay's Bank, 95 Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

Attention is also called to letters to the *Morning Post* from the Earl of Denbigh (3-5-21) and Sir William Davidson, M.P. (4-5-21).

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life and Letters	363
The Truth about Northcliffe	366
Conscience and Communism	367
Ourselves and *Evening News*	368
Finance and Stock Notes	370
Paris Notes	371
New York Notes	372
Economic Development of France and Germany	372
Royal Academy	373
The Love Story of Vanessa	373
Correspondence	376

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

"The New Oxford."

A subscriber sends us a copy of a paper produced at Oxford by Undergraduates, entitled the *New Oxford*. A more lamentable publication we have never had the misfortune to see. The leading article is entitled "The Great Betrayal," and the "Great Betrayal," according to the *New Oxford*, is the failure of the railwaymen to precipitate a revolution. The article is studded with sentences printed in large capital letters, of which we reproduce two samples:—

DIRECT ACTION ALONE REMAINS.

THE WORKERS OF ENGLAND MUST CHOOSE NEW LEADERS.

The article concludes with the following:—

> "Moderate Labour" is of no more use. Communism alone remains. And, meanwhile, remember Thomas & Co. must go.

To which we say, by all means let Thomas & Co. go, provided they will take the rest of the gang with them. The next article is called "Peter Kropotkin: A Great Revolutionary." It consists of a panegyric of the poor, silly, feckless person in question who, having spent his life bleating for "the glorious revolution" in Russia, died of a broken heart when the revolution really came, and he saw it as it really was and is and ever will be. Further on the *New Oxford* prints the appended paragraph about the King:—

> The Editor of the *Daily Herald* is a man, not a king. I grant you straightaway that there is a likeness between Lansbury and Windsor (alias Saxe-Coburg), apart from the fact that they have the mutual honour of both being called after the same popular Oxford *cafe*. George Lansbury has nearly as little to do with actually editing the *Daily Herald* as George V. has to do with governing his Empire. Both are more or less figure heads. But there the likeness ceases, for Lansbury is an able man, a good Socialist, and a tolerable writer. (As far as I know our other friend is none of these things.) Lansbury is *not* a man of mediocre intelligence. He has won his position as a Labour leader on account of personal merit (neither his father nor his grandmother were editors of the *Daily Herald* before him).

All we can say is that if there are not enough decent young fellows at Oxford nowadays to take a man who writes this kind of muck and put his head under the nearest pump, the sooner the University is closed up the better it will be.

Cant about Sport.

The *Saturday Review*, which informed its readers a week or two ago that grouse and partridge driving was "cruel" and that the grouse or partridge "never had a chance," prints in its current issue, under the title of "Cruel Sport," the following letter:—

> Sir,—In a recent note you include lion hunting among the cruelties of sport. Just after I read it, I came on the following notice of a woman's article on "Lion Hunting" in a popular magazine. It is from that wise book "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." A passage is first quoted from the writer's text:—"As I woke my husband, the lion—which was then about forty yards off—charged straight towards us, and with my ·303 I hit him full in the chest, as we afterwards discovered, tearing his windpipe to pieces and breaking his spine. He charged a second time, and the next shot hit him through the shoulder, tearing his heart to ribbons."
>
> Gissing's comment on this:—
>
> It would interest me to look upon this heroine of gun and pen. She is presumably quite a young woman: probably, when at home, a graceful figure in drawing-rooms. I should like to hear her talk, to exchange thoughts with her. She would give one a very good idea of the matron of old Rome who had her seat in the amphitheatre. Many of those ladies, in private life, must have been . . . high bred and full of agreeable sentiment, they talked of art and of letters . . . at the same time they were connoisseurs in torn windpipes, shattered spines and viscera rent open. It is not likely that many of them would have cared to turn their own hands to butchery. . ."
>
> This, too, was before the War, when butchery had not become common, and was only the privilege of people with long purses. During the war human life was a thing of small account, and since the Armistice butchery in Ireland has become a positive merit. Our civilisation is lapsing to a point below the decent savage. But the papers are busy profiting by the access of sensation to their columns.
>
> W. H. J.

After reading this letter and the idiotic comments of Gissing which it quotes, one would like to ask "W.H.J." what course he would take if a lion charged him from a distance of forty yards. We can only suppose that he would throw up his hands and hope for the best. If you fire at a lion and hit it in a vital place, you must put up with the awful thought of having lacerated its heart or torn its windpipe. The alternative is that the lion will lacerate *your* heart or tear *your* windpipe. What canting humbug all this sort of thing is. When the cook kills a chicken, if you wish to cant and to be harrowing you can describe it like this: "She seized the quivering animal by the body and in spite of its agonised cries she deliberately drove the edge of the sharp knife into its throat, severing the windpipe and the jugular vein with one terrible stroke. The blood gushed out. And yet this cook in the intervals of performing her hellish tasks, was a kind and good-natured woman who loved her husband and adored little children." We shall not attempt to describe the process of eating an oyster as the late Mr. Gissing might have done when he was in a mood of shoddy-sham-humanitarianism. The result would be too harrowing and might cause "W. H. J." to shed maudlin tears of outraged sensibilty. We need do no more than remind our shuddering readers that the oyster is *alive* when it is consigned to its "living tomb" in the mouth of the epicure.

The "Morning Post" Lies Again.

The *Morning Post* of Tuesday last contained the reproduction of an interview, published in an American paper, with General Macready at the General Headquarters, British Forces, in Ireland. The *Morning Post* prefaces the interview with the following paragraph [the italics are ours]:—

> “ Referring to the statement that what the Sinn Feiners were waging was not war ‘ but murder,’ and that in many cases innocent farmers, *mostly Protestants*, had been assassinated by Sinn Fein in cold blood, without a hearing, General Macready said.”

Then follows General Macready's admirable reply to the American fables about Ireland, including the appended paragraph :—

> “ ‘ Why were the Black and Tans organised ? ’ was another question put to General Macready.
>
> “ ‘ There is no such thing as a Black and Tan to-day,’ the Commander-in-Chief responded. ‘ That name was given to the R.I.C. recruits from England, Scotland and Wales because they wore black caps and brown uniforms before the green uniforms of the R.I.C. could be made, but now they have been welded and amalgamated with the R.I.C. The reason this Auxiliary Corps was organised was that the R.I.C. was not sufficiently numerous to carry out the duties imposed upon it, *because all young Irishmen who joined it were either shot by the Shinners or their homes were burned, or their parents were threatened and their homes burned.* That's the kind of terror the Shinners created in their own country. *Up to 1920 90 per cent. of the Royal Irish Constabulary were Irishmen, and 82 per cent. were Roman Catholics.*’ ”

Again the italics are ours, and once more out of its own mouth we convict the *Morning Post* of spreading shameless and malignant lies about the “ massacre of Protestants.” The *Morning Post* in one and the same column prints a statement of General Macready's that 82 per cent. of the R.I.C. whose homes and relatives are outraged by the Sinn Feiners are Catholics, and a statement of its own that the victims of Sinn Fein are “ mostly Protestants.” It would be hard for deliberate, malignant lying to go further than this, and as long as the *Morning Post* continues to employ such disgraceful tactics at the bidding of General Ivor Maxse we shall continue to hold it up to the reprobation of decent people.

Facts of the Present Situation.

The following *résumé* of the revolutionary movement is being issued by the Committee of both Houses of Parliament under the chairmanship of the Duke of Northumberland.

There is a world revolution in progress.

It is directed from Moscow under the Third International. The chairman of the Third International is Zinoviev, under Lenin. It embraces all the revolutionary societies and activities in every country.

The organisation is very perfect. It is supplied with ample funds for propaganda, large sums are being distributed in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies and America. Foremost in the organisation is revolutionary labour in Ireland, which is controlled by the Irish Republican Brotherhood, or Army, as both are practically the same body. For two years they have been concentrating upon creating revolution in England by means of strikes. This policy has temporarily broken down, but will be renewed later.

A new plan of campaign has recently been adopted as follows: It is recognised that the Soviet system cannot obtain world recognition unless Great Britain is captured. The movement has therefore concentrated upon the disruption of the British Empire.

It is to be accomplished, in the first instance, by disruption of the Imperial Parliament, by attacks from within and without. Spies are being introduced into Parliament and servile men who will carry out the instructions of the Communist Party, otherwise the Third International.

When Parliament has been disrupted and the people of Great Britain have lost confidence in Parliamentary Government the Day of Revolution will approach, when the Revolutionaries hope to organise the Red Army.

These ideas may be considered by peace-loving citizens as outside the realm of possibility ; yet there is abundant proof from writings and propaganda of those who control the Communist Party in this country and in Russia that they not only contemplate, but are actively engaged in the furtherance of this conspiracy.

Bunkum.

The *Times* offered its readers last week a specimen of journalistic absurdity, which partly consisted of a dissertation upon Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, from which we extract the following :—

> To an ordinary man it would have been an obvious counsel of prudence to sound Ulster, and if possible, persuade her beforehand. Had he done so and met with any measure of success, the first Home Rule Bill would have been a better Bill than his own, and had even more Home Rule in it, for the only way of reconciling Ulster to the idea of Home Rule for Ireland was then, as now, by the offer of Home Rule to herself. In fact, it would have been a Bill on the same general lines as the Act now in force. Had such a Bill been introduced a generation ago, the North and South would by this time have composed their differences ; Irish politics would have been running on the same wholesome differences between Liberal, Labour and Conservative that divide opinion in other countries, instead of following the wholly unnatural divisions of geography and religious faith ; there would have been no rebellions ; and Sir Edward Carson, if he had not developed into a Grattan, would have been, at any rate, Lord Chancellor of a United Ireland.
>
> Alas, the Conservatives were the first to understand Ulster, and Mr. Balfour was the first to recognise the gifts of Sir Edward Carson

Thus the ancient lie about Ulster is once more uttered. The answer to this lie is that for the last 2,500 years Ulster has remained as distinct from Southern Ireland as France is from Germany. For centuries the Ulster nation defended itself against military attacks of the south; and Ulster to-day is peopled by the same sturdy, dour race which was invariably victorious in its conflicts with the southern Attacottic tribes. The “ plantation ” of Ulster by Scotsmen had very little effect upon the general population ; and in any case, the Scottish Lowlanders who settled in Ulster under James I. were merely returning to the land from which their ancestors had set forth to make their home in southern Scotland. The very name Scotland was applied because of this successful migration, for in its original sense the word Scot meant an Irishman of the ruling caste, and it is probable that the migration was to some extent the result of the Attacottic rising of the first century A.D., when the slave caste in Ireland attempted to exterminate the ruling caste.

If the *Times* supposes that by perpetually uttering lies it is going to alter the character of the Ulster people it is mistaken.

Encouraging Criminals.

In the year 1798 there was an outburst of crime in Ireland similar to that which is now disgracing that country. Murders and brutalities of all kinds were perpetrated on a large scale. The forces of the Crown were involved in an extensive campaign ; and it required enormous expenditure to stamp out the embers of rebellion. Few people are aware that the murder campaign lasted for some seven years, and that a band of criminals operated for this period in the Wicklow mountains.

William Pitt was in power at this time. What did he do ? He proved to the Irish native that the reward of crime was punishment. He passed the Act of Union, and abolished the newly-established Irish Parliament; with the result that there was peace in Ireland for forty-five years, and the population almost doubled itself during that period.

Under the control of Mr. Lloyd George, our present Government acts in an entirely different manner. Crime is encouraged; and the Irish native has become convinced that all he has to do to secure a Republic is to murder as many servants of the Crown as possible.

The rebellion of Easter-week, 1916, brought Mr. Asquith in hot haste to Dublin; and the campaign of crime which followed brought about the passage of the present Home Rule Act.

This sign of weakness merely served to encourage the murder gang; and their latest efforts have apparently led the Government to abandon their Home Rule Act, and prepare for a final cringe to criminals. We have the following statement from Mr. Walter Forrest, M.P., which has passed without being contradicted by the Irish Office; so we assume that it represents the mind of the Government.

Mr. Walter Forrest, M.P., says:—

> I give you this on my honour as an English gentleman and a member of the Lower House. I have come straight from the Irish Office. The Government is prepared to give Ireland Dominion Home Rule, subject to safeguards about the Navy and Army, the moment Ireland indicates that she will accept it. But it is unusual for a Great Power or a great statesman to make an offer in writing unless they know that it will be accepted.

We assure the Government that there can be only one end to such ignoble encouragement of crime. The present policy of the Government is the direct opposite of the policy pursued by Pitt and the statesmen of the past who built up the Empire; it is therefore a destructive policy, calculated to cast down that which has been built up by loyal and brave men. In a lesser degree it is a policy which deliberately invites the murder gang to murder the servants of the King in Ireland, and to ruin the property of merchants and farmers in this country.

War on Landed Gentry.

Since Mr. Lloyd George raised the Red Flag and preached his first Communist sermon at Limehouse, and a deluded electorate voted "Liberal," he has made persistent war upon the landed gentry of this country. One has only to visit such a county as Dorset to discover that practically none of the old families remain.

We take the following passage from a contemporary:—

> The Duke of Westminster was re-elected president of the Cheshire Dairy Farmers' Association at the annual meeting at Chester on Saturday. During a discussion on the Association's financial position, Mr. W. Emberton said they could not expect that support from the landed gentry they used to have because they were passing away. He regretted to say it, but in another ten years they would be gone.

Nature abhors a vacuum; and consequently the removal of the landed gentry has been followed by an exodus of Jews to the country; and, of course, this is in accord with the wishes of Mr. Lloyd George and his friends.

We wonder how the proletariat will enjoy having Mr. Goldberg, Mr. Finkelstein or Mr. Moses Solomon as landlords in place of our old gentry.

There is yet time to remedy much of the mischief which has been done by Lloyd George and his Yiddish employers. If the people of this country, led by the Duke of Northumberland, rise up and cast out the present corrupt Government, and raise the financial blockade against the landed gentry, rural Britain will be restored to something like its former condition.

Sir Ernest Cassel's Hospital Trick.

Surely Sir Ernest Cassel must realise that his famous hospital trick will no longer deceive the British public. For the people of this country are now awake to the Jewish peril. They were not awake when, with some success, this notorious Jew dazzled them by endowing hospitals when they had begun to look upon him with distrust and suspicion.

When we exposed his part in the Jutland treachery, he apparently decided, upon the advice of "Sir Campbell Stuart," to try the hospital trick once more. We assume that he played his old trick on the advice of "Sir Campbell Stuart" because the *Times* actually had the audacity to give the centre column of its principal news page to an announcement that the Cassel Hospital would be open for the reception of patients on May 23rd.

This goes to prove that the latest example of the Cassel Hospital trick was decided upon while we were printing our Jutland revelations.

Three out of five members of the general committee are Jews.

Thus Sir Ernest Cassel hopes to reinstate himself by spending £225,000 on a hospital, a sum which represents about five per cent. of his profit on the Jutland deal.

We observe that the King and Queen are described as patrons of the Cassel Hospital, and we feel certain that if Their Majesties could be informed about the career of the Jew Cassel, their patronage would instantly be withdrawn.

The Mandate for Palestine.

The Press has remained dumb—as it always does when vital subjects are discussed—over the debate in the House of Lords upon the Mandate for Palestine. Lord Lamington asked the Government whether in referring the Mandate to the League of Nations, attention would be called to the fact that—

> The people of Palestine had not been consulted as to whether they wished for this Mandate, and that, whilst they had expressed a preference for British assistance or for a British Mandate, no doubt they did not appreciate that there would be any Zionist movement in connection with it for the establishment of a national home for the Jews in that country. That movement, after all, as is acknowledged by a very prominent member of the Jewish faith in this country, was really only the Jewish veneer for conquest.

Lord Lamington also asked why Lord Curzon had never made public the fact that the American Government had made an enquiry in Palestine and published a report. The American Government, at first, were to act in concert with France and Great Britain in a Joint Committee of Enquiry, but France and ourselves dropped out, and the Americans, tired of delay, held an enquiry on their own account.

Lord Sydenham asked that the Report of the American Commission be made public at once, as it represents "the only attempt that has been made up to the present time to ascertain the views of the people who are the rightful owners of the soil of Palestine."

Lord Sydenham's Speech.

There is another point raised by Lord Sydenham which is considered important by those remaining few who cherish the honour of their country and desire to maintain "the word of an Englishman." When Field Marshal Lord Allenby entered Jerusalem, he issued an edict which in the name of the King committed us to set up a native government in Palestine, and "to assist that government by every means in our power." Of this Lord Sydenham said:—

I am afraid we have violated both those pledges. In Messopotamia we are now trying to set up an Arab Government which some of the people of Messopotamia do not want in the least. But in Palestine we have set up an autocracy, and we have deprived the Palestinians of the representation which they possessed in the time of the Turkish rule. Mr. Churchill, addressing the Moslems of Palestine, is reported to have laid great stress on the difference between "a national home" and "the national home." He said :—

> "We regard impartiality as so important that we moved His Majesty to appoint as High Commissioner Sir Herbert Samuel."

I can only suppose that that statement must have been ironical, considering that not one-tenth of the Palestinians are Zionists, and that Sir Herbert Samuel is a most distinguished supporter of that very powerful and exotic organisation. On the other hand, Mr. Churchill said—

> "The establishment of a national Home does not mean a Jewish Government to dominate the Arabs."

But the so-called Arabs now find themselves face to face with a Jewish autocracy, while the language of a little minority has been made an official language, and Zionists are becoming more and more influential in the administration of the country.

* * * *

It seems clear that when Mr. Balfour made his fateful declaration he had very little idea of the long years of activity on the part of the Zionists which lay behind the declaration he made. Since the arrival of the High Commissioner at Jerusalem it has been difficult to obtain any information from Palestine, and there seems to be a sort of censorship upon Egyptian papers when dealing with news from Palestine.

The Lord Chief Justice and Fortune-telling.

It is natural that one of the leading organs of necromancy, the *International Psychic Gazette*, should devote two columns to an attack upon Mr. Justice Lawrence for confirming the conviction of a fortune-teller named Kate Smythe. It is also natural that the Spiritists should select the Lord Chief Justice for attack, though he was supported by three other judges, and the actual judgment was delivered by Mr. Justice Sankey. For the Spiritists realise that in the new Lord Chief Justice we have one of those men who embody the traditions which made for the majesty and dignity of Britain in the past. He possesses the quiet strength of a man who has never advertised himself, and he is a lawyer of vast knowledge and experience.

In another department of Justice we had a press attack upon the Lord Mayor of London, who as chief magistrate acted with firmness and determination in ordering the destruction of that obscene book, "The Autobiography of a Child." While such men retain power in Britain there is hope for this distracted country.

Cringing to Coal-Miners.

This piece of truth apparently escaped the eagle eye of Sir Campell Stuart, who controls the *Times*, and who has ruled Lord Northcliffe ever since the famous Bartholomew Day at the Ritz, with something stronger than a rod of iron.

> NOTTINGHAM.—The uppermost feeling among Notts miners at the breakdown of the negotiations is one of astonishment. *They have a profound faith, based on past experience, that the Government can be squeezed into accepting almost any demands made by the Federation provided the latter stands firm, and as they have never been beaten in any strike, local or national, they are not disposed to yield immediately.* Apart from the hotheads, however, there is deep disappointment. The pinch of want is becoming acute, especially among men with families. The wolf has been kept from the door in many cases by the earnings of grown-up sons and daughters, but the increase of unemployment is rapidly drying up this source. While it cannot be said that the majority are yet in favour of returning to work the feeling is unquestionably setting in that direction, and as soon as the men are convinced that the Government's offer is really final, a demand for acceptance is probable, despite the leaders' denials.

We commend this statement of fact to those persons who have the audacity to describe themselves as a Government in this country. The business of a Government is to govern, not to cringe to coal-miners.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NORTHCLIFFE.

IN PLAIN ENGLISH of September 18th, we printed the following paragraphs in the course of a leading article entitled "The Harmsworth Nightmare":--

> At this present moment the Harmsworth Press, beginning with the *Times*, is howling for the release of the Mayor of Cork, it is advocating "free divorce," it is exploiting Spiritism for all it is worth, and it is using the children of England as advertising agents for the *Daily Mail*, while incidentally undermining nursery and schoolroom discipline. In a few weeks' time it will be running other "stunts" equally pernicious and with as little conviction or purpose behind them. It is quite probable that Prohibition will be its next cry, or Satanism or Mormonism ; anything under the sun is liable to be seized upon and turned into grist for the mill provided, of course, that it is something essentially false and pernicious. There is some quality about the Harmsworth mind which automatically prevents it from ever taking up a good cause and running it for commercial purposes, though, on the face of it, there is no reason why a good cause should not be just as valuable for "stunt" purposes as a bad one. What is the explanation of this curious fact? The answer is that there is no natural human explanation ; the explanation is supernatural and can only be appreciated by those who believe in a literal and personal Devil, whose million agents work through the empty "swept and garnished" minds of those whom he chooses as his human instruments.
>
> Rightly considered, the Harmsworth Press is the most formidable menace to this country that exists, and the tragedy is that the "Harmsworthisation" of British journalism is not confined merely to the Harmsworth papers. The whole press is infected with it in a greater or less degree.

Ever since the days of the old *Academy*, 1907-1910, we have been engaged in a persistent fight against Lord Northcliffe and his press. This fight has been conducted purely in the public interest. We have never had the slightest intercourse with Lord Northcliffe, and as far as we are aware the only occasion on which we ever saw and spoke to him was nearly eighteen years ago in the South of France, when at his own request he was presented to us on the platform of a railway station. Years later we became Editor of the *Academy*, and in our search for "the enemy," which was suggested to us simply by a devotion to letters and an ardent patriotism, we were led eventually to find that enemy in the Northcliffe press.

Readers of the *Academy* during our editorship will doubtless remember our fight with Messrs. W. H. Smith, who were at that time the printers of the *Academy*. The fight arose in the first place entirely through an article about Lord Northcliffe, entitled "The Maximum of Capacity," which, as a matter of fact, was written by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, now "The Man in the Street" of the *Daily Sketch*.

We sent this article over to the printers and they refused to print it on the ground that it was "libellous." We disputed that point and it was referred to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's solicitors, who ultimately, after a great deal of discussion admitted that it was not libellous. Messrs. Smith however still declined to print it on the ground that it was "in bad taste."

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son are now our very good friends, and it is with no wish to revive memory of a feud which has long since ceased to exist, that we recall the fact that we thereupon withdrew the *Academy* from Smith's bookstalls, went to another printer who printed the article "The Maximum of Capacity" without a word of objection, and carried on for some months a campaign against Messrs. Smith which had certain far-reaching results. Our fight on that occasion was simply for the freedom of the press and for the right for any paper to criticise any public man, however rich and powerful, in the public interest.

That fight we won. Messrs. W. H. Smith have long ago abandoned the attitude which they then took up, the attitude of censorship, more especially in regard to Lord Northcliffe. They would not now dream of objecting to a paper because it attacked Lord Northcliffe, nor is there, as far as we know, a single printer in London who would hesitate to print a fair attack on that gentleman in any well-conducted newspaper.

The reason of this is that (thanks to the stand we made and the struggle we put up in the *Academy*) Lord Northcliffe and his press have come to be recognised for what they really are. The feeble pretence of being run in the interests of an enlightened patriotism and a disinterested desire for the public welfare which is from time to time put forward perfunctorily by the various Northcliffe organs, now no longer deceives anyone. Everyone knows what Lord Northcliffe is, and what his degradation of journalism and literature has meant for this country. And that is why the appended reproduction from the *Daily Mail* of last Tuesday of the "prayer" made by the Reverend G. Bouchier on the occasion of a dinner given at Olympia by Lord Northcliffe to his employees (or attachés, as the *Daily Mail* quaintly describes them) will awaken in some people contemptuous laughter and in others (the majority) deep repulsion and disgust at the hypocritical nature, coupled with the incredible conceit and egoism, of a man who is capable of having arranged for the issue to the world at large of this revolting, if not actually blasphemous, piece of cant and sycophancy. Here it is:—

> Almighty and Eternal God! we, the frail creatures of Thy Providence, do humbly implore Thee to pour down upon this company the dew of Thy heavenly blessing.
>
> Believing as we do that Thou hast given to every man his task, give us grace to be diligent in doing the work that Thou hast given us to do. By the example of Thy Son, Thou hast for ever ennobled work, giving it new dignity and meaning.
>
> Grant to each of us a sense of our interdependence. Deliver us from all selfishness and continue to unite us as one great family characterised by the spirit of harmony, love, and good will.
>
> We thank Thee for the heroes of history, who suffered for the truth's sake. Give us their courage. Without great effort no one may render service to mankind. Give us enthusiasts. Without them the nation perisheth. Make us willing for the truth's sake to be voices in the wilderness, voices and nothing more—for if our cry should in any measure prepare Thy way, this shall be honour indeed.
>
> Thou hast endued Thy servant Alfred with many singular and excellent gifts. Grant him health and strength, wisdom and power from on high, that he may continue to serve his time and generation, holding ever aloft the torch of imperial faith, and guiding aright the destinies of this great Empire.
>
> God save the King! God bless the people!
>
> And now, for what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful and fill us with a sense of our absolute dependence upon Thee, the Giver of all good gifts; hear us for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Comment would be quite superfluous, and it only remains for us to say that our campaign against Lord Northcliffe which has been carried on, on and off, since the year 1907, when we took over the editorship of the *Academy*, has never drawn from one of the organs of the Northcliffe Press a single word of reply. Again and again we have brought definite charges against him which would have enabled him to take proceedings against us if he had been willing to "face the music" and go into the witness-box and submit to cross-examination on his whole record. We have never had so much as a whisper of a threat of such proceedings. Lord Northcliffe has other methods, and those methods cannot be discussed at this juncture for obvious reasons.

We confess that, when fourteen years ago we instinctively discerned in the Northcliffe Press the "enemy" we were seeking, the headquarters of the forces which were and are beating down the genius and the glory of Great Britain, we had no idea of what lay at the root of the trouble. The Jewish question was then utterly ignored in England, and it has required recent developments in the history of Europe and of mankind to force it on to the attention of even the most thoughtless.

We ourselves, owing to the circumstance that we lived altogether in Paris for more than three years at a period which covered the Dreyfus controversy, were always aware of the Jewish menace, which was well known and understood in France years before it was recognised in England. But at the time we were editing the *Academy* "the Jewish Peril" was hopelessly remote from practical politics, and moreover at that time we had no inkling of the Jewish origin of the Harmsworths. This question was discussed at length in PLAIN ENGLISH some months ago. And to make a fitting conclusion to this article we reprint from PLAIN ENGLISH of February 19th the extract referring to Lord Northcliffe from the *Semi-gotha*, a record compiled by Jews and published at Munich, which gives a complete list of all Jews bearing European titles of nobility.

> "Northcliffe, früher Harmsworth, aber urspr. Stern aus Frankfurt, Baron, Lord—H. der galben *Daily Mail*, London. (Semi-gotha i, 138, 185-7.")

This means:

> "Northcliffe, formerly Harmsworth, but by origin Stern of Frankfurt, Baron, Lord,—Publisher of the yellow *Daily Mail*, London."

Plainly then, when Lord Northcliffe's family is stated by us to be Jewish, there is no question of "bringing an accusation" against him. The compilers of the Almanach Semi-gotha are Jews, and their inclusion of Lord Northcliffe in the list of those whom they claim as their most distinguished compatriots is intended only as a compliment to Lord Northcliffe as well as a feather in their own Jewish cap, and since neither he nor any member of his family has attempted to deny the soft impeachment we take it that the Harmsworths may definitely be set down as Jews, though they no longer practice the Jewish religion. So here we have the explanation of Lord Northcliffe and his press. See "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," *passim*.

CONSCIENCE NOT COMMUNISM.

THE danger to the institution of Parliament is not so much from the fact that the pseudo-Communists have their spies inside Parliament who, according to the Rubenstein document quoted last week, are instructed to "make the fullest and most callous use of the privileges of Members of Parliament," the danger rather is in the attitude of most constituents towards their Member of Parliament. Most people consider him in the same light as they do their parish pump. They regard both as a means of getting some parochial advantage without much effort. While the pump only bears the posters of the local football team, the Member of Parliament must contribute to its support and, also, to the local Salvation Army, Y.M.C.A., seven different churches, and countless charities. When he has finished signing the cheques, most of his constituents consider his work as done. There remain the persistent band of office-seekers who wish to be tucked away in a Government job.

The war brought a slight change, as the Member then became a *liaison officer* between the War Office and the Ministry of Pensions. Outside of their own personal wants, the constituents demand but little of the Member of Parliament, and it is only natural that in the House of Commons the Member seeks only *his* personal advancement. An Under-Secretaryship is sought, or at least a Committee with its added power and perquisites. The country as a whole is rarely considered.

The 670 Members of Parliament forget the real interests of their country in 670 self-seeking ways. The fault is not theirs, the fault is theirs who permit this condition. One reason the House of Commons does not always work for the good of the country as a whole is because it is not asked to do so.

The real need of the moment is the development of a political conscience in the voter. The life-giving principle of a State is a sense of devotion, and adequate recognition somewhere in the minds of its subjects that their own interests are subordinate to those of the State. This sense must be again awakened in Britain, as in the days of the Armada. The individual must see that selfish seeking ends in ruin, and only pure devotion to the State will prevent the Red enemy from destroying country and King here as in Russia.

The bond which unites all British subjects, who are loyal to their king and the ideals of the Empire, is in fact all that really constitutes the Empire as a State. This bond is, to use the words Lincoln used at Gettesburg, in the nature of a dedication. Its validity, like that of some sacred vow, is at the root not contractual, but sacramental. Its foundation is not self-interest, but rather some sense of obligation, however conceived, which is strong enough to overcome self-interest.

A good government can only continue so long as it can depend upon the willingness of a sufficient number of its subjects to sacrifice their convenience and their lives to the enforcement of its commands. These commands, however, must be founded upon the support of the great ideals of the State.

The standard of Justice, of peaceful commerce and spread of knowledge and health which has long been ours is being undermined. The May Day procession on Sunday was a working example of this. Coaches full of fair-haired, sweet-faced English children were singing "songs of revolution"—songs of hate. And in almost every case these children were being conducted by an evil-faced Jewess or young Jew of obvious alien appearance. Yet outside of PLAIN ENGLISH (and quite often the *Morning Post*) not a voice is raised in warning or in protest.

It is one type of courage which enables a man, in the excitement of war, to "go over the top" and meet in the fury of battle another man filled with the same incentive to fight as himself. But in the piping time of peace few have the moral courage to denounce, or if necessary destroy, those men who plot and plan to bring about a great extermination of decent Englishmen for the individual profit of a "formidable sect." How many of the soldiers who daily faced death in a trench in France would to-day face calumny in a London street or in a drawing-room by denouncing the real enemy? It is not done; it is not talked about; "I would rather not believe it," is the average hide-bound line of thought. But, if it is not done, if it is not talked about, not only will the returned soldier die himself, but his whole family, his whole race, and more precious still the ideals for which he is fighting, will be wiped off the face of the earth.

It is no exaggeration to say that the collapse of the British Empire would convulse the whole fabric of human society. If the dismemberment of Turkey be thought to endanger the peace of the world, what consequences are to be looked for if our Empire, so much more orderly as it is most vast and widely spread, were suddenly to be broken up?

It is now time openly to unite and fight those forces let loose upon our civilisation by people who realise they can never reach the standard of British ideals, and therefore wish to make away with those who represent those ideals. It is the motive, it is the great purpose, which consecrates life. If a man is merely to be a bundle of sensations, he had better not exist at all. We should embark on our career in the spirit of unselfish and adventurous heroism; and should develop our true selves by developing the thought of our individual responsibility to the country that bore us.

Men and women must feel the responsibility for the conditions in which they live, and become conscious of their power to alter these conditions for better or for worse. It is the apathy and stagnation of individual thought that causes the present corruption in public life.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in the stars,
But in ourselves . . ."

OURSELVES AND THE "EVENING NEWS."

WE give below copies of the "Statement of Claim" and the "Defence" (which takes the form of "Justification) in the action which has been brought by Lord Alfred Douglas against the Associated Newspapers Ltd., the case being now *sub judice*, we are precluded from making any comment upon it.

In the High Court of Justice.

KING'S BENCH DIVISION.

Writ issued the 5th day of February 1921.

Between The Honourable ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS (commonly called Lord Alfred Douglas) Plaintiff and THE ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED Defendants.

STATEMENT OF CLAIM.

1. The Plaintiff is an author poet and journalist formerly editor of a weekly paper known as the *Academy* now of a weekly paper known as PLAIN ENGLISH.

The Defendants are the proprietors and publishers of a daily paper called the *Evening News* which boasts of a very large circulation and is one of a group of newspapers including the *Times* the *Daily Mail* and the *Weekly Dispatch* under the general control of one Viscount Northcliffe.

2. On February 4th 1921 the Defendants falsely and maliciously printed and published in the said *Evening News*

of and concerning the Plaintiff and of and concerning him in his said profession of author poet and journalist and in his said capacity as editor of the *Academy* and PLAIN ENGLISH the words following :—

> SUDDEN DEATH OF LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.
>
> FOUND DEAD IN BED BY A MAID.
>
> HEART FAILURE AFTER A CHILL.
>
> The *Evening News* learns that Lord Alfred Douglas was found dead in bed to-day, when a maid went to his room at 24 Pembridge-gardens, to call him.
>
> Death was apparently due to heart failure.
>
> Lord Alfred, who was 50, had lately been suffering from a bad chill, but it had not been thought necessary to call in a doctor.
>
> He had been exceedingly busy lately in connection with his weekly journal, PLAIN ENGLISH, and for the past week had been working late into the night.
>
> A GREAT LIFE SPOILT.
>
> HOW THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE DOUGLASSES DOGGED LORD ALFRED.
>
> A brilliant and a most unhappy career is ended.
>
> Lord Alfred Douglas was born, in a sense, under the happiest auspices. He was a Douglas, the son of one of the most ancient families in Great Britain.
>
> He was connected with many of the "best people" in society, he had brilliant capacities, and showed that he was certainly to be nnmbered amongst the poets.
>
> He might have done anything, and, his poetry excepted, he did nothing, and worse than nothing.
>
> That charity which is fitting at all times, but most fitting when we are speaking of the newly-dead, urges that much should be forgiven this poor, bewildered man, who, with all his gifts, will perhaps only be remembered by the scandals and the quarrels in which he involved himself.
>
> DOUGLAS ECCENTRICITY.
>
> It is a great thing, in a sense, to be born a Douglas ; but the family inheritance had gifts from evil fairies as well as from good ones.
>
> It would not be true to say that all ancient races are degenerate ; but there were very marked signs of degeneracy in the house of Douglas.
>
> Many of them were violently eccentric ; to put the case mildly.

On the same day the Defendants called the special attention of the public to the said words by the display of a poster containing only the words "Lord Alfred Douglas Dead."

3. By the said words the Defendants meant and were understood to mean that the Plaintiff's whole life had been degenerate immoral and scandalous that both in his private life and in his capacity of author (other than as an author of poetry) journalist and editor of the said weekly papers his whole conduct had been useless and pernicious and that he was degenerate, insane and not accountable for his actions.

4. In the "late extra" edition of the *Evening News* on the same day appeared the words following, but no apology for or other reference to the said defamatory publication complained of in paragraph two hereof has been published by the Defendents.

> LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.
>
> AN UNFOUNDED REPORT OF HIS DEATH.
>
> The *Evening News* learns that the report that Lord Alfred Douglas died suddenly to-day is without foundation.
>
> We regret having given currency to the inaccurate statement.
>
> "I am very glad to say I am in the best of health," Lord Alfred said this afternoon,

5. By reason of the premises the Plaintiff has been injured in his credit and reputation and has suffered damage.

The Plaintiff claims—damages.

A. S. COMYNS CARR.

Delivered this 8th day of March 1921, by CARTER & BELL, of Idol Lane, in the City of London, Solicitors for the Plaintiff.

DEFENCE.

1. Paragraph 1 of the Statement of Claim is admitted.
2. The Defendants admit the publication of the words set out in paragraph 2 of the Statement of Claim.
3. The Defendants deny that the said words were intended to bear or are capable of bearing the meanings alleged in paragraph 3 of the Statement of Claim.
4. Save the allegations that the Plaintiff had been ill and had died the said words were true in substance and in fact.
5. Paragraph 4 of the Statement of Claim is admitted.
6. Save as hereinbefore expressly admitted and in addition to the traverses hereinbefore contained the Defendants traverse each and every allegation in the Statement of Claim as if the same were here set out and traversed in detail.

H. M. GIVEEN.

Delivered the 29th day of April 1921 by Messrs. LEWIS & LEWIS of 10, 11 and 12 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of London Solicitors for the Defendants.

BIRTH CONTROL AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The following announcement appears in the *Morning Post* :—

> A meeting convened by Dr. Marie Stopes will be held at Queen's Hall on the 31st inst., on the subject of Constructive Birth Control. Among the speakers will be Admiral Sir Percy Scott. Mr. G. H. Roberts will preside.

This woman Stopes is the writer of the book to which we referred last week as being declared obscene by the Court of Special Sessions, New York. The publisher was fined 250 dollars.

Two of her works are at this moment enjoying an immense sale in this country, and one of them "Married Love," is the subject of a letter which has just reached us. It would be impossible to print this letter because it contains some extracts from the book which are of so filthy a nature that it would be impossible to print them.

We are forwarding the letter to Sir Basil Thomson, Chief Commissioner of Police, with a request that he will take steps to have the book destroyed.

The suppression of filthy books is the business of the police. We have already been put to great expense and trouble in suppressing one obscene book, and we think it is now time that the police took a hand.

Evidence has reached us which goes to prove that Stopes has, by means of her disgusting books, done an inconceivable amount of injury.

When she mounts the platform of Queen's Hall we assume that she will be supported by Hygienic Inge, who will no doubt be prepared to add to what he has already said in favour of "Birth Control," which in other words means grave immorality.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6½%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 103s. 8d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97½	... 97¼ to 97⅜
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·28 to 11·29
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 258 to 259
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 49·60 to 49·70
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3⅝d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 25·60 to 25·65
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 80·25 to 80·50
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 28·40 to 28·45
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·42½ to 4·43½
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·97⅞ to 3·98
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 49·60 to 49·70
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3 13/32d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·50 to 22·55
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	. 25·48d.	... 2s. 5¼d

BANK RATE.

Although the Bank Rate was only last week reduced to 6½ per cent., there is every indication that a further reduction will take place, and in fact may be necessary in the near future. Money conditions both here, in New York, and on the Continent, are daily becoming easier, and short loans have been arranged for at as low a rate as 3½ per cent. in Lombard Street. The value of the Franc is steadily increasing, and the same remark applies to the value of our £ on the New York market, which is now getting near the figure of five dollars to the sovereign. As a consequence the price of gold is dropping, which incidentally is a poor outlook for some of the mines on the old Central Rand. With the fixing of the Indemnity due by Germany, the uncertainty in this direction is coming to an end, and should gradually lead to the return of confidence in all financial centres. It is remarkable that notwithstanding the coal strike and the uncertain industrial outlook generally, monetary conditions should be so satisfactory.

BUDGET.

It was disclosed in the recent Budget that we had achieved a satisfactory result in repaying as much as £203,000,000 of our indebtedness to Foreign creditors and to this extent we are to be congratulated. Our debts to such countries as Japan, Argentine, Spain, and Holland are now entirely settled, and apart from a small sum of less than a million due to Sweden, we are only in debt to the United States. There, however, we are up to the eyes to the tune of £927,000,000, and it is hoped that the funding scheme said to be under arrangement will materialize. If as Mr. Chamberlain stated we only begin in 1922 to pay interest on this sum, we should see a substantial improvement in the exchange by that time, and so make our annual sterling payment a considerably less figure. Our Allies and Colonies owe us much more than we are due our own creditors. The debts to us appear at £1,947,000,000, of which about £560,000,000 was lent to Russia. Whether we shall ever see that sum or any reasonable part of it remains in the lap of the gods and a cancellation of a very large part of it seems very certain.

MARKET NOTES.

It is being realised that both rubber shares and copper shares have touched about bottom prices, and one would not be surprised to see a steady move upwards in both these classes of security.

In the case of copper, Rio Tinto shares have risen since the resumption of work on the mine some three months ago, from £22¾ to their present price of £31 for the £5 share, and the shares, which are a prime favourite on the French market are actively dealt in there daily.

The shareholders of the Carlton Hotel are being called together for the purpose of considering a scheme under which the freehold of the Ritz Hotel, in which the Carlton Company is largely concerned, can be purchased outright. The Carlton Hotel did very well for the past year, having paid off all accumulated arrrears of Preference dividend from 1915 to 1919, besides paying 10 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares plus a bonus of 5 per cent.

As a result of the cheapness of money, new issues are likely to be very numerous in the near future, and some very attractive propositions are in course of preparation for the investing public. The issue of the 10 per cent. Preference shares of Lamson Paragon Supply Company Limited should be quickly responded to. It will be recalled that when this Company made its last issue of Ordinary shares in the Autumn of 1919, a railway strike was in being, and the Prospectuses sent out by the Brokers and Underwriters were distributed by aeroplane. However the issue was over-subscribed, and this is what will probably happen with the Preference shares now offered to the public.

At the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of Beyer, Peacock & Co. Ltd. held on the 27th ult., the chairman, Sir Vincent Caillard, in referring to factors in our industrial position and comparing conditions in Germany with those that prevail in this country, stated that we cannot ignore those factors which intensify the present weakness of our industrial position, and which must inevitably be altered by sheer force of circumstances.

Firstly, it is essential that the present burden of taxation be reduced. So long as this country is more heavily taxed than any other, so long will industry be handicapped by the diversion of our resources into non-productive channels.

Secondly, it is necessary to bring about a realisation of the fact that a peace trade cannot be carried on under war-time conditions, and that the cost of fuel, labour and transport must be reduced to economic levels; as, unless this is done, this country will, as regards its chief industries, be gradually excluded from the markets of the world, owing to the costs of its products being more than its former customers are willing to give.

It is only fair to add that, in the attempt to reduce labour costs, the maintenance of adequate living conditions must not be ignored. The levelling-up of wages that took place during the war in the case of the lower-paid worker represents a piece of social progress that no one would seek to impugn. On the other hand, labour should remove all artificial restraints on production, so as to enable good wages to be earned, and yet enable the cost of labour on each article to be kept at a reasonable level.

SOUTHERN VAN RYN REEF GOLD MINING CO. LTD.

In order to provide working capital to complete the reduction plant for its producing mine on the Van Ryn Reef, and to hasten developments so that an output of 7,500 tons per month from that reef may be reached, the Southern Van Ryn Reef Gold Mining Co. Ltd. is issuing 2,000 10 per cent. six year notes of £50 each. These notes, as a summary of the prospectus appearing in our advertising columns to-day shows, will be repayable on May 1, 1927, when the subscribers will receive £100 for each £50 in addition to having received interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. At the end of six years the subscriber, will therefore have received £130 for each £50 subscribed, this being a yield of 26⅔ per cent. per annum. The notes will constitute a first charge on the Company's assets, seeing that any debenture issue or mortgage loan or any other charge made in the future will be applied in the repayment both of the principal and any interest owing on any of the notes which may be outstanding. The Company's properties are one of the largest of the Far East Rand, and the Company is in the happy position of not having to share its profits with the Government. It is now generally admitted that the Far East Rand will in the near future make up for the diminution of the gold output of South Africa owing to the failure of many of the Central Rand mines. The time within which applications can be received in London has been extended until May 31.

PARIS NOTES.

XXXI.

"*L'Amphitryon national de la Grande Bretagne, Sir Philip Sassoon, entraîna M. Briand vers une rapide limousine . . . .*"

It is in these words that *Le Matin* of Sunday, April 24th, describes the arrival of the French Prime Minister in Dover.

"*L'Amphitryon national de la Grande Bretagne!*" I feel sure that the correspondent of the *Matin* did not write down these ominous words in all simplicity and candour. He *must* have written them with his tongue in his cheek. If he were a Jew—and the chances are he is that—his feeling was one of exultation. If he were a Frenchman—and even that may be—his exultation was due to the fact that there are other countries even more Jew-ridden than France. For, Jew-ridden as we are over here, we still keep our sense of humour, and, with a wink or a sigh, we keep our Jews at our elbow. But we do not, we do *not* parade them before Europe as "*Amphitryon national!*"

And when Prime Ministers of foreign countries come to France it is Marianne—heavy, blatant and vulgar, perhaps—but still Marianne, "R.F." if only in the . . . . homely shape of "Papa and Maman Fallières," who receives them. Our President receives them in the former palace of Madame de Pompadour and not in a Semitic suburban villa. As to the question who pays, and who pulls the strings and who calls the tune—all that is another matter, but appearances remain . . . . decent. We not only keep our sense of humour, we also keep our sense of propriety.

We know—we have noticed it very particularly since the war—that when an Englishman loses the two above qualities, he goes to the dogs at a lightning pace, ever so much faster than other nationalities. And it strikes one that the sense of humour and the sense of propriety has finally fled from Whitehall . . . . or is it only Downing Street? Palestine, Rufus Isaacs in India, the Anglo-Soviet treaty, and . . . Sir Philip Sassoon! . . .

Mr. Lloyd George's idea of saving the British Empire behind a bulwark of Jewry is obvious even to the casual observer. But *is* he saving the British Empire at this tremendous cost? Do the British "statesmen" know (at least, they ought to know) that the East—the Mohammedan East and the Hindoo East—are strongly, traditionally anti-semitic? Do they for a moment believe that a "Yahoodi" Viceroy will propitiate the masses of India? Where save in the East are religious and racial distinctions more acute and hatred more undying? Where save in the East are personalities weighed, studied and gauged more carefully? Where are telepathic messages quicker and ears more alert to catch a message?

"The Lion has mange . . .!" Can't you hear that message humming through the crowded bazaars from Anatolia to Burma? In troubled times in India high British officials and generals when sleeping out of doors had a sentry mounting guard, standing right at the head of their bed, almost touching their pillow. Can you see the mongol eyes of a Gurkha watching the slumbering Rufus, and his brain slowly thinking through the long hours of the still night: "Is *this* the shadow of the King-Emperor?"

But it may be better to have Jews that way, openly—as openly as Disraeli was Prime Minister of England, than to have them in the shape of wealthy secretaries "Amphitryon national de la Grande Bretagne."

The "Kasr-i-Hind" mayhave strange fancies and choose a "Yahoodi" to represent him in India . . . perhaps just to show his contempt of the Hindoo. But the Grand Vizier of the "Kasr-i-Hind" should entertain his guests out of his own pocket . . . or that of the Emperor or that of the nation, but not that of Sir Philip Sassoon.

The Island Pharisees were always a nation of hypocrites. They must be desperate indeed to become a nation of cynics!

While we watch the rise of Judaism in the cradle of Anglo-Saxondom, curious information reaches us from across the Atlantic.

"The United States put on long pants right after the war." They are growing very fast, and like every fast growing cub are very uncouth in their gait. Here is what President Harding said after the naval review to the officers of the battleship "Pennsylvania":—

> "The United States of America does not want anything on earth . . . but we do want what is righteously our own and, by the Eternal, we mean to have that!"
>
> "If every government were impelled by the same motives as our own (*see above*) the world would be at peace forever!!"
>
> "I express an ardent hope that not another shot will be fired because of future wars," said President Harding standing in the shadow of several monster fifteen-inch guns, "and," he added, "he had nothing in his mind except a world greeting!!!"

At the same time the Senate in Washington reported favourably on the Immigration Restriction Bill, after having eliminated certain provisions granting privileges to persons "subject to religious persecution."

The *Dearborn Independent* is doing good work over there . . .!

Whether it is because of the panic which the growing wave of anti-semitism is causing to the masters of the "better world" or for some other more mysterious reason, the other day in the French Senate, during the debate on the renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, all three speakers in favour of the Bill were Jews!

La Vieille France writes in her issue of April 28th:—"In France, in Belgium, in England, in the United States, all the ambitious and all the politicians of the Church imagine themselves to be great Machiavellis when they tackle Israel or do some trafficking with the Jewish Bank."

So I am not alone in deploring the worldliness—and the short-sightedness—of the policy of Rome.

ENGO.

Paris, May 1st, 1921.

NEW YORK NOTES.

GREAT excitement was evidenced at the meeting of the New York City Board of Aldermen last week (April 6th), when one Alderman Bruce M. Falconer, an American with 230 years of ancestry, had the courage to oppose granting the "freedom" of New York City to Albert Einstein and two other German-Jewish Zionists, who have come to this country to attend a secret conference of world Jews. Einstein is the self-styled discoverer of the law of "Relativity," which no one but himself and a few of his Semitic brethren have so far accepted. Mr. Falconer stood alone in his great American stand against conferring this high honour of freedom of the city on a few Jewish trouble-makers. At the meeting when the discussion occurred, a number of foreign-born Jews threatened Mr. Falconer's life, and also boldly and loudly (Jew-like) told him his political career was at an end. Meanwhile, the "freedom of the city" failed to pass. At a later special meeting called for the same purpose the motion passed, but Mr. Falconer stood, as a real American only could stand, opposing the motion. He has the backing of all the patriotic societies in the city, and thousands of Americans wrote and telegraphed him congratulations.

Unfortunately, the city under Tammany Hall government had recently given the "freedom" of America's largest city to representative Sinn Feiners who came here, and with this precedent it was especially difficult for the Irish Catholic aldermen to refuse a similar "honour" to the Jews.

Prof. Arvid Reuterdahl, Dean of St. Thomas' College, St. Paul, Minn., in a nation-wide statement in the press calls "Prof." Albert Einstein, the Jewish self-styled scientist, a lot of nasty names, among them the following: "A cheap sophist," "the Barnum of science" (in other words a circus publicist of himself), and "a plagiarist." He asserts that Einstein's theory is largely "bunk," an American cant word for its English equivalent "rot." Einstein's theories, Prof. Reuterdahl says, were advanced in 1866 by a scientist known under the pen name of "Kinertia." Reuterdahl is one of the greatest living mathematicians.

Mustapha Kemal, the Salonica Jew, who is leading the Turkish nationalists in their war of destruction of Christian Greeks, is being financed by Jewish bankers all over the world. The only way in which this murderous destruction of Gentiles will be stopped is by the enlightenment of the Gentile nations to the fact that the world-wide "Bolshevism" is the work of organised Jews. Only a mentally dead person can fail to see this.

Archbishop Hayes, head of the Roman Catholic diocese of New York, has brought himself into disfavour with a large number of Americans, and has created considerable animus against the Church itself, by his outspoken utterances in favour of Sinn Feinism. A number of Catholics and Protestants planned recently a public memorial meeting for the late Cardinal Gibbons, a most distinguished and extremely popular American as well as churchman. Because Archbishop Hayes was not asked to preside at the meeting he used his influence to have it called off, and succeeded. He has not added to his waning popularity by this act.

James W. Gerard, former U.S. Ambassador to Germany, in a speech before a lodge of Knights Templar (12th degree Christian Masons) very clearly referred to the attempt of the Jews to dominate Gentile nations. His language was rather strong, but after all, it was thoroughly Anglo-Saxon. "Who in hell is going to run this country, we Americans or foreigners from all corners of the globe?" asked Mr. Gerard. "Some of us are afraid to speak our minds any more, lest we should offend this group or that race." The press reported that Mr. Gerard was vociferously applauded.

It is of common knowledge that a great cleaning-up of Masonic lodges is going on throughout what is known as the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, that is the Eastern States. Jewish members who are found to be socialists, or in any way connected with organisations that favour a change in our system of government, are being weeded out fast. Only those members who are known to be 100 per cent. American can remain. Of course, this applies only to the Christian lodges of Masons, or where Christians form the majority of the members. The Jews have their own lodges throughout the country, so the discharged "brothers" will join the Semitic organisations, and be in their proper place. But, they will thus be known for what they are—Aliens in an unfriendly country. When the Jewish Freemasons are finally all huddled together, their number and influence will be known and watched.

KNICKERBOCKER.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.*

THE appearance of this complete work on the subject is that of a scholar and a great observer of affairs. It deals mainly with the two countries mentioned, but necessarily shows the relationship of events and progress through European countries. From the early chapter on "Rural Life before the Railway Age" to those on "Markets" and "Gold and Trade," the book is an instructive history of economic life. The student will find everything to satisfy his research; the business man will give approving nods to recognised material results and stages in the evolution of our European commercial system. From 1500 to 1850 the great social question of the day in Europe was "the peasant question." All the economic forces which were at work in Western Europe during the long peace from 1815 to 1914—broken only by the short and bitter struggle of 1870-71—are illustrated in French and German history. To put that history into a European setting which can be thoroughly understood is the object of the work, and it is effected surely with complete success, as the interesting pages of recorded events show. It is said that the precious metals (gold, silver, etc.) cannot of themselves produce prosperity, but they certainly did and will promote activity and fire the imagination; and even economic progress needs the fired imagination—"Man labours and contrives and invents to get gold."

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* "The Economic Development of France and Germany—1815-1914." By J. H. Clapham, Litt. D., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, at University Press.

The new warfare of nations—the fight for trade and commercial life and supremacy—is recorded in the book with accuracy, and the concluding pages show an observation and appreciation of events of no mere theorist.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

THE Selecting and Hanging Committees of the R.A. no doubt were animated by the highest motives and the best intentions when they arranged this year's exhibition, but they have inflicted much trouble "of mind and estate" on a large number of their fellow artists.

We remember the pre-war Academy, with its dazzling gold frames and its pictures packed together almost to the top of the walls. Those were the days when hanging was largely a carpenter's job; the pictures were fitted in, after the important ones were placed, by size. Huge numbers were sent for exhibition, and huge numbers were ejected or crowded out, and ridiculous mistakes were made by the judges, probably on account of the vast quantity of material. It will be remembered that one prominent painter was rejected at one exhibition and the following year was elected an Associate! One of the judges in this case was unwise enough to give a reason for the rejection, which was far less probable than the very likely one—that the artist's work was never seen.

The war made some little changes in the exhibition, and the works hung were, on the whole, larger in size and fewer in number; this meant fewer exhibitors, and it was to be expected. But since 1914, more strongly since 1919, some influence has been at work, and we see the result in 1921, when the number of exhibits has dropped by something over nine hundred works.

Think for a moment what this drop in exhibits means. It is impossible to give exact numbers, but it certainly means that the number of artists represented has decreased by some hundreds. That is a vexatious matter to all, and a very serious loss to many who regard the R.A. annual exhibition as their one annual advertisement, market and chief business place.

Into any possible explanations we need not enter, but the reason given is an obvious one. The exhibition so limited is to secure a first-rate show of pictures, every one of which has a fair chance of being properly seen.

Artists are continually being asked one question, "Is it a good Academy this year?" It may be answered according to the way the particular artist has been treated, but the real answer should hardly ever vary. It should be "Much as usual." The great preponderance of work is, as one ought to expect, mediocre; there are some pictures quite good, there may be a few of exceptional interest, there are sure to be some quite bad. This year's exhibition is no exception to this general rule. That the gallery is well hung with few pictures which are all well seen doesn't alter this fact, and no amount of space will make a bad picture better, though it may help one to enjoy the good ones.

There has been an excess of zeal in this casting out of work. The exhibition has been so thinned that there is ample room for many more pictures, which would in no way whatever interfere with the pictures already placed. There is also no question that some of the rejected artists, whose work is well known have sent in vain work superior to a great deal that is on the walls. The matter, however, cannot be looked at in this individual way. The question is a broader one. Should the Royal Academy use their exhibition for themselves, and a comparatively small body of outsiders, or are they not in duty bound to give the widest hospitality in their power to all artists who wish to send to the most useful and only open exhibition in London?

The Royal Academy is a private body, with curiously great privileges. They are certainly regarded by the public as the official head of art in the country. There is a considerable responsibility on them to act even generously to all those artists who seek their hospitality so far as it lies in their power. They seem to have forgotten this,

THE LOVE STORY OF VANESSA.*

MR. FREEMAN has given us a deeply human and fascinating book. He has collected into a single volume all the material evidence that is available up to the present hour in that celebrated cause which Esther Vanhomrigh has been pleading at the bar of posterity for well-nigh two centuries. The letters of both plaintiff and defendant have been carefully collated with the original documents. They have for the first time been arranged in chronological order, and have been elucidated by annotations which, though they may not greatly influence the verdict, make some doubtful points clear, and help to a fuller understanding of the relations between the parties in the suit. Mr. Freeman has endeavoured to act with judicial impartiality. He has set out the testimony on both sides with scrupulous fairness, and dealt incidentally with that great mass of contemporary evidence which is excluded by the laws of strict proof, but which has done so much to deepen the shadows and heighten the interest of this most melancholy and tragic drama. This book finally closes the pleadings, and we can now call the plaintiff and defendant into court to deliver our verdict on clear and inexpungable evidence.

But while we bear all testimony to the high integrity, skill and patience of Mr. Freeman, we are not sure that he is quite free from an unconscious bias in favour of one of the parties, and that here and there the evidence is not either unduly stressed or unduly slurred. The truth is, Swift has almost invariably been fortunate in his biographers and commentators. He seems to exercise upon posterity the same almost incredible fascination which he exercised upon the men and women of his own day. The invincible potency of that mighty spirit appears to sweep away all the standards and conventions by which ordinary men are measured and judged. What in other men we would endeavour to extenuate or would deplore, in the case of Swift we seek to justify, or if we are unable to justify, to declare inevitable, and therefore pardonable. Indeed, this is the very position we find Mr. Freeman occupies after an admirable statement of the facts. "The tragedy," he says, was inevitable from the day when Vanessa attempted to arouse in him a love of which he was incapable. . . . Age and youth—age terribly strong and youth pitifully weak, age experienced and affectionate, but youth passionate and uncompromising—these could not live together; but one, no need to ask which, must die."

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* "Vanessa and her correspondence with Jonathan Swift." The letters edited for the first time from the originals. With an introduction by A. Martin Freeman, London. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

We confess we are not convinced. The language is just a little too rhetorical; it has more of the warmth of the advocate than the measure and balance of the judge, and proposes to decide the case on grounds we think wholly untenable. For we have no sympathy with the theory that there are two codes of morals and of conduct, one for the man of genius and another for the pedestrian traveller, or that it is permissible to plead the noblest powers of mind and thought in justification of the exercise of unbridled passion, heartless cruelty, and flagrant indecency.

On the same grounds the exalted highwayman may plead his superior dexterity, courtesy and courage, or the inimitable burgular the genius he has always displayed in cracking a crib. The *Almanach de Gotha* of Crime—the Newgate calendar—is full of such pleas, and though we may admit that the end of these worthy gentlemen was inevitable, we are none the less satisfied that their fate was merited and satisfactory. But let us see in what sense the catastrophe in this case was unavoidable, and in what way the curtain was bound to fall upon an inevitable tragedy. The general outline of the story is familiar to everyone, but though many details are wanting (and for this we have to thank the caution and ingenuity of the defendant), the remaining proof is sufficient to enable us to arrive at a just conclusion upon the point.

Somewhere in the year 1709, Swift made his first appearance in the family circle of St. James' Street. That household consisted of a widow, Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her three children, of whom Esther, a girl of twenty, was the eldest. We can picture it clearly enough—a household of some pretensions, of some literary culture, gay, fond of amusement, with its eye on the *beau monde*, and living perhaps just outside the ambit of its means. Vanessa differed in some degree from the rest of her family. An interesting girl as we see her, with her own world of thoughts, and hopes and desires, rather reserved and retired, but of more than ordinary intelligence and vivacity; fascinating in her very reservations and possibilities. Of her personal appearance we know little. We only know that she did not possess the spiritual beauty of Stella, and that her figure inclined to embonpoint. But we do know that she was high spirited, imaginative, passionate, and eager to learn and know. As we have said, eminently an interesting girl, and a fit subject for dangerous experiments. On this household then, somewhere in that year of grace, burst the Prince of Philanderers. We use the words deliberately; we think they are justified to the last turn of the last letter of the words. At that hour, Swift was no tyro in the art of love. He was already a most experienced and accomplished workman. To his mother's consternation he had already, when a stripling of twenty-two, told his tale of artless love in the year of Betty Jones, but only, as he declares *suo more*, to an expostulating friend, as a means of amusement to an active and restless mind—a habit, he adds, to be laid aside when he took sober resolutions, and which he should lay down when he entered the Church. We think this is not the language of the mere amateur even then, but her good angel saved the fascinating Betty, and she finally blossomed into a happy Mrs. Perkins, hostess of the George. In his next reported adventure—history is silent as to others, doubtless *caret quia sacer vates*—his love of this form of amusement carried him a little too far, and he laid his hand and fortune at the feet of Varina. Even the most knowing dog at times may overrun his quarry. We are sure that was the case of Swift in the matter of Miss Waring. It was the ardours of the great sport—the stern delights of the chase—which first inspired him, and we can well believe there was no more disappointed and disgusted man in the world, when the lady treated him as a man of honour and accepted his proposal. But on this occasion, as on all others, Swift was true of himself. The letter which he wrote in reply to Varina's acceptance is a superlative example of terse and manly English, and may well serve as a model to all future blackguards, who desire of escape from a similar difficulty. It is such a letter as admits of only one answer—an answer which must be endorsed by an elder brother, and punctuated frequently by a horsewhip. By this time also that most illustrious and unhappy lady, the Stella of history, has entered Swift's life. She had already counted the world well lost for his sake. Whatever were the relations which existed between them, she had imperilled her reputation, had forsaken her friends, and had followed Swift to Ireland, where she occupied a house in his neighbourhood. Of the relations between them we cannot now speak, but we think no man can read the Journal without coming to the conclusion that Swift loved Stella, at least for a time, as passionately as it was possible for his cold and calculating nature to love any woman.

Such is the record of the defendant in the rôle of Lothario up to this point, attested under his own hand, nor do we think we have stated the case unduly against him. And now when he first enters the circle of St. James' Street, he does not enter as an ordinary guest. He is already a great man. The world is at his feet; his success has been meteoric; he has already played a great part in affairs. Without birth, powerful friends, or adventitious aid of any kind, he has forced his way to the front. He is the friend and counsellor of ministers of state, lends support to cabinets, and distributes his favours with the haughty pride and condescension of one born in the purple. And who does not know that he is the author of that wonderful book, "A Tale of a Tub," though his name is not on the title page?

All this had been done before he had reached the age of forty-two. It is little wonder that ladies of fashion, who are reigning toasts at Button's, must sue as suppliants for the favour of his acquaintance, and consider themselves honoured by admission into his presence. We are left to conjecture the first notice which this great man bestowed on the impressible girl, who no doubt regarded his lightest word with awe, and looked upon him as the greatest of men. But we do know that by December, 1711, the old dog was at his little tricks again, and that, forgetful of the absent Stella, he was looking forward to "an orange and sugar in the sluttery, which I have often found the most agreeable chamber in the world." Now it must not be forgotten that our only evidence is the letters between the parties, and that these letters—among the saddest letters in the world—are few and fragmentary. They are only forty-six in number, but how human and tragic is the pitiful story they unfold! Treasured by the woman as the one memorial of her agony, read and reread with streaming eyes and breaking heart, divided into little series to mark each fatal step in the sorrowful drama of her life, when read with sympathy and understanding they tell us all that we desire to know. Up to the middle of 1713, they are very much what we should have expected. The great man has descended to a flirtation more or less clandestine; he has cooed, carressed and flattered; he has already put in practice his favourite trick, and invented a pet name for the lady. There are little secrets between them, and he is fully conscious of the dangerous ground on which he is treading. That is abundantly clear from the tone and temper of his frigid and calculated letters. He is anxious, not for the happiness of the girl whose guide and teacher he professes to be, but for his own miserable skin. It is the world of which he is afraid. The sacred bread must be eaten in secret. Again and again he counsels caution and discretion, and certainly his own letters are models in the qualities he advises. As for poor Esther's letters, we do not yet catch in them the authentic note of conscious passion, but we can see clearly that she is already involved in the fatal toils, and the charmer has done his work only too effectively. As Mr. Freeman says, she "dreams" she is in love and dreams, we think, that her love has been returned, but as yet no clear and explicit understanding has been reached. But this state of affairs could not continue. The pleasant fire at which the great man was warming his hands was certain to burst into a mighty conflagration. The seed which had been sowed in the virgin soil of the young girl's heart was certain to grow and ripen to its natural harvest. And, accordingly, in 1713 the explosion took place.

The barrier of reserve was swept away, and the woman openly declared the passion which was consuming her heart. At this point we have additional corroboration. We entirely agree with Mr. Freeman that the *Vanessa and Cadenus* poem is strictly autobiographical, and though the sportive Dean may have stated the case rather in his own favour, we believe the narrative to be strictly historical, and a record of authentic facts. All the evidence supports this belief, and converts it into a certainty. This chronicle in verse was written at the time; it was handed by Swift to Vanessa—we doubt not with the usual charge of secrecy—and was kept among her sacred treasures, concealed from the eye of the world, till death revealed the secret. It is difficult fully to understand the mind of the writer, or to fathom the depths of brutal levity and callous heartlessness, which it reveals. But there is no doubt as to its meaning and its purpose. In this manner—love may be made among the Yahoos. Mr. Freeman says it records the position of affairs between the parties, and sets out the agreement at which they mutually arrived with regard to their subsequent conduct, in the light of Vanessa's declaration. We think this view is substantially right, but "agreement" is hardly the word we should use.

Alas! There was little power of choice left to Vanessa. She was compelled to accept any arrangement which the man she loved was good enough to make. It is a charming poem, airy and graceful, and written in a playful spirit, but it is the playful spirit of the cat—sporting with her victim, and amusing herself with its agonies. The great artist knew his business, it could not have been written in prose. The bitter draught he had to offer must be presented in a cup wreathed with the flowers of sentiment and fancy. And what was to be the end of the matter? It was simply this—that poor Vanessa might go on offering her incense at the shrine of her idolatry, and that her god would give her in return, not love, but gratitude, respect and esteem, and such devotion as we bestow on goddesses when they visit the earth. But again he knew his business too well to end upon this note. The consequences might be inconvenient, and his amusement brought to a sudden conclusion, and so the hopeful poet continues:—

> But what success Vanessa met
> Is to the world a secret yet;
> Whether the nymph to please her swain
> Talks in a high romantic strain,
> Or whether he at last descends
> To act with less seraphic ends,
> Must never to mankind be told
> Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

It is nauseous and abominable. We can see the leer of the satyr on the face of this high Church dignitary, for he is now Dean of St. Patrick's, as he writes this doggerel to the girl who has the misfortune to love him. He has no mercy on his victim. He continues to inflame that hope which is the life of love, and deliberately encourages her to follow the *ignis fatuus* of her wild desires. Honour, pity, tenderness, affection, have no place in that hard and stoney heart. His active and restless mind must have amusement at whatever cost, and so Vanessa also follows him to Ireland, and for nearly eight years in that land of tribulation, eats out her passionate heart in alternate hope and despair. From this point her letters are pitiful and touching beyond words. She is anxious not to compromise him in the eyes of the world; she is grateful for every little favour he shows her; she hungers for one loving word; she rallies him lovingly, but timidly; but at times her agonies overmaster her, and she strikes a high and tragic note. No one can read her letters unmoved. "Put my passion," she cries, "under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas, which will ever stick by me while I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only sealed in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it."

And again she writes, "how many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort that I can expect at present. Oh! That I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you!" We do not know how far Cadenus descended "to act with less seraphic ends," for his own letters rarely deviate from the even tenor of a lofty and disdainful indifference. But there is one passage in a letter of Vanessa, written little more than two years before she died, a passage with which Mr. Freeman has not dealt, which makes us pause and wonder. It is dated 1720, "we have had a vast deal of thunder and lightning. Where do you think I wish to be then? And do you think that was the only time I wished so since I saw you?" We do not know whether Swift was a seducer in the ordinary sense, and we do not think it matters much how we decide the question. The fact would add little to his guilt. There are passions we can palliate, though we may condemn them. But to have debauched a woman's mind, to have wrecked her life, and broken her heart, without remorse or pity, is a crime beyond palliation or pardon, and that crime was Swift's.

S. R. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The good work you have done in stemming the flood of the filthy movement grotesquely camouflaged as "psycho-analysis" induces me to hope that you may proceed to use the influence of your paper against another movement, equally hell-born, but more insidious. I refer to the propaganda of the poweful body of Eugenists.

It is not my purpose to go into details; the principles they advocate are notorious, and have gained a very wide acceptance. In a less "enlightened" age than ours—an age that is not quite so rotten at the core—such offenders have very rightly been prohibited, and punished by fine or imprisonment; to-day they go unchecked, and are encouraged by many of our most "enlightened" leaders of thought. But there is not a Christian who does not loathe the very word "Eugenist," because of the iniquity that is concealed in it; he knows that it must end in corruption, not only of Christian morals, but, finally, of honest love, of wedded happiness, of family life.

Now recently, in New York, a book entitled "Love in Marriage," has been suppressed as being indecent, and the publishers fined. This book, written by a well-known female apostle of Eugenics, has an extensive circulation in this country, and is backed by the approval of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Wells, the Dean of St. Paul's, a Bishop or so – what does it matter? When it comes to open denial of, or incapacity for apprehending, the central truth of Christianity, where, among all these clever gentry is the difference—between the professed infidels, and the "broad" Anglican cleric?

In America, at any rate, "Love in Marriage" has been denounced as injurious to public morals. It is sufficiently humiliating that we should have waited for New York to give us a lead in this matter; perhaps the best thing we can do now is to make the book a test-case in this country also.

Faithfully yours,
WILL RANSOM.

THE COAL STRIKE, AND PROLETARIATE BLACKMAIL.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The Government have signally failed, as was inevitable, in their attempt to buy off, with auction-like bids up to £10,000,000 of victimised taxpayers' money, the stranglehold on this nation's domestic supplies, illegally inflicted by the executive officials of the Miners' Federation and of the Railwaymen's, Dockers' and Seamen's Unions at this moment. The miners, meanwhile, receiving or stealing for themselves all the coal they need.

In view of the alien conspiracy to destroy British industries and property and to enslave the whole people, it may be appropriate to draw attention to the facts of the alien invasion here, which are culled from the official return of aliens "landed" in this country in 1920, up to 31st December last.

It appears that no less than 446,914 aliens were "landed" in the United Kingdom in that twelve months, of whom 11,167 arrived from Russia, 4,747 from Greece, 18,855 from Italy, 12,253 from Poland, 3,678 from Czecho-Slovakia, 2,123 from Finland, 781 from Jugo-Slavia and 84,633 from America! Could all this last amazing number be genuine Americans?

The Home Secretary, in a recent speech at Newcastle, admitted "there are at present a great number of dangerous aliens who want to get into this country."

Considering the alien conspiracy to destroy Christian civilisation in Europe, and the hordes of its criminal agents in the above cited countries, pushing their propaganda as directed from Moscow and actively supported by certain members of the "Council of Action" in this country, can the temporary triumph of miners in the destruction of mines, stoppage of output and supply here, be wondered at?

Neither the Government, nor the unrepresentative House of Commons, condescend to utter a word or raise a finger to suppress this invasion of vile criminal aliens; nor will they bring up, to answer before the Courts of Justice, the trade union officials who incite their labour dupes to refuse to earn reasonable market wages, and who attack, without just cause, the liberties, property, rights and welfare of the whole community.

To save Great Britain for the English race, before it is "too late," the following measures seem desirable.

(1) A speedy general election; already advocated at Chelsea Town Hall.

We need a new Government which can govern, and that justly between the English people. One that will suppress the internecine conspiracy with aliens against British industries. In fact, we want an English Government that will "*play the game.*"

(2) Certain Trade Union Officials could be prosecuted under the COMMON LAW of England, for deliberately bringing about the destruction of private property, with the unlimited "restraint of trade," of industries, and of transport of the essentials of daily existence, throughout the United Kingdom, with evil intent to increase indefinitely the piteous ranks of the unemployed.

The Courts of Justice alone can decide with *real impartiality* between the rights of any class of workers and the rights of the public at large, as well as between miners and owners on the facts and on the working conditions proved to exist, in evidence brought forward.

(3) The English Public should demand a drastic prohibition on further landing in the United Kingdom of undesirable aliens; and also demand the deportation of all Bolshevik aliens already in this country.

Two alternatives suggest themselves for the public to adopt, namely:—

(A) Concentrate on oil fuel for efficient heating and cooking.

(B) Form a Public Mining Service, on territorial lines, recruited from suitable unemployed and others, with market wage pay and under Government protection. Entirely independent of Trades Unions. Their duties would be to work the mines, while the strikers were enjoying unlimited holidays at their own expense or emigrating to Russia or Palestine, where doubtless they would be welcomed.

The present Government are lax, and the unrepresentative Coalition fail to protest against the persistent invasion here of vile aliens, whose object is to foster dealings with the Moscow Soviet Bureaucracy, to ruin England.

There are still to be found in England wise, statesmanlike, honourable English leaders, not bound by the shackles of international financial magnates. They may be trusted, if called to the helm of the State, to place the welfare and interests of Britain and the Empire before the interests of alien governments, and of the wiles of international financial dominations.

The nation may be heartily thankful that the Duke of Northumberland with his patriotic Committee is retaining control of the distribution of their information concerning the treason conspiracy to ruin our land through the machinations of the Jew-controlled Moscow Soviet Bureaucracy and the Third International.

I am, yours faithfully,
A. TOULMIN SMITH,
Hon. Secretary,
"*The Britons.*"

62 Oxford Street,
[illegible] W. 1.
May 3rd, 1921.

"SARCASM."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The head-master who said that the Beckett-Carpentier contest was brutal, was a little unlucky in his illustration, as it lasted but a few seconds, and probably the next morning neither combatant showed a *mark*.

Could there be greater rubbish than to say that a man with a broken nose was only fit for the ranks.

A near relative of mine had his badly broken at Winchester with a cricket ball, and not only entered a crack cavalry regiment as an officer, but served on till he commanded it, and is now a General.

Nature very rarely, if ever, serves out a straight nose.

Surgery has advanced to this extent, that if a nose is broken it can be reset, practically any shape agreeable to the patient, so that if a man enters the ring with a nose like one depicted on the figure-head of the late Chancellor Lyndhurst, he can come off the sick-list with a replica of that of the first Duke of Wellington.

Obviously it is to the advantage of many men to put up with the temporary inconvenience of a broken nose.

There are few better looking men than John Hopley, the best amateur heavy-weight of all time, and the gallant Chesterfield Good, who took on Frank Slavin, giving away about three stone.

Is there anything in the features of either father Douglas or his son, with their fine records, to indicate that either have ever donned the mittens?

Are not Billy Wells and Carpentier the darlings of a certain class of ladies?

Mr., Mrs. or Miss "Moralist" has got somewhere out of his or her depth.

Yours,
C. CH. DE CRESPIGNY, Bt.

Champion Lodge,
Maldon, Essex.
28th April, 1921.

Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU, PROPAGANDIST.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Your note on Mr. Gilbert Frankau as a propagandist, recalls the fact that Mr. Frankau's mother was the author of a novel which made quite a stir some thirty-odd years ago. Under her pen-name of "Frank Danby," Vizetally published in 1887 "Dr. Phillips; a Maida Vale Idyll," in which the characteristics of Mr. Frankau's race and nation were vividly and refreshingly portrayed from the inside. The hero of the novel poisons his wife in the most ingenious way, escaping detection and subsequently rising to great eminence in his profession, with great satisfaction to himself and without the slightest qualm of conscience.

The original of the story was generally supposed to be the Jew editor of one of the leading Medical Journals. The story is well worth re-reading. The characters are drawn from life, and reveal the nature of the stuff out of which the guardians of English letters and the agents of English propaganda are manufactured by our Jew-controlled, Jew-inspired government-machine.

Yours etc.,
ANGLUS.

COMMUNISM AT OXFORD.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—I wish to draw the attention of your readers to the pernicious propaganda being carried on at Oxford by the so-called University Labour Club, and more particularly by its unofficial organ, the *New Oxford*. The former has made a practice of inviting down to Oxford, revolutionaries like Mr. C. T. Cramp, and disloyal renegades such as Mr. H. N. Brailsford and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby. We are shortly to be "honoured" by a visit of Mr. G. Lansbury, editor of the *Daily Herald*.

I am sending you a copy of the *New Oxford*. The latest number prints such Bolshevist statements as "Constitutionalism has failed. Direct action alone remains." "Moderate Labour is of no more use. Communism alone remains"; and revolting disloyalties about the King.

Who pays for the circulation of this filth? Surely the University authorities should act.

Yours faithfully,
LOYAL OXONIAN.

Balliol College, Oxford.
April 29th, 1921.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE UNION AND THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The paragraph in your current issue, calling attention to the extraordinary letter of Mr. Reginald Wilson, Secretary of the British Empire Union, is very much to the point. As one of those who has had a somewhat trying experience of Mr. Reginald Wilson's activities, when set in motion by Jews *against* Britains, perhaps I may be allowed to recount my experience in corroboration of your remarks.

When the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes was fighting at the Peace Conference against holding German New Guinea (conquered by Australia) on a mandate from the League of Nations, I, as Hon. Sec. for the B.E.U., Putney Branch, issued a poster here in support of his action, which contained a statement to the effect that the League of Nations was secretly controlled by the "International Jew Financier." This poster was issued on Feb. 2nd, 1919, and was approved by the B.E.U. headquarters, who further asked permission to insert in their monthly paper a letter thanking us for our support, which I received from the Premier of Australia.

In the following April I called, as Hon. Sec. of the local Branch, a big public meeting here in Putney with the object of exposing the fact, then little known, that Bolshevism was the work of Jews. Thanks to the action of a number of imported Jews who were well supported in their efforts to break up our meeting by local Sinn Feiners and the party-hacks of Mr. Samuel-Samuel, M.P. (the Jew who misrepresents this constituency at Westminster), the speaker, Dr. John H. Clarke, was howled down and the meeting broken up. Now, this would not have mattered much if we had not received a sudden and knock-out blow from Mr. Reginald Wilson, Sec. of the B.E.U., who, so to say, put the lid on the pro-Jew demonstration, which had evidently been previously arranged. When the turmoil was at its height, I was to my intense surprise summoned to speak to Mr. Reginald Wilson, who informed me that a few days previously, Mr. Samuel-Samuel had called his attention to the above-mentioned poster, which he took great exception to on account of the attack it contained on his (Mr. Samuel's) religion. On my repudiation of this charge, Mr. Wilson drew from his pocket the offending poster (passed by him as innocuos three months earlier) and triumphantly placing his finger on the word *Jew* in the phrase "International Jew Financier," said, "there it is." He then announced that he had come down to publicly express his regret at our action, and to dissociate his head-quarters from any connection with this disgraceful exhibition of religious intolerance. He subsequently proceeded to the platform where the howls of the Jews, and Mr. Samuel's party-hacks, abated for a few moments to give him the opportunity of publicly strafing those of us whose one object in issuing the poster was to support from our home in the old country Australia's great Prime Minister in his fight at the Peace Conference for Imperial freedom, and I need scarcely add, Mr. Wilson in publicly attacking Britons at the instigation of, and on behalf of, a Jew on a trumped up charge, did so "con amore," and in the approved manner of the complete dupe of the "Hidden Hand."

Mr. Reginald Wilson now longs to support the Duke in distributing his celebrated speech, and incidently roping in as many subscriptions as possible to keep up the B.E.U. Had the Duke delivered it that night in April two years ago on our platform, and containing as it does the word Jew, the Duke would have incurred Mr. Samuel's displeasure for attacking "his religion." Mr. Wilson's anathemas and even the supreme penalty of being dissociated publicly from the Central Executive of the British Empire Union.

It is indeed refreshing to find that you, Sir, with your customary acumen, are holding up Mr. Wilson to the obloquy which he asks for.

Yours very truly,
MARY MEREDITH-BEAUMONT.

8 Costello Avenue,
Putney.
May 1st, 1921.

AN EXILED RUSSIAN SPEAKS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—After having read with great interest the true statements in your paper about the roll of the Jew in Russian revolution and Bolshevist tyranny, I rejoice at the fact that there is at least one fearless English publication in which the forces that have brought about so much ruin and bloodshed to my unhappy country can be exposed and openly discussed. There is no literary paper in the United States of your paper's knowledge and courage. Although there are a number of publications here which are not yet controlled by Jew capital (as for instance, the *New York Herald* and the *Tribune*) the fear of losing the advertisements of the Jewish firms keeps them cowed. The Hearst publications are run to please the pro-Irish and the pro-German, so of course they are pro-Jewish, as the Jews are behind both the German and the Irish propaganda. The Jews, however, have had back with interest all the money which they advanced to De Valera, through receiving a share in the proceeds of the sale of Irish Republican bonds, bought by duped servant girls and other poor Irish workers.

Hearst's chief editor is Mr. Arthur Brisbane, who is the most intimate friend of New York's Jew millionaires. He has opened the Hearst papers to the vulgar, abusive articles of Herman Bernstein, directed against Mr. Henry Ford and his exposures of the Bolsheviks in his *Dearborn Independent.*

Bernstein's office is at 15 Park Row, and it is the office, also, of Max Rabinoff, who recently came from Reval with eleven cases of Bolshevik gold inscribed

United States War Department,
c/o Max Rabinoff,
15 Park Row,
New York.

This inscription passed the gold through the Irish-American port authorities; but now the United States Department of Justice is investigating what Max Rabinoff (whom they know as a white-slave trader) did with the money. He recently left for London to supplant Krassin and head the "British Worker's Revolution." Herman Bernstein remains behind, and carries on a vicious pro-Bolshevik propaganda in the press. In this he is being helped by an English woman, Mrs. Clair Sheridan, whose grandfather, Jerome, was a Jew racing tout. Mrs. Sheridan exhibits flattering busts of Lenin and Trotsky which are laughed at because Trotsky was well known in New York, and Lenin's photograph is exhibited in the "Rogues Gallery" of the police, while the busts make them look like innocent gentlemen.

In the near future, if you can spare me space in your noble paper, I should like to point out fully how American public opinion is being "doctored" in favour of permitting the Jew assassins to hold their spoils and power in poor, plundered Russia—once Holy Russia—the country of now desecrated Christ. The Jews here in the United States have "organised the opposition." They have in their grip to-day all the Russian revolutionary organisations which are opposed to Bolshevist regime. The Jews are now pretending that Kerensky, whose real name is Alder, is to overthrow Lenin, Trotsky and Zinorieff.

What I wish to tell you is that Kerensky was always a tool of the Jews. All the Inner Circle that controlled him (Zinorieff, Litvinoff, Kolontai, Ludwig Martens, Nuarteva and Trotsky) were, of course, Jews using Russian names. Kerensky's private secretary was Daniel Soskice, an English Jew, formerly with the Rothschilds. Just as Mourdel-Rothschild, a bastard of the Amschel dynasty, controlled France during the war, so Soskice controlled Kerensky. From your fearless paper I learn even the great Lloyd George obeys a Bagdad Jew named Sassoon.

But in another letter I will explain in detail how the "Kerensky Party" is being formed here in the United States, in order to step into the place of the Lenin-Trotsky government.

With gratitude shared by all Russian refugees and by all Christians, I am,

Your devoted admirer,
V. VOLKOFF.
(Exiled Russian from Novgorod.)

New York City.
April 3rd, 1921.

"THE CITY OF BRASS."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Patrick Hamilton, complains in his article in your current number on Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The City of Brass," that to the best of his knowledge the poem has not appeared in print since it was first published in the *Morning Post* in 1909.

It may be of interest to Mr. Hamilton and others of your numerous readers to know that "The City of Brass" may be found in Kipling's "The Years Between," the latest book of collected verse by that author.

Yours faithfully,
H. R. DAVIS.

The Grey House,
Shiplake-on-Thames,
May 3rd, 1921.

WOULD A JURY HAVE CONVICTED ARCHDEACON WAKEFORD?

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Trial by Jury was the beginning of the assertion of democracy. It was the protection of the individual against arbitrary power. To-day it is the final barrier the lawyers have to jump before a man can be found guilty.

The parrying and thrusting, references to precedents, digression into side issues, venomed attack, passionate defence. After all ! ! ! What do the twelve unlearned men, though of average common-sense, think about it ? The guilt of the accused has to be proved to the satisfaction of the whole twelve men.

The law is the crystalised common-sense of the ages, and the Privy Council is the supreme tribunal of all. In the appeal against the judgment of the consistory court, what would be a common-sense decision ? Would the original charge under the Clergy Discipline Act be established, or would the Archdeacon be found to be the victim of the abominable conspiracy he alleged ?

The judicial training and the long habit of weighing evidence enabled the Privy Council to come to a verdict of guilty.

But the probability is the jury, bewildered by what would appear to their simple minds to be the complexity of the case, reluctant to accept the responsibility of condemning a dignitary of the Church of immorality, and prejudiced by the suggestion of animus on the parts of the Reverends Moore and Worthington, would have differed in opinion, and either have returned no verdict at all or would have returned one of not guilty.

Stop any twelve men in the street and I venture to say that, however often you repeat the experiment, you would never get an unanimous verdict. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
LEX.

Temple, E.C.
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The Spectator: Part of this work consists of an exposition, brief and necessarily incomplete but sound within its limits, of the philosophic work of John Scotus Erigina, John Duns Scotus, Berkeley and Hutcheson; the remainder is devoted to a brilliant endeavour to discern a philosophy akin to, if not identical with, the theories of the Neo-Platonists, underlying the legends of Druidic Ireland. Mr. Pim's view of the allegorical nature of these legends is undoubtedly illuminating; and whatever may be the ultimate verdict on its correctness, it gives them a unity and coherence which hitherto they have lacked. The style throughout is forcible and exact. . . .

The Witness: Again and again Mr. Pim reveals himself as a diligent and ardent student of Plato, in whose works are almost unimaginable riches. Mr. Pim's style is marked by clarity and strength, and his diction is elevated and choice. For these qualities, for the results of his research, for his learning and his breadth of thought, we commend his pages to our readers. They will find they will have broadened their knowledge, widened their outlook, and possessed themselves of, as it were, a world of the existence of which some of us were hardly aware. . . .

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No. 45.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MAY 14, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers up to week ending 12th March, 1921.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interest of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government.
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell: but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall of stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 383
The Continuous and Ceaseless Libels of the Northcliffe Press 388
The Cult of the Coin.......... 389
Othello and Pericles............ 391
PAGE
Finance and Stock Notes..... 391
Paris Notes.. 392
New York Notes 393
Royal Academy....... 395
Reviews.......................... 395
Correspondence 396

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

The "Morning Post" Wriggles.

The *Morning Post*, goaded by our continual accusations of lying about the "massacre of Protestants" in Ireland, at last, in its issue of Tuesday last, makes an attempt to justify itself by giving the names of some thirty Protestants who have been murdered by the Sinn Fein gang. The *Morning Post* knows just as well as we do that these figures do nothing at all to prove its contention. The Protestants murdered amount to less than seven per cent. of the whole number of loyalists murdered. Moreover, even if fifty per cent. of the victims were Protestants, it would not prove that the *Morning Post* is justified in trying to stir-up anti-Catholic feeling in England, by representing that the Sinn Fein campaign is a "religious war," carried on by Catholics againsts Protestants. The fact is that religion has nothing whatever to do with the question of Ireland. All the principal Irish Nationalist leaders in the past have been Protestants. Here is a list of them:—Henry Grattan, leader of the Irish Parliament, 1782; Wolff Tone, leader of the 1798 rebellion; Robert Emmet. leader of the 1805 rebellion; James Stephens and John Mitchell, leaders of the 1848 rebellion; Isaac Butt, leader of the first Home Rule party; Charles Stuart Parnell, who carried out the "Plan of Campaign" in alliance with the Fenians; Roger Casement; and to come to those who are still living, Ernest Blythe and David Figgis, leaders of the present Sinn Fein movement.

It is notorious that the Irish native is incapable of leadership; and the Attacotti have therefore been compelled to draw their leaders from the loyalist ranks. Even in the case of the present "Catholic" leaders of Sinn Fein this holds good, for Griffith is the son of a Welshman, Pearse was the son of an Englishman, McCartan is of pure Ulster stock, MacNeill is of pure Ulster stock. De Valera is the son of an American Spanish-Jew, while Michael Collins is proved by his name to be of loyal origin.

The *Morning Post* is old enough by this time to have found out (though it does not appear to have done so) that a good cause is never served by falsehood. There is nothing like truth. The moment that supporters of a good cause begin to tamper with truth, and to attempt to twist the facts into the support of some pet theory of their own, they get into trouble. To try to make out that the present state of affairs in Ireland is the result of a religious feud between Catholics and Protestants, is simply to play the game of Sinn Fein. Whatever we may think about the *Morning Post*, we do not believe that it really desires to do this, but the fact remains that by representing the Sinn Fein campaign as a "religious war," it is not only grossly falsifying the facts but giving the greatest possible encouragement to Sinn Fein. Sinn Fein *ne demande pas mieux* than to have its orgy of cowardly crime covered over with a cloak of "Catholicism." Whereas, the real truth is that every single member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood is *ipso facto* excommunicate and therefore completely cut off from the Catholic Church. We freely admit that the shocking conduct of certain unworthy Catholics, including Peter Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, has provided a peg on which it is possible for the enemies of the Church to hang their false aspersions. But the *Morning Post* ought to be above taking advantage of this state of affairs, which is common to all good causes.

The Police and "Married Love."

Last week we mentioned that we were sending a letter received from a correspondent about the book "Married Love," written by the woman who calls herself "Dr." Marie Stopes, to Sir Basil Thomson, Chief Commissioner of Police, with a request that he would take steps to have the book suppressed. We have heard from Sir Basil Thomson, in reply, that he is handing the letter on to the proper department. Sir Basil, however, adds that he fancies that the book in question has been out for some years, and that the question of prosecuting the publishers was considered at the time. For our part we fail to see why this circumstance should prevent the authorities from taking action. There is no time-limit in these matters, and the fact that the book has just been made the subject of police action in America, where its publisher was fined 250 dollars for publishing an obscene book, brings the question once more to the fore. Why should we fall behind America in a matter of this kind?

Lloyd George's "Chosen People."

We commend to the attention of Mr. Lloyd George the appended cutting from the *Examiner*, a Catholic paper published at Bombay, which makes a speciality of answering questions on points of theology, and does so with a conspicuous wisdom and a masterly simplicity, which prove that it has behind it a theologian or theologians of the most profound order.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

A correspondent writes:—

SIR,—Yesterday I was told by a Christian acquaintance, "the Jews are the chosen people of God, hence all they teach, and say, must be right." I told him they are no longer God's chosen people, for they rejected Jesus as the Christ, God's son. In Daniel the coming of Christ is distinctly prophesied, also the exact time of His death; and Daniel says: "The people that deny Him shall not be His." So they can no longer be His chosen people. Next I was told "The *Jews* gave us Jesus," but I objected, and said, "God gave us Jesus, He had no Jew for a

> father; as God He came to save the Jews from their sins, not to help them to build up a Jewish kingdom. Now *all Christians* are the *chosen* people of God, not the Jews any more."
>
> *Answer.*—The Jews were chosen as the vehicle through which God designed to bring about the Incarnation, and through that the redemption and the regeneration of mankind. They proved themselves a very troublesome and defective instrument, and ended in complete opposition to God's designs. Therefore they were rejected and scattered over the face of the earth, retaining their racial unity, but losing all national unity. The work of carrying out God's designs was then delegated to a cosmopolitan instrument, namely the Church of Christ.

Mr. Lloyd George in the course of a speech the other day referred to people who, he alleged, "went to church and sang Jewish psalms on Sunday, and preached progroms against the Jews on Monday," and this typically muddle-headed, or deliberately misleading protestant or pagan pronouncement was received with fatuous "cheers" in the House of Commons. The *Examiner* gives a correct summing-up of the Catholic theology on the subject, and we have explained it in other words in PLAIN ENGLISH over and over again. As the question of the Jews in their capacity of "the chosen people" still seems to be a stumbling block to many worthy and well-intentioned Protestants, we give them the above definite and authoritative pronouncement as a permanent "stand-by." Any well-brought-up Catholic child of ten years would know all about it, and it is not the fault of people who have the misfortune to be brought up Protestants, that the contradictions and diversities of "private judgment" leave them at the mercy of persons who argue after the fashion of the "Christian acquaintance," mentioned in the letter to the *Examiner.*

Watch the Weathercock.

That agile Communist, Mr. Lloyd George, has plotted and schemed in so public a manner that most of us are beginning to understand his rather crude method of degrading the office of Prime Minister. His Jewish friends made a desperate attempt to prevent the publication of our "suppressed" article, "Communists and Weathercocks," but they failed. And so for the first time his record was exposed to the public gaze and the power to cringe to coal miners was plucked from him. The public memory, however, is short, and Mr. Lloyd George is hoping at this moment that what we revealed about him as a Communist has been partly forgotten. He went down to Maidstone on Saturday and uttered his usual "firm" speech, the chief points in which are as follows:—

> The first thing is to get rid of the notion that there are huge profits in the mines and that grasping capitalists are trying to rob the miners of their share.
>
> The mines are not paying because prices tumbled down quite suddenly.
>
> If the price of home coal were increased, the cost of every article would go up.
>
> There is no conspiracy to reduce wages, but the taxpayers cannot be asked to contribute to keep up the wages of one industry.
>
> Government control has done more to destroy the case for nationalisation than a million speeches could have done.
>
> The principle of the national pool is a premium on inefficiency. It would mean a gigantic army of inspectors.
>
> If we surrender to threats and starvation and make an improvident peace, we may be irretrievably damaging the industries of the country.

Now we are prepared to assert that, like all his former "firm" speeches, this utterance was devised to pave the way for a disastrous and humiliating cringe to the Jew-led Communists who have deluded our miners into blackmailing the nation.

Lloyd George, the weathercock, will swing round when the Communist wind blows; in other words he will turn round when his paymasters order him to turn, and lay the honour of Britain at the feet of the miners—if we permit him to do so. He must be compelled to realise, however, that there is danger for him in playing his old game; there is such a thing as national indignation and such a place as the scrap-heap.

So, watch the weathercock, and be prepared for a campaign in our Jew-owned press in favour of "compromise," which in other words means cringing to coal-mining blackmailers.

If the coal miners are forced to realise that the policy of blackmail is a dangerous and fatal one, they will resume work contentedly, having been put in their proper place; and we shall enter upon an era of security from industrial strife. But if not, the ruin of this country cannot be long delayed.

As we predicted the present coal strike when Lloyd George cringed last autumn and backed the miners, our present statements must compel attention. We cannot do more than warn the nation of its danger. Lloyd George, his Jewish paymasters, and the Jews who are corrupting the loyalty of our workers must be swept away. They are the danger.

Spiritism and Fore-knowledge.

We take the following passage from the Spiritist Journal *Light.*

> Father Henry Day, S.J., writing in the *Sunday Chronicle* on the recent fortune-telling case, expresses a mild satisfaction to learn from a "spiritist" that spirits will not predict the future. They "decline, even if they are able, to upset the natural laws which govern humanity, by communicating any knowledge of the future." And he admits that "fortune-telling or peering into the future has practically nothing to do with Spiritism as it is defined by the leaders of that cult."

We are glad to have this very exact statement. Many cases are on record where predictions have been made by spirits, but these predictions might be attributed to a tremendous intelligence making use of natural laws.

But, assuming that Father Day's correspondent speaks with authority, we can only say that his assurance goes to prove the diabolical nature of necromancy. For the devil is possessed of immense power and intelligence, but he is deprived of fore-knowledge. So it is natural that his servants who assume the forms of the dead at *séances,* occasionally find their limitations an inconvenience, and offer the excuse of the fox who talked about sour grapes.

Kicked Out.

We have no love for the National Liberal Club; but we cordially commend their recent performance when Lloyd George and his electro-plate Liberals tried to capture the club.

The *Daily Chronicle* of the 6th inst. gives a brief note on the subject, and is careful to keep the Prime Minister's name out of its report; for the *Daily Chronicle* happens to be Lloyd George's official newspaper. Here is the report:—

> NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.
>
> Great interest has been shown at the National Liberal Club (says the Press Association) in a contest between Coalitionists and Independent Liberals for 30 seats on the General Committee.
>
> Lists of 30 were drawn up by both sections, and members of the club residing throughout the country were circularised on behalf of the rival sets. The ballot closed on Wednesday, and yesterday the result was declared.
>
> The Independent Liberals secured the return of their entire list of 30, the highest of the successful candidates receiving 1,824 votes, and the lowest 1,543 votes.
>
> The votes for the 30 unsuccessful Coalitionist candidates ranged from 717 votes to 434.

The Liberal Party, which reached its most corrupt form under Mr. Asquith's rule, is, after all, a definite party. It is not an imitation party, and you know its limitations and its power for good and evil. But the Lloyd George brand of conservative-Liberalism, used as a cover for Communism, is a national abomination.

To be specially up-to-date, one might call the Conservative party a pearl and the Coalition-Liberal a "cultured" pearl. The "cultured" pearl was legitimately manufactured in Japan, while the Coalition-Liberal, of which Mr. Lloyd George is the true type, was manufactured in Frankfurt, by order of Messrs. Cassel and Rothschild, and produced personally by Sir Alfred Mond and Sir Philip Sassoon.

De Valera, Lenin & Co.

The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* printed details of a treaty which has recently been arranged between Sinn Fein and the Russian Soviet Government. This was reproduced in the *Morning Post* of Saturday last, but in one case a name was wrongly given over the cable, and in another case a whole line had to be left blank in the *Morning Post.*

We are in a position to fill in these blanks, and can say that the name "Diarmuid ficials" should be Diarmuid Lynch; and that the final sentence should read as follows:—

> Besides the Russian file, the Crown forces obtained thousands of letters from Sinn Fein leaders giving intimate details of a world-wide propaganda, including documents bearing the signatures of Harry Boland and of George Chatterton Hill and Colonel Edwin Emerson, both Americans. Mr. Hill has been placed in charge of Sinn Fein propaganda in Germany, but Colonel Emerson has been made financial director with an initial appropriation of $20,000 for use in Germany,

We may say that throughout the article in question the name of Dr. McCartin is spelt McCartain.

No attempt has been made by Sinn Fein to deny that they have completed a treaty with Lenin and his blood-stained gang, whose principal aim is the destruction of religion and morality; on the contrary, the "Irish Department of Foreign Affairs" stated on March 20th that "Dr. McCartin is now in Russia as diplomatic representative of the Republic of Ireland."

We commend this fact to those Catholic Bishops and clergy in Ireland who have given their support or sympathy to Sinn Fein, and to those Catholic Bishops and clergy in this country who by their conduct have encouraged Sinn Fein and thereby injured the Church.

No doubt by this time the Vatican is fully aware of the fact that Sinn Fein is in active association with Lenin.

If it were not for the strategic importance of Ireland we could wish that Lenin and company might have control of Ireland for a year or two, and the native Irish would then understand what creatures their leaders have pledged them to support.

De Valera is working well for his Jewish-Bolshevist masters; and it will be of interest to the public to learn that he recently visited London and was in conference at Hampstead with Kerensky (Adler) on the very day on which Sir Robert Horne signed the infamous trade pact between Britain and the Soviet Government.

It is curious that the Sinn Feiners have not begun to suspect De Valera. His release from an English prison, which was described as an escape, his undisturbed journeys to and from America, and his visit to London, might give them food for thought.

We should like to know what De Valera and Maurice Low (Löwe, brother-in-law of Finklestein, better known as Litvinoff of the Moscow Soviet), American correspondent of the *Morning Post*, arranged between them. Perhaps we may be able to shed some light on this point at a later date.

Irish Coal.

The following report is just what anyone acquainted with the Irish coal conspiracy would expect.

The conspiracy to destroy the Irish coal industry for the benefit of the carriers who ship 10,000,000 tons annually to that country, has been maintained for over fifty years, and the Government has been used as a pawn in this nefarious game. Here is the report just issued in the press:—

> The 88th Annual Report of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland for the year ended March 31st, 1920, has been issued as a White Paper [Cmd. 1071, price 6d. net]. The Report states that the Government boring operations in search of coal in the neighbourhood of Lough Neagh, which were authorised by the War Cabinet in 1918, have ended in failure. The limit of expenditure authorised was £15,000.
>
> It was expected that at 1,500 feet some part of the carboniferous system of rocks and probably the coal measures would be tapped. When a depth of 1,766 feet had been reached, Mr. Forster Brown, the Crown's Chief Mineral Adviser, estimated that further strata of 1,450 feet remained to be bored through before the coal measures would be reached. This would make the depth from the surface to the top of the coal measures over 3,200 feet, and, allowing a further 500 feet into the coal measures in order to find workable coal, would make a total depth of 3,700 feet, which was much in excess of the deepest working of coal in Great Britain. To sink and equip a modern colliery to a depth of 3,700 feet would cost at least £500,000. Mr. Forster Brown added that no specially favourable features existed which would make it possible for coal worked from this depth to compete with coal in other fields in actual operation.
>
> In view of this report the Irish Government decided that the work should be stopped. The boring operations accordingly ceased at a depth of 1,969 feet.

Lough Neagh is about the size of the Isle of Man, and a place along its shores was selected for the above bogus attempt to find coal, because, as its happens, Coalisland, the centre of the real coal area, is also in the vicinity of Lough Neagh. At Coalisland there are seven seams which have been worked. They vary in depth from 150 to 600 feet, and are from three to ten feet thick. Why did the Government not open the proved workings at Virginia, Co. Cavan, or dig into the hill at Arigna, Co. Roscommon, where there is 7,000,000 tons of the finest coal *above* the ground level, or improve the shaft which reaches the 100,000,000 Arigna coal deposit, or assist those interested in the Boyne coal area, or develop the Ballycastle mine, or cease from interfering with the development of Wolfhill mines, or lay a spur line to the Castlecomer mines? Why did it do none of these things? The answer is contained in our foregoing explanation.

What they did was to select a spot where it would be impossible to find coal, and after wasting £15,000 declare that they could find none even at a depth of 3,000 feet or so, probably with the idea of injuring the work of Mr. Kelly, the Belfast millionaire, who is developing the Coalisland area.

We see the Jew, Hamar Greenwood's hand in this. And if Ulster is to protect its interests, and develop its mines, it must ventilate such conspiracies as the one which we have unmasked in the press.

After all, why should Belfast industries drain coal from this country, when there is unlimited coal and iron within a few miles of that city, as has been proved by borings over an area of nine miles from Edenderry to the Maze,

Revolution, and how to stop it.

This country cannot be saved from ruin by a policy of weakness. The hands of the police must be strengthened and there must be no further pressure on Scotland Yard by Cabinet Ministers who are interested in promoting social unrest for their own diabolical ends.

We welcome the news that the offices of the Communist party have been raided, and the secretary arrested.

But why was Communism ever allowed to show its ugly face in this country ? The people of this country will shortly demand an answer to this question; and the answer will have to be given.

At this moment thousands of Bolshevist agents are at work seducing the King's subjects from their allegiance, and worse than this, they are actually attempting to produce disaffection in the Army and Navy. The arrest of an insignificant tool at Portsmouth is not what is wanted What is required is the arrest of the leaders. The police should begin with Robert Williams and his Jewish fiancée. This man wears the Trotsky star, and is at present persuading the transport workers to defy the power of the State. Williams and his gang should be arrested forthwith and committed for high treason.

Firmness and severity in the face of social disturbance and revolutionary activity are the only remedies. Weakness is fatal.

But what can we do when our secret service is actually in control of the Jew, Nathan, and when our Prime Minister is what we have proved him to be ?

What can we do ? We can sweep the whole gang of Communists and Empire-wreckers out of existence with a wave of popular indignation ; clear the Jews out of our most vital offices of State, and place the Duke of Northumberland and his committee of forty, backed up by a purified Conservative party, in power behind the King. Then there will be peace for this almost ruined land.

In the meantime, we demand the arrest of those men who are attempting to wreck the State.

"Game belongs to the Owner of the Soil."

A very important decision of the Scottish Courts was announced by Lord Blackburn in the Borlum case. The case arose out of the purchase of Borlum Farm by a Mr. Bisset, who discovered that Lord Lovat, from whom he had bought it, had reserved the right to allow the purchaser of Culachy to shoot over Borlum. Mr. Bisset claimed that it was not possible to "burden" land held in absolute property with such fetters and restrictions, and the Court upheld his claim.

Scottish Wisdom.

The *Dundee Courier* has laid its finger on the origin of a Bill now before Parliament, which proposes that local public bodies shall pay the out-of-pocket expenses of their members. The *Courier* sees in this Bill another of Lloyd George's little schemes for fleecing the public, and says :—

> Then there is the more subtle, psychological aspect of the matter. We might be apt to lose something of the best spirit of public service by an open-handed discharging of all expenses. Human nature being what it is, the consciousness that the broad back of the public is to bear the cost tends to extravagance.
>
> There were critics who traced this tendency in the succession of Inter-Allied Conferences at Brussels, Paris, Spa, San Remo—those pleasant summer resorts of Europe. And we may be sure that the same principle in local government affairs would lead to a growing number of deputations, conferences, tours of inspection, trips to London, and joy-rides of every description.

This policy of enjoying yourself at the public expense must sooner or later be ended. We are at this moment maintaining thousands of useless Government officials for whose comfort Lloyd George devised new "ministries."

Sweep these ministries away and Lloyd George and his friends will be robbed of their ability to exercise petty patronage at the expense of distracted taxpayers.

Germany to Pay ?

We observe that the little scheme arranged by Lloyd George on the advice of his Jewish masters has been carried out "according to plan."

Germany has agreed to pay. The French forces will be withdrawn and disbanded And then — .

Well, for our part, possessing as we do certain interesting information, we can assert that the public has not heard the last of Germany's resistance to the demands of the Allies. And perhaps, when the whole business is once more in the melting-pot, the French Premier will refuse to hold conferences in the house of Sir Philip Sassoon.

Lenin Fulfils Dostoevsky's Words.

To anyone who closely studies the Russian Revolution, or to anyone who has even studied Mrs. Webster's book on the French Revolution, the whole twaddle about "Proletarian Dictatorship" or "*Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité*," is revealed as catch phrases to dupe the unthinking. The Red Revolution of France, of Russia, and of Hungary, were, in fact, but speculative investments by the Frankfurt money *bund*. If the amounts which the Frankfurt bankers are sinking into their attempt to cause revolution in the British Empire are as fruitful, then we shall see the most successful speculative event in human history. Revolution for the "formidable sect" proves good business.

Lenin, in his recent article in the Moscow *Pravda*, lets the veil fall from the sinister and successful attempt of his financial supporters to place all Russia under the yoke of the *Staats Bank*, which of course is the *Deutsche Bank*, which is the combined funds of Jewry.

It is worth while comparing Lenin's answer to the question we have asked, "How can Jewish capitalists support Bolshevism when Bolshevism is against capitalism?"

Lenin answers :—

> The way to Socialism lies through State Capitalism (German Staats Capitalismus). We are unable and will long be unable, to supply the peasants with all they need. This will be possible only after the electrification of the whole country has been accomplished At the present stage we must choose between two alternatives. The first is to prohibit every kind of private exchange of goods (i.e., Capitalism). Such a policy would be idiotic and would mean the suicide of the party which attempted to introduce it, for such a policy is economically impossible. The other alternative is to aid the development of Capitalism in Russia, while trying to transform it into State Capitalism. This is economically possible, and does not contradict the Proletarian Dictatorship. On the contrary, State Capitalism is one stage in advance of free Capitalism.

That "State Capitalism" would be in fact '"the Jew and his Bank," was foretold by Dostoevski in 1880, when he wrote :—

> The Jew and his Bank are to-day the masters of all Europe—of Education, of Civilisation, of Socialism : of Socialism above all—by means of which, the Jew is going to tear up Christianity by its roots and destroy its Civilisation. And when nothing but Anarchy remains, the Jew will put himself at the head of all. For while propagating Socialism among all the Nations, the Jews will remain united among themselves ; and when all the wealth of Europe is dissipated, there will remain standing the Jews' Bank.

Released by United States Intelligence.

Curious details are at hand tending to prove the connection between the Krassin mission and the decisions taken by the British miners' executive. On the day when even the untiring Hodges was ready to compromise to a certain extent certain extremist members of the committee held a meeting in Krassin's office. On the same evening, at a conference of the Triple Alliance, the miners assured their colleagues that there was no reason to apprehend a lack of funds, as the British workman had friends who were well able to prove their friendship at a critical moment.

Krassin reports several times daily to Chicherin in Moscow. He also sends detailed reports to Stockholm, where Kerjentze is considered to be an expert in English affairs.

On April 19, 1921, at Montevideo, resolutions declaring adhesion to the Third Internationale of Moscow were adopted by the Congress of Uruguayan Socialists in session there. The "twenty-one points" enunciated by Nikolai Lenine were accepted, it being pointed out they were similar to and had the same end in view as the "fourteen points" urged upon the world by ex-President Wilson.

On April 19, 1921, in Madrid, resolutions favouring adhesion to the Third Internationale of Moscow were adopted by the Congress of Young Socialists of Spain, in session there. The votes stood—3,354 to 354. The congress also passed a motion to separate from the Socialist Party, which has been split by the Socialist Congress here last week refusing adhesion to the Internationale.

Chita's Trade Deals Ordered by Moscow.

WASHINGTON, *April 18th.*—The Far Eastern Republic at Chita has received orders from the Bolshevist Government at Moscow to avoid any possible conflict with the Japanese, and, if possible, to undertake the negotiation of a trade treaty with the latter Government, according to advices received here to-day in official circles.

For this purpose, Seregnikov, former secretary of the Krassin Trade Mission in London, was reported to have arrived in Vladivostok from Moscow to assist in the formulation of the terms.

Mr. Yourin, representative of the Far Eastern Republic, for some time in Pekin, and who has endeavoured to negotiate a trade agreement with the Chinese Government, according to the same advices, has been informed that two conditions preliminary to any understandings between the two governments were: Promise of abstinence from any Bolshevist propaganda in China, and the adequate protection of Chinese in Siberia.

By an agreement concluded between the Bolshevist Government of Moscow and the Far Eastern Republic, the boundaries of the latter country were reported to have been for the first time fixed, and to include the northern part of the island of Saghalien, recently occupied by Japan, despite the protest of the American Government.

Beginning at a point where the Salenga River enters Siberia from Mongolia, the boundary follows the river where it turns west, thence north to the lake, eastward along the northern boundaries of the Trans-Baikal, Amur and maritime provinces to the coast drainage, thence to the Okhotsk Sea, near latitude 56.

Falsification of Names. *(Communicated.)*

The Jew, who wishes to conquer the world, begins his undertakings of endless dupes with the falsification of his name, according to customs of the respective country in which he lives. In Russia, for instance, he generally takes a fancy-name, and, if necessary, acquires a downright false name, paying some thousand roubles for it. In other countries he changes his name especially by translation or by shortening, as for instance: Bela Kun, the Hungarian democrat, whose real name was Bela Kohn; in France he changed Sem into Cim—De Cyon into De Sion—Klein into Petit . . .

But the most efficient changing is the acquirement of a title or nobility, through which not only the name is altered but also the person itself. By this manipulation the German Jew, Stern, became first the English Harmsworth—and afterwards, by ennoblement Lord Northcliffe. Equally the Jew Isaacs became Lord Reading, and Herbert Samuel was transformed into Lord Montagu.

In Italy the Jew Malvano, who for many years was secretary and, in the same time, chief of the Foreign Office, had been able to hide for a long time his "diplomatic deceit," which consisted in the nomination of various Caen, Coen, etc., as members of the Corps Diplomatique or Consuls by the Minister of the "Consulta." These Caen, Coen, etc., became barons and their names were changed respectively. The Minister of Foreign Office did not know of their Jewish origin, and believed that they were offsprings of noble Italian families.

It would, therefore, be of great advantage to gather as much as possible of these falsified names together with their respective origins. We wish to emphasise the necessity of the knowledge of these Jewish falsifications, and its value in following the trace of Jewish sharks and Bolshevists through all the transformations of their names.

In Germany there are published special directories of the origin of the "Jewish aristocracy." For instance, there are the "Semi-Kürschner" and the "Semi-Gotha" (the latter, however, is full of inexactness and oddity). In England there exists the official "Jews' Who's Who" (175 Piccadilly, London), from which we cite the following characteristic examples (we put first the fictitious English name and in parentheses the former name, which was generally German, being the origin of the person in question—as in France—from Askenazim Jews):—

Allbach (Auerbach). Beamer (Boehmer). Bloomfield (Blumenfeld). Bower (Bauer). Bowman (Baumann). Brent (Blumenthal). Brock (Bracht). Burnley (Birnbaum). Castel (Schloss). Close (Closz). Cooper (Fritze). Corner (Körner). Cuthbertson (Kolthammer). Day (Reitz). Edwards (Heffelmann). Farr (Erhardt). Fowler (Oppenheimer). Galsworthy (Bernhardt). Gladden (Steitz). Harker (Haarbleicher). Hill (Hillebrecht). Livingston (Loewenstein). Etc.

In France Hagenauer is changed into Nau, Blum into Fleur, Klein into Petit, etc.

In Italy Sacerdoti is the translation of Coen, Montefiore was formerly Blumenberg, Blum is changed into Fiori.

In the various countries the surname Cohen (priest) is changed into Caen, Cahen, Cahn, Coen, Cohen; very often they change the "C" into "K": Kann, Kohn, Kuhn, Kun, Kohn, etc.

The surname Levi (levite, deacon) becomes Levy, Loewy, Levysohn, Lewinsky, etc. In England the Jew Levi changes his name often into Lewis: the well-known firm, "Lewis & Lewis" in London, is dedicated to information and secret service of Hebraism. The same has taken place in France, where the famous Jewish agent, Paul Levi of the *Petit Parisien* and *Humanité*, let himself be called Paul Louis.

The Jews, Askenazim (German communion of Central Empires, northern Europe and France) have often surnames which are but the translation of "Yiddisch-German," that is a slang mixed of ancient German with Jewish and Slav elements with the original Jewish name, like the many which end in -sohn, -son (son, translation from the Hebrew "ben"): Aronsohn, Hosiasson (Ben-Aaron, Ben-Hosias). Very often they are but the German translation of offices and professions, like Mayer-Kassirer, many surnames were invented and given them by the mocking commissioners of government. At the end of the eighteenth century, when Jews were forced to take surnames; for instance, some lame Jew, who had to walk with a stick, was named Dreyfus (three feet), Mond (moon), who had a round white face, Gold, who was known to be an usurer, etc.

The "Sephardim" (of the Spanish communion from three peninsulas in southern Europe), as well as the "Askenazim" adopted as proper names the adjective of their residence: Sonnino, Piperno, Veronese, Veneziano, in Italy; Berliner, Breslauer, Danziger, Pariser, in Germany; etc. In this case is in question a downright trick, because they left their proper name and took a new surname which has not the slightest resemblance to their former name.

In Russia and Poland Jews possess an enormous repertoire of names. Most of them are now well known through their Bolshevist agitation; for instance, Litwinoff, formerly Finkelstein; Krassin, formerly Goldfarb!

STOP PRESS.

Our Jutland Disclosures.

Pitiable attitude of a Government which dare not "face the Music."

Sir John Baird's contemptible equivocation.

Sir J. BAIRD, Parliamentary Secretary, Home Office (Rugby, C.U.), in answer to Mr. N. McLean (Govan, Lab.), said that the Director of Public Prosecutions had obtained copies of articles containing allegations against Cabinet Ministers published in a paper called Plain English, and had formed the opinion that no action by him was necessary or desirable, and he saw no reason to differ with the view expressed by the Home Secretary in a reply in this House on March 10 that the statements were obviously and outrageously false, and could be made only for the purpose of advertising the periodical, and that to institute a prosecution would only further that end. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. N. McLean.—Is not the hon. gentleman aware that this paper maintains that a false account of the Battle of Jutland was issued for the purpose of allowing certain individuals to make money on the Stock Exchange; that the allegation is made that certain Cabinet Ministers are involved; and in view of the fact that, subsequent to the answer made to my previous question, the editor has challenged the Government to prosecute him, are the Government not prepared to take action against this individual when they are taking action against humbler individuals for less offences and sending them to prison?

Sir J. Baird.—All those points were considered by the Public Prosecutor, and the Government abide by the opinion which they have received.

Mr. N. McLean asked whether it was possible for a private member to move to summon the Editor of the paper in question to appear at the bar of the House to answer for maligning members of the Government and making accusations against Cabinet Ministers, and thereby bringing the Government of this country into public disrepute.

The Speaker.—I should like to see the motion before giving an opinion. I do not think it would be very effective.

"THE CONTINUOUS AND CEASELESS LIBELS OF THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS."

WE take the following extracts from the report in a contemporary of the action for libel brought by Mr. Walter Long against the Associated Newspapers Ltd., proprietors of the *Evening News* and the *Weekly Dispatch*. We need hardly say that both these papers are under the control of Lord Northcliffe. [The italics are ours.]

> Sir Edward Carson, addressing his Lordship in the first action, said the defendants were the proprietors of the *Evening News* and the *Weekly Dispatch*. Mr. Long complained of two libels, one published in the *Evening News* of November 16 last, and the other in the *Weekly Dispatch* of November 21.
>
> On November 21 the *Weekly Dispatch* made this statement: "Mr. Long, the present First Lord, has been enjoying a very long cruise in the Admiralty yacht for the benefit of his health at the taxpayers' expense." That, said Sir Edward, was really an allegation of misfeasance of public money. It was a most offensive and, if true, a most serious charge to make. The libel went on: "He and Lord Curzon, being the leaders of the Extreme wing of the old Tory Party, are not exactly regarded as a source of strength to the Government, and it may be that Mr. Long is marked out for change." There was not a word of truth in it, as had been proved by the depositions taken. What happened at the Admiralty was that when there were questions to be settled at various ports the Naval Authorities requested the First Lord to go round and investigate. He went round on public business in the ordinary way.
>
> Counsel said that he did not go into details because *when the writ was issued the defendants at once inserted an apology, saying that there was not a word of truth in the charge they had published*. It ought, however, to be understood that putting an apology in a newspaper after the mischief had been done was really no way of meeting a serious charge.
>
> ### An Earlier Libel.
>
> The statement of claim complained that *on a previous occasion the defendants had libelled Mr. Long. On that occasion he got an apology, and £100 was paid to charity*. His Lordship would, therefore, see that it was utterly impossible for Mr. Long to avoid bringing the present action to vindicate his character against what he conceived to be a *malicious series of libels*.
>
> Mr. Justice Darling enquired which paper had libelled Mr. Long before.
>
> Sir Edward Carson—the *Evening News* of November 6, 1918.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Mr. Giveen (instructed by Lewis & Lewis) for the defendants, said he wanted to make it clear that from beginning to end of the publication of these unfortunate paragraphs no suggestion had been put forward that any imputation on Mr. Long's personal honour could possibly be sustained. Everyone knew Mr. Long's honourable career in Parliament and public life, and the defendants expressed at once their extreme regret for any paragraphs published in their papers which could be read in any way impugning any position that Mr. Long had occupied.
>
> The Judge—It clearly stated in the most positive terms that he was misusing the *Enchantress* for his own purposes at the public expense.
>
> Mr. Giveen said that an apology was published in the newspapers, and he desired to repeat in the most unqualified way the defendants' regret that the paragraphs had been published, and *to emphasise their admission that no such imputation as that suggested could possibly be sustained*.

From the above extracts, it is easy to form an opinion of what Lord Northcliffe and his editors look upon as "honour" and "dishonour." They accuse a man of "misfeasance of public money," in other words of being a contemptible embezzler of money not belonging to him, then, when they are brought to book, they immediately admit that there is not a word of truth in the charge, agree to pay £500 (which ought to have been multiplied by ten) and declare that there was "no imputation on Mr. Long's personal honour." The Northcliffe Press, represented by Sir George Lewis and Mr. Giveen, evidently looks upon the embezzlement of money as a mere trifle and not at all dishonourable! It is not surprising that one of the jurymen who tried the case intervened as reported below:—

> A juryman asked whether the jury could suggest that higher damages than £500 should be paid.
>
> The Judge—There is no reason why you should not.
>
> Sir Edward Carson remarked that Mr. Long did not bring the action to make money.
>
> The Juryman—£500 acts as no deterrent to the continuous and ceaseless libels of the Northcliffe Press.

The *Evening News* and the *Weekly Dispatch* knew perfectly well, when they made these allegations against Mr. Long, that they were deliberately lying. They cannot attempt even to show the slightest excuse for their conduct. They simply say, "We admit that what we said is quite untrue and cannot be sustained for a moment." In our opinion, this kind of libel should be heard at the Old Bailey, and those responsible for it should be sent to prison. As the juryman justly remarked, £500 is no deterrent at all to Lord Northcliffe when for reasons of his own he decides to attack anyone.

On the same day on which the report of his case appeared, the *Daily Mail* published the appended paragraph about Mr. Cyril Scott, the author of the filthy book, "The Autobiography of a Child," which has just been destroyed by the police as an obscene publication. The *Daily Mail* also obliged its readers with a portrait of Scott:—

> Thousands of music lovers will be interested to learn that Mr. Cyril Scott, one of the foremost of English composers, is to be married on Wednesday next. His bride will be Miss Rose Laure Allatini, a novelist. Mr. Scott was very much surprised when a *Daily Mail* reporter spoke to him about the event yesterday. "Not even our closest friends are aware of it," he said. "I had hoped to avoid congratulations and wedding presents. I have known Miss Allatini for some time. She does not play or sing." Mr. Scott is a Cheshire man and studied music at Frankfort. He came to public notice when he was 20 with the performance of his first symphony at Darmstadt. Since then he has won popularity chiefly by his charming pianoforte pieces, notably "Danse Nègre." Mr. Scott has also written several books of poetry and prose. He is 41.

Why should Lord Northcliffe's *Daily Mail* go out of its way to give a report of a marriage which, according to Mr. Scott himself, was a secret even to his closest friends? What is the point of drawing flattering public attention to a man who has just been exposed as the author of a filthy book, unless it be simply to show that Lord Northcliffe and his press think no worse of Mr. Cyril Scott because his book has been destroyed by the police, and that they wish to prove beyond question that the mere writing of indecent books is no bar to the continuance of the support, countenance and approbation of "Thy servant Alfred" and his newspapers? The attitude of the Northcliffe Press, under the direct control of Lord Northcliffe himself, towards Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Cyril Scott respectively, is absolutely typical of the policy of Lord Northcliffe and his papers. Mr. Walter Long is a gentleman of blameless character, a Conservative, a Christian and a patriot; to use the words of Sir George Lewis's tame counsel, Mr. Giveen, his (Mr. Walter Long's) is an "honourable career in Parliament and public life." And just for that reason he becomes a target for the libellous abuse and calumny of Lord Northcliffe's Press. In Lord Northcliffe's eyes it is an unpardonable thing to be patriotic and honourable. The same phenomenon was exhibited in the case of Lord Kitchener, who was assailed with violent abuse during his life and pursued with even greater virulence immediately after his death, by Lord Northcliffe's Press. Such was the rage of Lord Northcliffe against Lord Kitchener that he himself wrote an obituary notice about the great soldier, which was sent to the *Weekly Dispatch* for publication. This notice was so virulent that Lord Northcliffe's own editor, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, would not print it in its original form.

On the other hand, if a man or woman wishes to be praised and flattered by the Northcliffe Press, he or she has only to behave in a disgraceful way—to write an obscene book, to outrage the moral law, or to get sent to prison for some disgraceful offence. When the late Robert Ross died, the *Times* and the *Evening News* came out with the most flattering obituary notices, in which Ross (who was notoriously on his own admission the leading exponent of the Oscar Wilde cult in London) was held up to the public gaze as a model of all the excellencies. Up to the time when Mr. Cyril Scott gained an unfortunate notoriety as the author of an obscene book, Lord Northcliffe and his press exhibited no interest in him whatever, but as soon as they become aware that Mr. Scott has written a filthy book they take him up and "boost" him as a matter of course. That this is and always has been the consistent line of the Northcliffe Press it would be an easy matter to prove by recalling the case of Mrs. Bamberger, Mrs. Claire Sheridan and a thousand others. In other spheres, notably by his support of Sinn Fein and the campaign of calumny against the Forces of the Crown in Ireland, which he has been waging for the last nine months, Lord Northcliffe has proved himself over and over again to be the enemy of all that Great Britain and the Empire stand for.

Only those who forget or refuse to recognise Lord Northcliffe's Jewish origin will be surprised and baffled by the apparently pointless insanity of Lord Northcliffe's policy in his papers. Lord Northcliffe is simply carrying out his part of the scheme for the disruption of this Christian Empire, which is carefully and lucidly explained in the protocols of the learned Elders of Zion.

THE CULT OF THE COIN.

I.

THERE is one enemy power against which our Government has never declared war, although it is an enemy whose avowed purpose is the destruction of our Empire, our institutions, and our civilization. This formidable enemy is the power wielded by the International financiers under the suzerainty of the Shylock of Frankfort.

I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

* * * * * * * * *

I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were
he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise
I will.

In these words Shakespeare drew the character of Shylock, the unchanging portrait of the International Jew, who, because his God is his belly, "changed the truth of God unto a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator." Our politicians in bondage or under blackmail to Shylock no longer voice the heart of the nation. They, in our name, declared to the world in Wilsonian platitude that we were a Democratic Empire, fighting to make the world safe for Democracy. In truth, we were, and are, not a Democracy at all, but a Shylock-race, and the political marionettes at Westminster, thanks to the apathy of those who elected them, move and talk as King Shylock wills. That they are merely puppets is not their fault. It is rather the fault of us, who have the power to replace them by men who would truly represent us in our Parliament, and yet remain content to be represented by placemen of a Tribal purse. The attitude of most of us who have the power to choose a member of Parliament, but, instead, permit some secret caucus to choose for us, is similar to the historic position taken by the Sultan of Turkey in regard to dancing, "Why dance when you can watch others do it for you?"

Historians of the future will record the fact, moving their readers to marvel at our stupidity, that during the Great War the Governments of both the Allies and the Entente secured inspiration and support from one and the same source. The so-called Democratic Governments of Great Britain, France, and the United States, are being exposed by time to have been, like many other things, not what they seemed, or rather, affected to seem. Even to-day a few men who know the Rosie Crosse as a symbol older than St. George, realise that both Germany and her enemies are saturated, sterilised, and controlled by the financial influence of International Bankers. But it is a fact of more threatening aspect to the enemies of Germany than it is to Germany, because the spiritual home of these international financiers is Germany, their native language is Yiddish, and their capital city is Frankfort-on-the-Main. Their headquarters are the *Deutsche Bank*, the *Allgemeine Elektricitäts Gesellschaft*, and the *Metallbank und Metallurgische Gesellschaft*.

What the simple-minded party politician with his party funds (often times from the Frankfort money chest) and his tortuous mental gait fails to realise, is that now after the bloody spectacle arranged for the populace in the cockpit of Flanders has ended to the profit of its financial promoters, a true war against these financial promoters is certain and essential. This dread reckoning has been postponed by cleverly planned civil wars, but although twice as many hate-poisoned Gentiles have killed each other as there are instillers of the poison of hatred in the world, the duped nations only now slowly realise their madness.

It was the fear of awakening nations that caused the promoters of war to force the conflict of 1914. A growing disinterestedness shaping men's ideals and governing their actions, new forces at work in the collective mind of the people were recognised and feared by the plutocratic oligarchy of International Bankers. The Asiatics of Frankfort saw that this awakening would prevent them from surreptitiously constructing a Servile State, with themselves as the masters. Although most political leaders had been duped, bought or blackmailed, the pervasive force known as Public Opinion was developing a moral standard unattainable by the exploiters of the public. It was necessary then to corrupt the new moral standard or to exterminate all men, or nations, possessing these Christian ideals of self-sacrifice.

War is the great exterminator. The idealists would be the first to offer themselves if the State were in danger. Those who put personal safety or self-interest first could be corrupted. The object of the real makers of this war was that men whom they considered of an undesirably high moral type should vigorously do away with each other, pawning their wealth to buy their own instruments of destruction. As a result of this manœuvre, just as harvesting the corn leaves the tares paramount, the slaughter of honest men would leave the spawn of these betrayers of humanity, supreme in all fields of life. An example of this is seen in the premeditated, carefully planned murder of Lord Kitchener, and the subsequent villification of this great dead man by Alfred Harmsworth, who personally penned the revolting obituary notice in the *Weekly Dispatch*, and who ordered a campaign of calumny from his hired pressmen.

Lord Kitchener, full of years and wisdom, had never given his confidence to Mr. or Mrs. Asquith. In fact, Mrs. Asquith once flatly demanded, "Why do you not tell me the truth, Lord Kitchener?" While her brother, a Tennant, who was for a time Parliamentary Secretary to Secretary of State for War, was induced to make things as unpleasant as possible at the War Office. This man was married to a Miss Abrahams, known in the city as "the only woman company director." In despair at the confusion caused by these people, Colonel Fitzgerald, Lord Kitchener's A.D.C., complained of their activities, and was flatly told by Sir Denison Ross, a Director of a Branch of Military Intelligence, "what Lord Kitchener must realise is that this war was planned by the Jews, caused by the Jews, and is fought for the purpose of drawing out the Jewish race."

Upon hearing this Lord Kitchener's comment was, "I regard the blood of the best men of England as too great a price to pay for educating the Jew. Can no Christian occupy a position of trust in the War Office?" That brave statement sealed his death warrant. Also, Sir Denison Ross, "because he was indiscreet," was removed from the War Office to a less dangerous post as director of the Oriental School of Studies, where he would be under the watchful eye of the Jew, Hartog, the secretary of that institution.

To accomplish the great holocaust, the sword-clanging Kaiser was permitted to explode mines of hatred carefully planted in England by Harmsworth and Leo Maxse, in France by Meyer and Joseph Reinach, and in Germany by Maxmillan Harden and Wolf. An occult law, however, was ignored by those who plotted. Their minds running to profits rather than prophets, they failed to realise that the birth of ideals is in ratio to the massacre of unselfish manhood. The firing line was to give to our youth an enlarged mental vision. To-day, the unthinking young soldier of 1914 is slowly seeing the truth. Battle has brightened his eyes. His still to "do and die," but also his "to reason why."

He began to notice a type of nomad clothed in a similar manner to the fighter, with decorations as brilliant, with spurs more shining, who was housed in the comfortable offices of Whitehall, the Wilhelm-strasse, and the Bal-platz or stationed at the bases. He began to notice the same type of person in the control of munitions, bartering contracts with others of similar appearance; the Adlers, the Oppenheims, the Guedallas, the Monds of London, and their cousins the Goldschmids, the Goldfinches, the Rosenburgs of Berlin and the Blums, the Rothschilds and the Rallis of Vienna. He saw the Schloss-Levis become Whaleys, the Samuels become Montagus, the Bernsteins become Namiers, while several families of Cohen he saw transform themselves into a clan of McIntyre. These men were in control of the Treasury, and plundered the public purse to promote questionable enterprises. These men were all of Frankfort origin. They did no fighting, and they hazarded no danger. With them, the individual mind was organised in the service of the individual tribe. This was the end for which the Elders of Zion had planned. This was "the drawing out of the Jewish race."

The fighting man began to ask questions which annoyed the Shylocks in their bomb proof vaults of greed and gain. They asked why the war had accomplished the unequal result of not touching the men of Jewish families, while men of high ideals and unpurchasable spirit are now out of the way. They asked why the men of Christendom should have left "a richer dust" in every foreign field, men who would have been the fathers of the future generation, while the sons of the Ghetto stand to inherit the places left vacant, and wax fat on the blood of ungrudging youth. To divert these questions, to escape in a further welter of blood, the Jew now cries "You have no class consciousness. Capitalism is your enemy. Demand the dictatorship of the proletariat. Put away your natural leaders—inflame, destroy, kill!"

OTHELLO AND PERICLES.

OTHELLO, which is being played so admirably at the Court Theatre, is a play which has been very popular with London managers. Everyone has seen it at some time or another, yet the public never appears to weary of this unique expression of Shakespeare's genius. It is unlike any of his other plays, and in it he set out to exhibit incarnate evil actively at work for the ruin of men and women. There is no comparison between the witches in *Macbeth* and Iago; for Iago is a devil in human shape. And Shakespeare takes care to make this fact evident. "I am not what I am" declares Iago; and, indeed, Othello comes near to a discovery of his nature, and says "divinity of Hell." When his evil work has almost been completed, Othello with a perfect sword-thrust runs Iago through while uttering the words:—"If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee," and Iago lives. Then, convinced at last of his true nature, he calls him a "demi-devil" who has "ensnar'd my soul and body," and afterwards passes to Hell by self-murder.

Pericles, on the other hand, is a play which London has not seen for seventy years; and it is splendidly presented at the "Old Vic" this week. It treats of the foulest sins, and is probably the most moral thing ever wrought by Shakespeare, who sums up his plot in the last words of the Chorus:—

In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen—
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen—
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them—although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

The brothel scenes are the best part of the play. The producer is to be congratulated on the scenery, and he must have taken considerable trouble to reproduce an interior which would have been familiar to any libertine of decadent Greece.

The acting throughout is worthy of the "Old Vic" tradition.

H. M. P.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6½%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 103s. 2d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97¼	... 97¼ to 97⅞
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·16 to 11·17
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 253 to 254
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·20 to 47·25
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3 3/16d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 25 35 to 25 40
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	.. 76 00 to 76·75
MADRID ...	. Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 28·80 to 28 85
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·41½ to 4·42½
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·99⅜ to 3·99⅝
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·20 to 47·25
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3 21/32d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·35 to 22·40
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	25·48d.	... 2s. 5d.

MARKET NOTES.

As we predicted, Lamson Paragon Preference issue has been a decided success, the public applications exceeding the issue under offer two days after the publication in the press. The same happy result is likely to take place as regards the Brunner Mond 7½ per cent. Preference shares now being offered, the lower return being set off by the undoubted merit of the security of this old established concern. The Employers' Liability Assurance Company, in offering 300,000 £1 shares at a very high premium, are also taking good advantage of the times and the plenitude of money. A ready response to their appeal is certain. Other important issues are in preparation, and so, to induce the public to take notice of these appeals, we are sure to see good and steady markets. With any luck in the settlement of labour difficulties a boom is inevitable.

May should see a very considerable increase in public issues compared with April. The latter month had issues of £14,760,000 against £45,795,000 in 1920, a poor comparison; but then prices of stock were all rising and everybody was going to get rich quickly. Already 1921 has shown an absorbing capacity of £73,114,000—no mean record as things are and have been.

The Maypole Dairy Company report a falling off in profits—£977,300 against £1,085,000—and a final dividend of 4½d. per share is declared on the Deferred shares.

Lipton's advise that owing to pressure of his own affairs, Mr. C. Williamson-Milne, has resigned the position of Deputy-Chairman of the Company, and Mr. H. L. Peters succeeds him.

RAND RETURNS.

The Rand returns for April show that several of the bigger producers have increased profits, taking the value of gold produced at £5 3s. 3d. per ounce. The month shows one working day less than March, so the result is all the more satisfactory. Several of the Far East Rand Mines had excellent returns—the Modder having a rise of £3,000, and Modder B a rise of £9,500 over March. With gold tending towards a gradual decline in price we should soon see many, if not most, of the old Central Rand Mines out of the list of profit earners.

HOUTPOORT LIMITED.

Mr. R. Bleloch, the Chairman of the Company, who has returned from a visit to the Company's properties in South Africa, reports *inter alia* in a circular to the shareholders:—

> I am pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company in South Africa is in a first-rate position. The titles are in perfect order; all payments due to date have been made and the work on the properties continues to prove the highly-payable value of the ore bodies even close to the surface.
>
> The great factor for the future is that a huge and practically virgin goldfield exists on the south-eastern section of the Far East Rand, where the Van Ryn reef outcrops for many miles and traverses an area in extent much greater than the whole of the Central Rand. This valuable reef outcrops on Tulipvale and Klippoortje and runs through the entire length of these properties, a distance of over two miles, the whole of which I carefully examined during my recent visit. The reef exhibits the most striking and absolute identity with the reef at the New Modder Mine, and carries payable values at the outcrop quite equal to the values obtainable from outcrop shafts at that mine.

BREWERIES.

Although most of the Brewery Companies have done very well as regards increased profits during the past few years, there is no doubt that the heavy taxation of the trade is beginning to seriously affect many of the companies. This is reflected in some measure by the low price of Brewery stocks at the present time, and accounts to some extent for the apathy of the public in connection with investments of that class. The position is further emphasised by the figures recently published of the well-known Meux's Brewery. In this case the Company's profits from the trade for the past year amounted to £757,000, which is a large increase on the high figure (itself a record) of £586,000 for 1919. The whole of this increase, however, and some £40,000 more, was absorbed by the increased beer duty. The increase on the duty amounted to £211,400, and the total amount of the duty paid by this Company for the past year appears as £599,000, compared with £388,400 in 1919. The accounts of the Company therefore show a falling off in net profit of £40,000, the figure for 1919 being £125,500 as against £83,700 for 1920. As a result the Ordinary shareholders of the Company this year have received no dividend, and no further payment to Preference shareholders on account of arrears of dividend can be paid. It cannot therefore be said that the proprietors or shareholders of Brewery Companies are getting anything like a reasonable return on their money, considering all the risks of the trade, as well as the uncertainties of legislators, which in these times especially, as regards Brewery Companies, are a constant source of irritation. The Directors of Brewery Companies will be well advised to pursue a conservative policy with regard to distribution of profits for some time to come.

At the Annual General Meeting of M. B. Foster & Sons, Brewers, held on 4th May, the Chairman, Mr. L. T. Glasson, gave the following information with regard to the position of trade, both home and export:—

> The home trade was extremely satisfactory, but the export trade was at its lowest ebb. That not only applied to their own Company, but to all engaged in the export trade, and was due principally to high freights, difficulties of exchange, and difficulties of finance in the countries taking our exports. In the case of the United States, which was a large buyer of export beers, the unsatisfactory conditon of the trade was due to the wave of prohibition. However, the people there now seemed to be in a repentant state, and their Attorney-General had proclaimed that beer could be admitted, in spite of prohibition, on the footing that it was a medicine. That had caused considerable excitement in the export trade on both sides of the water. He did not think they need have any fear of prohibition in this country. The war had convinced the Government that the beer of the working man must not be interfered with, and he thought that any Government that did interfere with it by unreasonable restrictions would receive very short shrift. It was satisfactory that there was a growing tendency for the consumption of beer from the bottle rather than from the cask, and this was a feature which was not confined to this country or to any particular class of brewing.

Dividends and Reports.

Ivanhoe Gold Corporation.—Net profit £65,725, plus £8,686 brought in. Final dividend of 2s. per share, making 6s. 6d. per share.

Westinghouse Brake & Saxby Signal Company.—Dividend of 2½ per cent., less tax, for half-year, making 5 per cent. in cash and 100 per cent. in shares of the Westinghouse Brake Subsidiaries. £14,081 carried forward.

Groves & Whitnall.—Profit for 1920 was £203,252, and £54,135 brought forward. Final dividend of 5 per cent., making 15 per cent. £50,628 carried forward.

Olympic Portland Cement.—Dividend recommended of 10 per cent., less tax. £13,756 carried forward.

Bryant & May.—Net profit £190,324, plus £22,041 brought in. Final dividend on Ordinary shares of 4 per cent. (making 8 per cent.), free of tax, and under "Brymay" Co-partnership 3 per cent. on Ordinary shares, free of tax.

Rolls Royce.—Net profit £202,835, plus £7,135 brought in. Dividend recommended of 10 per cent. per annum on amount paid up, subject to tax.

British Thomson-Houston.—Profits for 1920, after deducting all expenses and charges other than interest on Debentures and loans, £470,470, plus £208,431 brought in. Dividend recommended of 6 per cent. on Ordinary shares, £225,892 carried forward.

Edinburgh Assurance.—Dividend of £1 16s. 0d. per share, less tax.

Frederick Sage.—Interim dividend of 4 per cent., less tax, on Ordinary shares.

Western Australian Bank.—Dividend of £1 per share.

PARIS NOTES.

XXXII.

As far as one can see the difference between modern democratic diplomacy and old "secret" diplomacy is this. The wicked old monarchies used to deceive their neighbours for the benefit of their people. Nowadays "*les dérigeants*" of democracies deceive their people for the benefit of their neighbours. "It goes thus," says M. Millerand to Mr. Lloyd George under the hospitable kosher roof of Sir Philip Sassoon ("*l'Amphityron national de la Grande Bretagne*"), "I know very well that the Versailles Treaty is practically impossible, but I daren't say it in fear of my constituents." "*A qui le dites vous?*" says Mr. Lloyd George, in Welsh, with a grin and a wink. "Therefore," says M. Millerand, "*I* am going to stand by the treaty and *you* make it drop '*en douceur.*'" "Right'o" says Mr. Lloyd George.

A few minutes later, under the same hospitable roof of the national Amphityron of Great Britain, says M. Briand to Mr. Lloyd George: "My constituents want to go and occupy the Ruhr and make Germany pay. I know it would be tactless to press Germany too hard—but what is a fellow to do? Electors will be electors, don't you know." "*A qui le dites vous?*" says Mr. Lloyd George again. "Therefore," says M. Briand, "*I* will pretend to mobilise and to be dreadfully in earnest and *you* prevent me . . . '*en douceur*'." "Right'o," says Mr. Lloyd George. That's how it works!

"*Et voilà comment nous sommes gouvernés!*"

On another occasion—this time in St. James' Palace, for a change, says M. Briand to Mr. Lloyd George: "D—— their Wrangel's army. I can't afford to keep it, for I have 32,000,000,000 francs deficit. You are a friend of the Bolsheviks. You tell me to disband Wrangel." "Won't it be rather too . . . what you may call it?" asks Mr. Lloyd George suspiciously. "Not a bit, my dear Prime

Minister, not a bit. You just tell me to disband these people and I will swear you never told me so. But my assistants will swear you *did* say so, and my underlings will carry out *your* wishes. And I will be very sorry and say so all round . . . *et l'on n'y verra que du feu*."

Side by side with the real Freemasonry there seems to be another—or is it the same one?—between professional politicians in all democracies. This freemasonry is meant to keep each other in office, hoodwink the electors and stand together against the common herd of the "plain people."

Thus "the greatest good of the greatest number" is easily achieved; sheep are shorn and wolves fed, concessions granted, mandates accepted, currencies "inflated," loans floated, dividends perceived and the leaders of Demos shine "in the lustre of unlimited pocket money," to quote the "celebrated, cultivated, underrated" reactionary, the Duke of Plazza Torro.

Pilsudski, the railway thief, likes Savinkoff the murderer. The commune in Warsaw with a third—Petliura—all to the tune of "do me that pleasure, do; I will do just the same for you."

A little more and they will address each other as "mon cousin" like kings of old.

The difference between them and the kings of old is the same as between the Holy Alliance and the League of Nations.

According to a witty Frenchman, the first was "*une Alliance Sacrée*," whereas the second is "*une Sacrée Alliance*."

In March, 1917, a foreigner defined the Russian Revolution as "an attempt to replace a partially corrupt government by one completely corrupt."

It took a revolution to bring that about in Russia, "but thou felicitous Europe" has merely to slide.

However, no sooner had the thieves of March, 1917, sat down to deal the cards of the alluring game of all world Democracy ("terms strictly cash") then they were ousted by the robbers of October, 1917, who seized the cards and carried on the game (terms ditto).

Now from Bessaratia to the Volga and beyond to the Urals, and further still into Siberia, a terrible wave is rising. It is enormous, it is blind, as weak as water and as irresistible.

The peasant simply kill. They kill (1), those of dark complexion and long-nosed, for they *might* be Jews; (2), Communists—for they are either Jews or their henchmen; (3), all "intelligentzia"—everything that washes, in fact, for "they made the revolution and killed the Czar."

In short, what is being exterminated in Russia?—the Jews and Democracy.

And as one looks at the round game of democratic politicians in Europe one listens for the rumbling of the tidal wave that will, that must, one day sweep away these ugly short men, in badly fitting clothes with bulging pockets. For nearly a hundred years rule and power have been dragged in the gutter. The time comes when the mob that seized them will in despair return them to those to whom they are due.

ENGO.

Paris, May 8th, 1921.

NEW YORK NOTES.

So the "Einstein theory" is being completely flouted by the ablest professors in America, as I foretold recently. Before members of the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, Dr. Charles F. Brush, of Cleveland, presented experiments which proved that gravitation acted differently with different substances. Dr. A. G. Webster, of Clark University, says that Dr. Brush's experiments upset the gravitation law which has been accepted for 200 years. A great many of the American professors are declaring that the Jewish Professor Einstein has "faked" a discovery for publicity purposes.

There has been an open split in the ranks of the Zionists who are in convention here for the purpose of cementing more closely the World Zionist Association and the American Zionist organisation. "Judge" Julian Mack (real name Goldstein) is president of the American Zionists, and he opposed giving the American fund into the hands of the World Zionists. He urged a separate Palestine fund, which was not authorised by the World Zionist Congress. Louis Lipsky, secretary of the World Zionists, has written Mack that he is a traitor to the Zionist cause. Here are Lipsky's own words:—"You have deliberately and wilfully broken the ranks of the Zionist organisation, to its lasting injury. For a number of years now, and especially since the London Conference, the administration for which you have been speaking and acting, controlled and directed by invisible and silent factors that do not publicly share the responsibility, has been drifting away from Zionist moorings. In the course of that time you and your friends have lost faith in the Jewish people. The social idealism expressed on the Pittsburgh platform has been transformed into an ideal of private corporations. In other words, the exact opposite of everything we Zionists have believed in during the period of struggle and sacrifice is what you and your associates believe in, and in accordance with which you have acted."—(*New York Tribune*, April 23rd.)

In a recent despatch from London a correspondent of the *New York World* (April 22nd) stated that "Britain was irritated by the Italian Government's backing Mustapha Kemal Pasha" (the Salonica Jew). The question at once was common among Americans, Why should England (the pro-Jew Government) worry about Italy's making a pact with the Jewish revolutionist Kemal when the English had already made a pact with the Jewish Lenin? To the enlightened American mind it seems strange that both the English and Italian people (not the Government) should still remain unaroused in face of the known fact that the Jewish freemasons were running both Governments, just as openly and definitely as they have been running France, Spain, Portugal and other European countries for a century or more. The only country they were not running was Christian Russia, and we Christians (Protestants and Catholics the world over) can all clearly see now why Russia fell. It made no secret provision for annihilation of the Jew and his destructive propaganda. I often stop to wonder, as a Christian, why it is that the churches, with their vast hordes of communicants, make no preparations to meet "organised secret" forces whose one aim is to destroy Christianity.

Secretary of State Hughes has fallen into the bad graces of the Jews. In a statement on immigration he said: "Certain undesirable immigrants, such as Polish and Russian Jews, should be barred from entrance into this country." The next day the Press of the country said Hughes was an anti-Semite. He had not taken back a word of his statement. All during Passover week the Rabbis (Rabies) made special sermons covering the Hughes statement. Most of the Jews coming to this country within the past twenty years (something like seven millions, despite faked census figures taken mostly by Jewish workers) have been sick and diseased. A large proportion of them are syphilitic, and should not be permitted to further transmit their disease in this previously clean land. The old story of "give a fool an inch and he will take a mile" is true of the Jew, specifically. He is given a home here, and now he would oust the natives.

The papers every day are full of crimes of all kinds in which the participators are Jews. In a few cases they have camouflaged their names, but in ninety per cent. of the cases, their Jewish cognomens are given. Despite the Jewish ownership of papers, the opposition and pleading of the Kehillah, with its 500,000 prominent Jews in New York City alone, and other powerful Jewish influences, the true names of criminals are being published. The Jewish owners of the newspapers see and fully understand that the Gentile American public are at present in no mood to be further deceived. The secret police organized several months ago by prominent Gentile business men is doing wonderful work in bringing to Justice the Jewish marauders and murderers with which our fair city and country are infested. It must be remembered that the Jewish scum of the earth has congregated here as a safe haven. But if I can read the signs correctly, and I have reasons for believing I can, this country will not be a safe place for "the scum" in a few more years. They will either become "Nationalised" or "go"—to —— if necessary.

The Jews have sent scores of propagandists and millions of money into the State of Michigan to secure legislation there which will stop the publication of Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*. Their influence with the assistance of several "Jew" legislators has succeeded in pushing through a bill in the Michigan legislature which, if passed by the State Senate, would have the desired effect. But I can assure you now in advance that the Senate will not dare pass such a bill. And neither will the Governor of Michigan put his signature to it. This is still a free country, and if the Jews dislike the truth being told about them, they can go back to their ghettoes in Russia and Poland, and America would rejoice if they did.

A Jew, posing as an Italian by the name of Tito Liggo, is in custody as the possible driver of the wagon which carried the huge bomb to the front of J. P. Morgan's office in Wall Street, last summer, when thirty-five Gentiles were murdered. Let us hope the right party has been captured. But even if it is, the Jews (all powerful) will get near him and tell him what to say, or order him to feign insanity, a quite common method the Jews have of avoiding Justice. We shall see.

Congressman Charles L. Underhill took his life in his hands the other day, and dared to tell the truth about Samuel Gompers, the English-born Jew, head of the American Federation of Labour. Every sane American knows where Gompers stands, patriotically. (By the way, he has just married a thirty-eight-year-old-Jewess. His wife died ten months ago. Gompers is past seventy-one.) He is a Jew, first, last, and all the time. All Jews are. Congressman Underhill called Gompers a traitor, a demagogue, and he and his "damn gang," according to Underhill, 'did not stop at *murder* during the late war." Underhill told the truth about Gompers and his gang. (The Labour leaders are nearly all of the same stripe, "Semitic," as Gompers.) He said they committed murder, sabotage, and all the crimes on the calendar in an endeavour to keep America out of the War, and when she had gotten in it, to prevent her playing a winning card. Good for Underhill. He is a Yankee.

The Republican Congress may drop the charges of impeachment against Judge Kenesaw Landis (Jew) of Chicago, because Congressman Welty, of Missouri Democrat, is no longer a member of the house. It will be remembered the charges sprang out of the fact that Landis accepted a $50,000 yearly salary from the American Baseball Association as commissioner or adjudicator of the troubles arising between clubs or members thereof. Unless the charges are made anew by some member of the present Congress, the Landis matter will possibly be dropped. There is a report that great Jewish pressure is being used on Congressmen to vote down the matter, in case it comes up.

The Jew, René Viviani, posing as a Gentile, but a 33rd degree Jewish freemason, with all the designs and ambitions of his race for world domination, has left our shores after many secret diplomatic conferences with American statesmen and politicians and Jewish brethren of the 33rd degree. In a free country, where the people are presumed to govern, and where the Government is but the mouthpiece of the people, it is marvellous that not a word of the real cause of Viviani's visit, or of what was promised him, was given to the public—the public which pays the bills. It is strange that a Christian country like France cannot find a Christian to send to this country on a diplomatic mission. But, of course, like England and other countries, the French Government run by Jews, picks Jewish representatives. Some time ago, General Nivelle, another Jew, was sent here on some mission also. The Christians of "the eldest daughter of the Church" must have sunken into the sleep of the dead. Will they awake, before it is too late?

KNICKERBOCKER.

At this moment of

NATIONAL CRISIS

we suggest to our readers that it is their duty to employ

"PLAIN ENGLISH"

as a weapon against revolution.

This can be done by making the paper as widely known as possible among their friends as well as among the enemy.

ROYAL ACADEMY

(SECOND NOTICE.)

MR. POMEROY, R.A., referring to this year's rejections, is reported to have said "Those whose work has been rejected have not kept up with the rising standard of Modern Art. What was good enough for George III. is not good enough for the present time." One would pass this in silence if Mr. Pomeroy had not taken such pains to make himself ridiculous. He is a sculptor, but he is speaking for the painters, and he should have consulted some friend before fatuously dropping on the reign of George III. It was in this reign that Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Romney, Raeburn, Lawrence, Crome and Constable flourished, and are we to understand that these painters would have had no chance to-day with, say, the painter of No. 103 in Galley III. Go and look at it! But in his tactless and arrogant way he does indicate that a change has come over the Annual Exhibition, and in this he is right. The change is more obvious this year than ever.

Dotted about the galleries, one comes upon many pictures which a few years ago would have stood no chance at all of being accepted. There are also many others, including Sir William Orpen's, which would have stood little chance. All these the gradual evolution of thought and ideal in Art matters has now rendered acceptable.

Years ago, when Mr. J. S. Sargent was making his name, an old R.A. was surveying the year's work, criticising and commenting. Looking at a Sargent, he said: "A few years ago that picture wouldn't have been hung, and if I had my way I'd have it out now." He was not the only one who thought so. But the change has gone on. Look at a curious illustration in Room III. There you will find a picture No. 143. It is by Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., "The Fringe of the Pine Wood." It is, perhaps, more feeble than his work of a few years back, but it is of the same type. Next to it is "A Suffolk Pastoral," by Mr. Philip Connard, A.R.A. It almost looks as if the hangers suggested a challenge, This "Suffolk Pastoral" strikes the modern note. The juxtaposition does good to neither. The Leader looks more tame than ever and the Connard more restless. Leader is finished in his old-fashioned way; Connard appears so anxious to avoid this that his figures look hasty, ill-considered and careless.

Leader was never an Artist's artist, but he was always popular. It is the kind of work the public likes. There were finer artists of his period who worked in a similar careful way and we have some to-day who might well challenge Mr. Connard and come off victorious. But Mr. Connard strikes the modern note. Look in Room VIII., Nos. 345 and 355 — two portraits. Here we have apparently very rapid and certainly very facile work. About our superb National Gallery bust portrait of Philip, by Velasquez, there is much doubt as to whether it was done at a single sitting. The same may be said of the exquisite portrait by Gainsborough of his sister. These portraits by Mr. Connard certainly look as if they had been done *premier coup*, and if they last for a couple of centuries, artists will not be divided upon the subject. They sound the modern note and are certainly clever.

Someone was once foolish enough to use the word "clever" to Whistler in reference to his work. Whistler was unexpectedly gentle in his reply. "Oh no, not clever; if you want cleverness, look at so and so's," and he mentioned a painter now a member of the R.A. Mr. Philip Connard is very clever, and cleverness is now obtaining a great amount of recognition. This leads one to the most prominent painter of the year, Sir William Orpen, R.A. Sir William Orpen had complete mastery of the technique of oil painting when he was still a young man. Practice has served to ripen this mastery, and in his manipulation of oil paint and methods of painting, he can go no farther. But as one looks at his striking portraits how is one affected? Wonder, astonishment, amusement, pleasure in the painter's intense cleverness, all these; but of the delight and emotion roused by the Velasquez and the Gainsborough already mentioned, how much? Nothing. Luckily Sir William Orpen is, by his great cleverness, unlikely to have many imitators. But we shall have, as far as it can be done, the sudden jumping contrast from highest light to greatest dark, the fierce illumination coming from any point or all points, the utmost suggestion of movement and the general sense of restlessness.

The R.A. has always been a market, and the best seen pictures were and are those best able to cry to you as you passed "What d've lack? What d'ye lack?" And the "rising standard" of Mr. Pomeroy hasn't affected commercialism.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING. By James Ward. (Chapman & Hall.) 15s. net.

We have before us the fourth volume of Mr. James Ward's history and methods of painting. It treats of Italian painting from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, dealing both with its story and with the method of work peculiar to the several schools. Mr. Ward is a well-known exponent of art matters, and has published and lectured on decorative art, design, colour harmony and kindred subjects.

In the present volume we renew acquaintance with the principal Italian artists of the period covered, and again examine the work and charm of Giovanni Bellini, the pageant pictures of Carpaccio, the romantic lyricism of Georgione, the greatness of Titian. From the consideration of them we pass on through the list of the Italian masters—Antonio Allegri, surnamed "Correggio" from his birth-place, Tintoretto; Paul Veronese, Giovanni Battista Salvi (Sassoferrato), and the rest of the art leaders who have not already been discussed in Mr. Ward's previous volume.

The fact that the pictures discussed by Mr. Ward in illustration of his subject are always mentioned in connection with the locality in which they may be seen, renders the volume of great use to the interested amateur who will take the trouble to follow up its perusal by visiting such of the pictures as he finds can be seen at first hand in the National Gallery or other English galleries. In the case of Giorgione, for example, the reproduction in the book of the Hampton Court picture of the Shepherd with Pipe, and Mr. Ward's assertion that the picture is now accepted as a genuine Giorgione, will open up to the amateur the possibility of a long and growing acquaintance with this artist. Even though the Hampton Court picture were not a genuine work of the artist, but an effort by Franceso Torbido ("il Moro") or some other of Giorgione's numerous pupils and followers, yet its conception and much of its treatment are so unquestionably Giorgione's that from this small picture the student may be led to a love of the artist who was taught by Bellini and followed by Titian. And this growing love may lead him to visit that lovely pictorial lyric, "The Tempest" at Venice, or at least go and examine the "Aristo" portrait at the National Gallery, feeling thankful that the nation has acquired it from the Earl of Darnley's collection at Cobham Hall, so that he can examine it at leisure and exercise his own private judgment as to whether it be Titian's, as the signature indicates, or really a Giorgione, merely finished by Titian, after all.

Mr. Ward assigns the "Concert" picture of the Pitti Gallery unreservedly to Titian. And it seems obvious that the passionate musician at the organ with the marvellously modelled features, clear-cut outline and intense gaze is Titian, but it is to be regretted that the suggestively Giorgionesque treatment of the side figures can only be discerned through the rubbing and repainting that disguise them.

There is, in any case, a traceable connection between the works of Bellini, Giorgione and Titian, as is illustrated in the fact that Bellini's St. Francis, in his picture in the Academy at Venice of "Madonna Enthroned with Six Saints," is very similar (though in reversed position) to the St. Francis of Giorgione's celebrated altar piece at Castelfranco, while Titian's "Venus of Urbino" in the Uffigi Gallery is universally admitted to have been inspired by Giorgione's "Sleeping Venus" in the Dresden Gallery

But when the author passes away from the painters of the Venetian School, it is only to survey the fifteenth and sixteenth century painters of Verona or of Ferrara and Bologna; to examine the influences predominant among the artists of Brescia or of Parma; to speak of the Eclestic School of Bologna, or the Roman and Neapolitan painters of succeding centuries. The few reproductions of pictures in the volume make one regret that more could not have been included to illustrate the criticism of the text, while an index adds to the usefulness of the book, save where the index number is incorrect, as it is in the case of Ariosto, 223. Just as it needed great care to provide an accurate index to a volume, so is it exasperating to be referred to the wrong page—more especially so with a volume likely to be useful as a work of reference. But apart from an incidental error of number the present volume is accurate and of great interest to any student of art. It is interesting to read quotations concerning the pictures from John Ruskin, who did so much to make English people acquainted with early Italian art.

Sigurd, our Golden Collie, and other Companions of the Road. By Katherine Lee Bates. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a book for dog-lovers, by a dog-lover who has the gift of a ready pen. It consists of a story of dog life, followed by sundry sketches of canine and other pets and companions; the whole interspersed with verses dealing with similar themes. Perhaps we ought to say it is a book for dog-lovers whose affection for the four-footed companion contains an admixture of sentimentality; for there are ways and other ways of loving dogs. A characteristic specimen of the best qualities of the book is supplied by the verses entitled "The Dogs of Bethlehem." Here, in tuneful and easy-flowing metre, we have the imaginative picture of the dogs of the shepherds who watched their flocks by night at the coming of the world's salvation. When the guardians of the shepherds impulsively exclaimed, "Let us now go over to Bethlehem," they left their flocks untended. It was then the faithful dog evinced his unselfish devotion.

Shepherds three on their crooks a-leap,
Sped after the kings up the ruffled steep,
To Bethlehem; only
The dogs, left lonely,
Stayed by the fold and guarded the sheep.

We have in the same lyric the "carol of bliss" of the angel host and the coming of the kings "bearing treasures too bright for a mortal throne," but whether at Christmas or the Epiphany matters not, the dog nature was the same and

When dawn brought the shepherds, each to his own,
Belampo, Lupina, and Curbilon,
Bounded to meet them,
Frolicked to greet them,
Eager to serve them for love alone.

The book is written throughout in a tone of a rather forced sprightliness which will attract one class of reader and repel another. "So on I fared to the bird-dealer's and bought Koma for Joy-of-Life. He was the only Japanese robin they had left, and the dealer swore that he was Taka's brother, but I suspected that the relationship was nearer that of great-great-grandson, for Koma, smaller than Taka, of brighter gold and more vivid ruby, was the quintessence of vital energy, a very spark of fire." Koma was, of course, a robin, but it must be explained that Joy-of-Life was a lady, and the pseudonym is somehow suggestive of a Christian endeavour to extract the joy of life at any cost, and is characteristic of the suggestion of nerve-tension that the book gives. However, there is much gay writing of bird and beast, with considerable evidence of extensive reading and culture. A clever and amusing sketch is that of Hamlet and Polonius, the character of Hamlet being sustained by a nervous dog and that of Polonius by a parrot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMANDER FRASER AND THE JEWISH WORLD.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

Sir,—The letter which you were good enough to publish from me, entitled "anti-Semitism" has excited your contemporary the *Jewish World* (May 4th) to make the one and only reply which Jewry can make to hard facts, namely: A charge of lunacy against those who bring the facts to light. My letter, according to this paper, is "crazy nonsense." According to Mr. Julien Wolf all "anti-Semites," that is, in the Jewish sense, all non-Jews who refuse to lick the boots of the tribe, are suffering from "hallucinations."

But it is not about myself that I am concerned just now. The same number of the *Jewish World* devotes two paragraphs to which it is pleased to term "A Vile Pamphlet," issued in India by Lieut.-Commander Fraser, R.N., and dealing with the Indian record of Rufus Isaacs in the Marconi operations. The *Jewish World* has "sent 'the wretched thing' to Mr. E. S. Montagu, the Secretary of State, in case he thinks it desirable to call upon Lieut.-Commander Fraser for an explanation." I am quite certain that nothing would please Commander Fraser better than to give Mr. Montagu the explanation in case he should ask for it. It will be remembered that Commander Fraser was a co-defendant with Mr. H. H. Beamish in the libel action brought against them both by Sir Alfred Moritz Mond. Of Commander Frazer's ability to "give explanations," I think your readers may like to have an opportunity of judging from an extract, which I enclose from the official report of the trial. It gives a small part of his cross-examination by Sir E. Carson. The people in court seemed to think Commander Fraser was cross-examining Sir E. Carson.

Before concluding, I may quote the "Foreword" with which Commander Frazer introduces his pamphlets:—"The object of these pamphlets is to let all patriots, Indian and British, know how they are being fooled and set at one another's throats for the gain and final dominion of a band of International Robbers and Anarchists; and as the British Raj has for a good many years become less and less a British Raj and more and more a Jewish Raj; and as these Jews who control us are seeking to discredit and weaken the British connection under the guise of forwarding

Indian 'Nationalism,' merely in order to make the Jew control and dominion more complete."

"Swarej, before Indians are fit for it, merely means Jew Raj, as in Russia."

Yours, etc.,
J. H. Clarke.

10th May.

[Mond v. Fraser and Beamish. 4th day. Thursday, December 4th, 1919. Extract from the Official Shorthand Report of the cross-examination of Commander Harry Macleod Fraser by Sir Edward Carson.]

Q. (Sir Edward Carson) : Are you associated with Mr. Beamish in any undertakings ?—*A.* (Commander H. M. Fraser) : Do you mean financial, commercial or social ?

Q. Any ?—*A.* Social, yes.

Q. What are they ?—*A.* As I have described, trying to clean up this country of a lot of undesirable elements which are in it.

Q. Has Mr. Beamish an office at 175 Piccadilly ?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Do you attend there ?—*A.* Occasionally.

Q. What do you do there in the way of cleaning up ?—*A.* Cleaning up what ?

Mr. Justice Darling : There must be silence.

Sir Edward Carson : Cleaning up the country.—*A.* That is, of course, where I arrange plans for it.

Q. Tell us what you do there. What do you arrange with Mr. Beamish at 175 Piccadilly ?—*A.* I have reported to him at different times my examinations of certain filthy literature published by the Plaintiff in the case.

Q. Was that the literature we had yesterday ?—*A.* It is contained in a thing called the *English Review*.

Q. Is that where you spend your time ? Are you paid at all ?—*A.* I have already said, "No."

Q. Does Mr. Beamish from that office carry on a campaign against Jews ?—*A.* That I do not know.

Q. You do not know that ?—*A.* I do not know what he does. I think he is publishing something there, a paper called *Jewry Ueber Alles.*

Q. What does that mean ?—*A.* That means "Jewry over all."

Q. Not the "Jury over all ? "—*A.* No, "Jewry." I have nothing to do with that. That is what I gather.

Q. We will see in a moment. Does he also carry on there the Judaic Publishing Company ?—*A.* That is the Company publishing this paper.

Q. Is that to rout out Jews ?—*A.* No.

Q. What is it for ?—*A.* You had better ask him, I am not clear. Shall I give you my opinion ?

Q. Yes.—*A.* It is, I think, to remove Jews from the control of this nation, not to rout them out. It is quite a different matter. It is not against Jews, but merely for the country.

Q. On the door of the office is painted the words "The Britons."—*A.* Yes.

Q. Who is that—You and Beamish ?—*A.* That is the Society which he has formed or is forming. I am a member.

Q Is there also a book called "The Jews' Who's Who ? "—*A.* Yes, in preparation.

Q. At that office.—*A.* Partly, I suppose.

Q. Price 21s. ?—*A.* That I cannot be sure of.

Q. Is that for the purpose of hunting the Jews out of high places ?—*A.* No. I think that is for informing my countrymen of the state of affairs.

Q. What state of affairs ?—*A.* The existing state of affairs.

Q. About Jews ?—*A.* Yes, class Jews, "The Jews' Who's Who" is the title.

Q. Have you and Beamish got Jews on the brain ?—*A.* I do not know what you mean.

Q. Are you always thinking of all the harm the Jews are doing, and how you ought to get rid of them ?—*A.* I am not. I think sometimes of what learned counsel are doing, and a lot of other people.

Q. That is meant to be a little insult to me ?—*A.* I do not know whether it is an insult. It is a statement of fact.

THE JEW AND JUDAS PARTY.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Since the Jews in this country became numerous, wealthy and powerful, our Parliament, like the legislatures of other Jew-ridden nations, has contained what may be described as a Jew and Judas party.

Some of the members of the party are elected as Conservatives, some as Liberals, some as Labourites, and some as Independents, but all are more or less anti-patriotic, anti-National and pro-alien, and can always be relied on to advocate and support Jewish interests. At times a General Election, like the late one, results in the defeat of almost the entire Jew and Judas gang, but as soon as the new Parliament assembles another gang, elected as Conservatives, Radicals, Labourites, etc., arises to oppose British interests, and to champion the interests of our Semitic conquerors.

The power of the Jew and Judas party in our Parliament was first made evident afer the South African war, when it succeeded in defeating the first Aliens Immigration Restriction Measure, and in preventing the enactment of the second measure in other than an extremely emasculated form. It is significant that every member of the Jew and Judas party who was at all prominent then in this fight for the free import of alien disease—criminals, paupers, harpies, anarchists and coolies—namely Churchill, Guest (now Lord Wimborne), Seely, Runciman, Herbert Gladstone, McKenna, Burns, Trevelyan, Lloyd George, Levy, Schwann, and the Samuels, subsequently received a title or high office.

The more gaseous members of the Jew and Judas party consist at present of Kenworthy, Wedgood, Malone, Ormsby-Gore, Wedgwood Benn, Mosley, and Lord H. Cavendish-Bentinck. I believe it would be no exaggeration to assert that 90 per cent. of the questions asked and speeches made by these politicians since they have been in Parliament are of such a character as to suggest that they were designed to further or protect Sinn Fein or Jewish interests, and to injure this country. All these politicians are regularly "boomed" and advertised in Elias and Bottomley's *John Bull*, Kaufmann and Company's *Truth*, Blumenfeld's *Daily Express*, Simonis and Company's *Daily News*, Lansbury and Sassoon's *Daily Herald*, Northcliffe's Sinn Fein organs, Levy's *Telegraph*, and the various other organs of Kosherdom, and it is evident that our conquerors are determined that when their present puppets have to be got rid of, these politicians shall take their place as the Government of our country. The leader of the gang is the slanderer, blatherskite, and *Daily Herald* contributor, J. M. Kenworthy. This perfect example of the Koshered politician is reported to have filled more pages of Hansard with his Sinn Fein and Jew-inspired questions and speeches than any other gas-bag in the Commons.

When the Jew and Judas party first became active in our Parliament, Messrs. Churchill, Seeley and Guest, the then leaders, made many boasts concerning the fighting they had done in the South African war, although all had retired from it before it was over. The leaders of the present gang are fond of making the same boasts, some of which convey the impression that nobody killed any Huns but themselves. But exactly what their war services consist of is not altogether apparent. "Who's Who" is somewhat vague on the subject. Not one of them appears to have joined up when the war started, and plugged away until the finish. They seem to have dodged about from one front to another, and from one branch of the service to another, seeking, possibly, for a safe spot. Kenworthy, who has been especially boastful of his war services, appears to have performed most of his Hun slaughtering from some funk hole at Gibralter.

We shall have a Jew and Judas party in our Parliament just as long as our Press remains under Kosher control, and our political parties depend on Jewish money-bags for their funds. When we have a Press which will refuse to glorify the Judas politicians, and to report their utterances, and when our political parties obtain their funds from persons who will not demand in return the appointment of these Judases to high office, the Jew and Judas gang will cease to exist, and the Kenworthys, Wedgwoods and Churchills will disappear from our public life.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

40 Mazenod Avenue,
West Hampstead, N.W.
May 7th, 1921.

AN EXILED RUSSIAN SPEAKS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—In this, my second letter, let me tell, if you have the space—I know you have the heart—how my most pitiful country has been mis-represented in the United States since the Czar's *régime* was overthrown and Christian Russia fell captive to the banners of the Prince of Darkness.

Kerensky (Adler), when he came into power, immediately dispatched to the United States, as his representative, Boris Bahmetieff, who was well known in New York as an agent of the Frankfürt money *bund*. The Russian societies of New York arranged a dinner for Bahmetieff upon his arrival. He refused their invitation upon the excuse he had already accepted an invitation for an "important" dinner. This "important" dinner took place in the house of Adolph Lewisohn, 881 Fifth Avenue. The guests included Barney Baruch, President Wilson's confidential man and Controller of Raw Material; Mr. Henry Morgenthau, late American Ambassador to Turkey and partner of Kuhn, Loeb and Company; and the Guggenheimer brothers, who control Alaska through bribing the U.S. Government, just as Sir Ernest Cassel controls Egypt by subsidising members of your British Government.

Later Bahmetieff went to Washington and became a close friend of both Baruch and of Mr. Justice Brandeis, the Zionist leader. Through an agent, Bahmetieff entered into negotiations of a mysterious character with a certain strange Jew named Rogovine, and, through him, financed another Jew, Leon Pasvolsky as editor of the *Russkoe Slavo*.

Bahmetieff's influence was such in Washington that no real patriotic Russian could obtain a passport from America to Russia. Yet Jews like Herman Bernstein, Leon Pasvolsky, Max Rabinoff, and Otto Kahn, travelled everywhere with the diplomatic *visé* of the United States Government.

Absolute immunity was given to Bahmetieff. He even went so far as to print Russian rouble notes in the United States. This fact was disclosed by Serge Ughet's brother in his Russian paper. Immediately, the United States Department of Justice suppressed this paper as "an anarchist publication."

When, through the influence of Mr. Charles R. Crane, Bainbridge Colby (Coblinsky) became Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State, he assisted Bahmetieff in importing Russian gold through Kidder, Peabody and Company to the National City Bank. Colby is now in England trying to arouse bad feeling against Col. Harvey, the new American Ambassador, who did more than any other man to defeat Wilson and free America from the Jewish yoke.

With hope that you may be the "golden youth" chosen by the Powers of Light to assist the return of bleeding Russia to her former Christian governors, I am, together with my fellow refugees,

Yours most gratefully,

V. VOLKOFF

(Exiled Russian from Novgorod).

New York City,
April, 1921.

[We are in no position to verify all the statements in Mr. Volkoff's letter, but Mr. Bainbridge Colby is now in England, and we invite him to explain his relations with Bahmetieff in PLAIN ENGLISH if he so desires.—ED.]

THE JEW IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The passing away of the landed gentry in England to make room for the coming of a Jewish "aristocracy" has its replica in Ireland. Here the "patriots," aided subtly by the sons of Abraham, are doing themselves well in the matter of land. The old well-kept demesnes, like so many oases dotted over the wilderness which is Ireland, were wont to refresh the weary eye and reanimate the declining soul of the depressed traveller, visitor and native alike. To-day, those which do not present to the eye a heap of ashes and ruins, present the no less inspiring spectacle of the blissfully browsing Sinn Fein pig on the lawn. There is no mistaking it; the yellow and green are conspicuous on its flanks; now and then it emits a sound with a patriotic ring about it; every movement of its head is a waggle of vigorous negative and protest, while its general air of consequence and authority remind one at once of the political protagonists in other fields.

These, like the porcine *parvenu*, owe a debt of gratitude, a greater one, to the astute Semite. Jew canvassing has certainly been a prominent factor in the campaign of more than one successful adventurer in the educational field; the lubricated son of Abraham who believes he worked the university oracle for a gentleman with *th'ejikyated Doblin ahxnt*—to give the shibboleth its approximate phonetic value in expression—has done as much for the destruction of educational principle, for the advancement of the anarchist and the overthrow of the loyalist as any man in Ireland. To the writer he has been an object lesson in demonstration of your observations on the rôle of the Jew.

Yours faithfully,

D. T. BARRY.

University College,
Cork.
May 9th, 1921.

JEWS AND COMMUNISM.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Re your paragraph (p. 365), current number, on "Sir E. Cassel's Hospital Trick," you conclude by observing: "We feel certain that if their Majesties could be informed about the career of the Jew Cassel, their patronage of the Cassel Hospital would instantly be withdrawn." May I ask whether it is *impossible* that their Majesties should receive the information referred to? And, if so, why so?

Also, in the leading article in the same number, on p. 368, you refer to the sad and shocking spectacle of coaches full of English children singing "songs of revolution"—and add: "Yet outside of PLAIN ENGLISH (and quite often the *Morning Post*) not a voice is raised in warning or in protest." Sir, nobody need remind you that a great many voices in many different quarters *have* "protested" against the existence of these pernicious "Socialist Sunday Schools"! And, in fairness, why not a word for boy scouts, girl guides and boys' brigades, who are, one and all, doing their little best to counter this vile influence?

Yours, etc.,

C. F. BOYD.

West End Hotel, Edinburgh.
May 7th, 1921.

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The Witness: Again and again Mr. Pim reveals himself as a diligent and ardent student of Plato, in whose works are almost unimaginable riches. Mr. Pim's style is marked by clarity and strength, and his diction is elevated and choice. For these qualities, for the results of his research, for his learning and his breadth of thought, we commend his pages to our readers. They will find they will have broadened their knowledge, widened their outlook, and possessed themselves of, as it were, a world of the existence of which some of us were hardly aware. . . .

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NORTHCLIFFE'S RECENT RECORD.

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 46.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MAY 21, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

An Appeal by Bankers of the United Kingdom.

A HUNDRED years ago, in a time of depression following a great war, the Merchants of London presented to Parliament a memorable petition against the "anti-commercial principles" of the restrictive system then in force. To-day, moved by the same anxieties, weighed down by far heavier taxation, and face to face with proposals intended to renew the restrictive methods of the past, we submit that it is essential to the revival of confidence that no legislative or administrative measures should be taken which would diminish the total output of British industry or check the free exchange of British goods.

The burden of taxation can only be lightened if the necessity for public economy is resolutely faced. The present rate of national expenditure threatens to cripple the country's resources and to impair its credit abroad. In our judgment it is more than the commercial community can bear, more than the capacity of the nation can afford, more than, were proper economies effected, the nation need be asked to sustain.

The system of Government regulating trade by licences, controls, and departmental orders has, admittedly, however well intended, had in many cases unfortunate results. Political interference with the natural course of commerce without regard to economic laws invariably does mischief. British trade needs nothing so much for its recovery as freedom to deal with its own difficulties, to study and provide for its own interests, and to work out its own salvation.

It is as true as it was a hundred years ago that foreign commerce conduces to the wealth and prosperity of a country by enabling it to import the commodities which other countries are best able to supply, and to export in payment those articles which from its own situation it is best adapted to produce; that freedom from restraint is calculated to give the utmost extension to foreign trade and the best direction to capital and industry: and that the maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, which regulates every merchant in his individual dealings, is the best rule for the trade of the whole nation.

The policy of trying to excludet he productions of other countries, with the well-meant design of encouraging our own, cannot increase the volume of commerce or the total volume of employment here. But it may well compel the consumers, who form the bulk of our population, to submit to privations in the quality or quantity of the goods they buy. The importation of foreign goods does not diminish the activities of our people, because such goods can only be paid for by the produce of British capital and labour. The advocates of a restrictive system are too apt to lose sight of the elementary fact that nations, or rather individual members of nations, buy foreign goods because they need them, not to benefit others, but to benefit themselves, and pay for them by producing goods which the foreigner in his turn requires. We cannot limit imports into this country without limiting our export trade, and striking a grave blow at the world-wide commerce on which this island kingdom principally depends.

Trade is exchange. No nation which lives by trading with others can prosper unless other nations prosper too. We hold to-day great stocks of goods. We are ready to manufacture more. There is a large and insistent demand for them abroad. But owing to the paralysis of continental commerce—due in part to the restrictive barriers which the new states have set up between themselves—the would-be buyers of our goods have not the means to pay for what they want. We have to build up the market that we need by encouraging continental nations to export to us. For it is only by exports that they can re-establish their credit and provide funds for the payment of their debts. In such a situation we believe that all expedients to control and hamper imports into this country, whether by licences, tariffs, or any other means, can only retard improvement in the continental exchanges and prevent the natural recovery of trade. Legislation of this nature, while it may increase the profits of a few selected industries, cannot fail to check our output as a whole, and to increase the costs of production to a level which may make it increasingly difficult for British traders to compete successfully with others in the markets of the world.

With party or political considerations we, as bankers, are not concerned. But in the interests of British industry and commerce, now menaced by anxieties which it would be a profound mistake to underrate, we desire to enter a respectful protest against every restrictive regulation of trade which tends to diminish the resources of the State.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life and Letters	403
Northcliffe's Recent Record	407
Ramparts of Christendom...	409
Finance and Stock Notes.....	410
The Labour Party and its Candidates	411
School Politics and Insular Thought	412
The Niggling Georgians	414
Reviews	415
Correspondence	416

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

The "Morning Post" again.

From a leading article in the *Morning Post* of Tuesday last, we quote the two extracts appended, in reference to the malignant anti-Catholic propaganda which is being carried on in that journal at the bidding of the Dutch-Jew-descended Ivor Maxse.

> At other times the religious motive is uppermost. We recently gave a long list of Protestants and their families who have been murdered, but the number is infinitely greater of those whose houses have been burnt, who have been assaulted and robbed and harried out of Ireland.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> The Sinn Feiners once had power; but now have very little: they are completely dominated and terrorised by the true Murder Organisation—the Irish Republican Brotherhood, which is a secret society built up on the lines of Revolutionary Freemasonry—a secret and sworn hierarchy of circles or degrees one within or above the other, and governed by a body not even known to the lower orders of the society. It is possible that the government of this society is partly or wholly outside Ireland; it is certain that it is closely allied with the similar body of Jewish origin—now governing Russia.

Thus once more, we convict the *Morning Post* out of its own mouth. Again we are obliged to repeat what we have said so many times before, namely, that (1) eighty-five per cent. of the victims of the Sinn Fein murder gang have been Catholics, that (2) the Irish Republican Brotherhood is a secret society condemned by the Pope, and that every single member of that society is *ipso facto* ex-communicate, and therefore outside the Catholic Church.

It is *de fide* for all Catholics that any member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood who dies as a member of that society goes to Hell.

In face of these facts, which neither the *Morning Post* nor anyone else can deny, the malicious falsehood of the *Morning Post's* contention that the Sinn Fein murder gang is a body of Catholics one of whose objects is the massacre of Protestants because they are Protestants, becomes apparent to the meanest intelligence.

We have no hope that the *Morning Post* will abate its campaign of slander and falsehood. Those responsible for the conduct of the paper seem utterly without the gentlemanly instinct which induces a man to admit gracefully when he is in the wrong. The *Morning Post*, in face of the facts which it cannot attempt to dispute, much less disprove, simply goes on week after week repeating its lies. There is something typically Jewish about this method, and it has been our painful duty to point out that the *Morning Post*, for all the fine attitude which it takes up as a general rule, is subject to the impulses of a "yellow streak" which in our opinion is accounted for by the fact that it still contains a not inconsiderable Jewish element. No English, Scottish, or Irish gentleman would edit a paper as the *Morning Post* is now edited.

In this connection we may mention that on Thursday last the editor of this paper addressed a polite letter to Lord Bathurst calling his attention to certain facts in connection with PLAIN ENGLISH and the *Morning Post.*

Up to the present no reply has been received to this letter, but in the belief that the delay in replying to the letter may be susceptible of a legitimate explanation we refrain from going into the matter for the moment.

Lloyd George's Allies.

The foreign policy of Mr. Lloyd George, to which he has committed the country (amidst the applause of the whole London daily press with the one exception of the *Morning Post*) is as follows: (1) A commercial treaty with the Bolsheviks which has had the result of legalising the traffic in goods stolen from murdered Russians, confirmed the other day in the Court of Appeal by three English judges. (2) Friendship with Germany and support for that country against the Poles and against France.

With regard to the second of these two policies we print a leading article on another page. In connection with the first, the appended abstract from a four-page pamphlet printed and published by the "Association Unity of Russia" of 438 East 14th Street, New York City, will be of interest to our readers:—

> The alien Soviet rule in Russia is a reign of dreadful terror and cruel torture. It is a horrible plan to exterminate a Christian people and to annihilate their Christian culture.
>
> In justice to the Bolsheviki, it must be admitted that not only do they not conceal their intentions, but they even boast of their bestiality. Their language is plain. It is only the incurable imbecile, the soft-minded "idealist" who still "doubts" and "wonders" whether the "Soviet experiment" would not be a good thing to try in other Christian countries.
>
> Indeed, Mr. Bronstein has become impudent, and his statements are brutally frank. To him and to his enlightened "comrades" belongs the floor.
>
> We will turn our hearts into steel, which we will temper in the fire of suffering and the blood of fighters for freedom. We will make our hearts cruel, hard, immovable, so that no mercy will enter them, and so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood. We will let loose the flood-gates of that sea. Without mercy, without sparing, we will kill our enemies in scores of hundreds. Let them be thousands, let them drown themselves in their own blood. For the blood of Lenin and Uritzky, Zinovieff and Volodarsky, let there be floods of blood of the bourgeois—more blood, as much as possible.—("Red Gazette," official organ of the Red Army, Petrograd. Issue September 1, 1918.)
>
> Says Apfelbaum (Zinovieff):—
>
> To overcome our enemies we must establish our own socialist militarism. We must win over to our side ninety million out of one hundred million of population of Russia under the Soviet. As for the rest we have nothing to say; they must be annihilated.—("Northern Commune," official Bolshevist organ. Issue No. 109, September 19, 1918.)
>
> Everything must be sacrificed for the sake of the Red Army! Merciless reprisals, most unjust confiscations and requisitions

are permitted by military commissars in the interests of the Red Army. Let the weak children perish! Let the women starve! Let the peasants be deprived of seeds for their crops! Let tears and mourning prevail in villages! But Trotzky's order must be obeyed—the Red Army should experience no need!—(" Bolsheviki in their Role of Managers and Rulers." published in Tokyo, 1919, by the Japanese Section of the Russian Press Bureau.)

Next let us turn our attention to several atrocious exhibits of Communist poetry:—

We will not spare the enemies of labour,
Make a list of every one of them;
We shall exterminate the most dangerous,
They have lived long enough in comfort.

All the handmaids of capitalism,
We shall take as hostages,
We shall not forgive them,
But we shall crush them like dogs,
And throw them into the rubbish ditch.

(Translated from the Russian " Red Gazette," September 23, 1919, Petrograd.)

A. Marienhoff, a Jew, one of the beloved Communist poets, published in the Soviet magazine "Jav," in its issue of October, 1920, page 7, in blank verse:—

Stability, stability! We drag you in the whirl,
We whip the holiness with the "Knout,"
We torture the weak body of Christ,
We torture it in the Cheka. (Extraordinary Committee.)

Now then, pardon us sinners!
Save us as you saved the robber on Golgotha,
We wildly spill out thy blood
As we spill water from a washbowl.
. . . ."

The same "poet" has also another verse which reads:—

Go to the devil! Splendid is our obscene dance
on the porch of the church,
Christ is again on the Cross, while we have taken
Barabbas for a walk down the Tverskoi Boulevard.

He also makes the following prophetic statement in verse:—

What do we care about the dead!
We pass them by, we pass them by.
Red copper blazes and flames,
We are nearing, we are nearing the walls
Of the New Jerusalem.

A. Block, a Jew, one of the most notorious figures in the Extraordinary Committee, who has by his own hands tortured to death many Russian clergymen and army officers, presents the following:—

So they march at sovereign pace,
A hungry hound is lagging behind,
At the head—with a bloody flag,
With a crown of white roses,
Marches Jesus Christ.

But then the Incurable Imbecile still wonders and doubts whether or not Christian Russia is being tortured to death by its present Semitic rulers.

Our British "Bolshies."

The ridiculous Mr. McLean, Socialist and Labour Member for Govan, whose questions last week about the Jutland disclosures in PLAIN ENGLISH were reported in our last issue, was kind enough to suggest a motion for summoning the Editor of this paper to the bar of the House of Commons to "answer for maligning Members of the Government and making accusations against Cabinet Ministers." We regret that the Speaker (Mr. Witley who has also been "maligned," in other words had the simple truth stated about him, in PLAIN ENGLISH) did not give Mr. McLean any encouragement to hope that his motion would be effective. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to appear at the bar of the House of Commons and tell that august assembly, *viva voce*, in a few well-chosen words, exactly what we think of it.

Meanwhile Mr. McLean's suggestion is valuable evidence of the sort of "fair-play" and "justice" which might be expected from a Labour Government if, as God forbid, it ever got into power. Mr. McLean would over-ride the Law Courts where a man who makes grave charges has the opportunity and the right to justify them. Mr. McLean's notion of justice is that anyone who ventures to tell unpleasant truths about any Member of the Government should be summoned to the bar of the House and dealt with as an offender without trial and committed to prison. Here you have your unblushing Bolshevist self-revealed in all his naked ugliness, and we are infinitely obliged to Mr. McLean for the revelation.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Surprise has been expressed in certain quarters that no reference has appeared in these columns to the "Silver Jubilee" of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Not having anything very flattering to say about the Cardinal, we took the course of saying nothing at all. But as the question has been raised, we feel that our policy of absolutely frank and fearless criticism is after all the only safe one. We have the greatest respect and veneration for the Cardinal in his capacity of Cardinal, Archbishop and Priest. That respect and veneration for the office as apart from the man, however, extends to every other Cardinal, Bishop and Priest But if we are asked to join in the almost universal chorus of adulation which has ascended as incense to the Cardinal's nostrils from every newspaper (including, one might almost say more especially, the non-Catholic press) we are regretfully obliged to decline. Truth to tell, the Cardinal is a little too popular with Protestants and Pagans to commend himself to PLAIN ENGLISH.

It is only fair to say that if we do not altogether dote upon the Cardinal, he, for his part, makes no secret of the fact that he does not like PLAIN ENGLISH. It appears that PLAIN ENGLISH is "too uncompromisingly Catholic" to suit His Eminence, and that a little more "sugar on the pill" would in his view be advisable in the process of re-converting England to the Faith of her Fathers. For our part we take leave respectfully to inform the Cardinal that we are not and never intend to be dealers in "compromise," and the sugar-coating of "pills." If the Cardinal does not like PLAIN ENGLISH we will reply to him in the words of Orlando to Jaques in *As you like it*, slightly adapted, "there was no thought of pleasing you when it was started." And when you come to think of it, how should Francis Bourne, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, be a liker of PLAIN ENGLISH? How could a Cardinal who went out of his way to revive and give a fresh lease of life to Harmsworth's Children's Encyclopædia by writing an outrageous "puff" of this pernicious publication after it had mercifully petered out, like PLAIN ENGLISH?

How can a Cardinal who constantly appears on "temperance" and prohibition platforms alongside of Lady Astor and the "Reverend Mr. Stiggins," and who goes as near to preaching Manichaeism as he dare all over the country, like PLAIN ENGLISH? How can a Cardinal who signs his name *after* that of the Archbishop of Canterbury to appeals issued by "the Churches" (*sic*), like PLAIN ENGLISH?

How can a Cardinal who goes so far in "kow-towing" to Protestants as to be willing for their benefit to water down the Church's teaching about Hell, almost to the vanishing point, like PLAIN ENGLISH? There is a text in Holy Scripture somewhere about persons who are neither hot nor cold. We refrain from quoting it at the Cardinal, but we respectfully and earnestly invite him to meditate upon it.

Lloyd George smashes the Entente.

The *Figaro*, the leading Paris newspaper has the following about Mr. Lloyd George:—

> Mr. Lloyd George's antipathy for Poland prevents him from seeing that behind the young Republic Western civilisation itself is menaced. Finally, we have now seen Mr. Lloyd George through love of peace, justice, and democracy, encourage Pan-Germans to take up arms again for the purpose of imposing on the Polish miners the yoke of the great German industrials. Mr. Lloyd George seems to take a delight in increasing French anxieties and destroying French hopes, and is not satisfied with merely applying the Versailles Treaty.

L'Homme Libre says:—

> Odious in his intentions, Mr. Lloyd George has become ridiculous in the result.

While the *Radical* asserts that never before has Lloyd George had France so unanimously against him, and attributes the Prime Minister's malignant outburst of pro-German and anti-Entente sentiment to the fact that Lord D'Abernon has been making "promises" to the Germans.

We may recall the fact that when Lord D'Abernon, with his bad record in Constantinople, was appointed by Lloyd George Ambassador at Berlin, PLAIN ENGLISH was the only paper in England which entered a vehement protest against his fitness for the post. Lloyd George and Lord D'Abernon between them have almost done away with the results of the war. We are now back again to the pre-war policy of Churchill, Haldane and Lloyd George, *i.e.*, friendship with Germany. How long will this besotted country put up with the degradation and disgrace of having such a man as Lloyd George for Prime Minister?

Korfanty, the leader of the insurgent Poles in Upper Silesia, has sent a long telegram to Lloyd George, of which we give the final sentence:—

> I appeal to your sense of justice; I appeal to your honour as an Englishman to correct your views based on false information; I beseech you to retract your unjust charges against the heroic people of Upper Silesia, and to put an end to their mortal struggle by a just verdict based on the Treaty of Versailles.—KORFANTY.

Korfanty, in appealing to Lloyd George's "honour as an Englishman" and his "sense of justice," is appealing to qualities which do not exist, and never have existed in the "Long-haired Communist."

Heading for Disaster.

We are glad to say that the City has taken alarm at the most revolutionary move yet made by Lloyd George under orders from his paymasters. And as the City will be directly and instantaneously affected, we rely upon them to assert that power which no government has yet been able to resist.

Mr. Lloyd George's policy is nothing more nor less than an Orientation of our Foreign Policy, a splitting up of the Allies, and an alliance with the Bolshevists and Germans. His speech which enraged France was deliberately uttered. And those who can look behind the scenes are aware that every effort is being made to play the game of the Bolshevists in South Africa and elsewhere, with the assistance of German-Jew millionaires.

Unless this game can be stopped, the British Empire will shortly be ruled from Frankfurt, Jerusalem and Moscow.

We venture to assert that Mr. Lloyd George will not find his newly-chosen primrose path as comfortable as he expected it would be.

Now we know why such care was taken to hand over India to Isaacs, Montagu and Meyer, and lay the Arabs at the feet of Samuel and his gang in Palestine.

The best thing which can be done at the moment to counter Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is a public protest from the City. This protest should be made from the Mansion House; and the truth should be laid fearlessly and candidly before the world.

Mr. Erskine Childers's Record.

Messrs. Benn and Kenworthy recently displayed some anxiety regarding the action of the Irish police towards Mr. Erskine Childers. When such persons take up the defence of anyone it behoves us to search for a reason. Here is an extract from a recent parliamentary report:—

> Mr. ERSKINE CHILDERS.
>
> Mr. HENRY, Attorney-General for Ireland (Londonderry, S., C.U.), replying to Captain W. Benn (Leith, L.), said the house of Mr. Erskine Childers had been visited on the 9th inst. A large number of documents were found. Mr Childers was detained and released in the evening.
>
> Captain W. BENN.—Is it intended to charge him and bring him to trial?
>
> Mr. HENRY.—That will depend on the examination of the documents.
>
> Lieut.-Com. KENWORTHY (Hull, Central, L.).—Is this the Mr. Erskine Childers who performed distinguished service in the war?
>
> Mr. HENRY replied that he was not aware of Mr. Childers's record, but he was quite prepared to accept what the hon. member said.

Mr. Erskine Childers, about whose comfort Messrs. Benn and Kenworthy are so anxious, is the gentleman who carried 2,000 German Mauser rifles and ammunition to Ireland in his yacht on the occasion of the Howth gun-running episode. It will be remembered that the King's Own Scottish Borderers came into conflict with the Fenians who were running the rifles, and that there were several casualties in the streets of Dublin.

Mond and Morality.

Sir Alfred Mond made an attempt to pose as a moralist the other day. This was an heroic effort on the part of the former proprietor of the *English Review* (see PLAIN ENGLISH article "Blasphemy, Bolshevism and Bestiality," 14th August).

We quote the following passage from a letter to the *Times* by Mr. H. Bryan Donkin:—

> In his speech on the Vote in connection with the Ministry of Health, as reported in the *Times* of May 13th, Sir A. Mond, referring to the matter of venereal diseases, and especially to the question of their prevention by medical means, said that the moral and social side of the question should not be overlooked. With this opinion everyone will agree; and it is certain that this side has not been overlooked by the advocates of medical prevention as an essential measure any more than by their opponents. But he said, further, that "whilst prepared to assist in the protection of the health of the nation against this dangerous disease, he was not prepared to accede to the demand of those who regarded the question merely from the medical point of view. This remark, directed as it is against the large number of accredited medical authorities who are earnestly advocating self-disinfection as an absolutely necessary element, among other measures, in any practical effort made with a view towards a material reduction of the terrible plague of venereal diseases in the country at large, amounts to a very grave misrepresentation There is no one among those who have brought this question persistently before the Ministry of Health since its establishment who can rightly be charged with regarding it "merely from the medical point of view." Their persistency is due to the attitude of their opponents in regarding it merely from a moral point of view.

We presume that Sir Alfred Mond is in favour of the hygienic policy of Dean Inge; and it is natural, therefore, that he should describe as immoral the one means of preventing venereal disease which does not happen to be immoral, but which, as a matter of fact, is a moral duty for those who have unfortunately subjected themselves to contagion.

Those who desire to understand the attitude of Sir Alfred Mond towards this distressing subject will find food for thought if they examine the plans laid down for the destruction of Christian peoples by venereal disease in the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.*

Empire Wrecking.

That the business of empire-wrecking is now in full swing may be appreciated by anyone who can estimate the importance of the following announcements in the *Times:*—

> The VICEROY and Mr. GANDHI.
>
> SIMLA, May 13.—Mr. Gandhi had a long interview with Lord Reading, the Viceroy, this afternoon. The nature of the conversation has not transpired.
>
> Mr. Gandhi is remaining here until May 16. He is to address a public meeting on Sunday next.—*Reuter.*
>
> PRIME MINISTER and Mr. DE VALERA.
>
> A REPORTED OFFER.
>
> According to the *Freeman's Journal*, the following definite offer from Mr. Lloyd George was laid before Mr. De Valera a few days ago:—
>
>> I will meet Mr. De Valera or any of the Irish leaders without condition on my part and without exacting promises from them. It is the only way a conclusion can be reached. The conference will lead to an exchange of opinions out of which we may find common ground upon which we can refer to our respective people for a settlement.
>
> The offer, the *Freeman* declares, was made in the Prime Minister's room in the House of Commons on May 3 to Mr. Martin Glynn, ex-Governor of the State of New York and editor and proprietor of a newspaper at Albany. It was Mr. Lloyd George who first mentioned Ireland, according to Mr. Glynn. Having to return to Albany, Mr. Glynn asked the London correspondent of the *New York Herald* to see Mr. De Valera and lay the offer before him.

Subsequently, Mr. Lloyd George, when questioned, did not deny that he had made this offer, but said he had "made no statement beyond what he had already stated in the House of Commons."

If there is one rule of governance upon which the power and growth of our Empire depended in the past, it was the rule that traitors should be treated as traitors.

And anyone who understands the psychology of the Eastern and the psychology of the Irish native knows that there is nothing more calculated to produce contempt for the British Government than invitations from Prime Ministers and Viceroys addressed to revolutionary leaders.

Such persons should be treated as they were wont to be treated by our statesmen in the past. And that treatment consisted of an invitation by the police to accompany them to prison.

Personally we have little hope that India can still be saved for the Empire. Our Indian Empire is now entirely Jew-controlled, under the rule of Isaacs, Montagu and Meyer, who hold the positions of Viceroy, Secretary and Chief Commissioner respectively. The life of loyal servants of the Crown has become unbearable; and while officers of the Crown are snubbed and insulted in every possible way, the revolutionary leader Gandhi is invited to meet the Viceroy, and is permitted to address a public meeting at Simla.

What makes the position so desperate is that the Jewish rulers of India feel confident that before a Conservative Government can root them out they will have succeeded in their diabolical task of destroying British power in the East.

That remains to be seen.

The American Ambassador.

Never has an American Ambassador to the Court of St. James been subject to such attacks from his own countrymen as the present representative of the United States, and in all fair play the malice behind the various unpleasant comments upon Colonel George Harvey which are being sent to this country from the United States should be shown to come from a poisoned source.

Colonel Harvey was described on April 21st, in the United States Senate by Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, as follows (we quote a Washington dispatch):—

> He is a writer of the most cunning and dangerous species, and a past master in fomenting trouble and aggravating delicate situations. As a creator of prejudice and a stirrer of strife he has no equal. He is a vindictive, self-annointed, intolerant political accident. He has been constant in only one thing, and that is to attain high place in the councils of political leaders and to realise his life's ambition—political preferment. There never was such an unsuited and unfit individual in all the history of mankind, by training, temperament and environment, to take up the important duties as our representative at London as Colonel Harvey.
>
> CITES ATTACKS ON WILSON.
>
> I need not trespass upon the time of the Senate by refreshing your minds in reading the many malignant attacks of this man upon ex-President Wilson. They are known to you, and the suggestion only calls to your mind the mendacious, unwarranted, inexcusable and scurrilous assaults, by expression and caricature, that he has constantly and persistently employed to destroy Woodrow Wilson, not only in the minds of the American people, but throughout the world.

Personally we think that the fact that Colonel Harvey brought about the downfall of the demagogue, Woodrow Wilson, is a matter not for censure but for considerable praise. We can hazard a guess that Senator Harrison is one of "the left-overs" of the "poor white trash" from the South, a class from which the late President drew his dupes and his supine supporters.

Senator Lodge, the most respected of American Senators and Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, defended Colonel Harvey's appointment. In a reply to Senator Harrison, during the debate, Senator Lodge said with reference to Colonel Harvey's break with Mr. Wilson:

> Is Mr. Harvey to be blamed because he found out earlier than the rest of the country about tbe peculiarities of Mr. Wilson? He was the first to be pushed out with a coolness and ingratitude which I think was never equalled.
>
> I think it is a sorry piece of personal hatred or party hatred to make this Senate the vehicle for attacking a man of that character. I trust that it will be understood abroad that the voice of the Senator from Mississippi does not represent the voice of the Senate.

Personally we wish the new American Ambassador all success in his effort to unite the two branches of the English speaking people. A war between the United States and Great Britain would be the final suicide of the white race, as longed for by the Learned Elders of Zion.

The Duke of Northumberland's Pamphlets.

The Committee of Forty, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Northumberland, has now issued a series of eleven pamphlets regarding the world conspiracy directed not only against the British Empire, but our present civilisation as maintained by the white race. These pamphlets are :

1. The Conspiracy against the British Empire : Report of a meeting held at the House of Commons, March 1, 1921. (The Duke of Northumberland in the chair.)
2. The Conspiracy against Religion.
3. The Truth about the Strike : An address by the Duke of Northumberland at Kensington Town Hall, April 21, 1921.
4. The Revolutionary Aspect of the Miners' Strike : Statement presented to Members of Parliament at a meeting at the House of Commons on May 11, 1921.
5. Conspiracy against the British Empire : Some leading facts presented to a meeting of Members of Parliament at a meeting at the House of Commons, May 11, 1921.
6. Ireland and the Revolution : Statement presented to Members of Parliament at a meeting at the House of Commons on May 11, 1921.
7. Plight of Southern Irish Loyalists : Appalling list of Victims.
8. The Revolutionary Movement in Ireland.
9. Dominion Home Rule in Ireland : What Mr. De Valera understands by it.
10. The Coal Strike : What lies behind it.
11. Report of the meeting of Members of both Houses at the House of Commons presided over by the Duke of Northumberland on May 11, 1921. Speeches by the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Jellett, M.P., Mr. Rupert Gwynne, M.P., and others.

Copies of these pamphlets are to be had from the Boswell Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, 2 Whitefriars Street, London, E.C. 4. Special arrangements are being made with associations desiring large quantities, and we urge any club or even private person to secure and distribute these pamphlets. PLAIN ENGLISH, even at the low price of sixpence, cannot hope to reach all readers interested in saving Britain, but these pamphlets at a penny and two-pence each are within the reach of all.

LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.

In the high places lo ! there is no light,
The ugly dawn beats up forlorn and grey.
Dear Lord, but once before I pass away
Out of this Hell into the starry night
Where still my hopes are set in Death's despite,
Let one great man be good, let one pure ray
Shine through the gloom of this my earthly day
From one tall candle set up on a height.

Judges and prelates, chancellors and kings,
All have I known and suffered and endured,
(And some are quick and some are in their graves).
I looked behind their masks and posturings
And saw their souls too rotten to be cured,
And knew them all for liars, rogues and knaves.

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

NORTHCLIFFE'S RECENT RECORD.

[DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WE INTEND TO LAY BEFORE OUR READERS THE RECENT RECORD OF THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS. THE PUBLIC MEMORY IS SHORT, AND WE ARE CONFIDENT THAT THE EXTRACTS WHICH WE PROVIDE IN THIS ISSUE OF "PLAIN ENGLISH" WILL ASTONISH OUR READERS, THOUGH UP TO THE PRESENT WE HAVE SPARED NO PAINS TO EXPOSE THE CHARACTER OF THE NORTHCLIFFE ORGANISATION. OUR INDICTMENT WILL CONSIST OF EXTRACTS FROM THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS ITSELF AND ITS CONTEMPORARIES, OTHER THAN "PLAIN ENGLISH." THE EXTRACTS AND COMMENTS WERE SUPPLIED TO US BY AN ESTEEMED CORRESPONDENT.]

NORTHCLIFFE AND THE JEWS.

Daily Mail, May 7, 1920.—"Appreciation of the services rendered to the Zionist movement by the Northcliffe Press was expressed by Dr. Charles Weizmann, the Zionist leader and delegate to the Allied Supreme Council Conference at Spa, in an interview yesterday with a representative of the *Daily Mail*. Dr. Weizmann said : 'I do not pay a mere compliment when I say that the Zionists the world over will never cease to be grateful for what the *Daily Mail* and the *Times* have done for them.'"

NORTHCLIFFE AND THE GERMANS.

Weekly Dispatch, April 11, 1915.—"It has been noticed during the last few days that well-meaning but none the less reprehensible attempts have been made to found leagues with the avowed and ostensible purpose of ostracising Germany and the Germans . . . . Public opinion, which will be surely against these leagues, must be strong enough to prevent them proceeding further . . . If public opinion fails to deter their misguided promoters, then the State must be called upon to do its duty, which is to repress these and similar movements that in the case of success would be certain to spring up one after the other in mushroom fashion."

NORTHCLIFFE AS A PATRIOT.

"One of the A Division in the *Globe*."—"An appeal was issued a week ago by the Commander of the A Division, Special Constabulary, asking gentlemen above the age of enlistment, and who live in the city of Westminster, to come forward and enrol as Special Constables. The Press, almost without exception, most kindly published this letter. The sole exception was the *Daily Mail*, which replied to the Commander in the following terms : 'Associated Newspapers Ltd., Carmelite House, August 13, Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of the 11th instant, addressed to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, I am informed that your announcement cannot be dealt with in the editorial columns. Our advertisement columns are at your disposal. Yours faithfully (signed), Wareham Smith, Advertisement Director.'"

NORTHCLIFFE AND MUTINEERS.

Morning Post, Sept. 12, 1919.—"There is, for instance, our contemporary the *Daily Mail*, which, in the crisis of the police strike, thought it decent and timely to reward the Specials who went on duty with gratuitous and insolent mockery." (The two chief organisers of the strike were both of German or German-Jew origin.)

NORTHCLIFFE AND AMERICA.

The *Outlook*, Nov. 21, 1917.—"The unfortunate impression which Lord Northcliffe created in the United States was confirmed by his letter to Mr. Lloyd George—with its disgraceful attempt to belittle what Great Britain has done, and its fatuous effort to curry favour in America by a threat that unless there is swift improvement in our methods here, the United States will rightly take into its own hands the entire management of a great part of the war." (The *Outlook* evidently failed to consider that an American edition, "published in Paris," had to be made to go in some way or other.)

NORTHCLIFFE AND RUSSIA.

Weekly Dispatch, December 26, 1915.—"The fact that we have raised many millions of men does not impress the Russians, because in Russia all men are serving. They would be more surprised to hear that every man in England was with the colours." (This is a fair sample of the stuff published in Harmsworth's hyphenated organs, and calculated to suggest that Great Britain was not doing her share in the war. If "in Russia all men were serving," and in proportion to her population Russia had as many men under arms as we had, her army would have contained twenty million men. Harmsworth might remember that in this country we do not all publish "Russian Supplements," or "Paris Editions.")

NORTHCLIFFE AND FRANCE.

Mr. Austin Harrison, in the *Evening News*, December 14, 1914.—"If any man doubts me, let him go to France and hear what the French soldiers are saying about us to-day, about that vulgar swank of ours which assumes that all is well because so many peoples are fighting for us." (Mr. Harrison evidently knows what Harmsworth wants.)

Mr. Leopold S. Amery, M.P., in the *Times*, August 26, 1915.—"Can we afford to give the faintest shadow of justification to the German taunt that we meant to fight to the last drop of French blood?" (With the exception of Harmsworth's writers, the only persons who have suggested that we were giving the faintest shadow of justification for the German taunt are of alien or semi-alien origin.)

HOW NORTHCLIFFE CHOOSES EDITORS.

Evening News, June 26, 1915.—"At the age of 18 he [the late Alexander C. Kenealy] started journalism on the *New York Herald*, and subsequently he had the advantage of working with Mr. Pulitzer, of the *New York World*, and Mr. William Randolph Hearst, of the *New York American*." (As Pulitzer's *World* and Hearst's *American* are the two leading Anglophobe newspapers of the United States, both circulating chiefly among New York's hyphenated citizens, the experience Mr. Kenealy acquired in working with Harmsworth's two bosom friends must have rendered him thoroughly qualified to edit a Harmsworth daily newspaper.)

NORTHCLIFFE'S ALLIES.

The *Times*.—"Arrangements have been made whereby the *New York American* has the sole rights of reproducing the *Times* war cables and other war news in the United States." (The *American* is the most virulent Anglophobe and pro-German newspaper in the States, and has been convicted of garbling its war cables in German interests.

NORTHCLIFFE'S ADVERTISERS.

Evening News, Sept. 8, 1914.—"But Messrs. Siegenberg, who are now known as Curzon, are English, and have always been English, and therefore deserving of British custom." (They are certainly as English as a large proportion of the other firms which supply the Harmsworth newspapers with their advertisement patronage).

NORTHCLIFFE AND ALIENS.

Lord Newton, as reported in the *Times*, June 2, 1916.—"I recently persuaded the Home Office [Samuel] to sanction a system under which farmers in Cheshire or Shropshire may engage interned aliens for agricultural work . . . Up to now the Cheshire farmers have been hostile to the experiment, and the only two employers who have Lords. (All honour to the Cheshire farmers who refused to assist in the colonisation of their country with undesirable aliens. They were loyal to their race and to the lads who have left the plough in order to fight for their country.)

Evening News, July 1, 1916.—"Black men for our farms. An interesting suggestion from South Africa." (Any suggestion for further polluting our country with undesirable aliens never fails to arouse the interest of Harmsworth's hyphenated organs).

The *Times*, July 7, 1916.—"Farmers who wish to employ the alien labour (Poles, Czechs, Croats and Armenians) should write to the Home Office [Samuel] or to Lord Newton."

NORTHCLIFFE'S SENSE OF HONOUR.

Morning Post, May 14, 1919.—"All the British correspondents in Paris were officially warned by Sir George Riddell that the Prime Minister would look upon any Press representative who published the Peace Treaty, before the official date of publication, as a traitor to his country. That admonition of what was due to the national interest was sufficient to deter all correspondents but those of one paper from attempting an enterprise which was quite within the capacity and opportunity of several." (The "one paper" which the *Morning Post* referred to, was the organ owned by Messrs. Harmsworth, Arnholz, Ellermann & Company.)

NORTHCLIFFE AND JEWISH CRIMINALS.

"Judæus" in the *Times*, Nov. 26, 1919.—"Whenever a Jew is charged with or convicted of any offence, the offender's religion is invariably stated in the notice of certain journals other than the *Times*." (It is pretty safe to say that if any Jew rascal's racial origin were to be mentioned in the *Times*, or any other Northcliffe organ, the editor would get the sack.)

NORTHCLIFFE HIDES A NAME.

Daily Mail, October 31, 1918.—"The British public wants to know at once the names of the Hun brutes who have been and are still the fiendish instigators of or the willing, inhuman tools for the murder and torture of British prisoners of war." (This being the case, it might have published, even at the risk of offending its Jewish friends, a report of a speech delivered in the Commons by General Page Croft two nights previously, in which the name of one Hun brute was mentioned. "One of the worst offenders as a German prison camp Commandant," said the General, "was a man named Hoffman Alexander, a German

Jew, who before the war was associated with a lace manufacturing business in Nottingham. He had no doubt that this man would endeavour to return to Nottingham after the war, unless steps were taken to prevent him. This man had behaved as a brute towards British prisoners in Germany." (But perhaps Harmsworth thinks the British public does not want to know the names of the Hun brutes who happen to be Jews.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RAMPARTS OF CHRISTENDOM.

I.—POLAND.

BISMARK'S old plan of causing insurrection through *agents-provacateurs* when he had an army ready to exterminate the unfortunates whose land he coveted, is being continued by Germany, and it bids fair to turn Poland into another bloody shambles as fruitful of Christian corpses (mutually done to death at the instigation of hidden voices) as was the recent harvest of Christian youth in the cock-pit of Flanders. At this moment it is the duty of every Christian country to support Poland in her hour of peril, in her struggle for national existence against that combined power of German and Jew. With our Press controlled by men who are the enemies of all the Nations in Christendom; with our Ministers of State content to be the smiling guests of these same men, who are alien to us both in common law and in spirit, it is hard to get the truth out to the country. It is still harder to get the true feeling of the country represented in the speeches or by the actions of our Ministers. Yet if we cannot do this, if the Powers of Darkness triumph and we do not take our place by the side of our Ally, France, in her support of Poland, then not only Poland but Britain herself will go the way of Russia. Divided and confused we separately shall fall victims to that formidable sect who have sworn a covenant of slaughter against Christian nations.

Mr. George, lulled to impotency in the oriental luxury of Lympne, has almost transmitted his state of mind to the House of Commons through his hypnotic power of suggestion. But the "sympathetic murmers" of the House grew less and less during Friday's debate on Poland. They are finding out Mr. George for what he is and Mr. George is frightened at the rising righteous indignation of awakening Britain. He bid Mr. Rupert Gwynne, who was courageous enough to have told the truth, to "watch and pray" and to grant "fair play for Germany." But the dupes of Westminster failed to hurrah and cheer their Pecksniff David as usual.

Then Mr. George's voice sank almost to a whisper and he said:

> I am alarmed, I say it deliberately—I am frightened, that unless there is some confidence restored to the world, the consequences must be of the most terrible character.

What Mr. George really meant was that the world has lost confidence in Mr. George. But the people of England are sound, and even if Mr. George, as the agent of destroyers of Christianity, has betrayed Poland, the sons of St. George, St. Patrick and St. Andrew will never cease to fight the battle of their crosses, or lose confidence in the ultimate victory of justice and decency.

The Polish cause has once more become linked with the fight for Christian ideals. But as the material pressure from the Jews who are out to destroy Christians and Christianity is so very strong, only those who have nothing to lose and nothing to fear, or who fear no personal loss, can truly speak and fight for Poland. It requires new elemental forces, which are not respecters of the unnatural designs of International Finance, to free Poland from her grave-clothes. A mighty wind has arisen out of the clash of the war's unseen forces; it has put out small flares, but fans big flames into a conflagration. The Poles with their coal, the Albanians with their copper, the Persians with their oil, the Ukrainians with their wheat, the Armenians with nothing but their mental stamina, and, in fact, all individual Christians who have saved and possess property are subject to this covenant of slaughter made by forces of supreme cunning.

Public opinion had to be moulded to suggest to us that we abandon Poland, desert Albania and betray Persia. The Jew had to alienate our support and divide our supporters in order to conquer. The plan used, for example, in London is worthy of record. Tales of frightful massacre of Jews by the Poles were spread in the Harmsworth and Beaverbrook and Levi-Lawson Press. Then the Jews of the metropolis declared a day of mourning and marched with ostentatious lamentations to Queen's Hall. The reason was plain to those who understood the mainsprings of international finance. To anyone accustomed to international intrigue, this fresh impetus to ancient slanders was a foreboding of some proposed act of violence against the Poles. The usual plan of "getting a big lie in first" was being used to alienate possible sympathy from a people marked out for a future injustice. The susceptible British public must be prejudiced against Poland. A strong Poland means a weak Germany, with a corresponding decline of Jewish commercial supremacy.

Sir Percy Wyndham, an English gentleman of Christian tradition, was the British Minister in Warsaw. In a despatch to the Foreign Office he definitely pointed out that the facts of the alleged anti-Semitic excesses in Poland were misrepresented. In place of the alleged "pogroms" at Vilno and Pinsk, where it was reported (and solemnly printed in our controlled Press) that some thousands of Jews had been massacred, the truth was that less than a hundred were shot, not as Jews—but as Bolsheviks who were engaged in street fighting. The Poles killed them in defence of their families and property. These young Jews practised assassination in secret and terror by propaganda with the purpose of extending Lenin's *régime* of Judeo-Bolshevism for the profit of those financial institutions known as the Frankfurt money *bund*. This great banking combine has not ceased its efforts for world's conquest simply because the Kaiser and most of the German army were put out of action. Through their agents posing as leaders of a proletarian revolution, this money power is meeting with success where their former agents, the German army, failed. The Lenin-Marx brand of pseudo-socialism, through Trotsky in Russia, Bela Cohen in Hungary and Mustapha Kemal in Turkey, drained what remained of the wealth of those countries into the Frankfurt banks. Great Britain is bound and ready for the Jews' knife as the next victim. She is, however, becoming conscious of her impending fate. Men like the

Duke of Northumberland and his committee are watchmen crying from the house tops to long-bewildered people. The nation is listening. It will certainly follow their lead.

Sir Percy Wyndham for his honest report was recalled from Warsaw (just as Sir Ralph Paget, who demanded justice for the Jews' assassination of Captain Cromie, R.N., was recalled from Copenhagen), and Max Müller, of an ancestry which he, unlike Samuel-Montagu-Swaythling, flauntingly carries in his name, was sent to Poland as Minister of our most Christian King, the Defender of the Faith.

In this matter, as in the Krassin Trade Agreement, Frankfurt again showed its power in Downing Street. Again the Red Cross of St. George had fallen back against the Red Shield (Rothschild) of international finance. But those whose road leads from the house of Amschel in the Judenstrasse, are at last definitely uncovered and shown in their true colours. Although we are fighting with our backs to the wall, we now know our enemy and from whence he comes.

We know that in Frankfurt-am-Main congregate those men who war for the conquest of the world as distinct from the progress of humanity. We know that this convention, the Illuminate of the Ashkenazim, was founded by an ex-Jesuit, Adam Weishaupt, who was put out from the society of Jesus for the crime of incest. He, Judas like, carried his secret knowledge to the freemasons in Germany. With the help of the Frankfurt Jews he established a world-web of spurious freemasonry which works for a material domination through a system similar to that which Ignatius of Loyola designed for spiritual ends, for the use of the happy warriors of our Captain, Jesus.

We, who love our country, must now join the Pole and all the other scattered bands who are fighting the fight of the "white forces." The fight of the Pole is, also, the fight of the Briton, because the combination of Judeó-Bolshevism and Judeó-Germanism is powerful and dangerous to the clean civilisation and high ideals of Britain.

And those of us who fall in the combat need ask no other reward than those words given to "banished Norfolk" as an epitaph :—

> And his pure soul unto his Master, Christ,
> Beneath whose banners he had fought so long.

At this moment of

NATIONAL CRISIS

we suggest to our readers that it is their duty to employ

"PLAIN ENGLISH"

as a weapon against revolution.

This can be done by making the paper as widely known as possible among their friends as well as among the enemy.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6½%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 102s. 11d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97½	... 97½ to 97⅜
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·13 to 11·15
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 231½ to 232½
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·35 to 47·45
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3⅜d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 24·85 to 24·90
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 72¼ to 72¾
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 29·85 to 29·90
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·47 to 4·48
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·00 to 4·00¼
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·35 to 47·45
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3⅔½d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·27 to 22·30
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 4⅜d.

MARKET NOTES.

Siemen Bros. & Co. are about to declare a bonus to their shareholders of new 10 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each to the holders of the Ordinary shares in the proportion of one Preference for every five Ordinary, and the result will mean an issue of 300,000 Preference shares. These will be paid for out of old reserves and also out of profits for the financial year closing, which is reputed to have been of an exceptionally good character, and will disclose big surplus profits.

The finances of the Austin Motor Company have been engaging the earnest attention of the Receiver, Sir Arthur Whinney, recently, and it is hoped that the proposals being formulated will enable the Company to keep going. It has been reported that a fresh loan to establish the Company on a sound financial basis has been definitely settled and privately arranged with Messrs. W. P. Bonbright & Co. An influential Committee to act with Sir Arthur Whinney and the principal creditors has just been appointed.

Jurgens Limited, the well-known margarine merchants, have been unable to pay any dividend on their Ordinary shares for the past financial year, although the net profits for 1920 were shown at £377,000. Of this figure no less than £254,207 has been set aside to write stocks down to their market value as at 31st December last. After paying a Preference dividend and allowing for a balance brought forward, there remains a balance of only £17,074. It will be recollected that the Company in the autumn of 1919 made a public issue of 1,500,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares of £1 each at a premium of 1s. per share.

The business of Preserve Manufacturers Limited has suffered severely from the recent trade depression. The figures just disclosed for the fifteen months ending 31st December last indicate a loss of £267,982, after a heavy necessary writing down of the Company's stock in trade. A Scheme of Reconstruction has accordingly been evolved under which it is proposed to reduce the issued capital of the Company from £385,000 to £122,500, by cutting down the nominal value of the 8 per cent. Participating Ordinary shares from £1 to 5s. each ; and converting the 350,000 Deferred shares of 2s. each into 700,000 shares of 1s. each. Incidentally the 8 per cent. Ordinary shares will have their fixed interest increased to 10 per cent., the participating rights remaining. The Goodwill of the Company, £47,990, has been entirely written off.

COAL AND OIL SHALE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It has just been announced that the Royal Dutch Company has decided to take over the Oil shale properties of the African Oil Corporation, after an examination by experts. The African Oil Corporation is a South African concern with a capital of £125,000 in 10s. shares, and owns the mining rights over some 10,000 acres, of which about 600 acres have been partially sampled and developed.

The district has been favourably reported on recently by several well-known Coal and Oil shale authorities, and as far back as 1914, Mr. Cunningham Craig, when reporting on the shale deposits, stated that all the evidence then to hand led to the belief that the Oil shale industry had good prospects of proving successful, and urged that no efforts should be spared to make a fair test of its possibilities. Since then considerable exploratory and development work has been undertaken. There is no doubt the district is very rich in shale Oil, and many of the large South African houses have taken up large areas. The laboratory tests gave 35 gallons of crude Oil and 41 lbs. of Sulphate of Ammonia to the ton, and fractionation of the crude Oil carried out by the Pumpherston Company, Scotland, gave a total of 70 gallons of marketable Oils.

Mr. Adolphe Hoegger, the Chairman of the British Cotton Wool Dyers' Association Limited, presiding at the Annual General Meeting of the Company in Manchester last week, made the following reference to the question of labour and wages as affecting the industry :—

> I mentioned to you last year that wages and other labour matters were jointly gone into by representatives of the employers' federation and the trade union officials. The basic wage had then been increased to 30s. 3d. for 48 hours, and this, together with the awards given under the sliding scale arrangements, amounted to 70s. 2d. for the 48 hours week. This amount has since been increased to 80s. 2d., the last advance being given as from the first pay day in February this year. Following the arrangement that wages should rise or fall according to the cost of living percentage published by the Board of Trade, the standard rate was reduced as from the first of this month to 70s. 6d. for the 48 hours, which, taking into consideration the reduction of hours, still represents an advance of 182 per cent. over pre-war rates. Piece workers are able to earn far higher wages, and I can only say again that, wherever possible, payment by results should be arranged, and should be encouraged by trade union leaders, if they have the welfare and the interests of their members and their country at heart.

Dividends and Reports.

Swan Hunter & Wigham-Richardson.—Net profit for year £397,139. Dividend on Ordinary shares recommended at the rate of 8 per cent. free of tax.

Southern Pacific.—Dividend of 1½ dol. per share less tax on Common Stock.

London and General Investment Trust.—Dividend of 14 per cent. per annum less tax on Deferred Stock for half year, making 11 per cent. for year.

City and West End Properties.—Net profit after providing for all outgoings, £28,074. Dividend recommended on Ordinary shares of 4s. per share. £3,996 carried forward.

Commercial Union Assurance.—Final dividend recommended of 10s. per share free of tax, making 20s. per share free of tax for year.

Sun Assurance.—Interim dividend of 9s. per share, less tax, was paid in January last, and directors have declared further dividend of 9s. per share less tax. £459,737 carried forward.

Fine Cotton Spinners and Doublers Association.—Net profit for year ended 31st March, £122,816. Usual half-yearly dividend recommended on Preference and Preferred Ordinary shares, and final dividend on Ordinary at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, making 10 per cent. for year.

Bell Bros.—Profit for 1920, £265,568, plus balance forward £21,925, making £287,493. Final dividend recommended on Ordinary shares of 10 per cent. for year, making 15 per cent. for year. £50,808 carried forward.

Alliance Assurance.—Directors recommend dividend 14s. per share less tax ; an interim dividend of 6s. has been paid, and balance of 8s. per share is payable 5th July.

Royal Mail Steam Packet.—Balance dividend of 4½ per cent., less tax, on Ordinary stock, making 7 per cent.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND ITS CANDIDATES.

A LARGE proportion of Labour Party candidates are persons unconnected with trade unionism, whose only claim to Labour Party support lies in their anti-English activity during the late war. Of these politicians, the present Labour Party candidate for Consett is a typical specimen. The Rev. Herbert Dunnico, better known by his title of the Rev. "Don't Go" Dunnico, bestowed upon him by conscientious-objector admirers ; who is the present Labour candidate for Consett, is also the Peace Society's paid secretary. During the war, this organisation attempted to hold a meeting at which a German was advertised as speaker. The Rev. "Don't Go" Dunnico is also a speaker for the I.L.P., which in 1914 passed a resolution against recruiting, and gangs of whose members attempted to break up recruiting meetings by singing the "Red Flag."

His name also appeared on the membership list of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, certain of whose members were punished for attempts to assist the King's enemies by trying to stop munitions coming to this country at a time when there was great shell shortage in the British trenches. He is also chairman of an organisation calling itself the Ilford Trades and Labour Council.

In the 1920 Ilford by-election, Dunnico was agent for Mr. Joseph King, a wealthy Peace Society supporter, who owes his first nickname of the Mad Hatter, partly to facial likeness to that character in Alice in Wonderland, and partly for parliamentary inanities so silly as to deserve Lord Robert Cecil's description of him as the recognised House of Commons buffoon ; and his second *soubriquet*, of King of the Jews, to his efforts to stop the conscription of those thousands of young Russian Jews in London who now form the bulk of Mr. Lansbury's Albert Hall audiences, but who during the war insisted on being left behind to collar the jobs and steal the businesses of Englishmen in the trenches. A man is known by the company he keeps. This was the politician supported by the Rev. "Don't Go" Dunnico as Labour candidate for Ilford. As a rich man, Mr. King did not, of course, owe his Labour Party nomination to his ever having had anything to do with Labour, but to the fact that he is one of those politicians, who, because of their hostility to England, the Labour Party takes to its bosom.

On Friday, October 20th, 1916, Mr. Joseph King, M.P., for whom Dunnico acted as agent last year, was charged at

Bow Street with sending information likely to assist the enemy out of this country to a gentleman whom Mr. King addressed as "My dear Raffalovich." A terrible destruction of war material had occurred behind the lines in France, and Englishmen were naturally anxious to keep the good news from German ears. They were disappointed. It was stated in court that this was information which, as a Member of Parliament, Mr. King had peculiar opportunities of getting. He did get it, and took steps to see that "My dear Raffalovich" got it too. He received the inadequate punishment of £100 fine and £25 costs.

Early in 1916, the Rev. "Don't Go" Dunnico, who is an ex-Baptist pastor, who then was of military age, was employed as paid secretary by the Peace Society, and resigned the pastorate of a Baptist church. Living at Ilford in 1916, he was called up for service in the usual way. He was excused, and a question about him was asked in Parliament, which is so typical of the Labour Party practice of putting inaccurate statements in the form of enquiries, that it is here given as officially printed:—

> Rev. Herbert Dunnico.
>
> Mr. King asked the Secretary of State for War whether he is aware that a Baptist minister, the Rev. Herbert Dunnico, has been required to join for military service at Ilford, and that the officer commanding at Ilford has told Mr. Dunnico that he was not excepted from the Act, because there are notes against him and recent correspondence relating to him, and whether he will issue instructions to commanding officers that *regular ministers* are exempted from military service?
>
> ("Parliamentary Debates," 10th October, 1916.)

The use of this phrase "regular minister," as descriptive of Dunnico, was most misleading, as the following quotation from the "Baptist Handbook" for 1917 will prove:—

> Dunnico, Herbert; Midland, Golborne Street, Warrington, 1902/1906. Kensington, Liverpool, 1906/1916, Secretary, Peace Society.

In January, 1916, the Rev. "Don't Go" Dunnico resigned his Liverpool pastorate. Had he obtained employment with some other Christian body, or been employed occasionally to conduct Divine Service on Sundays, he might still have been called a Baptist minister. Yet although, so far from conducting Divine Service on Sundays, Dunnico was speaking for the I.L.P. on Sundays instead, in various disaffected areas, and was then the paid official of a political organisation; the impudent effrontery was gone through of misleading the House of Commons by calling him a regular Baptist minister.

The Rev. "Don't Go" Dunnico's hope of Labour Party support, however, is not likely to be disappointed. It is not that he was a peacemonger at a time when Englishmen were struggling for their very existence. It is not even that he was a member of that Fellowship of Reconciliation which ran mock tribunals for the benefit of the conscientious objectors. Dunnico's claim to the whole-hearted admiration of the Labour Party, rests on the surest of foundations. He is one of those persons, who, in the crisis of England's agony, had to be punished by his own countrymen in order to restrain him from assisting the King's enemies.

Early in 1918, when Lenin and Trotsky had succeeded in releasing huge masses of German troops to be hurled against the western front, certain parts of the English line were bulged and broken. So strong was the feeling here, that for the first time in London journalism, newspapers printed on Good Friday, to let all know that treachery had not yet triumphed. In January, 1918, English blood was flowing like water, and that was the time chosen by Dunnico for going to one of the most disaffected areas for the purpose, as stated in the police court charge, of "attempting to cause disaffection." Dunnico was charged at Aberdare Police Court on February 27th, 1918, with "attempting to cause disaffection." The speech for which he was prosecuted was made on January 20th, 1918, at the Workmen's Institute, Aberaman, at a meeting of the Aberdare branch of the I.L.P.:—

> I want to warn you and to say this solemnly, and I will say it carefully, because I know there are men in this building who would like to trip me up. There is going to be serious trouble in the near future in this country, and when the trouble does arise, the very lads who went out to save Belgium will be used to shoot you down. Whilst travelling in a train last Saturday, I bought a South Wales newspaper and in large headlines I saw "Food riots in Austria," and "Internal Disturbances." I showed it to an officer travelling in the same compartment. He only laughed. That paper did not tell you anything about Manchester. There was trouble there last week, and what happened? A company of soldiers were brought down from Kinmell Park and ordered to fix bayonets, and shots were fired over the heads of the people.
>
> (*Western Mail*, Thursday, February 28th, 1918.)

This disgusting falsehood, acknowledged as such in the police court on behalf of its author, was uttered with all the impudent pretence of mock solemnity by a person claiming to be a servant of that just God in Whose sight all lies are an abomination; at a time when its only effect would be to cause, in the wording of Ludendorff's official dispatches for January, 1918, "a weakening on the British home front." That is the reason why Dunnico has been chosen by the Labour Party for Consett. He was awarded the totally inadequate penalty of being ordered to pay twenty guineas costs, after an abject apology and acknowledgment of the falsity of his statement.

SCHOOL POLITICS AND INSULAR THOUGHT.

An editorial comment in PLAIN ENGLISH on the efficacy of publishing an accusation to prove its truth in the tacit acceptance of the "libel" by the accused, reminds the writer that he published one or two such in the pages of PLAIN ENGLISH concerning the "educationists" of the National University, Ireland, and the effects of their methods on the national character. To one of his statements exception was taken by the students of University College, Cork, who denounced it as libellous, though they must have believed in the possibility of its truth since they invited the author to substantiate it in their presence. They drew the attention of the Senate, of Convocation, and the other Boards of the University to it at the same time; that was months ago and there has since been nothing doing by these assemblies, nothing that is in the way of bringing their "traducer" to book in the open.

Instead of replying with haughty resentment to what may have seemed to some people an unwarrantable piece of impertinence, or ignoring this action of the students, the author gladly accepted the occasion to give them something with which they were not sufficiently familiar, a bit of plain truth. This of course constituted additional "libel" of their ecclesiastic and political rulers, who have, however, maintained a discreet silence concerning it. Truth, unless it be that defined by sophists, gets a poor show with us; its votaries share particles in private, *mais la vérité ouverte—principe inconnu toujours.* It is the disconcerting effect of surprise alone at seeing or hearing a particle in the open that makes life tenable for some of us indiscreet ones who let it loose. The doping of truth begins in the home, where the breaking of promises to the child is not merely a mean human fault due to ignorance, but is purposive, the idea or purpose being to make the child "cute." The art is followed up in the national school, where the lesson is inculcated that the only true form of religion is the Irish national form, "racy of the soil," and is supplemented in the secondary schools where the Penal Laws, the *Gott strafe England dafür* and like slogans are taught as tenets of the Catholic faith. In the university the casuist evolves, he who can give elastic properties to religious precepts, who can make suicide a virtue, who in general can whittle, mould and fashion facts to fit fibs and figments. Some of these budding experts it was who took the writer to task and summoned him before the students in solemn conclave.

Notwithstanding the terrorist ban on controversy, especially on that which in any way touched politics or religion, the writer accepted the challenge to substantiate his statements. He submitted an *exposé* of the mental characters which underlay this terrorism, the properties of mind which constituted a basis for it, and the mechanism by which such properties were grafted on to the mind of the people. National sentiment, he told them, had been developed at the cost of sense and reason, had usurped the place of rational judgment in the popular mind, and had warped its natural faculties of receptiveness and adaptiveness; it had led to the sway of emotional thought, had banished logic, obstructed coherence, hampered volition, and asphyxiated courage. The pseudo paroxysmal or patchy exhibitions of fanatical daring which they witnessed were not to be styled courageous; courage was of different character; they lacked it, and that lack determined the reign of terror. So their minds had been prepared by a course of treatment with sentiment for the due application of terror.

The result, apart from the facile incidence of terror, was a mental defect which meant a serious handicap in the common struggle for existence. As participators in that struggle we were amongst the unfit nations, and it was our own fault. The type of mind which prevailed was not that which envisaged an end to be achieved by patient and enduring effort but by sudden and violent performance, by imperious assertion and arrogant assumption. They must bear in mind that real success, real exploit in any sphere, collective or individual, required patience and endurance, the most potent attributes and the most reliable indices of will. Our defective mind, while predisposed to by innate characteristics, was, however, not a natural but an acquired type, acquired in the unfitting process of education to which we were subjected. The educators of the country knew no better than this type of mind to standardise, or knowing better forsook it, and they were responsible for the gross irregularities which marked Irish activities. No matter what view they took of the ultimate justice or injustice of Irish claims, they must see that crass stupidity and criminal folly, apart from the primitive cruelty of it, were the distinguishing features of every action. The crude silliness was obscured in patches by powers of cunning combination and apparently coherent effort. But the cunning of the savage is proverbial; like suspicion, it is a trait of instinct not of intellect, and education connotes the triumph of intellect over instinct. Not so Irish education; it engenders suspicion and fosters cunning; intrigue is our educational watchword. "Contemptible intrigue" was an expression from the article which occasioned much resentment, but an appropriate practical demonstration of it had just occurred as will be apparent later.

Our standard of learning has fallen off to a deplorable extent; the entrance examinations to the university are ridiculous as tests of preliminary knowledge, the lack of which is ever felt and never remedied in professional training. It is depressing to admit it, but admitted it must be, that many of our university defects have come with the extension of clerical control and influence in management. The weeding out of the Protestants, the planting of the patriots, the placing of the pedagogues, and the lopping of learning were all marked events years ago, promised faithfully in the schemes of the egregious knight who let us down; the errant erring knight whom we trusted, the knight of many parts and few qualities. He paved the priestly path to power, but his own passing out by an unpaved one was not solely accomplished by the peevish political parvenu to whom it was attributed; the gratitude, like the grammar of some of his favourites, was certainly not above suspicion in that connection; they must have assisted in passing the knight elsewhere.

We have recently had honour conferred on the Cork college by the arrest of one of its functionaries, an energetic campaigner, an apologist and specialist in what we may call criminal theology. A successful finder of place this enterprising patriot, as the writer openly asserted at a meeting of the college staff, found his way to the position of his choice in the college with the help of his political friends. They backed him up and he got there in consequence, that is he got into a free house and perquisites worth some £300 a year plus additional salary of £100, the whole being added on to his professorial salary. Soon thereafter came a proposal to augment his stipend by another £100 a year; for this the alteration of a Statute was necessary, and consequently it had to be put to the teaching staff. Staggered though many of them were by the colossal impudence of this demand, they had not the temerity to object to it. But the writer there and then denounced it as an example of "contemptible intrigue," for which expression he had been himself denounced in the local Press that same morning. His voice though vibrant failed to convince, or at any rate failed to change the settled course of the supporters of the political paragon. This new Statute, Statute XIV., is just about to be placed, or has been placed, on the table of the House of Commons for the requisite forty days approval. There seems to be little doubt that unless some sensible member with intuitive faculties above the ordinary, or an ear attuned to the sound of reason, or an eye adapted to the letter of it, blocks this Statute, a supine House will let it pass by way of encouraging dear democrats and appreciative apologists of holy patriotism in their enterprising schemes. The House seems to have a *penchant à se faire chanter. A la* Downing Street, *qui aime entendre chanter les pères* O'Flanagan, *elle aime le chantage des "Chevaliers de la lune."* When will Westminster or Downing Street comprehend the enhancing of derision, the stimulation of contempt and the rejuvenation of prejudice, which are the essential and historical Irish forms of reaction to their particular brand of conciliation? Their efforts in that direction had long produced significant results in Maynooth before analogous experiments were tried with the National University. The genesis of the unfriendly disposition to the Sassenach is an all important base for the complex *besogne* of these institutions, and the stability of this sub-structure is so well maintained without ostentation, by the light and delicate touch of the education artists, that it must seem an autogenous property to the uninitiated student of Irish mentality.

To conclude this little contribution it is necessary to mention that Mr. Valera—without the *de, como se dice para los hidalgos de Espana ; la valeur de Valera* doesn't alter thereby--seems to have been chosen as first favourite for the Chancellor's post in the university. That is to say it is reported that he is to be put in, for those who have got the election in hand have made him their selection. *Mirabile dictu !* This wonderful educationist, graduated in a biscuit factory for this post. All in two or three days he became equipped with the requisite *gravité, intelligence et sagesse* for fulfilling the duties of the office by sitting tight in the cake-shop or factory. The man must be a wonder to inspire the learned prelates and patriots who are our directors with so much confidence after such a preparatory course. Gustave Hubbard, a former *député*, has a short article in the current number of *La Revue Mondiale*, entitled *L'Université Supernationale*. As secretary of an international society he has appealed to the Society of Nations for the foundation of such a school, where lessons in philosophic convergence, etc., should be the source of broader national minds. But "away with such heterodoxy," say the patriots of our nation, "what we want, and shall have, is an extra-national university !"

D. T. BARRY.
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THE NIGGLING GEORGIANS.*

THERE are a number of people who, because they happen to be active at the present time, have taken to themselves the name of "Georgians."

The Georgians are specialists in points-of-view with a youthful habit of generalising from the particular. They all write ; some of them reasonably well ; and about the best of them all from a purely literary point of view is Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose "Queen Victoria" is every bit as interesting and readable as might have been expected from the author of "Eminent Victorians."

It is, however, one thing to produce a literary success and quite another to give an adequate portrait of a great queen. Instead of a portrait Mr. Strachey has given us a photograph which is not at all the same thing ; for though the camera cannot lie it hardly ever tells the whole truth. Mr. Strachey is a verbal photographer and an impressionist photographer at that.

Literary impressionism is truly Georgian and by it anything can be justified, by any artist, if only he has the presence of mind to say "I depict what I see," which so far from being a justification is not even a reason, it is an excuse.

On exclusively Georgian grounds "Queen Victoria" is justified, but a Victorian writing the same book would have thought more about his subject and his public, and less about his own point of view, and would have called it "More Eminent Victorians, together with an unworthy picture of Her Most Gracious Majesty." Therein lies the difference between Victorians and Georgians. The Victorian may be long-winded but he is not ambiguous. He says what he means and revels not in "*insinuendo*." He thinks and works for others, whereas the Georgian thinks only of himself ; and the result is that the world has given him a name, while the Georgian has had to take one for himself, and the world is doubtful whether it implies exceptional loyalty, political mania, or merely a connection with a solid type of architecture.

The people who flourished in the Victorian era are Victorians because their leader was Victoria. She was a great deal more than a sheltered child who grew up into a petulant woman, developed into a lovesick wife, and ended her days as a sort of animated statue over her consort's tomb.

She was not always a pawn in the hands of astute German intriguers, and Lehzen, Stockmar and Albert's memory were not the real rulers of the Empire during sixty-odd of its most successful years.

No just historian can write of Victoria and ignore the vast monument of achievement that marked her reign. There was a strength of character denoted as well as a natural dread of the loss of tried friends in the "Bed-chamber Incident." A woman without a mind of her own, as well as a royal sense, would never have proposed to Albert as Victoria did. Victoria was strong ; Victoria was royal ; Victoria ruled, and Victoria was undemocratic ; but Victoria, succeeding two very poor specimens on the throne, and when royalty was anything but popular, steered a careful course, disregarded unpopularity in a sense of duty, snubbed royal interferers, was strong enough to stand her ground and big enough to give way in face of facts, presided over the greatest period of Imperial development and ended her days the best-loved ruler that ever we have had.

But Mr. Strachey makes Victoria play a very small domestic part. She is dominated always and never allowed to come to grips with the big things of her reign.

This type of Georgianism is reminiscent of the sort of clergymen who always preaches from a text. Mr. Strachey takes an incident or a saying, and tries to fit the character on to it, and in so doing he meets with considerable success, and we have that aspect of the character depicted with the accuracy, and inadequacy, of a camera. Disraeli once said to Matthew Arnold "Everyone likes flattery ; and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel." To Mr. Strachey, that statement is Disraeli, and by the time he is finished with him, the reader is in doubt as to whether Disraeli was an actual Prime Minister or a metaphorical bricklayer. Yet Disraeli did more than use a trowel ; and Gladstone did more than chop down trees and lecture the Queen as "one having authority" ; and Palmerston did more than annoy Albert ; and Melbourne did more than captivate by a gentle cynicism.

When you engage a servant you ask rather what he can do than who or what he is ; and when you discharge him, his achievement rather than his birthright is his "character." Cabinet ministers are the servants of the public, and in the Victorian age they were servants who considered the public good before the public desire, and as such have a right to be judged by their works.

Queens too must come into this category. It is pleasant to know, even though you be told it in sarcastic, superior,

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* "Queen Victoria." By Lytton Strachey. Chatto & Windus. 15s. net.

Georgian manner, that Victoria loved her husband (a terribly Victorian thing to do!) and appreciated the services of her domestics. That is the woman rather than the queen. The riotous sarcasm over the Crimean soldiers seems unnecessary. It must have been rather comforting to them, in their Victorian unenlightenedness, to feel that their Queen regarded them as her "own children" or her "nearest and dearest." But then we can hardly expect much sympathy with soldiers from Mr. Strachey.

If the book dealt only with personalities, the neglect of events would be less noticeable, but when he comes to his heroes, Mr. Strachey has much to say of their actions. He has a tremendous respect for German intrigue. In a book ostensibly about her, the Queen is relegated to the part of ingénue, a long part it is true, but lacking what in theatrical language is known as "fat." The real leading lady is the Baroness Lehzen. The hero is Albert the industrious, the maker of notes, the fashioner of cruet-stands, the improver of reading lamps; and because he is the hero, it is necessary that the Great Exhibition be the crowning incident of the Victorian era. But much as he loves him and try as he will, Mr. Strachey cannot endow Albert with a personality, he is always a puppet whose every thought and action is guided by Stockmar.

The book is interesting and disappointing. Competently written, it carries you on the while you wonder what a man has to do to feel like that. The destinies of the great empire are made a dim and distant background for an amusing domestic drama, and Mr. Strachey has re-touched all his photographs. We see them as he sees them; Melbourne a pleasing cynic, Palmerston a sort of super-Winston Churchill, Gladstone a god-inspired wood-cutter, and Disraeli—just a cad. But Mr. Lytton Strachey has done one great work—he has illuminated the Albert Memorial.

WAMBY.

REVIEWS.

EUROPE: A BOOK FOR AMERICA. By Samuel Roth. (Boni & Liveright.) $1·25.

If this be a genuine book issued from the pen of a Jewish writer it is a pretty confirmation of the preachings of PLAIN ENGLISH. A few quotations direct from it will render comment fairly superfluous. Let us take the opening page and read what is written concerning Europe:—

EUROPE.
After you have made the grounds of your cruelest lusts and spat out a million devils,
You make a wry face
And clamour for a doctor.
Europe, let me be your doctor!
With a hammer let me break open those iron jaws and pour a pail of your bitterest spleen down your throat,
O, I know a way to make eunuchs of the most terrible men;
For twelve months I would like to feed you on a diet of dung.
You are sick, sick Europe,
You need medicine
Let me be your doctor.

Then follows an apostrope to Europe concerning its birth:—

Rome was your father
And Greece was your mother.
Who was Rome?
A leper.
And who was Greece?
A whore.

Of the countries composing Europe, England, who "has a noose for every neck in Europe," is above all else "an expert hangman"; France is "more licentious than Babylon"; Italy wants "finding out"; Poland receives the following Jew benediction:—

Poland! New Poland! Republic of Poles!
On this day, the day of your national resurrection,
Take from me my blessing,
The blessing of a Jew without which no republic should start life.

And the opening words of the Jews blessing are:—

Poland, you will be accurst,
If there is any vision in your eyes it will break,
If there is any toughness in your bones it will soften and rot away,
If there is any warmth in your blood it will become creepy with yellow worms.
Your offspring will limp and lisp.
Come! Poland!
Take up your pleasant station
Between Russia and Germany.

This particular form of blessing is pronounced apparently:

For the flaunting of your sudden pride in the face of my people
For the contumely you have wrought on the sons and daughters of my people.

Roumania is "a snake to be crushed"; Germany has learnt that "to match England" one must be "as good a hangman"; and ancient Israel, "who built the Pyramids, the Temple, and Nineveh," sits and mourns for his eyes will never turn west again.

Spain is omitted from the above pleasant catalogue. Spain is Europe's White Bull, "but in fourteen-ninety-two the Jews migrated from Spain and the blood flowed out of the White Bull's arteries."

The writer proceeds to say, as poetically as he can, that when these various factors of Europe are knocked on the head there will be peace in Europe—"the profound, undisturbed peace of the dead."

But there is the promise of dawn. Democracy has humbled Autocracy to the dust. The mightiest of the kings is in exile. Thrones are toppling every day, and democracies are springing into the light like mushrooms. The dust of decay blowing about the face of Europe is the herald of the new foeman:—

Must you know your ailment, Europe?
I will tell you.
You've simply caught cold
And you're going to die.
If a child may die of cold,
Why not a continent?

The once-proud European has "lost his faith—that was the most terrible of all his weapons."

Your faith is unforgivable,
To have dreamt an immortality of Europe—
That was your worst insolence
Your greatest cruelty.

But now "all Europe is a heap of cinders." "The next future of the world will be in America." What about the "poor Jew"?

Are we no better than swine for slaughter,
We who once called ourselves the chosen!
Are we who saw Egypt, Babylon and Assyria to bed
And witnessed the last fires of Rome on the shores of the Mediterranean,
Are we to fall at last at the hands of the Poles?

"The face of Israel will shine with power when Europe will be a name difficult to remember." What about America?

Remember—
You are America,
That means a new world.
The old politics is dead,
The old poetry is dead,
The old wars are dead.
Once the world was Babylon,
To-day the world is America.
You, America, are to make earth a worthy habitation for mankind.

Then in the epilogue the pristine God of the Jews speaks. He has been poorer than the people He loved.

For I have watched your mournful journeying over the face of the earth.
And when they, your people, derided you, my heart cried out against it,
And when they ridiculed you I wanted to destroy them.
I saw all your contumely, how they sported their smugness in your face,
Waved their neat ribbons in your face, and said to you: there are none wiser, none fairer than we . . . .
I was always at your side,
I was always with you,
And now I declare to you there shall be redress.

The book concludes:

> For that they sneered at your youth
> And mocked your manhood,
> I will smite them;
> For that they, your people, have been content to remain as kine in the fields and as the rats under the foundations of the houses of the world,
> I will smite them;
> And because of the shame that they heaped upon you, my beloved,
> I will ascend once more on high, I will ascend once more on high,
> And out of the sun will I snatch the fire-fury for power;
> And out of the clouds will I suck the thunder for power;
> And out of the lightning will I wrest the swiftness for power,
> And I will raise up my arms once more
> And they will yet know that I am the Lord!

Does this book give us the Jew out in the open with his propaganda of disintegration of Christendom and the glory of his international race?

THE NATIONAL IDEA IN ITALIAN LITERATURE. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., Litt.D., Manchester University Press. (Longman's, Green & Co.)

On November 6th, 1919, Professor Edmund Gardner delivered in Manchester University his inaugural lecture at the opening of the newly-founded department of Italian studies. This lecture, which had for its theme Italy's idea of her nationality as reflected in her literature, has now been issued by the Manchester University Press, with expansion and with occasional slight modifications by Professor Gardner. In glancing through it we feel that it is just one of those lectures which call for printed reproduction. However eloquently delivered, however appealing it was felt to be by its hearers at the time of delivery, the study and scholarship implicit in it, the clear view it presents of Italian aspiration from the national point of view—from the *Italiam quœro patriam* of Aeneas down to Gabriele d'Annunzio—render it a piece of work to be welcomed by a public far wider than the immediate hearers of the lecture. And this is so, although it is but a lecture. It is not a history. Not a book of reference. Professor Gardner expressly says it should be taken as "no more than a *prolusione*," since a fuller treatment must have included many now unrecorded names.

It is interesting to note that Italy has always been regarded as a patria—a native-land, a home country, a nation by Italians; even though the united Italy of to-day is a new thing; even though Italy's capital was once the capital of an empire that embraced the then-known world, and even though, subsequently, Italy itself was split up into small states and kingdoms, and was at various times ruled or overrun by inhabitants of its own formerly subject states. Professor Gardner is a great Dante scholar, and one can imagine that it was *con amore* that he stated that "it was Dante who first wedded an Italian national idea to the glorious modern vernacular which is the immediate combination and development of the language of ancient Rome." Dante's dream of Italy was not then of a nation among the nations of Europe, all scrambling for "a place in the sun." He dreamed of a Europe in which the freedom of nations to attain their individual goals should be secured, and controlled by an Empire as supreme arbiter, of which the traditions would be Italian and the centre Rome. Petrarch records how from boyhood he had been influenced beyond his contemporaries with a love of the name of Italy. He, too, looked back to the traditional place of Rome as centre, but he also presented the picture of modern Italy. She was beautiful—his Italy—beyond all lands, lacking nothing save only internal peace. The Sienese poet, Bindo di Cione, sang of Rome appearing to him as an aged dame, stately but in need, surrounded by the ghosts of departed greatness, and prophesying that the way to peace and the suppression of tyranny was Italy united under a single king. This was in the fourteenth century, and the fulfilment of the dream was not yet to be. In an interesting series of references to Italian literature, Professor Gardner traces the thoughts uttered of the National Idea. All through Italy's history this national consciousness has remained; and not only national consciousness, but to Italy is assigned by Italian writers a leading and vital part in restoring unity of civilisation. Mazzini ascribed to Italy an international mission which she could only carry out by perfecting her own national life. Giobert, Mazzini's rival, dreamed of the future Italy as a great democratic power. In recent times Giosue Carducci has written passionately of his love for Italy, looking in his verse in the name of the Italian people to King Humbert for the fulfilment of the national destiny. Gabriele d'Annunzio, in his oration at Carducci's funeral, quoted Carducci's belief and teaching that "the Italian civilisation is a necessary element, even as it was of old, in the life of the civilisation of the world."

Surely the issue of this little book will have its part in promoting the great work of securing international understanding.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRENCH OPINION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The following extract from a letter written in Paris on the 16th inst. may be of interest to your readers:—

"Nothing is doing here. The period of suspense prior to the decision taken by the Allies in London, followed by the uncertainty as to the attitude of Germany, have not been succeeded by the anticipated reaction. The financial world continues to suspect the sincerity of the Germans. If these predictions come true it would mean not only some financial embarrassments but involve the country in costly military operations. This is not the only source of anxiety. The relations between the Allies are troubled by every recurring misunderstanding.

The French have come to look upon Mr. Lloyd George as a most dangerous shrew. He excercises a great ascendancy in the House of Commons, but he is himself very easily influenced by men whom he feels intellectually and morally superior to himself. To put matters short, they distrust him. He had hardly settled the claim against the Germans, when in the absence of Briand he fell into the hands of the Italians and his Hebrew friends in the Polish question, and made a mess with the Silesian embroglio. The Jews are against the Poles because they know that laws will be formed against the exploitation of the country by them. The Italians, simply because they are the natural enemies of the Slavs by whom they are despised. So much for Lloyd George; but they (the French) hold the Italians in great suspicion too. The inordinate ambition of the Italians, until recently held under the German hoof, and their tortuous machiaveliansm, justify the feeling.

The French feel they are isolated, and until the United States show their hand, this state of mind will continue to disturb the markets of the world."

Yours etc.,
SCOTSMAN.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S DEPUTATION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The Nation, outside Government and Coalition circles, would be interested to know the result of the deputation from the Duke of Northumberland's splendid meeting, received by the Prime Minister on Thursday last.

Happily a general election is the Constitutional remedy for this crippled Community to adopt, in order to restore its freedom in its industrial and domestic necessities, now oppressed by designing persons, through the weakness of the Prime Minister and his Coalition in dealing with the alien conspiracy, abetted by the Trades Union Executives and the alien convicted rebel De Valera, against Britain's integrity.

The Prime Minister and his present bond-masters will not move for a general election. It would not suit their concerted *economic crisis* manœuvred "according to plan" indicated in the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion, and fostered by Jewish-German and Moscovite conspirators.

Let the 300 odd Members of Parliament who, for England's sake, attended the Duke's meeting, take British courage in their hearts with other leaders of the great majority of the loyal Electorate, act on their undoubted right, and appeal direct to the Throne for a dissolution of the present effete House of Commons and Government. Neither are representative of the National conscience or of the genuine interests of England, and all true Britons, whether brain workers or manual workers in every grade of the Community.

A dissolution and general election now is the answer to the question in your last issue—"What can we do"?

Then and then only, failing the resignation of the present Prime Minister, can we hope, again quoting last week's Plain English, to "sweep the whole gang of Communists and Empire-wreckers out of existence with a wave of popular indignation; clear the Jews out of our most vital offices of State, and place the Duke of Northumberland and his committee of forty, backed up by a purified Conservative party, in power behind the King. Then there will be peace for this almost ruined land."

Then only can we hope to secure the prosecution of those men who are attempting to wreck the State.

Mr. Hartshorn (Lab. M.P. for Ogmore) bluffed the House last Friday that the coal strikers can hold out for another six weeks. In that period there is ample time for an election, on the questions of civil war engendered by Trades Union Executives, the rejection of further objectionable alien immigration and the bribery of increasing Members' pay at this critical juncture.

In the course of a fine patriotic speech by Lt.-Col. Page Croft, M.P., on the coal strike, on Friday 13th inst., in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary was guilty, either in banter or in ignorance, of a seriously misleading statement to the House.

Replying to a question by Col. Page Croft about the number of aliens remaining in this country in 1920 who had not lived here before, Mr. Shortt, according to the "Official Reports" of Debates, said, "*I deny that 100,000 who had never lived here before came last year.*"

Reference to the Government "Return of aliens landed and embarked in the United Kingdom" during 1920, "Table II.," proves conclusively that at least 427,246 aliens "Landed" in the twelve months ending December 31, 1920: therefore there were actually "landed," on the figures given, more than *four times* the 100,000 denied by Mr. Shortt to have come last year.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
A. Toulmin Smith,
Hon. Sec.

The Britons,
62 Oxford Street, W.1.

OSTARA.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—In your issue of April 30th, you print a letter from Mr. W. L. Denny. I take the liberty of enclosing my reply to him, and which I submit to you for "censorship."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
Kurt Kerlen.

W. L. Denny, Esq.,
104 Whitehorse Road, West Croydon,
London.

Sir,—I am obliged for your letter to Plain English, of April 25th, re *Ostara*. Will you permit me to point out:—

In my letter to Plain English, of April 11th, I stated, that the race question is an eminently metaphysical question. Quite right, whoever believes in Christ will not be lost.

It is extremely difficult for me to express myself in a foreign language about things which are so subtle, that I can hardly express them in my own. I feel them; I know I am right in what I feel and I beg your forgiveness if I can't express myself better. So I must follow the footsteps of The Master, and grasp the saving-belt in the waves of life; in other words, I must use parables.

In "Home Chat" and similar papers, you often find photos of a dear little pussy, comfortably placed on a bulging pillow, and playing with canaries, chickens, sucking rabbits, whelps, or even guinea pigs. With a little patience you can train any good cat to do likewise—you can easily train her not to steal any more, and not to catch mice any more consequently. But let this same dear little puss walk once with Mr. Tomcat, and she will lick the cream off babies' milk in the larder; and her young ones will decidedly catch mice, and steal, and be simply wild cats like the whole race.

See what I mean? Every example halts, of course, but the *tertium comparationis* is there, anyhow.

Another fact: Take any good shooting dog, say, a setter or pointer. They know how to point out to the shooter the partridges; from their birth, it is inborn in them. They are bred for this. Another inborn quality of the same is, that they do not poach. The mongrel dog poaches: this is inborn in him. But if a pure-bred pointer has once learned how to poach, he is a far better poacher, a far more dangerous wild animal than the mongrel is.

See the point?

A jew will look at the gospel only through his jewish eyes, and will consider The Master's doctrines with his jewish brain. He cannot consider them as they are thought, because he is a jew. His brain is made by God in an entirely different way from ours. Also for this a parable, halting perhaps, but I trust you will feel the comparison. All the different wireless telegraphing apparatus are constructed on the same fundamental principle, the "Hertz" waves. There are heaps of different solutions of the problem, Marconi, Poulsen, Arco-Valley, etc., etc. Now you know, generally a Marconi wireless telegram is not taken by a Poulsen or Arco apparatus—there are noises heard, but no understandable message results. Only after a tuning has been effected, certain Marconi apparatus are able to receive also wireless messages sent by other system apparatus. We Aryans cannot follow certain thoughts of the jews, neither can they follow our thoughts. Read Kipling, or others about the "mysterious East"—it is mysterious because the people there have a different wireless in their head than we have. The "renowned poet," Chaim Bückeburg (better known under his camouflage as Heinrich Heine), said in his confessions (1853/54) "The doings of the jews and their habits are entirely unknown to the world. One believes one knows the jews because one has seen their beards, but in fact nothing but their beards have been observed. On the whole, now as in the middle ages, they are a wandering mystery."

Now, sir, I beg leave to consider your logical conclusion, that the Apostles cannot have been true "true Christians," as you say, as started from a wrong starting point; I firmly believe, that the Apostles as well as Their and Our Master, were no jews. Are you inclined to consider this problem? It is a "large order," as an American friend of mine used to say, and yet, that is so; and you will find nowhere a divinely inspired statement to contradict that.

To call Christ a jew is wrong in any case. The word "jew" can have a triple meaning. It can be used as appertaining (*a*) to his being a subject to a nation or a state; (*b*) to a certain people; (*c*) to a religious creed. With regard to (*a*), it is evident that Christ was not a jewish subject to the jewish state. At his time the former jewish state was divided up in several administrating districts, the main one of which, viz., Jerusalem and Judæa was under direct Roman administration; whilst Galilea was under a suzerain, named Herod. Christ was a Galilean, and not a Judæn as subject.

With regards to the people, point (*b*), after the clear facts of history and the Bible, it is simply wrong to call a born Galilean man a jewish man. The country which at the time of Christ was called Galileea, has never been at any time inhabited or colonised by members of the jewish people. It has to be considered, that the people, which we call to-day Jewry, is absolutely not the same as the old people, Israel. In fact, it is a special further development out of the tribe Juda, which came at about 1,100 B.C. out of the desert of Sinai, *i.e.*, from the South, into the southern parts of Canaan and mixed there with the Canaanitic tribes which were living at that time in that part. Compare Ezechiel, the Prophet, when he says to the people of Jerusalem: "Thy father is an Amorite and thy mother a Hettite." Only the reform of the religion by law under King Josia 623 B.C. created what we since then are accustomed to call Jewry. At that time the old people, Israel, had long disappeared, over 300 years out of history in the Babylonian imprisonment. But even from the Israelites the country of Galilea has been from the very beginning almost free. Compare 2nd book of Kings, chap. 17. In the following 600 years never an Israelite, still less a jew, came into Galilea. Only at about 100 B.C. the first time in history a king from Jerusalem took Galilea and forced the population to accept the jewish religion. Now you may call Christ a jew—from this point of view—with the same right as you may call a coloured Indian an Englishman, though he has perhaps become a Christian, and an arduous visitor of the Church-of-England services.

Finally, with regards to (*c*) the denomination of Christ as a Jew from the religious point of view, it is still less right to call Christ a jewish man. The religion of Christ was the Gospel, and as the Announcer of the Gospel he collided on every pass with the priests of the jewish religion. They condemned him to death because he was alleged to have done the crime of "laesae religionis" in the temple itself. The kernel of the gospel, the word of the cross, was and is still a sore point to the jews. (Compare St. Paul!) You cannot well say that the pharisees and learned scripture readers and high priests were a degenerate jewry, and that Christ embodied the old ideal of the original jewry. Never a people have crucified their own ideal. If the jews crucified Christ, this fact proves that they did not consider him as the ideal of the people. No doubt Christ was educated in the traditions of the jewish religion. But in every thought and word it is the absolute opposite of what the jewish religion taught, and still teaches—see Talmud!

And the Apostles were no jews except one, and it is he, who could, being a Jew, not help his blood, he could not see and reason as the others did, as Our Master himself did. You will know yourself whom I mean.

I must return. I firmly believe, that a Christian is born. There are Christians who firmly believe Christians to be, who were not born Christians, but became Christians, *i.e.*, St. Paul. But how different is their creed to Christ's original sayings!

And their sons and daughters would be again not-Christians: and destroy Christianity (worse than the poaching pointer!) How says Christ: It is not here and not there—who is able to grasp it, grasps it—grasp it who can. It is a mystery about which to speak is already too much. If one knows what is really important, one becomes silent. I have said already too much; and I beg your pardon to have kept you so long.

It is impossible to write in one short letter what I would not be able to express properly in many books. Who can grasp it, grasps it. I believe I can.

I am not trying to convince you, what I was trying, and have perhaps badly expressed, is that there is much in Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels writings that is worth while reading. You will pardon me saying, if you don't know a book, or the life work of a good Christian, it is not quite friendly to condemn him. Try him, anyhow it is interesting, if you don't learn more.

Thanking you for the opportunity given,

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
KURT KURLEN.

[We have pleasure in printing Mr. Kurlen's interesting letter. At the same time we need hardly say that we utterly dissent from the strange attitude he adopts towards St. Paul. In fact, truth compels us to say that we regard Mr. Kurlen's views as heretical.—ED.]

"SARCASM."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—After a word of thanks to your correspondent who gives me advice about the means that science has placed within our reach, to repair the features which little boys have damaged at boxing (yours of 7th inst.), I have to apologise for unwittingly confusing present-day "boxing" —*and* the boxers—with what I had grown up to understand as boxing. Of course, I cannot blame myself for having the gentle "womanish" heart I have! The fact of my being brought up like those who are the male offspring of our family with a fondness for at least talking about the sport—which I now revolt against utterly—is my excuse for being a little out of my "depth" now. They used to talk about dreadful people like Jem Mace, and Jake "this," and Ned, and Peter, and Ted, and Bob! All savages, I understand, they were. They were all in their time "the best boxer of all-time."

Of course that was another day, and when they had not learned the more refined arts of pugilistic practice which is called boxing. What I meant by "boxing" among boys with broken noses was "fighting."

I am willing to admit this much, however: The entry of a better class of critic, a more nice judgment in the appreciation of "boxing" has done much to elevate the sport which, in my poor depraved brother's time, had been so disgusting and brutal. I say the new class of critic has rightly, as it were, "come into his own" when he got possession of the front seats around the ring. This happened at the time the "boom" started to make boxing fashionable to witness—something right good and excellent to have a mild reputation in practising if someone could give you a certificate to that effect.

And so the more refined spirit has made away with the old-time brutality to a large extent, but not altogether.

I was really speaking of the "not altogether." Although beautiful faces look at us still from the corners of opposite sides of the ring, I cannot hide from myself the disgusting spectacle of those awful tragedies that still disfigure the British prize-ring.

There is a kindred bond between the boxer and his day; there is the same bond between the principal and his "second" and the principal and his admirer. Likewise his backer, his advertiser and his paymaster. You see my point?

If you have the disgraceful scenes of bloodshed and almost assassination—if I may speak quite plainly about it!—such crimes can only be traceable to those who made it possible by not only coming to the ring-side, but leaving it without a single red mark on their faces then or "next morning."

And who are these—who the most bold-faced—but the wearers of white shirt-fronts and the users of perfectly confident voices, who occupy the "paying" seats at the scene of these tragic encounters?

Not the only instance of the kind, but one of the most recent, you will re-call to mind. That Albert Hall! That gory Colosseum—that took out the corpse before scarcely the "*habet*" one might hear cease, as the reverberating shout of Rome greeted the sinking figure of Beckett with the steel still fixed in him!—And the last far tier of the high-banked Colosseum repeated the acclamation of the victor and the vanquished.

(The above is not from a morning paper, but gives a condensed account of what I confusedly can remember of the account I read of the dreadful struggle.)

In "Plain'er English" let me repeat it.—A disgusting sight was witnessed of two men in the prime of life engaged in a deadly struggle for their country's honour before thousands of their adoring countrymen. Not only were the front seats occupied by gaping admirers—"Come into their own," so to speak!—but all the vast Albert Hall, pouring English gold and fabulous buckets-full of Bradbury's, fetched the great soul of England thrilling with patriotism and pride (and loud language of the best boxer of all time!) to that dreadful tragedy of fisticuffs. One saw a memorable event. In after years to speak of thus:—"I saw so-and-so fight so-and-so for the Championship of

Europe. He was the finest boxer of all time, and very good-looking I can tell you!"

And then the frightful injuries they inflicted upon each other after a memorable conflict befitting the honour of two brave and sporting nations! Broken arms and ribs (*à la* Tom Sayers), and disfigured remnants of Adonis and Apollo bathed in blood, still gasping it out to the last! For the honour of their country, the prestige of that sport they had come to uphold, and their English patrons had paid to sit and look at. And above all, for the edification it gave to those acutely-judging English eyes starting out of their English skulls (dated 1920, or thereabouts), which were assembled to see this disgusting sight.

That is the "Plain English" of it, an event I may say *not one* of our family were privileged to witness. To-day, as you will see, I am far out of my depth—"somewhere."

Yours truly,
"MORALIST."

London.
May 12th, 1921.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue of PLAIN ENGLISH you announced, in your "books received" column, "English History" by Arthur Hassall as published at 1s. We should be greatly obliged if you could correct this announcement, as the book is published at 2s. net.

Yours faithfully,
DUCKWORTH & CO.

3 Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

BOLSHEVISM.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—When I have the time and the patience I still sometimes read the rubbish that continues to be poured out like a cataract in support of all the social "isms," of which Bolshevism, having been tried on a large scale, is the most important. What seems so extraordinary is that, as far as I know, no great man of letters has thought it worth while to satirise the idea as a whole. It appears that the cardinal principle of Bolshevism is that it is wrong or wicked to own things, because the owning of things involves the condition known as Capitalism—this being the eighth and most deadly sin.

The natural and logical consequences of this doctrine are so obvious that, if people still go on discussing it, one is forced to believe that they will soon be arguing as to whether two and two really do make four, or if we have not been wallowing for ages in darkness about this also.

There is a sort of warped intellectuality that takes a delight in attempting to contravert any perfectly obvious proposition, and the more obvious the proposition the more difficult it often is to dispose of the objector.

But have we no one in these days with the robust common-sense of Dr. Johnson? It is said that when someone cast doubts on the freedom of the human will, Dr. Johnson replied: "Sir, we know our will's free, and there's an end on't. You are surer that you can lift your finger or not as you please than you are of any conclusion from a deduction of reasoning." We are in great want of him, or of someone of the same plain, hard sense, unaffected by the mental gymnastics of the modern "Intellectual."

These so-called "Intellectuals" of the present day appear to be incapable of following their denunciation of Capitalism to anything like its logical conclusion; if they did they would be out of work. If it is agreed that Capitalism is bad and should be done away with, it must follow that all public services—trains, ships, trams, the post, etc.—must all go. It appears that in Russia this is on the way to accomplishment. Likewise, there can be no shops. If it is a crime, as the orthodox anti-capitalist insists, to have anything that is not immediately needed, then you cannot have the price of a postage stamp or a railway fare. If you cannot have money, money must cease to exist. You must not have a surplus of anything, because having a surplus to get rid of is Capitalism.

If the anti-capitalist could be logical (and he never can) the whole world would have to revert to the conditions prevailing in pre-historic times, and financiers would have to corner arrowheads and sheepskins.

Pin down one of these fanatics in an argument, and you will always be able to make him admit that a certain amount of Capitalism is unavoidable, or the results indicated must follow. Even the most rabid do not, as a rule, want quite that state of things. The pity of it is that the whole crazy fraud is not shown up. If people are going to live in large numbers in places like England, where we cannot do without clothes and fires and houses and about a million other things, then capital is necessary, "and there's an end on't."

We need a few first-class plays and novels which will hold these utterly rotton ideas up to the contempt and ridicule they deserve. Our big public speakers might well take the same line instead of, as commonly, treating both the fads and their apostles with a sort of timid deference.

None of us who are sane and honest will deny that certain evils arise from Capitalism; but so they do from life and love, and all will only be finally eradicated by the perfection or extinction of the human race.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD POWELL,

Newick Street,
May 14th, 1921.

SHALL WE SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The Duke of Northumberland in his speech to the Committee of Members of both Houses last night said that unless the people are on the side of the Government, Revolution will come.

The contrary is my opinion.

If the people are on the side of the Government, Revolution is *bound* to come. The Government is helping the Revolution and the Revolutionaries. Philip Sassoon, the Prime Minister's secretary, could tell you more of this than I can. Who supplies the *Daily Herald* with money?

The Government is able to pass laws telling us when we are to drink and when not; it is apparently incapable of telling Bolshevists to keep themselves and their gold out of our land!

Yours faithfully,
E. S. SPENCER.

Manson Place, S.W.7.
May 12th, 1921.

THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH

SIR,—If you will look up the first canto of my poem "The Faery Queene," I think you will find I have recorded with some accuracy one of the creatures you are now running a doughty tilt against. The creature's name was "Errour," and the Elfin Knight had her by the throat. And this is what happened:—

> Therewith she spewed out of her filthie maw
> A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
> Fule of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
> Which stunk so vilely, that it foist him slacke
> His grasping hold, and from her turn him backe:
> Her vomit full of bookes and papers was
> With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
> And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
> Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled her.

Yours, etc.
EDMUND SPENSER, *His Ghost.*

PLAIN ENGLISH

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE ACADEMY, FOUNDED 1869.

Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 46.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] MAY 21, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers up to week ending 12th March, 1921.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interest of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government.
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall of stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Nos. 25 to 36 of "Plain English," containing the above series of articles, will be forwarded to any address post free for 1s. 3d. Cheques and Postal Orders, made payable to the North British Publishing Company (and Crossed), should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38 Great Ormond Street, W.C. 1.

NOTE.—All copies up to and including the issue of 25th December, 1920 are 10d. each post free, issues after that date 7d. each post free.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 423
Half-Bricks for Prophets,.... 427
Sinn Fein, Ulster, and the *Morning Post* 428
Ramparts of Christendom... 429
PAGE
Finance and Stock Notes..... 431
Northcliffe's Recent Record 432
Einstein's Russian Plunder.. 434
The Writing on the Wall 435
Correspondence 436

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

The Bolshevist Parson and his Bishop.

We take the following paragraphs from the columns of a contemporary.

> Within an hour of the removal by Cambridge undergraduates of the Red and Sinn Fein flags from Thaxted Church, Essex, on Thursday last, fresh flags were hoisted by the "Red" Vicar, the Rev. Conrad Noel. Mr. Noel has hung the new flags thirty feet high in the church, and states that he will not allow them to be removed.
>
> On Saturday afternoon a meeting of five hundred parishioners condemned the Vicar's action as "outrageous and an insult to sensible and law-abiding citizens." A further protest meeting will be held to-night at 7.30.
>
> As will be seen from the report of the meeting of the Diocesan Board, which we publish below, the proceedings of the Vicar are engaging the earnest attention of the Bishop of the Diocese:—
>
>> "The action of the Cambridge undergraduates in removing the Sinn Fein and Red Flags from Thaxted Church and sending them to me has made the position more difficult than it was," said the Bishop of Chelmsford (Dr. Watts-Ditchfield) at a meeting of the Diocesan Board in London yesterday.
>>
>> The Bishop said he wished all Churchpeople to know that the deplorable affairs at Thaxted Church were engaging his most earnest attention, and everything possible was being and would be done to vindicate the name of the Church. It was a difficult and intricate matter, but while they all deplored the fact that those flags were ever exhibited in the Church they could not allow any body of people from Cambridge or anywhere else to remove anything they did not like from churches. If he countenanced that, where would he be landed? However much he might sympathise with the principle at the back of the undergraduates' minds, he could not approve of their action, and the worst of it was they had forwarded the flags to him—possibly making him a receiver of stolen goods! He had to act in a judicial manner, but the matter was receiving the fullest possible attention, and they would hear more soon.

How thoroughly typical of the Anglican Church this is. The truth is that but for the public-spirited and admirable action of the Cambridge undergraduates, nothing whatever would have been done to deal with the scandalous situation caused by the action of this frantic parson. Why did the Bishop not simply order Mr. Noel to remove the flags, and what is the "serious consideration" which he alleges he has been giving to the matter for the past few weeks during which the symbols of anti-Christ have been hanging in Thaxted Church? And even now this feeble prelate professes that he does not know what to do and is trembling lest he should be turned into a "receiver of stolen goods." If a Catholic priest had taken such action, his bishop would simply have told him to remove the flags and failing his immediate obedience would have deprived him of his faculties. But an Anglican bishop can only bleat about "serious consideration," and "earnest attention," and "stolen goods," and the "difficulty and intricacy of the matter." "Yah—the imbecility of the whole lot of them!" as Miss Betsy Trotwood remarked. Our Lord did not take long to turn the money changers out of the Temple and to upset their tables. A Bishop who had any real foundation of orders and apostolical succession behind him could deal with the Rev. Conrad Noel in five minutes. According to the Bishop of Chelmsford "they could not allow any body of people to remove anything they did not like from churches." What utter rubbish. Supposing a "body of persons" go into a church and find a bomb there, or an indecent picture, would the Bishop maintain that they have no right to remove them?

Is Lord Northcliffe a Jew?

We print in our correspondence columns a letter which Lord Northcliffe caused to be sent by his private secretary to a correspondent who enquired whether the statement as to his Jewish origin was correct. According to Lord Northcliffe the statement in question is "a lie which originated with the Germans, who are naturally not fond of Lord Northcliffe." Unfortunately for Lord Northcliffe the statement as to his Jewish origin, reproduced elsewhere in this issue of PLAIN ENGLISH, appeared in the Semi-Gotha Almanack dated 1913, printed at least eighteen months before the war. So far from the Germans not being fond of Lord Northcliffe before the war, a reference to the files of the *Daily Mail* would show that there was no greater friend of Germany living in England at that time than Lord Northcliffe, and that his policy always was pro-German and that naturally the Germans looked upon him as their best friend, and were as "fond" of him as they are capable of being fond of anyone. If Lord Northcliffe wishes to disprove the statements made in the Almanack Semi-Gotha and copied into the press all over the world, he will have to think of something rather better than the typically Jewish "its a lie, its a lie" which has been the main stand-by of Sir George Lewis's clients in the law courts ever since we remember anything about them. A gentleman who sat next to Lord Rothermere, Lord Northcliffe's brother, at dinner some months ago said to him, "I see PLAIN ENGLISH says that the Harmsworths are Jews and that their real name is Stern and that they originally came from Frankfort, what are you going to do about it?" To which Lord Rothermere replied "Well, as a matter of fact, there always has been a certain amount of mystery about the origin of our family." We consider that this reply is a great improvement on Lord Northcliffe's crude "its a lie." After all if the Harmsworths are Jews by origin it is not their fault, and if they did not go out of their way on every possible occasion to "behave as sich," it is probable that it would never have been brought up against them.

Northcliffe Apologises Again.

Readers of the Northcliffe papers must have been surprised at the recent abject "climb down" executed by "Thy Servant Alfred" in his own papers. On the 4th of May Lord Northcliffe, in the course of a speech addressed to a meeting of members of the "Dry Goods Association" of Canada and the United States, made the following offensive remarks about Sir Edward Mackay Edgar:—

> As to oil. Practically the whole of American hostility to Great Britain's alleged attitude in regard to oil is based upon the statement of a second rate financier, not of English birth, a statement that attracted no attention in Great Britain at all. This gentleman is alleged to have said that in ten years the control of the oil of the world would pass into the hands of Great Britain.

Sir Edward, who is a distinguished Canadian, thereupon issued a writ on Lord Northcliffe for slander and libel. If the writ had been issued on one of the Northcliffe papers reporting the speech, the *Times* for instance, it is safe to say that a defence would have been entered and the matter would not have been settled till it got into court. Lord Northcliffe cares nothing for a few hundred pounds more or less of damages, as a juryman pointed out the other day during the course of the hearing of the action brought by Mr. Walter Long against the *Evening News*. There is one thing, however, that Lord Northcliffe is afraid of, and that is going into the witness box. Wild horses would not drag him into a court where he would have to face cross-examination on his whole record. Hence the present ignominious grovel on the part of our "tidy little Bartholomew boar-pig." We quote it below:—

> To the Editor of the *Daily Mail*.
>
> Sir,—I shall be greatly obliged if you will give publicity to the following letter which I have addressed to Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, Bart., whose feelings have been wounded by a portion of a recent speech of mine on Anglo-American relations.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> NORTHCLIFFE.
>
> Dear Sir Edward Mackay Edgar.
>
> I have to-day heard, in the course of a journey in the north, of your objection to some remarks of mine at a dinner to the Canadian and American Dry Goods delegates on the subject of Anglo-American relations some weeks ago.
>
> From the way in which I hear these remarks were received in the United States and Canada, I realise that they were unwise and unwarranted.
>
> I hasten to express my sincere regret that any words of mine should have given offence to you and your associates, and be misinterpreted on either side of the Atlantic.
>
> Had I known at the time, I would have sent you this unqualified retraction then.
>
> Your position is such, both here and on the other side of the Atlantic, that no ençomium from me is necessary, but in order that no further misconception should remain, I am forwarding this sincere and hearty expression of regret to leading Canadian and American newspapers, and also my own publications in which the speech appeared.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> NORTHCLIFFE.
>
> May 19, 1921.

Lord Northcliffe fondly imagines that as long as he keeps out of the witness box he is safe. He is a simple soul, and the law courts are queer places.

What is a Gentleman?

A correspondent sends us the following which he calls a "parable," and asks us to comment on it.

> A PARABLE.
>
> Two men went up into a restaurant to eat,
> The one a blackguard,
> The other a true Christian.
>
> The blackguard was quietly and cleanly dressed, he hung his hat on the peg over his chair, ate quietly, wiped his mouth before drinking, and when he had finished his meal left the table in good order.
>
> The true Christian sat down heavily, pushed his greasy cap further off his forehead and mopped his brow with a dirty handkerchief, and with dirtier hands proceeded to fill his mouth with food as if it were a threshing machine, then he curled his tongue round his knife and helped himself to salt with it. He picked his teeth with the pickle fork, spat on the floor, and slouched out of the room.
>
> The first man was a blackguard, the second a saint, ***neither*** was a gentleman.
>
> Therefore, I consider Dean Inge wise in preferring to be called a gentleman than a Christian, for a true gentleman must contain the Christian, but the true Christian need not be gently bred.

The answer to this is that the story is not true and never happened, and never could happen. No saint ever did, or could, behave in the way attributed to the person in the parable. To behave in the disgusting way indicated by the author of the parable would be a grave sin against charity. It is absurd to suppose that anyone possessed of any appreciable degree of sanctity could so comfort himself. There is no point in inventing imaginary circumstances and then asking how they square with Christianity or the goodness of God. One might as well invent an imaginary animal and ask how it squares with natural history. With regard to the last part of our correspondent's communication we reply that if it is conceded that a "true gentleman" must necessarily "contain the Christian," then that is exactly what we ourselves maintained when we said that it was impossible for a man to be a gentleman unless he was a Christian. Dean Inge, on the other hand, drew, and intended to draw, a distinction between the gentleman and the Christian. If he admitted our contention that a man cannot be a gentleman unless he is a Christian, there would be no point in his affirmation that any bishop would rather be called no Christian than no gentleman.

Rocks Ahead.

We wonder if Mr. Lloyd George has even a suspicion of the tide of public indignation which is rising against him on account of the continued liquor restrictions. He has relied upon reports from Conservative agents when estimating how far he might dare to withstand the national will. And it is natural that these agents, loathing Lloyd George in secret, but realising that for the moment he happens to be in power, should seek in flattering him to destroy him. He is merely a piece in the revolutionary game, and is powerless to move unless the master player of international chess, who owns him body and soul, chooses to lift him.

The people of this country are driven, like naughty children, out of licensed premises at 2.30 and 10 day after day. They accepted this coercion because they imagined that the existing war restriction (devised entirely to cause discontent and foster revolution, as it did in Russia), would soon be removed. But now they are beginning to realise that freedom has departed from Britain. They don't yet realise that their freedom has departed at the orders of their Jewish conquerors. That realisation will soon come. At the moment they grasp the superficial fact that Lloyd George is the offender, and consequently the licensed premises of this country are closed at 10 p.m. to the chorus of "to hell with Lloyd George." For which all decent subjects of the King should be truly thankful.

The British people are slow to anger; but their anger is rising like a tide. It will not drive them into the arms of the Reds, as our Communist Premier and his masters hope; but it will drive him and his controllers to political perdition.

Irish Morals.

Sir Alfred Mond's *Westminster Gazette* gives prominence to the ancient and long ago exploded fallacy regarding the virtue of the Southern Irish, as compared with the Ulstermen. And we are treated to the following figures :—

	Births.	Illegitimate.
Antrim	22,314 ...	1,231
Cavan	9,141 ...	134
Connaught	67,458 ...	471
Belfast	54,932 ...	2,217

At first sight the absence of figures for Dublin is significant.

The fact is that any girl who "gets into trouble" in Southern Ireland is immediately packed off—if possible to England. Most of these poor girls arrive in Liverpool, if they can afford to pay the fare. The police and the social workers of Liverpool could shed some lurid light on the subsequent career of these victims of home persecution.

Thus by the destruction of its unmarried mothers, Attacottic Ireland maintains its reputation for morality.

The Pogrom Game.

The Learned Elders are hard at work throwing dust in the eyes of the public. They have returned to their ancient pogrom game, which worked so well in Russia. They invariably play the pogrom game when they are preparing to capture a country. And in the present instance they have got their eyes on the Ukraine. The Ukraine, the Cossack country, contains the richest soil in Europe;. besides this it contains nine-tenths of the entire mineral wealth of what was formerly the Russian Empire.

So the Federation of Ukranian Jews have published a booklet called "The Ukraine Terror," which contains impressive figures that are intended to convince the unwary that the wicked people of the Ukraine have been murdering Jews and violating Jewesses.

What is the truth ? The truth is that following upon the Bolshevist coup in Russia, an attempt was made by the Jews of the Ukraine to capture that country for Lenin and his gang of murderers, torturers and robbers. Naturally the Ukranians, who are the best of the Russians, resisted this attempt. Naturally they objected to being murdered, tortured and robbed ; and naturally they took up arms to defeat their would-be Jewish despoilers.

The Learned Elders have, therefore, collected lists of Bolshevists who were killed in the Ukraine, and have inserted these lists in the booklet which we are now considering. They set down the number of women violated at 2,800 odd, and the number of Jews killed at 30,000 odd.

It seems to us that the Ukranians must be very gentle folk. If they had borrowed their ideas of slaughter from the Jews who are in control of Russia at this moment, there would not have been a single Jew left alive in the Ukraine.

Trotsky and company murdered and despoiled at least ten million Russians.

We assure the Learned Elders that their pogrom game is played out. They tried it in Poland the other day, and recorded the killing of Bolshevist insurgents as a pogrom.

We also assure them that the pogrom game will no longer serve to divert the righteous indignation of Christendom from the Jewish murderers of Russia.

This blood lust of the Jew is no new thing. Gibbon faithfully records the slaughtering propensities of this amazing and repulsive race, repulsive ever since it was "delivered over to a reprobate sense," this race "whose god is in their belly, whose glory is in their own shame, who mind earthly things." And Gibbon had no love for Christianity.

"French" Republican Propaganda.

In the issue of PLAIN ENGLISH for January 27th, in speaking of "Britain's Visitors," we had occasion to state that among others—

> London is favoured, for instance, by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Chateau-Thierry. The Duke comes of an old French family, but his wife was a gift from the "chosen people"; and both the Duke and Duchess are to be congratulated upon their energy, diplomacy and caution, and perhaps more than anything else upon their lavish hospitality.
>
> Their partiality for certain servants of the Crown as guests convince us of their wisdom and good taste. But even the most liberal hosts are apt occasionally to be disappointed. Frankfort and Paris will be sorry to learn of some slight slip between the cup and the lip, and they may conclude that even in a Jew-ridden England there may lurk a Richieleu. Who can tell ?

The result of the energy displayed by the Chateau-Thierry "bomb-shop" is now becoming apparent. At a dinner recently a secretary of a certain Foreign Legation, believing he was possessed of the *dernières nouvelles*, remarked: "How unfortunate that the Prince of Wales is so unpopular." Much to this gentleman's surprise several of the guests (needless to say people under no obligation to either Cassel or Rothschild) were unpolitely severe in correcting his opinion as to the place the Prince of Wales holds in the heart of his future subjects.

The agents of our ancient friends, the Learned Elders of Zion, are spending wasted efforts in trying to spread the idea that it would be best, perhaps, if one other than the Prince should succeed to the Throne. The metal of the Prince of Wales has been tested, and he is not a man to be duped by even *l'Amphityron national de la Grande Bretagne*, whose father sacrificed his birth-right of brushing the flies from the dates in the bazaar of Bagdad in order to marry a Rothschild of Frankfort. In passing we might note that as the Duchess of Chateau-Thierry is also an heiress of the Red Shield, the whole attack directed at the White Prince is part of the Red "frame-up" of the Rothschilds against the British Empire. These alien usurers are determined that if they fail to establish a Yiddish dynasty and a Yiddish "Commonwealth of Nations" out of our Empire, they will wreck the Empire as they have wrecked Russia.

Plain English—from France.

Lord Chesterfield, in his advice to his son, praises the manners and the logic of the French. Being "perfect gentlemen," the writers on the *Morning Post* maintain the correct Chesterfieldian form and hasten to reprint from the *Eclair* the opinion of Monsieur Batault, the author of a series of articles in the *Mercure de France*. As a matter of fact the material foundation for his work Monsieur Batault secured, during a visit to London, from PLAIN ENGLISH. In the *Eclair* article, which is published under the heading,

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S POLICY IS ESSENTIALLY A JEWISH POLICY.

Monsieur Batault says :

> The narrow solidarity which binds Mr. Lloyd George to Jewish high finance is easily realised by studying the personalities of some of the influential companions who constitute his usual entourage. These are, for instance, to speak only of some of them, Sir Philip Sassoon, the Premier's Secretary; Lord Reading (Rufus Isaacs), a member of the Privy Council, Viceroy of India; Lord (*sic*) Montagu (Edwin Samuel Montagu), a member of the Privy Council, Secretary of State for India; Sir Herbert Samuel,

> a member of the Privy Council, "Viceroy" of Palestine; Sir Alfred Mond, member of the Privy Council, member of the present Government. Each of these names represents not only an eminent individuality, but moreover a veritable head of a tribe and of immense international financial interests.

The article then proceeds to deal in the inter-marriages and ramifications of the new conquering families of Great Britain, families who have by cunning, by usury and by blackmail beaten down the standards of Englishmen and placed themselves in the saddle to ride the White Race to extermination. Monsieur Batault traces the Sassoon's escape from the irate mob of their victim in Bagdad to their salvation in the arms of the Rothschilds. He shows how Isaacs and Mond have intrigued until now the daughter of Alfred Moritz Mond, married to the son of Rufus Daniel Isaacs, is about to become the acting Vice-Reina of India. No doubt she will have her cousin, Mrs. Bamberger, as Mistress of the Robes. The French author concludes the record of our shame:—

> These hastily gathered facts are sufficient to show and to prove that the collectivity of which Mr. Lloyd George is the very eloquent spokesman is in no way the people of Great Britain, but certainly international Jewish finance, whose headquarters are the London Stock Exchange. They explain why the British Premier's policy is essentially a "Jewish" policy, . . . a policy of rapprochement with the Jewish Bolshevism of Moscow, a policy of interesting leniency in regard to German finance and industry which are in the hands of German Jews, a policy of forcible control over Palestinian Zionism. Whether we are pleased with it or deplore it, if there is one undeniable fact to-day it is that Jewish international finance, through the intermediary of the British Government, which it dominates and makes use of as it pleases, is pursuing the realisation of its designs, its interests, and its revenges, and that it is exercising an absolutely preponderating influeuce on the contemporary world.

The Railways Bill.

The whole scheme of the Railways Bill appears essentially to be thinly veiled "nationalisation," for its effect would be to deliver the Railway Companies, with their shareholders and the travelling and tax-paying public, into the power of a small group of bureaucrats, *i.e.*, the Minister of Transport, the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Board of Trade, and two "Tribunals"—the Amalgamation Tribunal and the Railway Rates Tribunal.

The Amalgamation Tribunal, who will have full control over the "grouping scheme," is already appointed, consisting of three members, Sir Henry Babington, G.B.E., Sir William Plender, G.B.E., and George John Talbot, K.C., who are empowered to appoint their own staff, and subject to the approval of the Minister of Transport, to fix the rate of remuneration, the salaries to be paid by the Treasury till the Act comes into full operation, in January, 1923, when "on demand" the amalgamated companies "may" be called on to repay, with interest, the amount so expended (having had no voice in the arrangements).

The Rates Tribunal will also consist of three members, appointed jointly by the Lord Chancellor, the Minister of Transport and the President of the Board of Trade, and will have "power to add to their numbers," and also similar powers to those of the Amalgamation Tribunal for appointing their staff and fixing remuneration, with the same proviso as to repayment after January, 1921. (More costly bureaucracies!) The Rates Tribunal will have absolute power to fix the rates to be charged alike for passenger fares and goods traffic, and to determine on all railway conditions, with, in addition, power periodically to "review" and, if they so decide, to increase or decrease the fares and freightage rates charged by any Amalgamated Company that has made less or more than the "Standard net revenue." If the increase be due to efficiency and economy in management, the Company will not get the benefit, or at least will only be allowed to retain 20 per cent., whereas, in the case of a decrease of revenue, the Company will have to prove if this is the result of lack of such efficiency and economy in management, which will assuredly provide tremendous opportunities for costly litigation!

The interests of the travelling and trading public are almost ignored. The only clause affecting them is Clause 12, whereby the Minister of Transport is empowered "on application" to authorise any Company to afford such reasonable railway services, facilities, and conveniences, as will not involve, in any one instance, expenditure of more than £100,000, provided that such expenditure would not prejudice the interests of the existing stock holders.

The Bill provides for the indefinite retention of the present costly rates advisory committee, in addition to the new Tribunal, and also apparently for the permaneut retention of the "grandiose" Ministry itself!

Upper Silesia: The Plebiscite

On May 4th in the House of Commons, when the news of Korfanty's rising was discussed on the adjournment, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth asserted that the qnestion of the actual demarcation of boundaries had not been settled, and that "the plebiscite had been held in conditions of the strictest impartiality, so far as the Allies were able to ensure it."

The last words are exceedingly significant and equivocal in consideration of the fact that, in December last, the Polish Information Committee of London issued a circular to all members of Parliament complaining that, under the condition whereby "out votes" were permitted, the German authorities prepared full lists of all persons of German origin who had been born in Upper Silesia, but had long left the country, and, where such persons could not readily bet raced, other persons of German nationality were sent to use their votes, no system of identification being enforced. In addition to this, the Polish committee assert that thousands of forged ballot papers were issued, and hordes of Germans imported to use these to record their votes, and in this way several hundreds thousands of "out votes" were illegally obtained. This intrigue was referred to by Lord Stuart of Wortley, in a letter published in the *Morning Post* on Saturday last, May 21st.

In the House on May 4th, Cecil Harmsworth also acknowledged that Korfanty's rising was the result of the "rumours" published broadcast in the Polish press, to the effect that the Allies had determined to return practically the whole—and all the rich mining and industrial districts—to Germany, leaving Poland, if anything at all, merely a small and poor district in the south of the province, and declared that this mishievous propaganda did not emanate from Great Britain, etc., but he ignored questions concerning the plebiscite itself, particularly a very pertinent one by T. Shaw, "whether the plebiscite in the mining districts had not been overwhelmingly in favour of Poland."

All that Harmsworth said on that date was, of course, refuted by Lloyd George's speech on May 13th, when, quite in his old Limehouse vein, he vindictively vilified Poland and insulted France, following this up on the

Wednesday, May 18th, with his absolutely uncalled for and provocative "statement," which seems to have been deliberately intended to give encouragement to Germany, and to alienate France, in fact, as nearly all the French papers declared, "to smash the Entente," while it evoked an outburst of jubilation in Germany (vide *Daily Herald* report, Saturday, May 21st, also extracts published in the *Morning Post* several days last week).

Interpretation of the Plebiscite Clause.

It will be remembered that when the Treaty of Versailles was being drawn up the Allies were said to have intended to give Upper Silesia to Poland, but Lloyd George insisted on a plebiscite clause being inserted whereby "the result of the vote will be determined by communes according to the majority of votes in each Commune."

On this the Poles claim that the result of the plebiscite is as shown on a special map (published in the *Morning Post*, May 19th, 1921), on which is plainly indicated the territory claimed by the Poles on the Commune majority, but it appears that the total votes (including, of course, the before-mentioned "out votes") give a German majority—though we have not seen the actual figures, and do not think they have yet been published or that they will be published until after the meeting of the Supreme Council. But it is doubtless on this supposed German majority in total number of votes that Lloyd George based his championship of Germany.

Communists, Bolsheviks, or "Imperial" Germans.

On the other hand, Communists—in Germany, anyhow—profess to regard the German claims and plots as emanating not from "Communists" or Bolsheviks, but from "Capitalists" just as if it were not these very capitalists who are financing the Bolsheviks. A week or so ago the *Rote Fahne* ("Red Flag)" of Berlin published a number of letters and instructions which they say were issued last autumn by the Reichswehr Ministry, with complete plans for arming German volunteer forces in Upper Silesia and preventing the Poles from possessing the mining and rich districts—plans which the events of the last few days show have been and are being carried out. The *Morning Post* quoted this statement from the *Rote Fahne* last week, and confirmation was afforded by the "Special Correspondent in Silesia of the Bolshevik *Daily Herald*, in a despatch published in that paper last Saturday, wherein he also said that the Germans were well equipped, were holding out well; that many German officers had been drafted from Berlin and Munich; that "The Germans expressed a strong desire that the Allies would permit them to advance into the industrial area and settle the Poles once for all," adding, as warning, that if they were not restrained, "there will be a massacre" of the Polish populace by the Germans.

The latest news in the papers seems to indicate that the Germans are already getting the upper hand, and that, despite the assurances of the German Government, "volunteer" reinforcements are pouring in from Germany.

HALF-BRICKS FOR PROPHETS.

THE following letter was sent by the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH to Earl Bathurst more than a fortnight ago:—

> May 12th, 1921.
> PLAIN ENGLISH,
> 38 Great Ormond Street.
>
> Dear Lord Bathurst—
>
> I see that you are reported in to-day's *Morning Post* as quoting "a letter written by Mr. Toulmin Smith, the hon. secretary of 'The Britons,'" which showed that 446,914 aliens were landed in the United Kingdom last year.
>
> You did not mention that the letter in which these figures were given appeared in PLAIN ENGLISH.
>
> You also omitted to mention (perhaps you did not know it) that the letter was originally sent by Mr. Toulmin Smith to the *Morning Post*, but that your editor, Mr. Gwynne, refused to publish it.
>
> Another time when quoting extracts from my paper you might consider that it would be more straightforward and honourable to give the source of your quotations.
>
> Yours very truly,
> ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Following "the tradition of his caste," which happens not to be our caste, Lord Bathurst has ignored this letter. A friend of Lord Bathurst's, to whom we showed our letter and stated that no reply or acknowledgment had been received, said to us: "You must not blame the poor man; he would have sent you a polite answer if he dared, but Lady Bathurst would not allow him to do so."

Lord Bathurst is a member of the Duke of Northumberland's committee, which is to "save the country" from Jews and revolutionaries. But what chance has a man against the Jews if he cannot even keep his own wife in order?

We are frequently asked by friends and supporters why we are always "attacking" the *Morning Post*, which, according to the aforesaid friends and supporters is "on the same side" as we are and "fighting the same enemies." To which we reply that no movement can hope to succeed unless its supporters are clean, honest and straightforward. We never fail to give the *Morning Post* credit for good work. We make no objection at all to the fact that its leader-writers take most of the ideas for their articles from PLAIN ENGLISH, and that the *Morning Post* in its present form is largely the creation of PLAIN ENGLISH, just as the Duke of Northumberland's committee, whether it knows it or not, owes its existence to our repeated hammering into the heads of the Conservative party of certain principles and ideas which have been our unwearying theme in this paper for nine months past.

The one object of our criticism of the *Morning Post* is, and always has been, our desire to keep it straight. The *Morning Post* is like a horse that continually tries to bolt out of the course, and is only kept straight by repeated whacks over the head with a cutting whip. If left to itself without the discipline of our frequent rebukes and admonitions, it would very soon finish off the cause which it professes to support. We do not believe in the English idea of a party the first of whose principles is that it should be a mutual admiration society. Rightly or wrongly we consider that it is PLAIN ENGLISH and PLAIN ENGLISH alone which has got hold of the true *recipe* for saving the country. We have never made any secret of that *recipe*. We have freely and frankly offered it to the world at large for anyone to use; but when we see a body of persons or a newspaper taking up our ideas. and then spoiling them by stupidity or (as more often happens) by not going quite straight with them, we naturally butt in and make ourselves as unpleasant as we possibly can in their own interests.

Take the case of the Duke of Northumberland's committee (we understand that its members do not now like to be spoken of as a committee, but really we do not know how else to describe them). Nobody can accuse us of being anything but friendly to the committee. As we have already explained, we consider that it would never have existed at all but for PLAIN ENGLISH, and, as a matter of fact, we do look to it to be the instrument of saving the country. But it is only a few weeks since this same committee was pinning its faith to Sir Campbell Stuart, the Northcliffe Press and the paid "propaganda" of Mr. Gilbert Frankau, the Jewish author of "One of us" and "One of them." Well, who put the committee right? Who made its members see the suicidal nature of their policy? They know, and we know, and everyone knows, that it was PLAIN ENGLISH and PLAIN ENGLISH alone.

How did we do it? Precisely by "attacking" them in the person of the Duke of Northumberland and making stinging remarks about him and his committee (see PLAIN ENGLISH for March 5th and March 19th). And that is why when the same assembly of gentlemen exhibits a tendency to teach us our own business and to let fall discreet hints as to the immense improvement that might be effected in our paper if it were made into something quite different from what it is at present, we merely grin respectfully (oh! most respectfully) and continue to hoe our particularly hard and unthankful row.

Years ago we edited a paper called the *Academy* and preached about the certainty of the coming war with Germany (we named the date and were only two years out), the evils of Asquithianism and Haldanism and Churchillism, the abomination of the Northcliffe Press, and the necessity of reviving genuine conservatism. In fact we said then, eleven, twelve and thirteen years ago, pretty much what we have been saying now ever since PLAIN ENGLISH was started.

Our reward was that when we had spent all our small private fortune in running a paper for the good of the country at a heavy loss, certain grand old English gentlemen, all of the olden time, came in and bought us out and announced to the "listening earth" that the *Academy* would in future be run "on entirely different lines" and would "appeal to a much larger circle of readers."

There is no secret about the identity of these modestly aspiring persons. They were Lords Fitzwilliam and Howard de Walden, about the two richest peers in England, and the deal whereby we were pushed out of our own paper, and subsequently into the bankruptcy court, was arranged by our cousin George Wyndham.

Well, what happened? Simply this, that people gave up reading the paper after we ceased to edit it, and that after an ignominious career of four years of boredom, pomposity and "correct" journalism of the most "gentlemanly" kind (we ourselves of course know nothing about gentlemanliness, our ancestors were merely fighting men and not eighteenth century lawyers or nineteenth century political pimps), the paper petered out altogether for lack of readers. Five years after we had sold it for two thousand pounds (about half its real value) to the two noble Lords mentioned, the then proprietors offered it back to us for twenty-five pounds, and we declined the proposition.

There is a moral to all this, but whether our friends will see it or not is a matter of grave doubt. We once pointed out in a sonnet called "Rewards" that England resembles Jerusalem in at least one respect.

> From the beginning when was ought but stones
> For English prophets?

SINN FEIN, ULSTER, AND THE "MORNING POST."

IN these disloyal days it is consoling to read the election literature of Ulster. We reproduce herewith Sir James Craig's address to the Loyalist Electors of Northern Ireland:—

> In view of the near approach of the Elections for the First Parliament of Northern Ireland, may I be allowed to offer a few words of encouragement and counsel to those Loyal Men and Women of Ulster to whom I look confidently for support in the position of responsibility to which they have called me.
>
> Those for whom I venture to speak place in the forefront of their ideals and aspirations, devotion to the Throne, close union with Great Britain, pride in the British Empire, and an earnest desire for peace throughout Ireland.
>
> I hope that the Elections will be fought with all the vigour and determination which have characterised our actions in the past, and that our people will realise how vital it is to record every single vote in favour of all the Candidates democratically and constitutionally selected by the various Unionist Parliamentary Associations. This is made doubly important by reason of the fact that the Elections will be conducted under the system of Proportional Representation.
>
> The First Parliament will be faced with problems gravely affecting the future. The best way to extend our resources, expand trade, stabilise agriculture and other industries, re-model education, amend the licensing laws, and to insure a brighter future for the great masses of Workers in our midst is to begin by concentrating on the supreme issue of securing a strong working majority, without which government could not be carried on, and without which disaster must inevitably follow.
>
> Upon that majority will rest the responsibility of nominating the Northern quota in the Council of Ireland where our representatives will be charged with the important duty of protecting our interests and of guarding the rights and privileges of the Six Counties against encroachment by the Southern Parliament.
>
> To put it plainly, failure to secure an effective working majority would mean immediate submergement in a Dublin Parliament.
>
> A serious responsibility rests upon each individual. The fate of the Six Counties hangs in the balance, and with the Six Counties the interests of Loyalists in other parts of Ireland. The eyes, both of friends throughout the Empire who wish us success and of enemies who desire our failure, will be watching our first proceedings. It is our duty, therefore, not only to lay aside minor issues, and if need be, to sacrifice personal interests, but to work with whole-hearted energy and good-will between now and the day of the poll in order to secure the election of those Candidates

> alone who can be trusted worthily to represent the great cause which we all have at heart.
>
> We have overcome many a crisis, weathered many a storm. Let us together win yet another victory and lay the foundation of a model Parliament of our own.
>
> JAMES CRAIG.
>
> April, 1921.

This address forms part of the usual circular sent out under the proportional representation scheme, and we commend the utterance of Sir James Craig to the *Morning Post* when it feels disposed to state that the struggle between Loyalists and Sinn Feiners in Ireland is a religious one. No hint about religion is contained in the circular.

On the other hand we have received complaints from Irish Loyalists that Protestant Sinn Feiners are spending immense sums of money in an attempt to split the loyal ranks. These persons are represented by a newspaper calling itself the *Unionist*, and the publication in question is being posted free to all the loyalist voters, to their great annoyance.

These Protestant Sinn Feiners are in close alliance with Mr. Devlin; and the views of the *Unionist* are well expressed by "Baldy Joe," as reported in the *Times* :—

> Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., addressing a West Belfast election meeting yesterday afternoon, said they were faced with a grave attempt to destroy the unity of their ancient Fatherland. Never would they submit to the intolerable indignity of being ruled by the wretched travesty called the Constitution for North-East Ulster. (Cheers.) They stood for freedom for Ireland undivided and indivisible, and if the Government thought they had settled the question by imposing their wretched simulacrum of a Constitution in Ulster they never made a greater mistake. They were told they were to be driven like sheep into the Carson compound, with no nation, with no province, with nothing but an Orange ring around them. Into that compound of Carson they would never go. (Cheers.)

The answer to Mr. Devlin and his Protestant Sinn Fein friends is simply that Ulster was always a separate nation, and from 500 B.C. until the King of Ulster entered into treaty with Queen Elizabeth and recognised her as his sovereign, Ulster maintained an almost ceaseless war with the Attacotti of the south and west of Ireland. In every case Ulster was victorious, and only once was the kingdom of Ulster successfully invaded. This invasion was followed by swift punishment; for the Ulstermen marched south and burned the palace of the southern King at Kincrea.

The Sinn Feiners in Ulster are the old slave caste. They differ in appearance and character from the Ulstermen. Mr. Devlin may or may not know that the family from which he is derived were the serfs who held the stirrups of the Ulster rulers.

If the *Morning Post* is anxious to injure the loyalist cause in Ulster, let it continue to print its absurd statements about the struggle in Ireland being a religious one.

But if it be sincere in its desire for a loyalist triumph in Ulster, let it take to heart the truth that bigotry is not good manners in Ulster, though it may be considered good manners in the offices of the *Morning Post*, especially when it is inspired by that "grand old Britisher gentleman," General Ivor Maxse.

The success of the Ulster Volunteer movement before the war was due to the fact that Sir Edward Carson made it plain from the start that the fight was not a religious one. Subsequently, that is within the past three years, the Unionist cause in Ulster was gravely injured because certain bigots attempted to drag in the religious question.

The motto of the Ulster Orangemen is "Civil and Religious liberty"; and on the 12th July every year they celebrate the victory of King William at the Boyne, a victory which was due in some measure to the assistance which William III. received from his ally the Pope. But it is an obvious fact that in the past there was a good deal of bigotry in the Orange ranks. This had the effect of making the Orange cause unpopular. The Unionist clubs were formed because the better class Ulstermen would not associate themselves with the Orangemen.

The Unionist Club movement was a triumphant success. Sir James Craig has not forgotten this; and that is why he is careful to keep all traces of bigotry out of the present election campaign.

The *Morning Post* may make what capital it likes out of the recent statement by the Pope. In dealing with secular and political matters the Pope is as subject to criticism from Catholics as anyone else. It is obvious that His Holiness is striving to secure peace; but it is also obvious that he has been gravely misinformed.

Owing to the supine imbecillity of our so-called Conservatives, the *Times*, with its Sinn Fein policy and its attacks upon loyal men in Ireland, has been accepted in Europe as expressing the opinion of Englishmen. When the *Times* was on the market, our Conservatives refused to put up money for its purchase, and it was secured for the Jews by Northcliffe.

It is the duty of our representative at the Vatican to lay the facts about Irish crime before His Holiness; but if he is compelled to refer to the only Conservative London daily newspaper, the *Morning Post*, it would be well that a stop should be put to that journal's bigotry campaign.

THE RAMPARTS OF CHRISTENDOM.

II.—POLAND.

NOT long ago the *Times* printed the report of a case in the Midlands in which a young Jew was fined for distributing Bolshevik literature. Such a case is common enough, but on the day in question the *Times* also printed in a parallel column the report of the proceedings at the Old Street Police Court, in which the arrest of five Jews in alleged gaming rooms disclosed the fact that the rooms were in reality I.W.W. offices containing a quantity of Bolshevik literature. As the defendants were only found in possession of the literature, and it could not be proved legally that they had distributed it, the punishment was a fine for illegal gaming. But even if these Jews had been found guilty of propounding the greater gamble—the gamble of world domination through the extermination of established races by means of artificial unrest and murderous revolution — it is hardly possible that the Bolshevik exchequer would have been inconvenienced had the five Old Street Jews been forced to pay the nominal sum which our law imposed upon their co-conspirator in the Midlands.

Let us suppose (and to-day this is no mere supposition) that instead of proselytising, our Jew Bolsheviks suddenly started to practise their propaganda. Suppose, just to start things, they opened fire upon the natives of these islands. It is possible that, with the assistance of the duped workers who were promised a share of the *immediate* spoils, the formidable sect of Judeó-Bolsheviks could establish a Soviet terror in Britain under the leadership of a senile Lansbury or a surly Murat-like fellow named Kenworthy. Such chatty persons as Lucien Wolf and Chiozza Money could manage the Press, while some Jew degenerate, such as Jack the Ripper or Peter the Painter, could extract the swag from the tortured natives of Britain by means of splitting their finger-nails in some dark cellar. No doubt Claire Sheridan and Lansbury's daughter-in-law, *née* Glassman of Whitechapel, could bag a good number of fur coats no longer needed by the tender débutantes of Mayfair whose bodies had been devoured by coolie mercenaries imported by Sir David Sassoon from his Shanghai compounds. Francis Meynell and Seigfried Sassoon of the *Daily Herald* could have their run of the Crown jewels; while after the murder of the Royal family in a jam factory in Upper Tooting the belted Isaacs of Reading would be free to give the Queen's umbrella to his niece, Mrs. Bamberger, as a momento of her most unjust incarceration in a Goy prison for the henceforth lawful crime of perjury.

There is a chance, however, that among the survivors of the "first hundred thousand" would be a small number of trained fighting men who would commandeer food from a Lyon's corner house, and secure a strategic position in some such quiet "boorz-waa" retreat as Notting Hill. Here they would defend, it is quite possible, their honour and their families. This defence would incur, no doubt, if the Bisley standard had not deteriorated, a certain number of Jewish casualties.

Then comes the rub. It is within the bounds of possibility that the Chinese Republic, aroused by an agitation in a controlled Press, would demand that an investigation be made of the "pogroms" in Britain. Two banker mandarins, Mr. Mo Gan Tau and Mr. Sa Mu Al, would be sent on a mission to make a report.

Imagine our feeling when we recognise our moral judges, as appointed by the Chinese, not only to be descendants of a wandering family who had once sojourned with us as prosperous pawnbrokers, but fellow tribesmen as well of the very Bolsheviks against whom we had defended ourselves.

If we can conceive such an absurd situation, we can then realise to what humiliation our gallant Christian Ally, Poland, has been subjected. And is even now subjected by Mr. George, the discredited little attorney whom time will show to be Welsh in similes, but in person the "kept" creature of subversive aliens who toss him doles from their ghoulish gains. As yet, Warsaw and even Paris cannot quite realise that Mr. George is Britain's spokesman in the same sense that Mr. Wilson was America's. Mr. George is merely "one gland up" on the unhappy Mr. Wilson. Their ultimate position will be together, among the "found out" mis-representatives of the democracy which they soothe and dupe on behalf of financial autocracy.

There was not even a "gentile front" to the commissions sent by the governments of England and of America to report upon the conditions in Poland. The "American" Commission appointed by the late president, Mr. Wilson, to investigate the so-called pogroms in Poland was known as the Morgenthau Commission because its chairman was a Mr. Morgenthau, a Jew, who was a member of the great Judeó-German *Bankverein*, Kuhn, Loeb and Company, of New York and Frankfort. A partner of Mr. Morgenthau's in this firm (who are Trotsky's bankers) is Mr. Otto Kahn. Mr. Kahn was born a Jew in Germany, he became a British subject, and then decided to be a citizen of the United States. Another connection of Mr. Morgenthau's is a gentleman, born also of German parents, who was at one time an American citizen, but later became a British subject, and was knighted as Sir Charles Waldstein. During the war he changed his name to Walston, was employed by the Foreign Office, and wrote a book entitled "What is Truth?"

The "British" Commission appointed by the Foreign Office, in which the *ci-devant* Waldstein and Namier, formerly Bernstein, were employed, was headed by Sir Stuart Samuel, whom Mr. Chesterton has described as "an ordinary Jewish banker and member of the big money-lending family of old Samuel, the Liverpool pawnbroker." This gentleman, who carries the Christian order of knighthood and the most Catholic name of Stuart attached to his patriarchal designation, once sought an evasion from the penalty the law demands from those who break its checks against bribery and corruption.

Such is the character of the most impartial and disinterested tribunal that investigated the Poles, by appointment, and found them wanting. And so we have the Poles accused by the Jews, who intrigue to enslave the world, of protecting themselves against this world intrigue. The Poles plead self-defence. They plead they fight not against Jews but against "Bolsheviks," who are Jews and against "Germans" who are Jews. Their prosecutors and judges in the case are seen to be the Jews themselves, dressed up as "free-born American citizens," and as "knights of the British Empire." Mr. George accepts their findings and tries to turn this country against our Christian Ally. No wonder the English knight, born Waldstein, is confused as to "What is Truth?"

REWARDS.

From the beginning, when was aught but stones
For English Prophets? Starved not Chatterton?
Was Keats bay-crowned, was Shelley smiled upon?
Marlowe died timely. Well for him, his groans
On stake or rack else had out-moaned the moans
Of his own Edward; and that light that shone,
That voice, that trumpet, that white-throated swan,
When found he praise, save for "his honoured bones?"

Honour enough for bones! but for live flesh
Cold-eyed mistrust, and ever watchful fear,
Mingled with homage given grudgingly
From cautious mouths. And all the while a mesh
To snare the singing-bird, to trap the deer,
And bind the feet of Immortality.

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

The *Academy* Office, 1908.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6½%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 104s. 1d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97¼	... 97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·13 to 11·14
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 242 to 243
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·20 to 47·25
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3 1/16d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 25·35 to 25·40
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 74 to 74¼
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 29·75 to 29·80
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·40 to 4·42
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·92½ to 3·92¾
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·10 to 47·15
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3 31/32d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·16 to 22·19
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 4¾d.

MARKET NOTES.

Success attending new issues and the coming additional appeals for capital give the idea that there must be plenty of cash free for investment. Doubtless as a result mainly of the coal strike, and of the general feeling of uncertainty in industry, much capital has recently been released from the support of manufacture and put in other investments and with banks. But the condition of affairs is apt to be misleading, and to give a false impression of the general economic outlook. Even if our politicians think they can afford to increase their allowances at the public expense, and so assist or give a lead to the false impression, conditions now are due to no ordinary or casual trade reaction, but are the result of a complete upheaval—unprecedented—of all the elements which have hitherto reaped for us our wealth and comfort. And this all over the world. Until, therefore, labour and capital can adjust themselves, we shall see no royal progress to plenty, and, first of all, labour must appreciate that to check output or to attempt to bolster up one branch of industry at the expense of another, will only take them further away from the path of happiness and improved standard of comfort. With the settlement of the coal strike we should soon see renewed commercial activity, brighter faces and more earnings, and less of the ruinous unemployment doles. A reduced bank rate will help Stock Exchange investments, and business there is badly wanted.

The settlement of the German indemnity amount has given an impetus to the Exchanges, and sterling in New York has continued to improve. Our sovereign is worth now nearly 16s. 7d., and gold is still flowing into the States, and financiers there seem to be supporting the French franc, which has materially appreciated in value during the past week.

MAYPOLE DAIRY COMPANY.

Sir W. George Watson, Bt., presiding at the Annual Meeting of the shareholders of Maypole Dairy Company Ltd., last week, said:—

> When under control conditions the Food Ministry bought food products (butter, bacon, sugar, lard, wheat, etc.) from distant foreign countries, they protected themselves from loss when markets fell by forbidding private traders to import. This policy stopped competition and enabled the Government to maintain the price to British consumers, and so helped the Food Ministry to liquidate some of their dear purchases without loss.
>
> Private traders cannot keep up prices to consumers under free competitive conditions. This is a great advantage to consumers, and it is for this reason that I consider the Government should, in the interests of the public, devote their legislation to encourage competition. I think it is a mistaken policy to press railway companies and other traders to amalgamate, and so obtain a monopoly and eliminate competition.
>
> Competition will always be the best protection of the interests of the consumer, whereas monopoly encourages extravagance and prevents initiative, efficiency and progress.
>
> It appears to me that the Government and nearly everybody, including trading companies as well as trade unions, now erroneously think that by federations and combinations they can beat economic laws. They forget that it is impossible to get more out of an industry than it contains and will yield.

SOUTH AFRICAN TRADE.

The possibilities of export trade in coal were well emphasised in the course of evidence before the Unemployment Commission in Johannesburg last month. It was held that instead of exporting two million tons of coal per annum, as now, South Africa could export ten or even twenty times as much.

Bunker coal is quoted at 42s. 9d., and export coal at 29s. free at ship, Durban.

The report of the Union Government Coal Commission on the question of the grading and pooling of South African coal for export and bunkering, and on other matters connected with the coal trade, recommends the formation of one or more grading committees which would be empowered to issue certificates prohibiting the export of coal which might be dangerous to life and property owing to its liability to spontaneous ignition.

The mandate of the League of Nations to the Union Government is strengthening the economic interests of the Union and Protectorate of South-West Africa. Capital has begun to flow from the Union to the Protectorate, and industrial development is proceeding with rigour and success.

The business community appears to be developing upon approved lines, and is opening up connections with Union firms and British and German houses.

There has been a large increase in live stock traffic, and there is every indication of considerable further development.

The diamond output for the calendar year 1919 was 462,180 carats, valued at £1,500,000, a considerable increase over the previous year.

EAST RAND TONNAGES.

Presiding at the Annual General Meeting of Modderfontein Deep Levels Company Limited, held in Johannesburg recently, the Chairman intimated that the ore reserves of the Company for the past financial year had increased by 325,000 tons, bringing the total reserves up to 4,100,000 tons of a value of 9·4 dwts. over 77" This means that the life of the mine in sight appears to be about eight years, and will supply sufficient ore to keep the mill fully employed.

The net revenue per ton milled for the first four months of the current year shows an increase of nearly 2s. per ton, being 56/1d. as compared with 54/1d. for 1920. This discloses a very satisfactory position, and taken in conjunction with the statements made at the Annual Meeting of the Geduld Proprietary Mines Limited, shows that the Far East Rand is destined to produce much bigger results than were ever shown in the old Central Rand. The ore reserves of Geduld have increased by 640,000 tons, the total developed ore being 3,220,000 tons of a value of 8 dwts. over 61 inches, and compares with 7·4 dwts. for 1919. The average value of the ore milled for 1920 was 38/10d. as against 33/1d. for 1919.

Dividends and Reports.

J. & P. Coats.—Quarterly dividend of 9d. per share, less tax, on Ordinary shares.

Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co.—Profit for year ended 28th February, 1921, £193,030. Final dividend recommended of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. free of tax on Ordinary shares.

Wenlock Brewery.—Interim dividend of 5 per cent. free of tax on Ordinary shares.

Guardian Assurance.—Final dividend proposed subject to Audit for 1920 on Ordinary shares of 2s. per share, making 6s. for year, and Preference dividend of 2s. per share, both subject to tax.

Commercial Bank of Scotland.—Dividends recommended for half-year as follows:—At the rate of 14 per cent. per annum on the "A" shares, and at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on "B" shares, both less tax.

General Life Assurance.—Dividend recommended for current year at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

John Rowell & Son.—Net profit for year, to 31st March, is £22,266; brought forward £15,116, making £37,382. Final dividend recommended on Ordinary shares at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, making 10 per cent. free of tax for year.

Scottish Mortgage Trust.—Net revenue for year ended 31st March, 1921, was £18,829. Final dividend on Ordinary shares at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum less tax, making 7 per cent. less tax for the year.

Pumpherston Oil Company.—Dividend of 20 per cent. for year free of tax. £39,438 carried forward.

Oakbank Oil Company.—Dividend of 15 per cent. for year free of tax. £23,780 carried forward.

Broxburn Oil Company.—Dividend of 7½ per cent. for year free of tax.

NORTHCLIFFE'S RECENT RECORD.

(Continued.)

Northcliffe Suppresses Letters.

Evening News, Jan. 29, 1915.—"The *Evening News* has received something like 1,000 letters a week on this topic." (As "this topic" was the employment of aliens in place of Englishmen, the letters were, of course, not published.)

Jewry over All.

Evening News, March 1, 1919.—"Of all the issues before the Peace Conference none surpasses in importance that of Zionism."

Northcliffe and Palestine.

The *Times*, April 27, 1920.—"Among the more satisfactory items of news from San Remo is the statement that Great Britain is to receive a mandate for Palestine, which will be considered in the terms of Mr. Balfour's Declaration, a national home for the Jews."

Northcliffe and "Labour."

Evening News, Feb. 19, 1920.—"It is difficult to say whether Mr. Hemmerde or the Labour Party are most to be congratulated on the decision of the former to join the latter. Labour has been on the look-out for a lawyer of standing for some time to add to its forensic strength . . . At present Mr. Hemmerde has before him a bright prospect as the only man of his craft in the Labour Party, and Labour leaders to whom I have spoken say that the acquisition of Mr. Hemmerde is more to them than the winning of many bye-elections." (Edward G. Hemmerde is the Recorder of Liverpool, and an excellent example of the politicians of hyphenated origin who during the last dozen years have succeeded in securing something soft and snug with a fat salary attached, and winning the favour of our hyphenated Press by engaging in the various anti-national, pro-Semitic movements. He, of course, has a financial record, having, according to *Truth*, been associated with the promoters of the Casey-Sutton Corbett Proprietary Ltd. It was Hemmerde who said, "If you increase prosperity in this country by Tariff Reform, you increase it by throwing people out of employment in other countries. You are becoming prosperous by the miseries of others.")

Northcliffe Pushes Jews.

Weekly Dispatch, Jan. 20, 1918.—"People are wondering why the Government do not make more use of that capable business man, Mr. Samuel Samuel, the member for Walworth." (One would imagine that the Government made use of enough Samuels during the war to satisfy even a Harmsworth Editor, and the Samuels returned the compliment by making use of the Government.)

Northcliffe and "We Britons."

Mr. Samuel Samuel, M.P., in the *Weekly Dispatch*, Sept. 19, 1915.—"They (the Germans) evidently do not understand what stuff we Britons are made of, and judge us by themselves." (They probably did not realise that "we Britons" included a number of Samuels and Harmsworths.)

Northcliffe's Funk-hole.

Daily Chronicle, April 7, 1916.—"Nothing would better illustrate the policy of excessive demands on the Tribunals than the example of the Northcliffe Amalgamated Press. This company, which earned more profit last year than in any pre-war years, applied to the Southwark Tribunal for exemptions or postponement for no fewer than fifty-three single men, most of them under thirty years of age. The reasons put forward were that the men were indispensable in order to enable the company 'to keep up its profits,' and also because the men were engaged 'on technical work which was being wrenched from the Germans.' According to the list of occupations upon which these men are engaged, they have nothing to do with work that is being wrenched from Germany."

Northcliffe and Jewish Immigrants.

The *Times*, July 13, 1914.—"For the past six or seven years it may be doubted if the total of foreign Jews arriving in London has more than kept pace with the departures for foreign lands, particularly America." (Since the late Baron Lionel Rothschild commanded the services of the late John Delava, the "Aliens question" never has been a burning issue in the opinion of Messrs. Arnholz, Ellerman and Harmsworth's organ. Owing to the law which provides for the exclusion from the United States of diseased, pauper and vicious aliens, the foreign Jews dumped down at our ports would not be allowed to land in "America." Jews qualified to pass the United States immigration officials are not shipped to this country.)

Northcliffe and the Indian Plot.

The *Times*, Dec. 6, 1919.—"We have sometimes had occasion to differ from Mr. Montagu's policy, but it must be recognised that his name (formerly Samuel) will be for ever associated with this historic measure (the Indian

Bill), perhaps the greatest example of constructive statesmanship produced in Parliament for many years."

NORTHCLIFFE AS A RED.

Daily Mail, June 21, 1920.—"The workers know quite well that coalition candidates represent no interests save those of the class that lives by exploiting labour." (The class this Harmsworth writer refers to is, of course, not the one composed of labour agitators or newspaper owners.)

NORTHCLIFFE "WITHOUT EXAGGERATION."

Weekly Dispatch, March 18, 1917.—"So far as the war is concerned, the revolution and the freeing of the Jews are going to mean an accession to our side of millions of men and untold wealth. Without the slightest exaggeration it is not too much to say that, henceforth, the great fortunes of American Jewry will be entirely at the disposal of the Allies . . . . And if we have sense enough to form a special battalion, with n.c.o's. and officers who understand Yiddish, we will have twenty thousand and more ardent volunteers for liberty." (As this is what a Harmsworth writer says, "without the slightest exaggeration," it would be somewhat difficult to imagine what the result would be if he were tempted to write about our Yiddish guests "not without exaggeration.")

NORTHCLIFFE WELCOMES THE "DAILY HERALD."

Daily Mail, March 31, 1919.—"In the *Daily Herald* the labour movement has acquired an organ of its own. It has long needed one. We greet the first issue with cordiality." (Lansbury and Jews get their white paper from the Harmsworth company.)

NORTHCLIFFE LICKS THE "LABOUR" BOOT.

Daily Mail, December 13, 1919.—"The return of Mr. Tom Mann to a position of responsibility in the trade union movement is an event of much significance . . . . Mr. Tom Mann, in his early days, was probably the greatest labour agitator of his time. He attained an almost unprecedented popularity with the workers of this country. Wherever he went he dropped the seeds of discontent—divine discontent, as he called it." (This half-caste German and ex-publican is an excellent example of the labour-faking harpies advertised and glorified in the Harmsworth organs.)

NORTHCLIFFE PAVES THE WAY FOR "LABOUR."

Evening News, Jan. 9, 1920.—"It is obvious that before long there will be a labour Government in this country. The old political parties are more than old; they are obsolete."

NORTHCLIFFE AND THE MINERS.

Daily Mail, Feb. 18, 1920.—"What will happen if the Government persist in their refusal to entertain the miners' reasonable and reasoned demands for the nationalisation of the mines? A strike, of course. There is nothing else for it. . . . The Government will have to give in. It would be wiser to give way gracefully now than have to do so compulsorily later on." (The mere English would prefer the nationalisation of the London newspapers, as the control of the Metropolitan Press by Harmsworth, Elias Astor, Simonis, Lansbury, Levy, Mond & Co. is more than prejudicial to the interests of this country.)

NORTHCLIFFE PRAISES THE JEWS.

Weekly Dispatch, Dec. 8, 1917.—"No British Jew need be ashamed of the record of the Hebrew in the war."

Daily Mail.—"Our columns have repeatedly borne testimony to the law-abiding and industrious character of the Jewish population of the East End." (If it would let its readers know what the racial origin is of the persons who figure in its reports of crime, they might be able to acquire an idea of the manner in which this "law-abiding and industrious" population is accustomed to display its industry.)

The *Times*, July 13, 1914.—"A people (our Yiddish guests) on the whole law-abiding, quiet and industrious."

NORTHCLIFFE CLEARS OUT BRITONS TO MAKE ROOM FOR JEWS.

The *Times*, March 10, 1920.—"The report lately issued by the Oversea Settlement Committee, of which Lord Milner is president and Colonel Amery chairman, is an Imperial document of unusual value. . . . The committee have carefully pointed out the kind of men, women, and children that in their judgment should be encouraged to go out as settlers. Their suggestion that the ex-service men and women and the widows and dependents of those who fell in the war should be provided with free passages, has been substantially accepted by the Government."

NORTHCLIFFE NODS.

Evening News, Jan. 17, 1916.—"Very few eligible Russians remain in this country. Russians between eighteen and forty-three, married and single, have flocked from England to the Tsar's standard."

Daily Mail, Sept. 21, 1917.—"No fewer than 10,000 exemption application forms have been applied for by Russian subjects called to the Army in London." (The young Russians had evidently flocked back.)

NORTHCLIFFE AS A JUDÆOPHIL.

Weekly Dispatch, Dec. 16, 1917.—"The good will of the world's Jews is a most valuable asset to the Allies, and it should be an essential feature of our propaganda to emphasize on the one hand the anti-Semitism of the Germans, and on the other hand the Judæophilism of the Allies, as shown by the endorsement of Zionism."

NORTHCLIFFE AND COMPANY.

Evening News, May 29, 1916.—"The Russians in this country are somewhat differently placed. A great number of them are political refugees, and most of them were engaged here in industries before the war broke out. They, too, have done, and are doing, their share towards beating the Hun in clothing the armies of the Allies." (Brother Harold had charge of that department. The so-called "Russians" in 1916 were Jews, many of them engaged in the white slave business, who remained in England to avoid service in Russia.)

NORTHCLIFFE HELPS LANSBURY.

Daily Mail, Oct. 2, 1920.—"If the *Daily Herald* would only print more news, adopting the *Daily Mail* system of putting nearly all sport in small type and waste less space on headings, it would get more readers. . . . The number of copies of the *Daily News* in Manchester now being so few, why does not the *Daily News's* Manchester white elephant make it a going concern?"

EINSTEIN'S RUSSIAN PLUNDER.

NOT only jewels, fur-coats and bearer-bonds have been plundered from the murdered native inhabitants of Russia, but the very ideas and research work of starved or butchered Russian thinkers have been stolen and distributed among the Jew professors of Germany, just as the blood-stained diamonds were distributed to the Bolshevik agitators in England.

To Professor Albert Einstein there was given the careful work of the Russian scholars, N. A. Oumoff, P. D. Ouspensky and H. Minkowsky. After Einstein had put their achievements into his pedantic German and issued them as his own, the *claque* press of the whole world shouted the praises of the "marvellous Jew thinker, Albert Einstein, the propounder of the theory of relativity."

Now the truth about Einstein is perfectly well known to most British scientists. Yet Englishmen are much too careful of "good form" to say of Einstein as did an outspoken American, Dr. A. G. Webster, that Professor Einstein was a "faker who was out for publicity with stolen goods." In this country Professor Wildon Carr is more polite, but really just as much to the point, when he says in his recent essay on "The General Principle of Relativity in its Philosophical and Historical Aspect"—

> One of the most striking features of the Einstein theory is the *adoption* (*sic*) of Minkowski's principle that the universe must be regarded not, as hitherto, as a three-dimensional continuum enduring in a one-dimensional time, to which it is indifferent, but as a four-dimensional continuum in which the three dimensions of space and the dimension of time are the axes of co-ordination. . . . The beauty of this theory is that its apparent strangeness when first propounded tends to give way to familiarity and obviousness; for when we come to think of it we recognise that the world of our living experience is four-dimensional.

Most scientists know that the records of the pre-war lectures (1910-11) given at the University of Moscow prove that Oumoff, Monkovsky and Ouspensky preceeded Einstein with the theory of relativity and the fourth dimension. Their positivistic philosophy saw mechanical motion or electro-magnetic energy as the basis of all phenomena, while the verbose "padding" of Einstein about vibrating atoms or "units of energy" (electrons and cycles of motion), combinations of which create different phenomena, is at the best only a hypothesis, built upon a perfectly arbitrary and artificial assumption concerning the existence of the world in time and space. Just as soon as we discover that the conditions of time and space are merely the properties of our sensuous receptivity, we absolutely destroy the validity of the hypothesis of "energy" as the foundation of everything; because time and space are necessary for energy. In other words it is necessary for time and space to be properties of the world and not properties of consciousness. Thus in reality neither ourselves nor Einstein can know anything about "causes of phenomena." We, as Christians, call that cause, God; and will continue to do so in spite of "just as good" inventions of Professor Einstein or, even, to show no anti-Semitic prejudice, Mr. H. G. Wells.

We do know that some combinations of causes acting through the organism upon our conciousness, produce the series of sensations which we recognise as a certain thing. But we do *not* know if this perception of a certain thing corresponds to the real substance of the causes which evoked the sensation. The relation of the phenomenon to the reaction on the mind or to the indwelling reality of the thing itself, has always been one of the most difficult problems of philosophy.

A Zulu when handed a piece of ice for the first time drops it and exclaims, "It is hot, it burns me." A French scientist hypnotises a subject and touching the man's back with a piece of ice says, "I am placing a hot iron on your skin." Immediately a blister similar to a burn appeared upon the place touched by the ice. In battle a piece of shell carried away a soldier's arm above the elbow, throwing the severed part several yards. The wounded man exclaimed "my hand hurts." But even in all these cases we are still in the world of three dimensions. It is much easier to get out of the three dimensions of space than most people imagine. Let us say that the Belvoir Hounds will meet in Boothby field under the oak trees. Here we have the three required dimensions of space—but no appointment. We must arrange the date, we must introduce the magic of a fourth dimension and by adding the words, "to-morrow morning at half-past seven o'clock," we give the additional dimension of time.

"There is a general agreement," said Professor Whitehead, in the first series of the Tarner Lectures given at Cambridge in the autumn of 1919, "that Einstein's investigations have one fundamental merit irrespective of any criticisms which we may feel inclined to pass upon them. They have made us think. But when we have admitted so far, we are most of us faced with a distressing perplexity. What is it that we ought to think about? The purport of my lecture this afternoon will be to meet this difficulty and, so far as I am able, to set in a clear light the changes in the background of our scientific thought which are necessitated by any acceptance, however qualified, of Einstein's main positions."

In the same lecture Professor Whitehead took the axiom of Professor Ouspensky (as "bagged" by the versatile Einstein). "Time is involved in all spatial measurements," and he illustrated it by saying that the statement that "Cleopatra's Needle is on the Thames Embankment" is incomplete or even misleading until the fourth dimension—the time dimension—is introduced. He explained, "if an angel had made the remark some hundreds of millions of years ago, the earth was not in existence; twenty millions of years ago, there was no Thames; eighty years ago, there was no Thames Embankment; and when I was a small boy, there was no Cleopatra's Needle there."

Thanks to the acquisative habit and the vanity of Professor Einstein, even if the Russian *savants* are silent, we at least have been made to think. We are even made to think that perhaps the good Einstein repeats his plundered learning with his tongue in his cheek, for the following story has reached us from the United States:

Professor Einstein was explaining his theory to his friend Professor Chau Weizmann, the Zionist, just after they had received the freedom of the city of New York from its Sinn Fein Aldermen, at an agreed price of thirty thousand dollars. Einstein said, "Now that thanks to our *kolossal* press service my theory has been accepted, the English call me a 'Swiss scientist,' and the Germans call me a 'German-Jew.' But if at some future time my theory or myself become discredited, then the English will call me a 'German-Jew,' and the Germans will call me a 'Swiss scientist.' That would merely illustrate my theory—all a matter of relativity."

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.*

CAPTAIN Francis McCullagh of the Royal Irish Fusiliers was a journalist before the war, and Intelligence Officer during it, and later was on the British Staff attached to Admiral Kolchak in Russia and Siberia. Here in company with fourteen other British officers and soldiers he was captured by the Bolsheviks in January, 1920. Later still by posing as a civilian journalist and by representing himself as not unsympathetic to the revolutionary movement he was permitted to leave his companions and travel through Siberia and Russia to Moscow.

Throughout this terrible journey he had unique opportunities of seeing for himself the condition of the country and people, and of hearing and seeing the things which he describes.

This is quite the most valuable book on Bolshevik Russia at present before the public. The author is to be congratulated as much on the courage and assiduity with which he collected his facts, often in circumstances of the gravest possible danger, as on the good luck which enabled him to escape from the country six months earlier than his companions in misfortune.

Captain McCullagh is no stylist, and his writing is occasionally careless almost to the point of incoherence; but one does not demand literary style from an Intelligence Officer, and one has even heard of successful journalists whose success does not appear to have been founded upon any special ability to write carefully or to think clearly.

Much of the book is a curious jumble of vital facts and trivial detail; while the writer has, perhaps purposely, refrained from drawing any definite conclusions from what he observed and from pointing the moral of his terrible story. The pages are full of descriptions and facts which, by the very baldness of their presentment, carry conviction even to one who has no personal knowledge of the tragedy of Russia.

The chapter dealing with the murder of the Czar gives us in authentic detail the story of an event which for horror and far-reaching significance finds no parallel in the history of the world.

Since Cain killed Abel it is unlikely that any murderer has been more astonished at the consequences of his crime than are the men who on July 16th, 1918, ordered the killing of Nicholas II. Czar of all the Russias, together with his wife, children, doctor and a few faithful attendants.

Throughout the dark pages which stain the history of every country in the world, there is not one which records a more remarkable crime, or one carried out in circumstances more revolting. Other monarchs have died by the knife of the assassin, or in the heat of battle, or at the will of a section of the people momentarily in power. But in these cases the "execution" has been carried out with at least some degree of decency and solemnity, and the unhappy victim has not been without the opportunity of the ministrations of religion. It was reserved for the last and most powerful autocrat in the world, a man who, with all his faults, was simple, kindly and well-meaning; whose person and office were, even on the day of his death, sacred to, and loved by, an overwhelming majority of his subjects; who was a close ally of France, a cousin of the King of England, and related either by family or marriage to half the rulers of the civilised world, to be ordered from his bed at midnight by the loathsome, neurotic, blood-drunken Jew who was his gaoler, hustled with his wife, family and servants into a filthy cellar, the walls of which were covered with still filthier obscenities; and there, without the slightest warning, to be shot like a dog, with the awful knowledge in his final moment that his end was to be shared by all he loved best in the world, even by his little, crippled, fourteen-year-old son.

From the time of the Czar's arrest it is certain that Lenin and his Hebrew confederates had desired this end, but had never dared to order it. True to their character and nationality they so worded their orders to the Ekaterienburg Soviet, which was responsible for the safe keeping of the Imperial family, that, in the event of the victorious advance of the anti-revolutionary army, the Czar's death would become inevitable, while authorities at Moscow could, if necessary, deny all knowledge of the crime, and would, if expedient, cheerfully sacrifice the Ekaterienburg Soviet and Yrovsky, the actual murderer, to the clamour of an outraged world.

The Czar alive was a constant danger to the Bolshevik Government. The Czar dead might prove an even greater danger by uniting the still faithful Russian people with those European powers which stood for law, order and progress by evolution. The least that Lenin and Trotsky feared was a general rising of the Russian people, and, in particular, of the peasant population of Siberia; a general tendency to vomit up those fragments of "liberty" which had so recently been crammed down their throats. The worst that the Moscow leaders dreaded was a joint attack by France and England, backed by the moral support of the rest of the civilised world.

One can imagine their amazement to-day on looking back at what actually happened. The news of this most atrocious crime was received by a world exhausted after five years of warfare, and brutalised by familiarity with bloodshed and death, with nothing more formidable than a passing sensation of horror and disgust.

About twelve months later England decided not only not to interfere further in Russian affairs but even to withdraw such military support as she had, up to then, afforded the unhappy Kolchak.

Now, in the spring of this year, less than three years after the massacre of the Romanovs, we read in the English papers that His Majesty's Government has recognised the Soviet Government of Moscow as the *de facto* government of Russia, and that this view is upheld by an unanimous Court of Appeal of His Majesty's judges.

In a recent number of the *Pravda* Lenin officially denounces communism, and decides that the "Capitalist System" is still necessary for the financial salvation of Russia. "The devil is sick the devil a monk would be . . ." But unfortunately the devil does not die. One is as much impressed by the sincerity of the converted Lenin as one would be by the piety of the devil clad for the nonce in monkish garb. However, British merchants are now free to accept, in payment for goods supplied, the gold amassed by the murderers of Moscow as a result of their successful campaign of terrorism and tyranny.

If every sane man and woman in England would read Captain McCullagh's book, there might be some hope of convincing them that Bolshevism is not Russia's affair any more than it is England's. That in one respect it is vastly more England's affair than Russia's. Russia has already been reduced to ruin and decay. The next mission, and the avowed mission, of the Jew dictators of Moscow is to sow the seeds of that ruin and decay in the rest of the civilised world; and first and foremost on the programme is a determined attempt to disintegrate their most formidable foe—the British Empire.

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* A Prisoner of the Reds. Francis McCullagh. John Murray.

Is this only fancy? Is this mere prejudice? Is there in this country no indication of a power behind the elements of unrest in the industrial world and to some extent controlling them? Are there no signs further afield—in Ireland, in Egypt, in India—of a force ever ready to exploit grievances, whether racial, political or economic; ever anxious to undermine that respect for authority which comes primarily from a fear of God, by doing its utmost to abolish God from the lives of His creatures?

To-day the Worker of every land is on a high mountain. Before him is spread the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and in his ear a voice murmurs: *All these will I give thee if falling down thou wilt adore me.*

RAJAH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—With regard to above, a Mr. McLean, M.P., is reported to have asked his fellow free-first-class-travel-tipsters, "whether it was possible for a private member to move to summon the editor of the paper in question (PLAIN ENGLISH) to appear at the bar of the House to answer for maligning members of the Government, etc." Tut, tut!

Has the time arrived when those fatuous guffpots should be told that since, without their constituents' permission and as a Jew-suggested example of sharp practice, they voted themselves salaries which, like Easter, appear to be a movable feast, there is no longer a bar to the House? That, as paid servants, they must accept (with or without equanimity) the praise or blame of their employers? That if their hides have suddenly become too thin for such essential treatment, they must take it in turn to flunkey for the Chiltern Hundreds, or act in a manner that will give them praise rather than blame?

To an ever-increasing number of fellow-Britons it is becoming clear that as we pay those guffpots to carry out certain duties on our behalf, they must deliver the goods, be punished for neglect or ineptitude, or get out. In *plain* English, we are becoming "fed up" with the assumption of a superiority so persistently set up by these salaried representatives of holy (or otherwise) Labour.

When our cook serves the matutinal bloater to our dissatisfaction, then—outside the pages of an alleged-to-be funny paper—we do not allow her to summon us to the kitchen. Not at all. We summon her to the dining-room where she either promises to do better in future, or—she receives the irrevocable "order of the push." Why should these pay-themselves members of Parliament—who are not nearly so important to our well-being as is the average cook—expect a higher grade of treatment? "Bar of the the House," forsooth! The McLeans of life would appear to be in need of chunks of PLAIN ENGLISH? Iron-bound (and spike-fitted) for choice?

Yours, etc.,

W. J. W.

Cardiff.
May 19th, 1921.

DE VALERA, LENIN & CO.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Under this heading, and in the current number of PLAIN ENGLISH you remarked that—"If it were not for the strategic importance of Ireland we could wish that Lenin and Company might have control of Ireland for a year or two, and the native Irish would then understand what creatures their leaders have pledged them to support." Good! But you might have noticed that each unit of our glorious German-Jew-subsidised daily press is in possession of "the only way" to settle Ireland's "troubles." Unfortunately, each unit's "only" is different from the "only" of every other unit! To be in the fashion, then (and also to be of real utility), will you consider as another "only way" the following:—

Recall all loyal British subjects from Ireland, shipping Lloyd George and his Jews' Harps across to the "distressful Isle," that they might supply the essential chin-music and potty speeches instead of real help. This having been done make Ireland a Republic, thus cutting it adrift from all financial assistance hitherto supplied by England. Immediately the "freedom" is signed declare war against the new Republic, at the same time decreeing that no military measures of any kind be launched against that then sure-to-be-free country. Merely patrol Irish waters outside the three miles territorial limit so that no outsiders could land, and no natives could come away After three months of such patrol, send a few of our remaining Lenin-purchased labour "leaders" on shore, and await their return and their h-and-g-less report.

With this "only way," and at the end of the period indicated, quite a number of loyal subjects of his Majesty, the King, believe that peace, perfect peace, would reign, for,—there wouldn't be a disloyal Irishman left alive. Moreover, perfidious England would have nothing to do with the long-overdue clearance. Even the Yiddish gang would find a difficulty in maligning for the result. And peace having been thus obtained, we could leisurely arrange for another "only way" for the extermination of those International Rats who fatuously imagine that money will do everything on earth,—even to the capsizing of the Almighty's ordination that the murderers of Christ must continue homeless until He sees fit to forgive the crime. Sir, does the foregoing possess potentialities?

Yours, etc.,

Fetter Lane, London, E.C. "ANDROCLUS."

[Out of a population of 4¼ millions there are 1½ millions of loyal and industrious people. If any "shipping" is to be done, we suggest to our correspondent that Ireland might be improved by the removal of the Attacottic and Sinn Fein element. Why should we leave our best friends at the mercy of criminals?—ED.]

FRANCE, SILESIA, AND THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—One of your contemporaries this week voices the common (common place?) outcry that "the Poles will get the worst of it eventually, and France will come to hopeless grief financially." Can any of these wiseacres say why France in the interest of Europe and civilisation should not seize the Westphalian iron and coal and Germany's potash and recover over an indefinite period the whole cost of the war—not less than fifty thousand million sterling—inflicted upon the world by Germany's long organised and absolutely wanton attack? Obviously there is no reason why the world thus wounded should not restore itself financially from the Huns' effort to make themselves "über alles"—except—that this would not suit the purposes of Jewish international financiers, who are able to pull the tail of our Premier by the cant of "fairness" to the champion miscreants of all time and—the threat of the loss we (it means *they*) would incur were these miscreants not to be absolved and escape their due punishment.

When we are told that "unless we allow Germany to resume her world—and especially her British—commerce we can never get any indemnity," one might suppose that an ordinarily intelligent person would be reminded of the axiom, "in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." The pretty theory is that if we assist Germany to make money out of ourselves first she will throw us back a share of it. "A bird in the hand is worth several in the bush." Instead of laborious and fine-spun "negotiations" for getting money from Germany, it would be more rational to help ourselves from resources easily within our grasp.

Have not her crimes and atrocities been great enough to justify such action? What more do we want? Is moral law to be flouted and punishment to be divorced from devilry because a little profit might be made by ignoring such considerations? That is the barefaced policy of our "rulers"!

France is mistress of the situation, and whether we like it or lump it, as she has become strategically a part of England, we shall have to follow her lead. No wrigglings nor squirmings are of any use. We have either to back France through thick and thin, or have our throats eventually cut by the Huns. The Treaty of Versailles was made a "scrap of paper" when America denounced the "Covenant" of the "League of Nations." This precious document preceded the Treaty which was actually hung upon and interwoven with it. They fall together. Lloyd George's zeal for the strict observance of the Treaty is founded upon a sublimely audacious assumption that the thinking section of His Majesty's subjects are fools. No doubt he knows that "the Press" will back him up and pretend to see fitness and quite a high moral tone in his attitude. Has Germany observed the Treaty? Are we or are we not receiving fresh "offers" from a beaten foe who was only to be dealt with by dictation—when Mr. George was out vote catching? It is a disgusting spectacle that no responsible journal other than PLAIN ENGLISH has the courage or honesty to point this out.

As for Poland and Silesia. Until the late war and for generations precedent, it was the fashion in politics to bewail the infamous wrongs done her by the division of her territory between her nearest neighbours. Silesia was simply stolen by the Prussian King Frederick, miscalled "the Great," but to be more accurately designated as the Bully of a helpless woman, Maria Theresa. Numbers of public houses throughout this land bear his effigy as that of "The Protestant Hero." God save us! Anything Poland may get now must be less then her due. A mere partial restoration of stolen property.

And, any policy tending to erect a barrier between Germany and Russia, and to weaken the former's means for assaulting her neighbours makes for the permanent safety of mankind.

The policy of "Thorough" alone can save the world, by reducing Germany to impotence and keeping her in that condition, coute que coute.

Yours, etc.,
H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

10 Wetherby Terrace, S.W.
May 24th, 1921.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—As an admirer of your paper and its policy, I was naturally interested in the statements which you make in your last three issues with regard to Lord Northcliffe and his Press.

Having had an extensive experience of Bolshevism as a victim, not as a guest, I have long since discovered that the Northcliffe Press places Bolshevism in a false light, and is therefore either Jewish, or Jew-hoodwinked.

A good friend of mine, who is, as an average Englishman, a reader of the *Daily Mail*, etc., has taken the matter up, and quoted the extract from the *Semi-Gotha* to Lord Northcliffe, without mentioning his source of information.

The reply was very prompt, but also very brief. I enclose a copy of it.

It reminds one of what the Jews both in Russia and in England say when one mentions the Zion Protocols.

Will you kindly deal with this matter, and let me have either by letter, or through your esteemed journal, a few arguments in favour of the above-named statement?

I am doing my very best to distribute your paper amongst my friends, and I hope that you will succeed in doing for this great Empire of yours that which we were not able to do for our country.

Faithfully yours,
B.C.A.

169 Bedford Street South,
Liverpool.
May 23rd, 1921.

[We subjoin the letter from Lord Northcliffe's Secretary referred to. We also print two extracts from the *Semi-Gotha*.—EDITOR.]

"THE TIMES,"
Printing House Square,
London, E.C. 4.

SIR,—The statement you mention is a lie which originated with the Germans, who naturally are not fond of Lord Northcliffe.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) H. G. PRICE,
Private Secretary.

May 11th, 1921.

[Our comments on this letter will be found in "Life and Letters."—EDITOR.]

Extract from *Semi-Gotha*, 1913 —Page 289.

STERN—HARMSWORTH.

Now in England.
Mentioned in Dr. Adolph Kohut's "Jewish Men and Women."
Originating from the Jewish family of Stern of Frankfort.
Had some other name before.
Harms is the Anglo-Saxon for *Hyronimus*.

Extracts from *Semi-Gotha*, 1915.—Pages 366, 367, 368.

STERN—NORTHCLIFFE.

Formerly Harmsworth, originating from the Frankfort family of Stern, a Jewish newspaper proprietor, who through yellow journalism of the American style became in 1904 a baronet, and in 1905 baron and peer of England.

About this the *Weiner Reichspost* of August 12th, 1907, writes as follows:—

BOUGHT PEERAGES!—JEWISH MONEY CHANGERS AND SCANDAL JOURNALISTS AS BRITISH LORDS.

Jewish money changers and scandal journalists as British lords. One would like to see the faces of Burleigh, Buckingham, Monk and Chesterfield if they had seen the article in the *Saturday Review* about the trade in Titles which this paper candidly brings home to Campbell-Bannerman, the Prime Minister.

It is a protest against selling Titles to unworthy and discredited subjects and (in short) to Jews of the worst kind

We may remark that this scandal is all the more despicable because these titles become hereditary.

Why do the English aristocracy allow rat-catchers, scandal-journalists and money changers to occupy the same position as themselves in the House of Lords? How can the Upper House survive as a dignified Institution after accepting Wandsworth, Michelham and Northcliffe?

Two Sterns and a Harmsworth make a bitter pill for the British to swallow. With regard to the two Sterns, the first got his title from Lord Roseberry (who married Hanna Rothschild) and the second from Mr. Balfour.

We state that these men never rendered the nation any service, never occupied public positions or made any charitable efforts.

They did not even make their money in any trade which brought profit to England.

Their money was made by money exchange jobbing between London, Frankfort, Paris and Amsterdam.

With regard to that well-known baron, the very Honourable Lord Northcliffe, he made his money through yellow journalism, and his paper was responsible for the bloodshed in Pelsin, which ruined thousands of honourable people. The *Daily Mail* made a roaring trade and the nation nearly offered a prayer of thanksgiving in St. Paul's when it was known that the *Daily Mail* had spread a fake report. That was all!

The question is how much did these noble persons pay to be able to sit in the same chamber with honourable gentlemen, and to be called "My Lord" by their valets?

To whom did they pay the money, and what was done with it?

A peerage carries the political power to make laws or to prevent the passing of proposed laws.

Is it true that the peerages of Michelham and Northcliffe were bought for certain amounts of money? And was that money paid into the war chest of the Conservative Party?

Eminent Conservatives deny this, and we hope it is true. But what became of the money?

Nobody could expect us to believe that these peerages were given through sincere belief in the patriotic virtues of the recipients.

WHAT THE MURDER GANG FEAR.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH

SIR,—If the Government is sincere in its attempts to put an end to the incredibly disgraceful conduct of Sinn Fein, why does it not employ the remedy which cured a similar outbreak of Irish native crime in 1848?

A strong government at that time realised that there was a modifying climatic influence in the Southern Hemisphere; and it accordingly banished the leaders of the 1848 murder gang, and secured thirty years of peace.

Your Irish Sinn Feiner has no fear of imprisonment or death. He only fears banishment, as you pointed out some time ago in a leading article. And I consider that British public opinion would support such a policy if it were adopted by the Government.

At this moment there are several thousand Sinn Feiners either in Irish prisons or internment camps. Does the Government propose to release these persons?

If it releases them when things have "settled down" in Ireland there will inevitably follow a renewed outbreak of murder and outrage.

I suggest to you, sir, that you consult with the officials of the Irish Office, and they will assure you that what I have stated regarding the Sinn Fein's fear of banishment is correct.

Ireland is a strange country. Forces are evident in Ireland which would be regarded in England as merely the product of superstition; and the Irish Government is aware of the existence of these forces. It is these occult forces which cause the Sinn Feiner to fear banishment as he would not fear eternal perdition. And possessing the power which you possess, you can easily educate the public to the idea of banishment for Irish criminals.

John Mitchel, who was responsible for the disturbances and outrages of 1848, became a very tame individual after he had resided in Tasmania for a year or two.

Cromwell faced a problem such as the Government now faces, and he succeeded because he was courageous enough to banish the many rebels of his day.

After all, most of the imprisoned Sinn Feiners are potential murderers; and forced residence in the Southern Hemisphere would not be a severe penalty for their offences. At present, by executing Irish natives, the Government is merely playing into the hands of Sinn Fein, and making "martyrs" out of common assassins.

The British Empire is big enough to spare one island of strategic unimportance where De Valera and his gang could play at republicanism to their hearts' content.

I write as one with intimate knowledge of the Irish problem; and you will pardon my withholding my name and address from publication when I inform you that I am at present under "sentence of death" by the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and escaped from being murdered by what amounts to a miracle.

Your obedient servant,
Ireland. ULSTERMAN.
May 20th, 1921.

THE JEWS AND INDIA.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Having come across your estimable paper PLAIN ENGLISH, seeing the patriotic sentiments that prevail in the publication of the paper—that is to safeguard the interests of a united Empire—I was prompted to read a few of the back numbers, and was lucky in coming across some correspondence that dealt with the Jewish question in connection with the Empire in general, and India in particular. Being a Hindu and an Aryan, and always having taken a great interest in promoting the greatness of the Aryan race, and having read extensively on the subject, have come to the conclusion that the progressive and the most advanced of the civilised races "the Aryan" has a positive enemy in the most prominent of the Semite races—the Jew, who has always tried to undermine the stability and flourishing condition of the progressive Aryan wherever and whenever he has met him. It is a very long question to be dealt with in a letter, and if necessary at some future date will write you a series of articles from an Aryan point of view why the Jew hates the Aryan.

Now to the particular subject in hand—that is, how the Jew is undermining the British influence in India. In the issue of PLAIN ENGLISH of March 19th, a correspondent of the name of H. Crouch-Batchelor asks you in the letter, "What must be the inference drawn by thoughtful and intelligent 'natives' in reference to a Jewish Viceroy of India?" Probably you remember—not many years back—the hue and cry that was raised in consequence of a Catholic being a duly and legitimately elected Lord Mayor of London, when protestant Christianity could not stick a brother Christian being elected the chief magistrate of the metropolis of the British Empire, and which was only for a duration of one year. But the Jew-controlled Protestant Press never raised its voice when a Christ-hating Jew was raised to a position of a Viceroy, which in legal terms and in its radical meaning means "in the place of the King." The King constitutionally means the Defender of the Faith, which means the defender of Christianity.

The new Viceroy, Lord Reading, as a Jew, could neither attend the Church service in the Catholic or the Protestant churches, or be present at the Church parade of the Army, nor take part in any of the State functions pertaining to the Army, in connection with ecclesiastical questions. Leave alone the thoughtful and the intelligent natives, what about the non-intelligent masses who take only the cue from the ceremony and ceremonial occasions, of the greatness of the British Raj in India. When they see the "Lord Sahib" missing for the first time—they may in their indulgence of ignorance make due allowances for the non-appearance of the representative of their Emperor to sickness or some other cause, but when they continuously see the same thing re-occurring time after time, and at different places, and on different occasions, what will be their inference?

Yours truly,
AN ARYAN OF INDIA.

OSTARA.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Your paper is a literary one; although you also embark upon matters of political and social and religious interest. I ventured to join your little circle where it was discussing "Ostara," and being finally convinced of the immense superiority of the "blond" type I departed thence in a contemplative mood, twitching my mantle blue with a farewell touch around me, as I hie'd me "to pastures new."

I came upon another circle talking "Ostara." But here what do I notice so reverently spoken? The words "Our Master"—"Christ"—"the Gospel." Such intriguing words are naturally magnetic to a philosophic mind; for we "philosophers" all know that To-day is *der Tag* of a conflict of civilisations. There are innumerable Gospels of Ostara, and Everything *meum* and Nothing *tuum*—and there is one Gospel which seems to give everything away to another and keep nothing for oneself. So my hesitating sandals rest for but a little while beside this group. Who are they? Who are these tongues most reverent in speech of "Our Master," etc., etc.?

The depth of the reasoning is so far beyond me—and as I see from the footnote you print in your issue of May

21st is also too much for you to "swallow!"—that I give it up. But the passion for literary criticism is too strong for me to relinquish the circle altogether. I am captured by the refreshing apology which one of the informants of the circle makes for what he calls his "foreign language," all its imperfections he says please forgive, the same which he apprehends in his unfolded plan of speech on this great subject. Yes, I will listen to so freely modest and retiring a *literateur!*

And now let me congratulate you and Mr. Denny on your joint discovery. He is truly a professor of languages —like a Christian "born, not made"!

Behold his letter!

You cannot help but note the striking interest it carries in the infinite discretion of such words; it is a speech so completely philosophical. The capital letter is not altogether forgotten, but it is carefully used so as not to give the impression that a purely philosophic and abstract study of "Our Master" is anything personal to the crowd of us. "We" are gentiles, the speech practically says. "Our Master" is the Master of those who are here. *Us* gentiles all together in chorus sing "Our Master." You will notice that the personal element is carefully submerged, as it ought to be, in Pömmern philosophy.

For example, there is one Name! But stay, we must not drag names of Personalities into what is only impersonal! Yet, I say, one Name might tell us Who is our Master. But here we observe the excellent caution which belongs to the nature of this discourse. I daresay you know that for a lecturing professor to use a rude and slang phrase in his discourse is as dreadful as if it were anathema to earnest study.

To use Names is anathema to earnest study. You must not drag in Individuals. Besides, it suggests that you *believe* in the sanctity of these Personages; and to take anything for granted and believed is a crime in something that is—that ought to be—in the nature of an abstract study. It is only something of a passionate belief, a passionate dogmatic belief, that gives a capital letter to the word of Him —oh, I must refrain again from mentioning the Name!—but it is the cool and calculating philosophy in this matter we must be all out to discuss and thoroughly and properly analyse, that leaves out the capital, or, better still, *perhaps!* —leave out the whole Name altogether.

And so listen to it! Here is our grave and reverend Teacher, who tells us to the effect that—I will speak of "Christ as a jewish man." You see how the personal element is entirely obliterated! And then later on we are privileged to observe the "other Christ" (so to speak): the *futurity* of something actually proved, a *real* "Christ," who is naturally worthy of the capital letter of Fact and Proof—do you not see? For if ever there is a Jew to come, an Emmanuel who actually proves the existence of "Christ"—a real *Jew's* "Christ"—his name becomes magnified beyond the mere "jewish man" to that of Christ, a Jew *religiously viewed*. And so to be sure speaks our grave and reverend Teacher—"The denomination of Christ as a Jew from the religious point of view."

We make no foolish mistake about "accident." The remarkable linguistic abilities, the supreme education which fetched us from Pömmern a master-work of excellently-written English, only leaves out capital letters and puts them in (with a "jar," so to speak—to stamp upon our credulity and sentiment) when the nature of the discourse leaves no other alternative: not to the tongue and pen of the speaker. And similarly it would appear there is an occasion in his letter when your informant on Jews' history finds it necessary to make an exception.

Who is the one Jew in all his letter who has earned a capital "J" to his designation a real Jew? None of the "jews'" Apostles, but one Jew! But he is referred to so nicely—this Jew! Even "Our Master," the "jewish man" can scarcely compete with so honourable a mention.

And this one Jew is described so completely:—"A Jew in blood, for that 'he could not help it.' A Jew in reason —so utterly different from those small-letter 'jews' who could not see thus far with their gentile intelligence and blood as he (I beg pardon, *He!*) saw the whole effect of Reason and Truth." Can you not guess why he is so nicely referred to?—"You yourself will know whom I mean!" What a delicate reference it is! We shall make a guess for it.—Do you know what it is to treasure an ideal? Let us suppose the "ideal" of some thoughtful philosopher is translated into an image. That image is sacrosanct. Its memory is a holy picture, and the ground on which you plant it is holy ground. It shows how even an "abstract" philospher, cold and detached from anything but proven fact, can yet cherish an ideal, a passionate high soul of an ideal! To unveil this ideal to the eyes of a mob of PLAIN ENGLISH readers, to expose the loved one's image too suddenly (we might say!) so suddenly as not to leave one time to contain the muttering and reviling tongue with perhaps its contemptuous "spit upon" that memory; to so suddenly give the *name* of it as to do this!—well, is it not *blasphemy?* You give the name of your "saint," it proves on the spur of the sudden moment to draw upon itself the venom of contempt and insult, instead of the abstract cold view you had anticipated for its reception! Then you are accessory to the blasphemy. And that effigy, no longer an image in the shape of an "idol," it may happen to be of rather *special* "controversial" clay. May too quickly invite the swift thought to the mind of the prejudiced populace of one thing only—something that "gave a kiss" to his Master?

No, better leave out the Name, just as you did the—— the Second Name you had already wisely left to its own unspoken "You know Whom I mean."

It is a splendid letter.

I looked very carefully where you had printed your footnote to see if I could read any of those pretty little "crosses" which affectionate epistles usually conjoin to the matter of their ordinary messages.

Yours truly,
D. C. KEMP,
Lieut.-Col., I.M.S.

London.
May 23rd, 1921.

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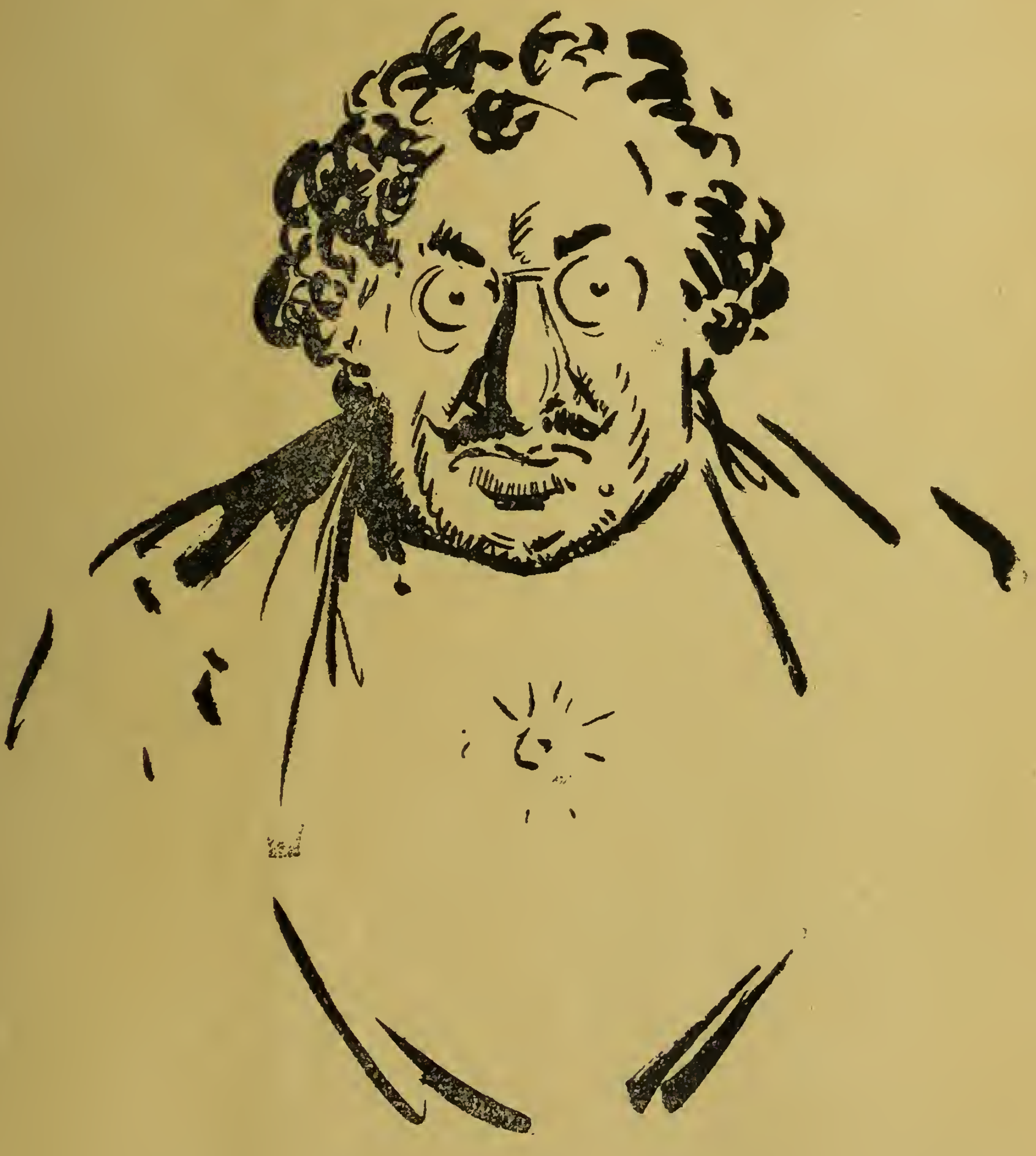

"BLAIN ENGLISCH" ISN'T READ
BY SCHENTLEMEN!

THE NATIONAL ECONOMICAL PARTY.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS - - - President.

FOUNDED BY THE BRITISH SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS.

Temporary Offices:

147 WEST STREET, SHEFFIELD.

FORMATION:—This Union or Party has been formed by the Secretary, Hon. Capt. Charles Frobisher, and the Members of the Executive Council of the British Society of Engineers, and the

OBJECTS are:—

(1) To thoroughly orgonise a Political Party representative of every day or present day public opinion.

(2) To publicly investigate and denounce profiteering concerns and their shareholders or directors.

(3) To organise public capital to counteract and remove Trusts and Combines effecting corners on commodities.

(4) To publicly expose Government and Municipal Waste and Policies detrimental to the interests of the public.

(5) To generally publish information to the working classes and uninitiated, of the growing peril of the Jewish Domination of Great Britain and the Colonies, and to initiate a policy for the eradication of such influence, by the restoration of the Act of Settlement (1700), and other Acts which will forbid the appointment and election of Aliens to Municipal and State Positions.

GENERAL.—No doubt the reader is familiar with numerous examples of waste and extravagant expenditure of the present Government and its *programme of action* financially for the future. The high taxation may be illustrated forcibly when we realize that at the present moment every British subject is taxed £16 per head, whilst in Germany the taxation per head is merely equivalent to £4, and in France also the rate is one quarter of what the British taxpayer has to bear.

Militarily speaking we won the war, but it does not follow that we shall pay for it. We must draw the reader's attention to the fact that if our enemies had succeeded we could not have been taxed higher than we are at present.

The reader will no doubt remember the Boer War, how we won it, and also how the taxpayer had to pay for it, to the immense amusement of all European Nations.

It appears that the late war will be a repetition of 1900. Will you allow this?

The Britisher is well known for his apathetic indifference to Politics, but to-day it is essential that every taxpayer shall take an active interest in Politics, or at least the financial side of it, and it is the essential duty of all to make a determined effort to stem the chaotic expenditure IMMEDIATELY.

We are losing trade, and taxation increases, finance is transparent, and manufacturers do not know how long they will be able to manufacture.

Can this go on for ever? Common-sense directs a breaking point will eventually be reached. What if the breaking point assumed the aspect of terrorism and Bolshevism, which it most certainly will do if trade is stopped and labour is at a standstill.

An empty stomach knows no conscience, and hunger is an incentive to any deed. Will you join our party, and help to swell its influence, membership and effect? We do not ask you for the usual contributions and donations attendant to this venture, but we leave the same to your resources and discretion.

There are several anti-Waste Members in Parliament, but what are their feeble voices in contrast with several hundreds? Nothing else but a majority of anti-Waste Members will secure an economical and efficient Cabinet, and be able to secure that economical expenditure which means the death-knell of the Limpets and Ducks and Drakes, who emulate the Chinese. Do not allow your children and grand-children to regret or curse your apathetic indifference of the moment. Let those who broke the window pay for it. GERMANY MUST PAY for the war and NOT THE BRITISH TAXPAYER.

I beg to remain, yours very sincerely.

CHARLES FROBISHER,

F.R. Met. Soc., A.M.I. Ae. E., Secretary.

THE NATIONAL ECONOMICAL PARTY.

Offices: 147 WEST STREET, SHEFFIELD.

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CAN YOU ADEQUATELY EXPRESS YOURSELF?

Can you readily put into words just what your heart would have you say? The majority of English-speaking people find it difficult to use their own language except in ordinary conversation. How often one is dissatisfied with an essay once it is written! How few men can write an important letter with ease! Fewer still can make an effective speech.

At public schools there is little or no training in giving verbal expression to thoughts and ideas. This is the chief cause of later difficulties; it also explains why so many fail to do themselves justice in examinations.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 443
The Corruption of Society... 447
A Jew for St. George's........ 448
Finance and Stock Notes..... 449
The Problem of Relativity and Fourth Dimension... 450
PAGE
John Brown on the Protocols of Zion 451
Reviews 453
Correspondence 457
Books Received 458

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

An Oxford Outrage.

We call the attention of the authorities of Oxford University to a disgraceful poem entitled "The Heathen's Song," which was printed in the issue dated May 25th of the *Isis*, the Oxford undergraduate weekly paper. Deeply as we regret having to give publicity to such abominable stuff, in the public interest and with a view to the removal from the University of the author and the editor who are responsible for having given it publicity, we quote as follows:—

I'll dance the moon down, up the sun,
  In wine fuse night and day,
And let my flickering passions run
  Like fire in sparkled *(sic)* hay:

Or give me gods of grimmer mould,
  With hell-fire in their veins;
Whose lightnings crack the over-bold
  From crown to smoking reins.

And I'll stretch Beauty on a stone,
  Naked and young and dead,
So Hecate's rusty light alone
  Dare show how Beauty bled.

For gods and devils give me these
  And each shall have his due:
But shall I tumble on my knees
  At name of bastard Jew?

Or bow, while wrinkled maids devour
  Like kine with harmless cud
A God new-made of wheaten flour
  With sweetened wine for blood?

Thou Shapeless Master of the fold,
  Eyeless and full of eyes:
I see men wizen and grow old
  To win Thy heavenly prize:

I see men wizen and grow dry
  Who live before Thy face—
I'd sooner damn my soul, would I,
  Than sell it for Thy Grace!

ELGE.

The italics are ours, and we submit that the author of this horrible poem and the editor who is responsible for printing it, have rendered themselves liable to prosecution under the laws against blasphemy. The whole production is a combination of blasphemy, satanism and sadism, which we have never seen equalled. If the authorities at Oxford are going to allow the open publication in the undergraduate magazine of such disgraceful lines, we can only say that it is high time that decent people took their boys away from Oxford. We are not at present in the possession of the name of the author of the "poem" and the literary editor of the paper, but we can say that the first is a German Jew and the second an apostate Catholic.

Typical "Temperance" Dishonesty.

We cull the following letter from the columns of the *Morning Post*:—

DRINK REGULATIONS.

To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

SIR,—We have observed with regret the daily attempts of a few members of the House of Commons to discredit the Central Board of Control (Liquor Traffic), and the necessity for the continuance, even in a modified form, of restrictions imposed as a result of war-time experience. While we have no title to defend the Board of Control, the success of whose public-spirited efforts during a time of stress is gratefully acknowledged by fair-minded citizens everywhere, we desire to say that we find no evidence of that widespread dissatisfaction with the present modest measures of restriction which is alleged to exist. On the contrary, we believe that the vast majority of thoughtful citizens, whether consumers of alcohol or not, would deplore and oppose a return to pre-war conditions of sale.—Yours, etc.,

MARGARET BONDFIELD.
W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.
W. CARLILE (for the Church Army).
MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.
R. C. GILLIE (President, National Free Church Council).
ARTHUR HENDERSON.
ROBERT F. HORTON.
ALAN G. KNOTT (Sub-Warden, Mansfield House Settlement, Canning Town).
J. A. LICHFIELD (Bishop of Lichfield).
J. SCOTT LIDGETT (Warden, Bermondsey Settlement).
J. J. MALLON (Warden of Toynbee Hall Settlement).
F. W. NEWLAND (Supt. of Claremont Central Mission, Pentonville).
MARION PHILLIPS.
MARY SCHARLIEB.
E. P. WOOLLCOMBE (Head of Oxford House Settlement, Bethnal Green).

May 30th.

Mr. MacQuisten pointed out the other day in the House of Commons in the course of a brilliant speech that the chief characteristic of "temperance" advocates was their extraordinary dishonesty and their tendency to tell lies. His remarks were made in all seriousness, though they were received with laughter in the House of Commons. The signatories to the above letter are perfectly aware that their statements that the "success" of the Board of Control is "gratefully acknowledged by fair-minded citizens everywhere," and that there is "no evidence of wide-spread dissatisfaction" are deliberately untrue, but they put them forth to the world with the dogged disregard for truth and common sense which is their chief characteristic. We are at a loss to understand why the *Morning Post* should give publicity to the statements of this kind from a self-elected body of mischievous cranks who have no title to represent more than an insignificant fraction of the community. We are, however, at any rate, glad to see that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has resisted the temptation of signing a document in company with the representatives of the "Free Churches" and the Salvation Army. We also note the phenomenon that the signature of the Bishop of London is missing from the list of signatories, a fact on which we heartily congratulate his lordship.

America Tackles the Jew.

Some time ago we announced that the society called the Ku Klux Klan had undertaken the difficult business of keeping revolutionary Jews in their proper place. It is natural that the *Times*, which is almost entirely Jewish-owned (the Jew Ellerman possessing 51 per cent. of the stock, and Northcliffe 38 per cent. with a control of the policy), should publish "news" about the doings of the Ku Klux Klan, of which the following extract is a specimen:—

> Masked raiders, after the manner of the Ku Klux Klan, who claim as their object the "upholding of the supremacy of the white race," have been spreading terror in various parts of the State of Texas.
>
> Whites and negroes alike who come under their displeasure have been subjected to tarring and feathering, and other more painful and serious indignities. Despite the efforts of the local and State police, not a single arrest has yet been made.

The British public must prepare for a stream of lies about the Ku Klux Klan. But we venture to believe that it is strong enough to withstand the usual assaults of the Learned Elders. The Learned Elders have themselves to blame if they continue to rouse the fury of Christendom.

The Jew is now unmasked. But the problem which lies before the world is how to deal with the Jew.

We hold no brief for those who preach pogroms. Such methods only arouse sympathy for creatures whose sole desire is the humiliation of Christendom.

There is only one effective way of meeting the Jewish Peril, and that is to put the Jew in his proper place, and keep him there.

He is an alien and a disturber of the peace, an international plotter, who believes that his financial power will make him invincible.

If the Jew insists upon living in Christian countries, he must be forced to live by himself. He must realise that there is no place in Christian society for him. He is a danger; and as a danger he must be kept at a safe distance.

In other words, the solution of the Jewish problem lies in a return to the policy of the Ghetto. No Jew must be admitted to Parliament. No Jew must be allowed to hold office under the Crown. And in society, this international plotter must never be seen at a Christian table.

Americans realise this; and the Harding administration is as free from Jews as any government since the Middle Age.

Loyal Ulster and Labour.

It is well in these disloyal days that there is one spot in the three kingdoms which exhibits unwavering loyalty to the Throne. We have, from time to time, placed the truth about Ulster before our readers. And as a confirmation of our statements, we are glad to quote from an article by Mr. Thompson Donald, M.P., who represents the largest labour constituency in the British Isles.

Mr. Donald, says:—

> The Ulster folk are few in number, but intensely independent. For centuries we have fought to preserve our liberty—individual and corporate, material and spiritual. Our perpetual conflict against odds has taught us the value of unity; it has also produced in us a sense of personal freedom, of self-reliance, and of self-respect which make us the most democratic of peoples. "United we stand, divided we fall," is the motto of Belfast City.
>
> The labours and the perils which Ulster men and women of every walk of life have endured in common, during the ten years' struggle for racial freedom, have drawn us ever more closely together—politically, socially, industrially—and have brought us near to that condition of citizenship described by Macaulay:—
>
> *Then none were for a party, then all were for the*
> *State;*
> *And the rich man helped the poor, and the poor*
> *man loved the great.*
>
> Malignant and slavish doctrines of class warfare and mass tyranny, propounded by foreign Jewish revolutionaries—the Bolshevik element—make little appeal to us, for the very simple reason that we are perfectly capable of managing our own affairs without their aid or interference; we have lived at close quarters with mischief and strife makers, and so we know the breed and avoid it.

We are glad to observe that Ulstermen have taken the warning which we gave them regarding the attempts which such Jews as Greenspoon were making to disturb the friendship which exists in Ulster between capitalists and manual workers.

People in this country might take a leaf out of Ulster's book, with great advantage to themselves.

Instead of setting up a separate party, the manual workers in Ulster arranged that their parliamentary representatives should be incorporated in the Unionist party; and this arrangement has proved of immense advantage to all concerned.

Mr. Donald, who is one of the Labour-Unionist Members of Parliament, deals in the following manner with the problem of Labour in Ulster:—

> Notwithstanding all the machinations of the conspirators, both internal and external, against the strength of Britian, the sensible mass of our labouring men know perfectly well, I think, that the interests of Capital and Labour are in the main identical. The policy of the Ulster Go·ernment will be, not to antagonise these two giant co-forces of production, but to bring them closer together for the general good. The Ulster workman is the last person in the world to lie down under unfair treatment, and the Ulster employer, being made of precisely the same stuff himself, is the last man to expect him to do so. A lifetime spent in the workshops, and as a bird of passage between the shop and the board-room, has taught me that the sense of fairplay and justice is strong on both sides, and that it is more deeply rooted and far more creative than the propensity to dissension. We hope that by good-will, clear-sightedness, and hard work we shall, in a very little time, remove many of those disabilities which handicap the worker in his desire to live a healthy, happy, and profitable life, in decent conditions, and with an ever broader interest in the fine and beautiful things which this world of ours contains.

Long ago in PLAIN ENGLISH we declared that the only safe way to deal with revolutionaries was to treat them as foes, and keep them at arm's length. The present peaceful condition of Ulster is the result of the application of this policy.

Jutland Anniversary.

The Berlin Skaggerak Society celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Jutland on 31st ult. by the exhibition of a Skaggerak film with actual pictures of the sea fight.

We do not know whether this film included pictures of Mr. Winston Churchill's visit to Sir Ernest Cassel, and the drawing up of the false report, together with a scene in the Admiralty, when Mr. Balfour took his feet off the mantelpiece to sign it.

If it did not include these items, we suggest to the Government that the British official Jutland film might be improved by the addition of the following episodes, together with those mentioned above:—

(1) British Admiralty recalling destroyers and allowing the Germans to escape.

(2) Germany's spy in the Admiralty at work.

(3) Sir Ernest Cassel and his friends operating on the stock exchanges of London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Vienna, Petrograd, Rome and Madrid.

(4) Procession of furniture vans bearing Sir Ernest Cassel's gifts to Mr. Winston Churchill, in Eccleston Square.

(5) Crowds of distracted people in Whitehall awaiting lists of casualties for a week.

(6) Messrs. Balfour and Churchill reading list of casualties on the first day of the week, and deciding to withhold them from the public until the correction of the false report could be safely issued without disturbing Sir Ernest Cassel's peace of mind.

(7) Mr. F. C. Tiarks at work.

As the Government, in spite of our disclosures, has taken Mr. Churchill to its heart, we can only assume that it is proud of his record. And we feel sure, seeing it has such cause for pride, that it will offer no objection to the staging of the foregoing episodes in the Jutland drama. Obviously they were not photographed at the time. But there would be no difficulty in arranging that the persons concerned should act while a photographer exposed the requisite yards of film.

Rehearsals would be unnecessary. The actors played their parts so well when the play was a drama of life, death and high finance, that they could be trusted to act when nothing more than the spoiling of films could be involved.

The Murder of Lord Kitchener.

We extract the following passage from PLAIN ENGLISH of May 14th :—

> Lord Kitchener, full of years and wisdom, had never given his confidence to Mr. or Mrs. Asquith. In fact, Mrs. Asquith once flatly demanded : " Why do you not tell me the truth, Lord Kitchener ? " While her brother, a Tennant, who was for a time Parliamentary Secretary to the Secretary of State for War, was induced to make things as unpleasant as possible at the War Office. This man was married to a Miss Abrahams, known in the city as " the only woman company director." In despair at the confusion caused by these people, Colonel Fitzgerald, Lord Kitchener's A.D.C., complained of their activities, and was flatly told by Sir Denison Ross, a Director of a Branch of Military Intelligence : " What Lord Kitchener must realise is that this war was planned by the Jews, caused by the Jews, and is fought for the purpose of drawing out the Jewish race."
>
> Upon hearing this Lord Kitchener's comment was : " I regard the blood of the best men of England as too great a price to pay for educating the Jew. Can no Christian occupy a position of trust in the War Office ? " That brave statement sealed his death warrant. Also, Sir Denison Ross, " because he was indiscreet," was removed from the War Office to a less dangerous post as director of the Oriental School of Studies, where he would be under the watchful eye of the Jew, Hartog, the secretary of that institution.

The immediate result of this hint about the death of Lord Kitchener, following upon our previous references to his murder, was a move which we did not anticipate. " Germany " cabled to America and informed the American public that Kitchener was killed by a mine which had been placed on the high seas in readiness for the *Hampshire*.

We congratulate " Germany " (better known as the Learned Elders of Zion) upon her astuteness. But even " German " astuteness when confronted by the truth cuts a very poor figure. And the truth is about to prevail in this matter as it has prevailed in other matters.

For grave reasons we have refrained from presenting to the world the truth about Kitchener's murder in all its hideous details. We considered that the time was not ripe for the disclosure ; but " Germany " has forced the pace, and in the near future we shall tell the horrible story, because the links in our chain of evidence are now fitted together. Even the arranged absence of Sir Matthew Nathan in Queensland will not now hamper us in making our disclosures. It was through the misguided devotion of certain Irishmen, rather than through the cunning of the " German," that the murder of Lord Kitchener was accomplished.

Lord Kitchener, had he lived, could have prevented the massacre of the Russians by the Jews; and it is upon those who desired this massacre that the blame for the murder must be laid.

" Starvation and Feebleness."

The Press Committee of the Jewish Board of Deputies has issued a pamphlet entitled " The New Anti-Semitism," which not only answers our recent charges in the usual manner by screaming, " Lie, Lie, Lie," but goes further and appeals to the reader's " charity for the under-dog " by a method which is known in American slang as " pulling the sob-stuff." The *rôle* of the Jew is described thus pitifully :—

> Far from desiring to govern the world, they were content with the opportunity to live. Numerically they constitute less than one per cent. of the population of the earth ; and more than one half of them are on the verge of starvation. The suggestion that, in their feebleness, they have been planning in secret conclave to seize absolute power and to dominate the ninety-nine per cent. of non-Jews upon the globe is a ridiculous invention than which even madness can conjure nothing more preposterous.

The Jewish Board of Deputies meets on the Sabbath, and in regard to these Sunday plottings, the French Ambassador at the Hague, as early as the year 1698, reported to his government :—

> Salonika is the governing centre for their (the Jews) nation in these two parts of the world and is responsible for them to Venice, which, together with Amsterdam, rules the northern countries (including the merely tolerated community of London, and the secret brotherhoods of France). The result of this association is that on the two topics of news and commerce they receive, one might almost say, the best information of all that goes on in the world, and on this they build up their system every week in their assemblies, wisely choosing for this purpose the day after Saturday, *i.e.* the Sunday, when the Christians of all denominations are engaged in their religious exercises. These systems, which contain the minutest details of news received during the week, are, after having been carefully sifted by their rabbis and the heads of their congregations, handed over on the Sunday afternoon to their Jewish stockbrokers and agents. These are men of great cleverness, who after having arranged a preconcerted plan among themselves, go out separately to spread news which should prove most useful for their own ends ; ready to start manipulations on the morrow, the Monday morning, according to each individual's disposition : either selling, buying or exchanging shares. As they always hold a large reserve of these commodities, they can always judge of the most propitious moment, taking advantage of the rise or fall of the securities, or even sometimes of both, in order to carry out their plans.

" Our People—their own Censors."

The *Jewish Guardian*, however, undoes the " feebleness " plea of the Board of Deputies' pamphleteer in an interview with a Mr. Godal, " the moving genius of moving picture industry." Mr. Godal is asked if the " industry " would ever become a danger to " the Jew and his heritage." We quote part of the interview :—

> " You have no fear, then, for any invasion of anti-Jewish films ? "
>
> " Impossible. Remember that *our* people are in the unique position of being their own censors, their own judges of what fare they shall offer their patrons from the miles of film with which they are tempted. Had the Jew any desire to counteract race prejudice by film, the material is ready to hand. But, personally, I do not anticipate the necessity."

Just as the Press is responsible for moulding and shaping opinions, and even determining the destiny of a country, so the cinema has as great and possibly a greater influence upon the imagination of the public. A French writer has placed the cinematograph industry third amongst the industries of the world. And this power is one in which " *our* people are in the unique position of being their own censors." O, the feebleness of it, Rothschild ; the feebleness of your propaganda of the starving innocents of Jewry.

The Oyster.

The *Saturday Review* the other day published the following touching dithyramb about the Oyster :—

> How few know anything of the life of the shellfish they eat and pay for so blithely ! After their first few days of separate existence, oysters never move, unless the tides or waves which run across their mud-beds shift them ; yet theirs is a life of constant worry and anxiety : the slightest variation in temperature brings pain, suffering and even death ; while the five years of their maturing is one long struggle to get food and avoid attack and destruction. One small insect can fasten on the shell, drill right through it a hole, so small as to be unnoticeable, and discharge a poison strong enough to kill the oyster and open the

shell. But the common starfish, or "five-finger," as fishermen call it, is perhaps the most dreaded enemy of all. On the poor oyster's back this foul creature settles, fixing its powerful tentacles round the thin edges of the lid, to suck and suck with incredible force until the shell is frayed and broken. Thereafter it sucks at the body of the starving inhabitant, which struggles till increasing weakness causes the great hinge to relax and yield the succulent contents to the victor. Another dreaded neighbour has the knack of the all-important hinge, and can paralyse its muscle, so that it opens of itself; while the strong dun crow of the seashore will lift an oyster from its bed to drop it time after time from a height on to a convenient rock, till it is smashed sufficiently for the inside to be withdrawn. So the oyster's days are not so peaceful as they seem.

The *Morning Post* on the other hand is an authority on goats, and from time to time prints letters on this enthralling subject from the pen of Lady Bathurst.

PLAIN ENGLISH declines to be outdone by its contemporaries in the matter of natural history, and accordingly we present our readers with the following beautiful poem:—

THE OYSTER.

In the abysses of the ocean deeps,
Fathoms removed from men and mortal strife,
The unexpectant oyster smiles and sleeps
Through the calm cycle of his peaceful life.

What though above his head the steamboat plies,
And close at hand he hears the fume and fuss
Of the impetuous Halibut that flies
The mad embraces of the Octopus.

Though the fierce tails of Whales like flails descend
Upon the water lashed to furious foam,
And the Sea-serpents writhe and twist and bend
All round the purlieus of his ocean home,

He still preserves his philosophic calm,
His high detachment from material things,
And lays to his untroubled soul the balm
Of that contentment oft denied to Kings.

Not far off, on the shore, men fume and fret,
And prowl and howl and postulate and preach,
The Baby bellows in the bassinette,
And the Salvation Army on the beach.

The unsuccessful "Artist" of the "Halls"
Has blacked his face with cork, and now he sings
Of moons and coons and comic funerals
And the enchantment that the cakewalk brings.

And on the pier the "milingtary band"
Poisons the air with beastly brazen sound,
While cockney couples wander hand-in-hand,
And dismal tourists tour, and bounders bound.

And donkey-boys allure to donkey rides,
The sitters on the sand beside the sea,
And touts sell "guides" to all the tours provide,
From theatres to "painless dentistry."

To all this noise the oyster lends no ear,
Partly because he has no ear to lend,
Partly because he hates to interfere,
Chiefly because this rhyme must have an end.

A. D.

The Recurring Samuel.

Miss Meredith-Beaumont in a letter to PLAIN ENGLISH published on May 7th told how Mr. Samuel-Samuel persuaded Mr. Reginald Wilson, the secretary of the British Empire Union, to withdraw a British Empire Union poster bearing the words "International Jew Financier." In the same letter Miss Meredith-Beaumont explained how a meeting to discuss the League of Nations "thanks to the action of a number of imported Jews who were well supported by local Sinn Feiners and the party hacks of Mr. Samuel-Samuel, M.P." was broken up by howling down the speakers.

It is interesting to note that this same recurring Samuel, who is the member for Putney, is now of the opinion that "there is more than the forces of labour at work in the recent strike." To the members of the local Constitutional Club Mr. Samuel said:

> Revolution has been nearer, perhaps, than anyone realises. I can tell you that papers and documents were discovered some months ago which brought home to the Government the fact that there was a plan, which had been prepared in connection with Lenin and his associates, to have a revolution here.

Although it is a matter of doubt if the "documents" meant the Protocols of the Learned Elders, perhaps Mr. Samuel-Samuel will recommend his constituents to read PLAIN ENGLISH, which has, for several months before Mr. Samuel Samuel's discovery of the plan to cause revolution in England, not only disclosed this plan but the force behind it.

Presentation to Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant.

We have received the following communication, which we have pleasure in publishing:—

> The friends and admirers of Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant are organising a Presentation to her as a mark of appreciation of her public services to the country before and during the war, and as a proof of the great and unabated confidence felt in her by those who know her and have worked with her, and also by those who only know her as one of the great Pioneers of Women's Work. Will you join us in this, and send your contribution, however small, to the Hon. Treasurer of the Presentation Committee.

Lady Askwith, of 3 Gloucester Walk, W. 8, is acting as Hon. Treasurer for England, and Colonel The Hon. R. Stapleton-Cotton for Wales.

FALSE GODS.

Mine is the fault, and mine the punishment;
I raised the altar, decked the gilded throne,
And made Love's effigy a robe and crown,
While all things lacking my desire had lent.
The sweetness of the incense-fire is spent,
The seed has dropped before the corn is mown,
And Pain shall reap what Folly's hand has sown;
Nor should I cry to Fate in discontent.

I gave thee all my love with no disguise,
Thy smile my Heaven, thy blame my misery;
Worlds, past and future, held on one sole trust,
And thus I sought to conquer Paradise.
How should I guess that this the end should be?
Behold my idol shattered in the dust.

WENTWORTH.

THE CORRUPTION OF SOCIETY.

THE battle against the Jew and Jew-born corruption is fought on many fronts. Bad as is the state of affairs in politics when we find all the principal offices of state held by Jews or by their kept agents, it is worse in that soulless entity called "society."

The utter absence of even any outward show of decency is what strikes one most forcibly in this regard. It is possible for the degenerate scion of an ancient and noble house, having divorced his own wife and deposited her in a home for inebriates, to contract a registry-office alliance with a wealthy woman, who has in her turn obtained a divorce from her Jewish husband, and within three weeks of their marriage to foist his partner on to society in the capacity of a full-blown hostess.

This actually occurred recently, and backed up by a certain kind-hearted *grande dame* who acted out of pure good nature, this fifth-rate, alien, ex-wife of a Jew made all her arrangements for "getting into society" by means of a ball. The infatuated members of her new husband's family were perfectly ready, through pure stupidity and guilelessness, to fall in with her scheme, and as they happen to comprise among them almost all that is left of the old, still as yet undishonoured British aristocracy, the charming lady's designs would, no doubt, have been crowned with complete success but for a slight hitch caused by the old-fashioned prejudice against cynical impudence and heartless brazenness of a near relative of her husband's. Even this gentleman, being good-natured and easy-going enough where his own family is concerned, would have concealed his disgust at the blatant proceedings, if the interesting couple, flushed with premature success, had not gone out of their way to turn their proposed ball into a direct challenge from "The Learned Elders of Zion" to the forces of decency and righteousness.

With incredible stupidity they failed to realise that the one man who could open or shut the door of "society" to them was the very person whom they went out of their way to flout and insult, and who happens, by a fortuitous, or rather a providential, chain of circumstances, to be the head and front of the anti-Jew and anti-corruption forces which are still putting up a considerable fight in London. This gentleman accordingly pulled certain strings (to be precise he sent one telegram to the lady who was "getting into society" and one letter to a certain other lady who is already in society) with the result that in a few minutes the whole scheme crumbled into ashes. The ball was "off" (the coal strike made a very plausible excuse), and "society" may be congratulated on having permanently escaped much that it richly deserved to get.

Here is a case in which Jewish, and Jewish-money-backed, impudence and effrontery defeated themselves by their own incredibly foolish contempt for the fundamental decencies of humanity. Even the most corrupt and decadent society is founded ultimately on the family and the respect for family life which never really disappears, though it may appear to be absent on the surface. Even to-day, in London, a man cannot "get back into society" by divorcing his lawful wife, marrying a wealthy Jewess and joining the Learned Elders of Zion in an attempt to smash his own brother. Such proceedings, by reason of their crude grossness, inevitably recoil on the heads of their perpetrators.

But in how many other cases, where a little more wisdom and patience and outward show of decency has been used, have they succeeded? The truth is that they have so far succeeded that English Society is the most degraded in the world. Everything that represents honour and tradition and the glamour of history has been for sale since the days when the late King opened the doors of society to the Jews. The consequence is that all over Europe, English Society is looked upon with contempt. Ladies and gentlemen moving in authentic society in France, Spain, Italy, Austria, aye, and even Germany, look down with scorn upon a body of persons who have not even attempted to live up to the traditions of their caste. Persons are received at Court and go into the Royal enclosure at Ascot who are not within measurable distance of being fit company for the denizens of a saloon bar in any respectable public-house. One after another our great families have sold themselves. Among them are those that are poor and marry for money, and those that are rich and marry for more money, but in far the most numerous cases their degradation and their position of servitude to the Jews is the result of a deliberate process of corruption followed by the pressure of blackmail. Not one man in a thousand will face blackmail. During the war, Englishmen were surprised to know that practically all the aristocracy of Europe, outside those directly concerned on the entente side, were against England and on the side of Germany and Austria. Why was this? Simply because English Society is rightly looked upon as a traitor to the cause of decent society in general and as having basely pawned its honour to the Jews.

It is not altogether too late to save English Society. But if it is to be done, the process must begin at once, and it must be a ruthless and a drastic process. It is little use for people of high position and of unblemished family to subscribe to a paper which "attacks the Jews," and to express their hearty agreement with its sentiments, if they still keep on terms of friendship and interchange of hospitality with half a dozen leading Jewish international financiers. To read PLAIN ENGLISH in the morning, and to say in clubs and "places where they sing," "by Gad, sir, what this paper says is true," and then to go off and dine with the Rothschilds, or run down for the week-end to Sir Ernest Cassel's to meet Winston Churchill, Mrs. Claire Sheridan and Sir Alfred Mond, is a good deal worse than useless.

If society is to be salvaged it must be done by the highest in the land, beginning with the King and Queen, and there must be a hard and sharp turn back to the principles which governed it in the days of Queen Victoria. Everyone knows that our present King and Queen are on the right side in this matter. Royal pandering to Jews and to wealth for wealth's sake died with King Edward. The Court is all right, but what is wrong is the Aristocracy. The matter is in the hands of certain powerful persons, who combine real birth and breeding with legitimate wealth. If these persons choose to wake out of their selfish and luxurious dreams and do something for their country and generation, England may yet be saved. But if they remain as they are now, there can be nothing before us but a further orgy of rottenness, ending in the inevitable red revolution, which is the nemesis of a corrupt and unworthy Aristocracy.

A JEW FOR ST. GEORGE'S.

THE effrontery of Lloyd George and his Jew-ruled Coalition becomes every day more insufferable. But we are glad to observe each new example of this effrontery, because it indicates that the Jewish arrogance of those who feel secure enough to dispense with a "gentile front" will inevitably bring Lloyd George and his masters, the Learned Elders, to destruction. "Pride cometh before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

The policy at present adopted by Lloyd George consists of a complete disregard for public opinion. Let a minister arouse public indignation, Lloyd George embraces him; let the Liquor Control Board drive the decent people of this country to fury, Lloyd George rushes forth to give it a new lease of life; let the Jews become odious to everyone, Lloyd George bundles more Jews into high office, and actually arranges to nominate a Jew for the St. George's, Hanover Square, vacancy.

In the case of the St. George's election, it was at first intended that the nomination of the Jew, Sir Herbert Jessel, as Coalition candidate, should take place on 30th May, and the voting on 1st June. But this was regarded as an admission of fear; and finally it was decided to rush the election within a week of the nominations.

As matters stand, therefore, this election will be no proper test of public opinion. With all our daily papers in the hands of the Jews, anything like effective organisation is impossible. So much the better. It is now obvious that in order to get a Jew into Parliament, it is necessary to rush through an election with the indecent haste which marks the St. George's contest.

Sir Herbert Jessel is a full-blown Jew, and is allied with the Rothschilds through his mariage to Maud Goldsmid. He is a colonel who went like most of his tribe, through the carnage of the Army Remounts; and so far as we know he escaped being kicked or bitten.

Opposed to him we have an independent Conservative, Mr. J. Monteith Erskine. Before another issue of PLAIN ENGLISH appears this contest will have been decided.

We urge those of our readers who can influence the election to grasp the chance which they have, to strike a blow for the honour and majesty of Britain, and prove to Lloyd George and his gang that even a rushed election cannot save them from the rising tide of national indignation.

The duty of the voters in the St. George's division is to allow nothing to interfere with the recording of their votes; and it is the duty of loyal men to do what they can in the short time at their disposal to arouse public opinion in the district.

The number of Jewish votes at the disposal of the Jewish-Coalition candidate is considerable; and the fight will be a stiff one.

Now that Mr. Lloyd George is making arrangements to climb down for the benefit of the miners, Mr. Erskine should not fail to place the Prime Minister's record as a cringer before the constituency. He can state with certainty that a message was secretly dispatched to the coal mining areas declaring that the climb-down of Lloyd George was a certainty; and that the miners' part in the drama must consist of a "firm stand."

Lloyd George, a Communist at heart and (as one of the extremists recently told his dupes) a man who is really, though not always, apparently, prepared to support extreme "Labour," has been working for years to create a Socialist state, with himself as Dictator of the Proletariat. He grasped the chance which the war gave him to socialise our industries, and his rage knew no bounds when the operation of economic laws proved that nationalisation meant the destruction of industries. The final blow came when the coal mining business collapsed.

Every effort was made to hide the truth, and Lloyd George felt certain that the suppression of our article "Communists and Weathercocks" (which for the first time exposed Lloyd George's scheme for the handing over of Britain to the Labour extremists), would enable him to carry out his plans. But our article appeared after all, and the Reserves were called out in spite of Lloyd George and his Jewish masters.

Now the most critical time has come. The people of this country have fought the coal-mining blackmailers, and have virtually won. Are they to be deprived of their victory over the forces of anarchy by a disguised Communist who for the moment happens to be Prime Minister?

It is for the electors of St. George's to say. If they accept a Jew, a nominee of Lloyd George, they will live to repent their folly. If, on the other hand, they elect a genuine Conservative like Mr. Erskine, they will do more to purify public life and to strengthen the State than they could possibly realise, unless they had the facilities which we possess for examining the heartlessness and corruption which exist below the surface of politics and public life in this country.

JUTLAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IT is amusing to note that with the exception of the *Daily Herald*, no London daily paper reported the fact that once more the Government had been obliged to bow its crested head before the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH. The Speaker on Tuesday refused Mr. Maclean's motion to compel our attendance at the Bar of the House of Commons. Mr. Maclean was kind enough to write and inform us that he intended to ask the Speaker's consent to make the motion, and to suggest that we might care to be present in the distinguished strangers' gallery to hear the result. He also explained that we had done him an injustice by our comments in a recent issue of PLAIN ENGLISH. He explained that his sole object in making the motion, was to force the Government to face the charges which we have brought against certain cabinet ministers. Mr. Maclean is of opinion that if our charges are true, these ministers ought to be driven out of public life. We are glad to have Mr. Maclean's explanation, and we fully accept the assurance he gives us as to the purity of his motives. We regret that we did him an injustice. We can only express our deep regret that Mr. Maclean's motion was refused by the Speaker. We had made all arrangements for getting out the yellow-bodied family state-coach with the coat-of-arms on the panels, drawn by four white horses and flanked by scarlet-clad outriders, to enable us to go down to the House of Commons in due style. We had also arranged to have our two far-famed, specially-imported, spotted Dalmatian carriage dogs, Ponto and Toby, to trot behind the carriage. In consequence of the failure of the Speaker to accept Mr. Maclean's motion, these two faithful hounds are now, metaphorically speaking, eating their hearts out in their gilded kennels in the back yard of our commodious mansion in Hogarth Road, South Kensington.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6½%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 106s. 4d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97¼	... 97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·29 to 11·30
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 243½ to 244½
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 46·90 to 46·95
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3½d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 25·30 to 25·35
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 74½ to 75½
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 29·70 to 29·75
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·35 to 4·37
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·86½ to 3·86¾
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 46·90 to 46·95
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3$\frac{21}{32}$d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·20 to 22·25
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 5¼d.

MARKETS.

The likely termination of the coal crisis does not bring the much needed revival to the Stock Markets. In fact, the handling of the dispute has conveyed to the mind of the business world more strongly than ever that our Government are amateurs in financial and kindred affairs. Notwithstanding the confidence expressed in the financial future of the country at the British Bankers Association's annual dinner the other day, people cannot overlook the long list of tragic blunders of the Coalition on matters affecting commerce, industry and finance. The severe lessons of the Excess Profits Duty and Corporation Tax are now followed by increased rates on telephones and postages; and these, combined with the rise in transfer stamp duties, the increased cost of incorporating new Companies, and the general tendency to regard all profit-making concerns as geese to be plucked, are gradually strangling City enterprise; and it is in the City that all great projects are born and nurtured. Even if the Bank Rate is again lowered, and the coal settlement does eventuate in the near future, it will be autumn before people really begin to look about, and in the meantime the Budget estimates are further from realisation. The continued response of the public to new sound investment issues will doubtless encourage others to try their luck, and between now and the holiday season many attractive appeals will be made, especially as during June the half-yearly dividends are paid. The Government also has some £50,000,000 to disburse in interest on securities, much of which will require re-investment. The Government's conversion scheme is meeting with a poor response. In the well-known City daily the *Financier* last week, a banker puts the very pertinent question: "What can any decent citizen think of a Government that proposes to exempt the salaries of its legislators from income-tax, and to give them free travelling facilities, when it proposes to cut down the wages of the miners, and when wages are being reduced in all directions with a view to helping our export trade and reducing the cost of living?"

CENTRAL MINING REPORT.

The accounts published show a considerable reduction in profits and the dividend for the past financial year is 12s. per £8 share or 7½ per cent. against 11¼ per cent. for the former year. The result, however, is satisfactory considering the difficulties. The statement in the Directors' Report as to large blocks of enemy held shares being apparently still "at large" must have an effect in retarding a rise and general activity in South African gold mining shares; and the desirability of all these share interests (here and in South Africa) being dealt with simultanously is admitted. That end, however, can only be attained by an agreement between the Imperial Government and the Government of South Africa. The Companies' interests lie in many countries, and most of the assets consist of holdings in diamond, gold, oil and metal enterprises, but apparently the Directors are turning their active attention to the development of coalfields in South Africa, as during the year "geological and exploration work was carried out in various coal areas in South Africa, resulting in the purchase of an important property in the Middelburg district of the Transvaal in the neighbourhood of the 'Witbank Colliery,' and the discovery of promised coal seams on other farms in which you are interested in the same district."

BRUNNER MOND & COMPANY.

The dividend declared last week by the Brunner Mond Company brings the return for the financial year up to 8 per cent., as against 11¼ per cent. for the previous year. As a result the Ordinary shares have fallen a few shillings. The net profits for the year were £1,129,000, against an average for the last ten years of £925,900. As large a sum as £264,000 has been written off stocks, for which no provision was made last year. The Company, it will be remembered, made an issue of 7½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares at par (£1) quite recently, which was largely over-subscribed, and the shares remained for some little time at a small premium, which has now run off.

SIR GEORGE TOUCHE AND THE CORPORATION PROFITS TAX.

At the Ordinary General Meeting of the Industrial and General Trust held last week, the Chairman (Sir George Touche) had the following healthy observations to make regarding the Corporation Profits Tax:—

> The tax was, in effect, an additional income tax applied in a perfectly haphazard manner, and as an experiment in finance it belonged to the same family as the Excess Profits Duty, damaging the nation's industry and doing injustice to individuals to an extent far outweighing any value to the Revenue. The Excess Profits Duty had been like a boomerang. It had gone out as a revenue collector and come back as a liability, thus killing itself; but the defects of the Corporation Profits Tax did not strike the eye quite so nakedly, and there was danger that it would remain and even increase if the voice of criticism was silenced. The tax was bad for everybody. It hit labour by burdening British industry; it hit the tax-payer; it hit the rate-payer; it hit the consumer; and it also hampered the country's export trade and handicapped us in competition with formidable rivals. It discriminated against investors in ordinary stocks, who already took the chief risks of industry, and should be encouraged rather than penalised, and it destroyed part of the capital value of their investment, being thereby a direct discouragement to thrift. It would be difficult to imagine a more unhappily conceived financial expedient.

Dividends and Reports.

Bell Bros.—Final dividend on Ordinary shares recommended of 10 per cent., making 15 per cent. £50,808 carried forward.

Siemens Bros.—Profit for 1920, £253,254, plus £315,776 brought in. Final dividend of 1s. per share free of tax, making 10 per cent. free of tax for year. It is proposed to increase the share capital from £1,500,000 to £2,500,000 by the creation of 10 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares to be issued when required, and to capitalise £300,000 surplus assets to be distributed in the proportion of one 10 per cent. Cumulative Preference for every five shares held.

Cope Bros.—Recommend dividend on Ordinary shares of 10 per cent. less tax.

Nitrate Producers Steamship.—Profit for year ended 30th April, 1921, £322,270, plus £9,973 brought forward.

Further dividend recommended at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, together with bonus of 5 per cent. free of tax

Suez Canal.—Dividend on Ordinary shares for 1920 at 243,581-f. net (about £5 6s. 0d.)

Buchanan Dewar.—Net Profit for year ended 31st March, was £846,418, plus amount brought forward, making £902,241. Final dividend recommended of 15 per cent. free of tax on Ordinary, making 25 per cent.

British Overseas Bank.—Interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum less tax for half year ended 30th April, 1921, on "A" Ordinary shares.

Aster Engineering.—Dividend of 7½ per cent. free of income tax on Ordinary shares.

Direct Spanish Telegraph.—Directors recommend dividend on Ordinary shares at 10 per cent. per annum.

Investment Trust Corporation.—Dividend at the rate of 17 per cent. per annum on Deferred Stock, making 14 per cent.

B.S.T., Birmingham.—Dividend 5 per cent. less tax.

THE PROBLEM OF RELATIVITY AND FOURTH DIMENSION.

AS stated in an introductory article entitled, "Einstein's Russian Plunder," which was published in PLAIN ENGLISH for May 28th, the theory of relativity and fourth dimension, as expounded by Einstein, is really the original work of three Russian scholars. The recent arrival of "Professor" Albert Einstein from Berlin (*via* the United States) to lecture on *his* theory of relativity, under the patronage of Viscount Haldane, has caused such public interest in the philosophic-physical developments of modern science, that it is possible to give, without being out of tune with the time, a resumé of the Mendeleyev lectures which were held in Moscow during December, 1911. A study of the notes of these lectures, and then a comparison of the theory of relativity as there discussed with the theory as since announced by Einstein, is sufficient evidence to bring us in complete agreement with the American professor who said that Einstein was "a faker out for publicity with stolen goods." Stripped of the verbal decorations so characteristic of the Jew mentality, the "Einstein theory" is found to be the identical theory of relativity as announced and discussed by Oumoff, Ouspensky and Minkowsky ten years ago.

Professor Oumoff's address in his Mendeleyev lecture was entitled "The Characteristic Traits and Problems of Contemporary Natural-Scientific Thought." He started his paper by saying that science has reached a point at which its road divided sharply; science now must go in a new direction, in fact in a direction that seems to go opposite to that which science at present conceives as reality. The old road went horizontally to that plane with which we are familiar. The new road turned towards a difficult summit that curves to a union between the physical and metaphysical conceptions of things. Professor Oumoff explained the contradictions which arose out of certain optical experiments made by Professor Lorentz in 1909. He then showed that the natural consequence of this lead to the *principle of relativity.*

To use Oumoff's own explanation, *the principle of relativity asserts that the law of phenomena in the system of bodies will be the same, for the observer who is connected with it, whether this system is at rest, or is moving uniformly and rectilinearly.* It therefore follows that the observer cannot detect by the aid of the phenomena, which go on in the system of bodies with which he is connected, whether this system has an uniform translational motion or not. We, from this, must now realise that we cannot as heretofore detect from any phenomena proceeding on the earth, its translational motion in space. As an example, a resident in St. James' Court hears Big Ben strike one o'clock, and later hears it strike two o'clock. To the observer, the position has not changed. But to a fixed observation post, in even our own solar system, the second striking of the clock is thousands of miles from the position of Big Ben at one o'clock.

In order to do justice to Professor Oumoff, and with the hope that the plunderer Einstein will be branded by our scholars (Haldane of the spiritual home excepted) as a receiver of stolen learning we reproduce, in translation, fragmentary parts of Professor Oumoff's thesis:

> The principle of relativity includes the observing intellect within itself which is a circumstance of extraordinary significance. The intellect is connected with a complex physical instrument—the human nervous system. This principle, therefore, gives directions concerning things proceeding in moving bodies, not only in relation to physical and chemical phenomena, but also in relation to the phenomena of life and therefore to the quests of man. It is remarkable as an example of thesis, founded upon strictly scientific experiment, in a purely physical region, which establishes a bridge between two worlds usually regarded as quite distinct.
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>
> The necessity for scientific research along this path will come clear if we will turn to the covenants of our high priests of science. These covenants convey the deep motives of active service to natural science and to men. We may remember the basic premises of those high priests, which reads:
>
> (1) "Let us establish the authority of man over energy, time and space.
>
> (2) "Let us know the architecture of the universe, and in this knowledge find a basis for new creative foresight. This inspires confidence that natural science continuing the great and responsible work of creation in the fields of nature which it has already made its own, will not fail to enter a new field adapted to the enlarged necessities of mankind."
>
> This interpretation has become a vital necessity in personal and public activity. But its grandeur and power summon the mind as it were to tranquility.
>
> The demand for stability in the household, and the brevity of personal experience in comparison with the evolution of the earth, induce people to believe and create in them an image of the durability of the surrounding order of things not for the present only, but for the future just as well. The pioneers of natural science do not enjoy such a serene point of view, yet it is to this circumstance that human knowledge is indebted for its continuous development. I venture to lift the brilliant and familiar veil, and throw open the sanctuaries of scientific thought, now based upon two different views of evolution.
>
> The captain of philosophic science shall be constantly vigilant, despite the lures of his thrilling achievements; above him shall shine the fixed stars of thought by which he finds his way upon the ocean of the unknown.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> In the era in which we are living the fundamentals

of science which we used as axioms yesterday are changing to vapory illusions to-day, and new stars are flashing on the firmament which surpass everything of the brilliancy that we used to know before. Continuous scientific research and meditation have expanded the volume of the knowledge to dimensions which could scarcely be imagined only ten years ago. Mathematics remains, as before, the lawmaker of nature, but being capable of spiritual expansion it has escaped from that mode of contemplating the world which regarded as possible its representation by static mechanical models.

This new knowledge gives a sufficient number of images for a new construction of the world which destroys its architecture as that has been known to us, and creates, as it were, a new order extending far in *its curved lines* beyond the limits not only of the old visible world, but even beyond the fundamental forms of our thinking.

I now undertake the task of leading your thoughts to the summits from which open the perspectives that may be reforming the very basis of our understanding of the world, the summits of the *theory of relativity*. This ascent, amid the ruins of classical physics, is attended with no small difficulty, and I will ask in advance your indulgence in taking my statements as mere advance suggestions of the more fundamental work I have in view to present later.

* * * * * *

The axioms of mechanics are only fragments, and their application may be compared to the judgment concerning the contents of an entire chapter by means of a single sentence. Therefore it is not strange that the attempt of mechanistic explanation of the properties of the electro-magnetic ether by the aid of axioms in which the properties were either denied or one-sidedly pre-determined, was doomed to failure.

* * * * * *

The mechanistic contemplation of the world appeared one-sided. . . . In the image of the world, unity was not in evidence. The electro-magnetic world could not remain as something quite alien—unrelated to matter. The material mode of contemplating the world, with its fixed formulas, had no sufficient flexibility to bring about unification through it and its principles. There remained only one way out—to sacrifice one of the worlds, the material, the mechanistic, or the electro-magnetic. It was necessary to find sufficient foundation for decision on the one side or the other. These were not so slow to appear. . . . On the horizon of scientific thought was arising the electronic theory of matter. Through electrical corpuscles was opened the theory of a connection link between matter and vacuum. . . . The idea of special substratum filling the vacuum—ether—became superfluous. According to this theory, light and heat are born by the motion of electrons. They are the suns of microcosms. The universe consists of positive and negative corpuscles, bound by electro-magnetic fields.

* * * * * *

Well, the time went on. Matter disappeared. Its variety was replaced by a system of mutually related electric corpuscles, and instead of the accustomed material world one deeply different, the electro-magnetic world, is emerging before our view. But the recognition of the electro-magnetic world did not overcome many unsolved problems and difficulties, and the necessity for a generalisation system was felt.

Of two further lectures of the Mendeleyev series, one, by Professor Ouspensky, accepted Professor Oumoff's new theory of relativity upon which to base a brilliant exposition of the theory of the fourth dimension, and the other lecture, by Professor Minkowsky, added more original evidence to unite the theory of relativity with that of the fourth dimension.

Of all this work, to use the polite words of Professor Wildon Carr, "Einstein's theory is the *adoption*." In a concluding article in PLAIN ENGLISH the lectures of Professor Ouspensky and of Professor Minkowsky will be reviewed from the fragmentary notes which reached us from Moscow before the labour of Russian thinkers was seized and appropriated by the Jews.

JOHN BROWN ON THE PROTOCOLS OF ZION.

Reported by His Friend, THOMAS GREEN, late of the Royal Navy.

FOREWORD.

HAVING returned to my native land after serving His Majesty in all quarters of the globe through the entire period of the war, happily with my limbs intact, my first thought was to lay a wreath on a monument erected to the memory of some of my less fortunate comrades. Having performed this pious duty, my next wish was to know where the old country stood after all the stress of the war. It was easy to see and impossible not to feel that it did not stand where it did in pre-war times. It was also easy to see that our hard-won victory had not improved the tone either of the masses or of the classes. Somewhat bewildered with the state of affairs and finding no help towards a solution in the daily papers, I betook myself to an old friend who had long acted on a hint of Disraeli's, thrown out in his novel "Coningsby": "The world is governed by very different people than those imagine whose vision is not able to pierce behind the scenes."

John Brown is a very old friend of our family. He comes of a long line of ancestors stretching back beyond the days of the Norman conquest and is free from any admixture with alien blood.

Having long passed the age of military service, he had had ample time to keep watch over "man's mortality" during the terrible years of the war and the, apparently, no less terrible years of the "Peace," and he had also the mental vision to see something of the causes and meaning of it all.

His greeting to me was as kind and affectionate as I could have hoped, and as soon as I had mentioned to him my difficulties, with the greatest good-will he placed himself unreservedly at my disposal. This most generous offer was gratefully seized upon by me, and the many interviews which followed seemed to me so fraught with enlightenment, that I thought it would be a service to my country, no less important than fighting by land or sea, if I were to put them down and make them available to others.

As the astounding facts my friend brought out were nearly all elicited by my questions to him, and as the general ignorance of my countrymen was as often revealed in my answers to his questions, I have decided to record the interviews in the form in which they occurred.

THOMAS GREEN.

Washingborough.
April, 1921.

THE REPORT.

J. B. Well, my boy, you have seen a good deal of fighting in many parts of the world, have you yet discovered what you were fighting for?

T. G. For "King and Country," of course.

J. B. Are your "King and Country" any the better off for your victories?

T. G. Well, I cannot honestly say that I have noticed it.

J. B. Have you yet discovered who made the war?

T. G. It was the Kaiser, of course.

J. B. Yes, it was as much the Kaiser who made the war, as it was Lloyd George who won it!

T. G. But do you mean to tell me that it was not all the Kaiser's doing?

J. B. It would be much nearer the truth to say that it was not any of the Kaiser's doing.

T. G. But you must allow that the English and French armies were fighting the German armies?

J. B. That is perfectly true. And it is also true that German armies invaded Belgium and France. But there are one or two things that you must bear in mind: there are forces behind armies which move them and direct them.

T. G. That means Kings and Kaisers, doesn't it?

J. B. Partly; but you must remember that Kings and even Kaisers are "limited" nowadays, like Companies, and that the world is governed by very different persons from those who appear in the lime-light. When Lloyd George was on the stump to make us lend the Government our savings, he said a very true thing, as he does sometimes by inadvertance. He said battles were won with *silver bullets*. Putting that alongside Disraeli's dictum, just ask yourself who it is who controls all the silver bullets in the world—and what is even more important all the gold bullets as well: Who is it?

T. G. The bankers, I suppose.

J. B. Yes; but what bankers?

T. G. *Our* bankers and all the other bankers?

J. B. Quite so; and especially the *Other* bankers.

T. G. You mean American, French, and German Bankers, I suppose.

J. B. No; I mean bankers who are neither French, German, American nor British.

T. G. Then who in the name of goodness do you mean?

J. B. Have you ever heard of International Bankers?

T. G. Certainly; bankers of all nations.

J. B. No, not at all. They are bankers of one nation only—the Jew nation.

T. G. But the Jews are not a nation; they are scattered about all over the other nations.

J. B. True they are scattered, but for all that they are one. They are, in fact, the most solid and united of all the nations. "International" is only "Jew" writ large.

T. G. Yes; but you must admit that there are many patriotic Jews in all countries.

J. B. That may be to an extent; but a Jew does nothing without some selfish end in view. Jews in the English Army may have been fighting Germans, but what I want to know is, have you ever seen an "English" Rothschild fighting a "German" or an "Austrian" Rothschild?

T. G. Well, but how could they? They were not in the armies.

J. B. Oh, yes they were. They were the smelters of the gold and silver bullets.

T. G. But then they smelted them for their respective countries.

J. B. True. It paid them well to do it. But what I want to know is, did the Goldschmidt-Rothschilds of Frankfort quarrel with the Rothschilds of London, or did they remain amiable brothers and co-partners in the International bank?

T. G. I must say, I never heard of such a quarrel.

J. B. Then take the Speyers. They have a brother in Frankfort, one in New York, and they had one in London, a nationalised Privy Councillor. Was there a family quarrel in this international family during the most acute stage of the war?

T. G. I never heard of it.

J. B. Nor did anyone else. Now can you tell me why the Jews of all the world favoured Germany in the war?

T. G. I cannot, but if they did and they commanded all the gold and silver ammunition, why didn't Germany win?

J. B. For the reason that the best laid plans of mice and men "gang aft agley." But if Germany didn't win, can you tell me if the Jew lost?

T. G. It doesn't look like it!

J. B. And what is more he didn't lose. In fact, he is the only victor. And for a very good reason.

T. G. What is that?

J. B. It was he in reality who set all the armies and navies in motion; it was he who controlled all the operations by land and sea; and it was he who had arranged all the complicated machinery of finance, army contracts, food contracts, clothing contracts, and all the other contracts, munitions, base metals, and all the rest, so that Jewry was bound to win, and all the other combines were bound to lose.

T. G. But don't the Jews want to go back to Palestine, and hasn't Great Britain undertaken to see that they all go there?

J. B. Not exactly; and although Max Nordau says there is room for 200,000,000 of them, they are migrating from east to west, in fact as fast as they can get ships and trains to carry them.

T. G. Well, you do amaze me; but why don't the Jews want to be one thing or the other?

J. B. Because they want to be both. That is to say they intend to remain one, but they have just as strong an intention to pass themselves off on the other as well.

T. G. But do you mean to say a Jew cannot be an Englishman?

J. B. A Jew can neither be an Englishman, a German, a Frenchman, a Russian, a Pole, or any other national but that which he is—a Jew.

T. G. But why don't our Conservative papers tell us this?

J. B. There are no daily Conservative papers—with one exception, the *Morning Post*, and that is only good in parts! All our press, without exception, are more or less under the control of the same ubiquitous and yet indivisible tribe which holds the money-bags of the world.

T. G. Are there no weekly Conservative papers?

J. B. In name there are half-a-dozen, but in plain English there is only one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWS.

THE TALE OF TERROR. By Edith Birkhead, M.A. (Constable.) 15s.

The authoress of this interesting study of a particular line of English literature gives it as her opinion that considering the many novels written in the wake of those of Mrs. Radcliffe, Matthew Gregory Lewis, and Charles Robert Maburin, "Scott was not unduly harsh in his condemnation of the romances fashionable in the first decade of the nineteenth century, when 'tales of terror jostle on the road.'" It would rather seem that she is thinking of *Byron*, as the caustic line is his, following a thrust at sonnets crowding on sonnets, and ode on ode. But in any case, Sir Robert Walpole's son Horace started a strong stream of "terror" novels when he brought out his "Castle of Otranto" with its false sentiment and ridiculous accessories. The sub-title of the volume before us is "A Study of the Gothic Romance," and by Gothic Romance we understand the sort of novel pioneered by Walpole who "in the heretical corner of his heart adored the Gothic building" and materialised his fancy in his Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. But the term Gothic was anathema to writers of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The genius of Alexander Pope, and the genial humour of Addison, introduced a preference for classical as opposed to romantic literature which left its impress long. The genius of the Gothic or romantic inspired them with no admiration whatever. The naked clarity of classical writing, each idea being left to produce its effect by its own unaided power, was long preferred to that romantic writing which exhibits all objects as though seen through an irridescent atmosphere, and calls up a cloud of accessory ideas to enhance its effect at the risk of confusing the outlines. Pope deplored the irregularity of Gothic architecture. Addison called it "barbarous." Horace Walpole loved it. He also loved the romantic, but so wild did his romantic "Castle of Otranto" seem to him to be, in an age of "reasonableness and common-sense," that he sent it forth to the world disguised as a translation from the Italian, and it was not till his fanciful story received an enthusiastic welcome that he let himself be known as author. Within a very few years Walpole's "Gothic" novel began to have its "literary off-spring," as Clara Reeve confessed of her "Old English Baron" of 1777. But it was Mrs. Anne Radcliffe who brought up the Gothic novel to its true "terror" height, created its vogue, with the help of German influences, and left a name as a writer of this kind of romance which lingers in the pages of Frances Burney, Walter Scott, Byron, Thackeray and Trollope. Mrs. Radcliffe's novels are pseudo-historical, her scenery mostly imaginary, her characterisation poor, but they have romance and imagination, and abundant terror and suspense. The authoress of the work before us points out the interesting fact that in Mrs. Radcliffe's first novel ("The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne") are to be found in embryo most of the elements of her future works. Her method of exciting terror was to hold the reader in suspense. She usually explained her mysteries without recourse to the supernatural, and often the explanation produces in the reader a sensation of anti-climax. But her avoidance of an artistic treatment which should offend by lack of restraint was abandoned by Matthew Gregory Lewis, who threw both artistic and moral restraint to the winds, had no use for the device of suspense, and plunges his reader straightway into an orgy of horrors. His best known work is "The Monk," and from the title he has gained the *soubriquet* "Monk" Lewis.

But Mrs. Radcliffe was not far behind in introducing the monk of terror into fiction. Her Schedoni had a lean and hungry look like Cassius, his cowl shadowed his thin, pale face, and his great melancholy eyes pierced you through and read your secrets. Of course, he was a villain of the wiliest. What a crew of monks of terror he was precursor of! There was "The New Monk," by R. S., Esq.; "The Monk of Madrid," by George Moore; "The Bloody Monk of Udolpho," by Curties; "Manfroni, the One-handed Monk," and others; all of them preparing the English public to bestow anything but a cordial welcome on a gentle Benedictine or other religious if they met him in the flesh. And then there were fiction-nuns enough, as our authoress says, "to people a convent." But what a convent! In the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, anti-Catholicism could swallow such imaginary beings whole. Then came the oriental tale of terror, breaking new ground, the Godwin and Rosicrucian novel, and then, inevitably, the *satire* of the terror tales. Our authoress gives us a delightful sketch of how Jane Austen turned them into comedy. Her treatment was her own, gentle, quiet, subtle —"delicately mischievous"; but she was followed by Eaton Barrett, a satirist, who was so boisterous as sometimes to overreach himself. The attitude of Sir Walter Scott to the old tale of terror forms matter for an interesting chapter. The Wizard of the North studied all the accessories and paraphernalia of fiction-terror, but replaced artificiality by nature and the subterranean vault or passage by the moor or mountain-side. This interesting and useful volume closes with a survey of more recent terror-fiction, including short terror stories and the treatment of the subject in America. From its source in the Castle of Otranto, the novel of this kind has flowed out into a broad stream with many tributaries and counter currents. But the theme as treated by Edith Birkhead affords fascinating reading.

A NEW BOOK ABOUT LONDON. By Leopold Wagner. (George Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

The ingenious sub-title, taken from Poe's poem of "The Raven," suggests adequately enough the range covered by this book. It is a "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore" about London. And that it covers ground not in the range of the topography of ordinary writers on London gives it its right to the epitaph of "new."

An indication of the nature of the contents may be given by imagining ourselves taking some ordinary prosaic journey—say, getting from the City and South London Tube terminus at Clapham to Clapham Junction, and endeavouring, for we are not in a hustling mood, to pick up *en route* some vague notion of the history of the inns we pass. The City and South London Tube ends at "The Plough." The Plough Inn as it stands to-day has, Mr. Wagner tells us, no vestige remaining of the original building, as that was destroyed by fire rather more than a hundred years ago. But it is a hostelry well known on the route to Epsom Downs. It was a rallying point within living memory for a Sunday outing, or for the visitor to the Derby Races. Nowadays Clapham has lost all its rural aspect, except for its breezy common, and "The Plough Inn's" clientele is more of the commercial kind: but even so, it is one of the busiest tavern restaurants in the South Metropolitan area. But if we walk a yard or two along the pavement of which the inn is the first house, we find ourselves, when we get to No. 5, standing where dwelt in the opening of the nineteenth century the parents of Lord Macaulay. The future essayist and historian was born in 1800, his parents lived here till 1818, and Thomas Babington Macaulay used to go to school just across the north edge of the common by the pond and Clapham parish church, at a building where now stands the Clapham Public Library. "This literary association," says the author of the book, "seems to have escaped the knowledge of those responsible for the affixing of memorable plaques on the residences of England's worthies."

If in our imagined passage from the "Plough" Clapham to Clapham Junction we are more concerned for historic interests than for the saving of time, we may well cover the few hundred yards to "Ye Olde Windmill" on the south side of the common, and while we look at its present rebuilt aspect, serving as it does as the great halting-stage for turfites returning from Epsom, recall to mind the fact, as set forth by our author, that "the front portion of the fabric is in the same state as when Charles I. instituted the races and the twelfth Earl of Derby enhanced the importance of the national event by founding the Derby Stakes in 1780." Or we may go a few yards in another direction to the "Bowyer Arms" in Manor Street, and view in the basement the baker's oven which baked the loaves dispensed daily until the mid-Victorian era by the lady of the manor, or the large room upstairs where the tenants of the Bowyer Estate enjoyed their landlord's hospitality "when they paid their rents in the present bar-parlour as recently as the year 1905."

Our route to Clapham Junction leads us along the north side of the common, where the traces of the bomb practice and the allotments of the war are by now nearly obliterated, and down Battersea Rise to the "Falcon Inn," a modern motor-omnibus *rendez-vous*. This hotel contains in its saloon (our author tells us) a triple stained-glass window depicting the rural nature of its surroundings not so long ago, and emphasising the modern absorption of outlying districts into the "Great Wen" of London.

If one takes an imaginary trip in any other quarter of modern London in conjunction with the information to be gathered from this book, the journey will probably enough assume an entirely new aspect, and many buildings reveal a hitherto unexpected and romantic association with the past; whether it be Maiden Lane, with its literary and dramatic associations recalled by Mr. Wagner, or the Marble Arch and its associations with Tyburn Gibbet, or the literary associations connected with the Barclay and Perkins' Brewery, or those of any other district, the book before us is brimming with interest; and if it should contain historic errors or misstatements, it would be only due to the author to acknowledge that it was his book which gave us the stimulus to trace them out.

Reconstructing India. By Sir M. Visvesvaraya. (P. S. King & Son Ltd.) 7s. 6d.

This thoughtful book on the needs of India as a nation is written by a recent Dewan of Mysore, who has held position as Government Superintending and Sanitary Engineer, Bombay, and Special Consulting Engineer, Hyderabad State. It is a survey of Indian political, financial and social conditions from an Indian point of view, and regarded in the higher interests of Indians themselves. It is also written in such a way as to be of interest to the ordinary intelligent English reader, and has its special appeal in the light of the claim for consideration in the march of human progress made by any particular race at the present moment. One of the points dwelt upon continually by the author is the importance to a country of studying conditions in other lands and adopting from them such methods and ideas as make best for its own proficiency. The author, not unnaturally, is greatly impressed by the work done by Japan since the time when from being a country in self-centred, exclusive isolation she set her feet upon the path of modernisation. Her rapid progress, accomplished within such recent times, offers a valuable lesson to India. And her advance has rested largely upon the result of study of other nations. "Men and women students were sent by the Japanese Government to every country in the world to study foreign institutions, educational methods, jurisprudence and social relations. The information they carried back with them was pooled, and from it were selected the methods which it was felt were best suited to Japanese requirements. These were made the bases of national policies." Japanese present-day conditions have been studied by Sir M. Visvesvaraya in several visits; but he is not concerned with Japan alone. As individuals men are gregarious, so are nations. While they are made by their own efforts, and no nation can entirely shape another nation's life, each is part of the great world, and must either take part in the great world movement or ultimately come to ruin. The author of this book feels profoundly that India has been standing still. And he contrasts in many details her condition with that of other lands, pointing out causes and suggesting remedies. Canada, for instance, in the matter of finance, has been free to develop her resources, while India has been in leading strings. Canada, again, found herself at first opposed in her growth of nationalist sentiment by British officials, who considered themselves the custodians of Imperial responsibilities. Canada has come to be a self-governing dominion, possessing autonomy within her own borders, and allowed to co-operate for defence and development with Great Britain and other self-governing units within the British Empire. The author desires the same for India. He desiderates a change from the conditions of administration peculiar to a dependency to those of a self-governing unit of the Empire. To this end he thinks the aim of the Indian leaders should be to keep the people thinking and working, with a new vigour infused, tending to development and progress, with increased powers of combination and organisation until they gain the privilege of responsible government.

One obvious hindrance to progress is the terrible caste system. This is a formidable barrier to the brotherhood of members of a nation, as it is to that of members of the human race. Yet it permeates Indian life. It produces marital restrictions, it frowns on foreign travel and intercourse with the world at large. It supports the tradition of illiteracy, especially among women. While the author considers that the Government has lacked energy or willingness in this matter, he acknowledges that "while good legislation can accomplish much, the reform of society cannot be brought about by the mere passage of laws. The leaders of the various communities will not only have to carry on a vigorous propaganda against prejudicial customs, but also set worthy examples for the people to follow." Increasingly, he urges, must Indians break with caste restrictions. They are artificial barriers to progress, and though their removal means horror to the pious Hindu, a new status to women, a decline of traditional respect for authority, the coming of a new and at present wholly lacking organisation and co-operation among the people, yet with their passing will disappear unhealthy ideals and practices, and come the possibility of a foundation of love and pride of country, combined with loyalty to the Government and the Sovereign. Sir M. Visvesvaraya discusses many other impediments to progress, and his book is an Indian contribution towards the solution of many problems of the day. He discusses Indian reconstruction in the light of the comparison between India and other countries, and among the impediments he treats of the lack of facilities for securing education, the restriction on the development of the country's natural resources, the penalisation of industry, the lack of a common national standard of life, and of knowledge among Indians of their country's position relative to modern conditions, the absence of a gold standard, and the predominance of the policy of *laissez-faire*.

The Tower of London. By Walter G. Bell. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

The ten essays on the Tower which make up this volume, and the brilliant and sympathetic drawings of Mr. Hanslip Fletcher which illustrate them, were originally published in the *Daily Telegraph*, and are now, by permission of its proprietors, incorporated in book form. We are delighted to possess in this permanent form such interesting and charming work. For Mr. Bell, be it noted, not only does his work with historical accuracy, thoroughness and painstaking care, but he does it with charm. If someone had to arise and proclaim upon the housetops that Londoners mostly cling to the *tradition* rather than the *fact* that they know their Tower-prison—Mr. Walter G. Bell was the man to do it. For he does it with charm and geniality, with wisdom and knowledge. One of the good things he does is to give the reader a clear idea of the general plan and outline of the building, so that when the reader becomes a visitor he may not merely get the impression that the Tower is a strangely confused place by being hurried to its show places, but grasp something of the total plan. As Mr. Bell says, "a little knowledge beforehand of why the buildings came to be so placed, and the purposes which each was intended to serve, greatly adds to the intelligent enjoyment of a visit." So also does a little historical knowledge of personages associated with the Tower, Mr. Bell tells of many of those who became involuntary inmates of this stronghold. One of the human incidents he records is that of Blessed Bishop Fisher, turning over, after a bad night's rest, to obtain a sound sleep of two hours immediately before his execution. Though it does not form an exhaustive book of reference or complete guide-book, it is replete with interest from cover to cover, and will surely waken in many a new and deeper interest in the unique London treasure.

SWIFT WINGS (SONGS IN SUSSEX). (The Vine Press, Steyning.)

The remark of a well-known critic is applicable to this volume of verse: "I hope the poet's withholding of his name is merely accidental, as it seems quite necessary to forsake anonymity on a search for poetic fame." However, we take the verses as they stand, without being admitted to the secret of their authorship, which is, presumably, what we are meant to do. They are verses written by one who concerns himself not only with the theme of his song, but also with the form in which he shall sing it. This is of great advantage, so long as the form does not become more apparently important than the theme. It is easy for a poem to degenerate in the making into mere tricky verse. Sometimes these verses come a little dangerously near it. And this is not so much the case where we have the intricacies of fixed form, like pantoum or chained verse, of which we have an example in "Orchard Songs," as it is when the task of opening each verse with the rhyme sound of the preceding verse produces the effect of paying attention to the versifier's manipulation of his jingle rather than of his message. Thus the fifth verse in "The Sea-Breeze" ends with the four lines:—

Love laughter-laden
Unclasps the green kirtle;
The mirthfulest maiden!
The tenderest turtle!

And the opening lines of the succeeding verse are:—

Sparkle and spirtle
Freedom of foam!
Shall myrtle not hurtle
The dome of Sun-home?

In this passage it seems as though the form had outrun the substance.

But we do not mean to imply that this is the case all through the volume. Witness the concluding lines of the lyric on Richard Jeffries:—

What was his portion in our baser part?
Death. And what slew him? This: he broke his heart
Against the eternal rock of Ecstasy.

Here the form is subsidiary to the substance. So it is in the poem on William Collins, that early-dying precursor of Blake and Burns. The anonymous poet of the volume before us pays a sincere and poetic tribute to—

the Poet, who was born to sing
The perfect lyric of the Evening.

William Collins gave us other treasures besides the melancholy music of the "Ode to Evening," but our anonymous poet gives us something above mediocrity in the verse:—

Exquisite Evening so worshipped him,
She dwelt with him until his mind grew dim;
He had drunken of her wine, and he was laid,
Unknown, unsung, beneath her dusky shade.
One perfect Song her lover sang to her,
Her hapless Poet, born in Chichester.

Another lyric in the volume which shows fine artistic appreciation is the one dwelling on the charm of the Old Steyne at Brighton:—

Keats and Corot would never make
A fairer world for Beauty's sake;
Turner's dream of amethyst
Written down in a golden mist
By the feathery pencil of Paul Verlaine,
Would never achieve the strange chance gain
Of this delight of utter green
This shadowy wonder called Old Steyne.

Speaking generally of the little volume before us, we find in it artistic merit rather than poetic excellence.

REMARKABLE ROGUES. By Charles Kingston. (John Lane.) 12s. 6d. net.

Criminology will always supply fascinating reading for a large section of the public, nor need we impute morbidity to the reader. The instinct which drew crowds to Tyburn till 1783 and to Newgate Gaol till 1868 may have had morbidity as one of its constituents, but a book such as this furnished by Charles Kingston provides material for study to the most philanthropic benefactor. If Pope's dictum be true, man's proper study includes the whole range of human kind, and a remarkable rogue's career is, after all, for the most part a matter of misplaced ideals. Given the wrong ideal, the mistaken idea of happiness, the tragically absurd view of the aim and end of man's existence, which, as the child's Catechism says, is to know God, to love Him and to serve Him and so inherit heaven one may wonder at, and even relatively admire, the frequently extraordinary talent displayed by the clever rogue, though it works in the wrong direction. But then there are rogues and rogues. There are some who chiefly stir the sentiment of regret at the misapplication of so much talent, and others who rouse no emotion but disgust. The "remarkable rogues" of this volume are selected from the criminals of England, America and the Continent. And the word "rogues" does not sufficiently convey the guilt of some of them.

Adam Worth was a rogue. He was a prince of crooks; but danger to society as he was, he never had recourse to violence, and his ideals did not prevent him being (in his own way) faithful to his family. But the rogues of this volume who are murderers as well—your Pierre Voirbo, who murders and fills the severed head's eyes and mouth with lead and drops it in the Seine and carts away the rest in pieces; or your James Greenacre, who deposits carefully the head, the trunk and the legs of his victim in the Regent's Canal, Kilburn, and Coldharbour Lane respectively; such as these put themselves outside the range of the most sympathetic of their fellow men and inspire nothing but horror.

Under the title of "A Russian Delilah" Marie Tarnowska is the first sketch of the book, and two snapshots of her taken on the occasion of her trial are among the illustrations.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG CIVILISED AND SAVAGE RACES. By Edward Lawrence, F.R.A.I. (A. & C. Black Ltd.)

We are told in the preface to this little book that the old doctrine of the immortality of human life has, in consequence of the conclusions of certain men of science, "entered upon a new phase; its truth or its falseness no longer rests with the decisions of theologians or the beliefs of medicine-men." "It has ceased to be exclusively a religious question; it has become a scientific one." The author is looking at the question of spiritualism from an anthropological outlook, and we suppose he looks at theologians and medicine-men from the same point of view. He quotes Sir Conan Doyle as saying that "theologians have ever been a curse to the world," but rather rebukes him for it and, indeed, devotes a couple of pages to their defence. But is not this book an indication of the disastrous break-up of Christendom brought about by the so-called Reformation! The decisions of theologians are as varied as the decisions of science are (or claim to be) unanimous. The theologian is to be bracketed with the medicine-man, and it is science which is going to settle for us whether the new religion of spiritualism is to become the hope of the race. Luckily science, as represented in this book of Mr. Lawrence, is more or less in line with Catholic common-sense. The author makes a great point of the waste of the vast sums spent in missionary enterprise, if now "many of the greatest intellects" in the Christian nations that sent the missionaries out, have come themselves to believe in those very goblins and devils they were previously endeavouring to eliminate from the pagan mind. And he considers the new religion an instance of reversion to type; the "new revelation which is a new science" is not new at all. "It seems as if it is impossible for a large number of civilised lands to advance *mentally* beyond a certain stage. The tendency in modern democracies is *downwards*." If spiritualism be *true*, then the native devil-worship and the native animism generally is true. These are his conclusions. But why do not these men of science take the trouble of getting knowledge of the Catholic position in such matters? The Catholic missionary believes that there are spirits and devils and guardian angels and a revealed Truth given by God-made man. The Catholic missionary does not pooh-pooh the native devil-belief, the Catholic missionary does not pooh-pooh devil-possession. The world is turning from materialism to some realisation of the spirit-world about us. But God defend us from following Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his teachings concerning it. And we are glad that Mr. Edward Lawrence's science condemns it, too.

NOVELS.

THE BURNING SECRET. By Stefan Zweig. (George Allen & Unwin Ltd.) 6s. net.

This is not a story of a pleasant subject, but it may serve a purpose if it brings home to anyone the claims of parenthood as opposed to lust. The woman in it—for some reason she is a Jewess—tempted at a hotel, on holiday, by a Baron cad, to let the claims of family go to the dogs in presence of animal passion, finds her "adventure" interfered with, marred, and finally brought to nought by her own son, a boy just emerging into adolescence. There are three characters in the little drama: there is the Baron, the mamma "with a somewhat opulent figure, close to, though not yet arrived at, the borderline of overmaturity, and yet evidently of a passionate nature," and, lastly, there is the boy. A skilful writer like Stefan Zweig, finds here opportunity for what the publishers describe, upon the cover, as a "remarkable and brilliant psychological study of a child's mind." We sincerely wish the world of to-day did not produce children so situated as to supply models for such study, and are thankful we have no personal experience wherewith to gauge the accuracy of the psychological treatment. It is consoling that part of the story records that the child left his mark physically upon the Baron, and another part that the lady, when she recovered her moral sense, dropped maternal tears upon her son.

A MAN MAY NOT MARRY HIS GRANDMOTHER. By F. Morton Howard. (Holden & Hardingham Ltd.) 7s. 6d. net.

The power of this story lies in the fact that while it is admittedly absurd, it is very readable as an absurdity. The author states in a short "Note:" "I do not ask the reader to believe everything I have narrated. Indeed, there are portions of the story which I myself can hardly credit." So we read under no obligation to believe, but looking to the author to amuse. And this he does in an easy and pleasant fashion. The captious may feel that the fun provided does not flow so spontaneously as in other books Mr. Morton Howard has given us, or that at times he is hard put to to furnish new incidents and excitements to eke out his somewhat meagre plot. Yet, whether we follow the narrator and his uncle in their diplomatic assaults on the house of Lady Barningley, or watch the uncle acquire and dispose of his load of old iron, or accompany uncle and nephew in their adventures at the stage door, we are sufficiently amused to take everything as it comes and to read on to the end, if only to find the missing Clarence and see what has happened to him. For in its way this is a "novel of suspense." When we do find him, be it noted, we find a happy ending to the tale, and "somewhere a band began to play the pleasantest music I ever heard."

SISTERS-IN-LAW. By Gertrude Atherton. (John Murray.) 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Atherton has made her own the presentment of the social, or "society" atmostphere in California; and in this novel we get a fine presentment of the type of aristocratic family that held sway in its exclusive circles in San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake. But the scene is not confined to California, or even to the western hemisphere, for the book deals also with happenings in the European war area, and in France after the Armistice was signed. Alexina Groome marries Mortimer Dwight, and she and Mortimer's sister, Gora, are the sisters-in-law that give the novel its title. Alexina is of the aristocratic class, but she is sufficiently lacking in sympathy with her mother's stiff exclusiveness and worship of old traditions to slip out, unknown to the old lady, and enjoy many a dance where the "new" element, the rich plebian folk, such as were not on her mother's visiting list, figured largely. The earthquake is the great event of the first part of the book and it has the effect of somewhat shaking up "class" distinctions. Out of the shake-up comes the fact that Alexina marries Mortimer, though "marries" is a misnomer. They live their separate lives, go their separate ways, are married only in name. "There is another"—Gathbroke by name. Gora loves him. Gora, who is not of the aristocracy any more than is her brother, Mortimer.

When these characters in the story are shifted by the great war from California to the war zone, we are told that to Alexina "civilisation—by which men meant the varied and pleasant times of peace—seemed incredibly insipid and out-of-date. It had no more relation to this war zone than her youth to this swift and terrible maturity." Therefore, when the sisters-in-law have been reduced by months of war and blood to the instincts of primitive nature, they both want Gathbroke, whom they meet in Paris. Gora, who is one of those women who can write strong books but have not the gift of attracting men, and who also has nursed Gathbroke (in hospital) to the point where good-comradeship is likely to develop into love, when she suddenly finds her brother's wife about to carry off his devotion, makes an impulsive and futile attempt at murder. The result of the whole thing is that Alexina carries the day—presumably she can divorce her husband at her convenience—and Gora! Well, Alexina says to her "I fancy that women born with great gifts were meant to stand alone and to be trained in that hard school." Presumably Alexina, in spite of her two men, had not great gifts and was not meant to stand alone. Gora says to Alexina "Good-bye; I no longer want to kill you, but I want to forget you." The morality of all this is pretty shocking, but, unfortunately, it represents much that occurred in real life—after the Armistice. The novel, if it does not rise above the level of the encouragement of divorce, is, at all events, powerfully written. One has the pleasure in its perusal of reading what has been written by a practised hand that has not lost its cunning. But it is not a story of high ideals.

TORCHLIGHT. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. (J. M. Dent & Sons.) 8s. net.

It is said that authors of fiction find the characters in their novels have a way of developing themselves and taking on a spontaneous line of growth as the story proceeds. Charles Dickens's most unamiable characters had a way of developing something genial towards the close, and his impecunious Micawbers developed business qualities in the Antipodes. The novelist who deals with historical characters is faced with the difficulty that the imaginary characters of his story can only develop in line with historical facts, and those introduced from actual life must be "true" to the records left of them as well as "living" in the pages of the novel. Baroness Aminoff has been bold to tackle certain prominent characters who figured in the early days of the French Revolution, and make them play subordinate parts in a story of which the centre is Térézia, her heroine. Now the Baroness has done this very well. Her Térézia is her main study. Given a girl of exceptional physical beauty, ambitions, luxurious, selfish, unprincipled, a member of the hated aristocracy, what will be her line of conduct when every aristocrat becomes a mere "citoyen," and will the unprecedented, exceptional and unforeseen circumstances develop in her unsuspected force of character, and bring her from a state of contemptible selfishness and vanity into the display of qualities challenging our respect if not our admiration? That is the main study of the book, and to pursue it we are brought into contact, distantly, with Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, Mirabeau, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and more intimately with Robespierre; while of the men of the moment round him (Tallien, Fréron, Barras), Tallien is selected to furnish the most detailed study, as being, historically, a real personage, but at the same time insignificant enough to allow play for creative characterisation. In this manner a very powerful story is constructed, and Térézia's experiences of the horrors of the revolution, and her behaviour in their midst, form an engrossing bit of reading, which is much to the point at a time when the period of the tale is in men's minds. It is a book in which horror looms large enough to thrill, and yet in which we are spared anything gross or sordid, and the circumstances which formed and brought out the character of the heroine, were historically those which produced Napoleon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUT WITH THE ALIENS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—How much longer are we going to stand the appointment of aliens as Viceroys, Governors, and Commanders-in-Chief to our States and Dependencies? Surely there are plenty of qualified statesmen and soldiers with sound British notions and of tried capacity who can carry our true British principles to these countries, and rebuild with the old respect and admiration of the civilised world our somewhat shattered Empire. How can one expect order and progress to be restored in India, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and elsewhere, when the "Powers" there at present are those of an effete orientalism coupled with a veneer of bastard British refinement and the result of political jobbery?

HOPEFUL.

May 23rd, 1921.

NORTHCLIFFE'S PAST RECORD.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—In reference to the extracts from the Harmsworthless Press in your last and preceding numbers, I beg to remind your readers of the following well-known gems:—

> *Daily Mail*, Nov. 9th, 1899:—"The French . . . . have succeeded in thoroughly convincing John Bull that they are his inveterate enemies, and that all his attempts at conciliation are useless. There will be no more such attempts. England has long hesitated between France and Germany; but she has always respected the German character, whereas she has gradually come to feel a contempt for France. A country where the most monstrous injustice can be perpetrated with impunity, a nation whose beloved heroes are the forgers of the French General Staff, can never be a British Ally. Nothing like an *Entente Cordiale* can subsist between England and her nearest neighbour. . . . Enough of France, she has neither courage, foresight, nor sense of humour!"
>
> *Daily Mail*, Dec. 1st, 1899:—"If they (the French) cannot cease their insults, their colonies will be taken from them, and given to Germany and Italy. We, ourselves, want nothing more. France will be rolled in the mud and blood in which her Press daily wallows."
>
> The *Evening News*, Oct. 17th, 1913.—"The Kaiser, as we have said, was such another in his day; but yet at this moment we can honestly say that the peace of Europe has no better friend than the versatile monarch whose qualities have won him the respect of all nations. As a young man the Kaiser seems to have set his heart upon glory, and to this day his army and navy claim the lion's share of his love and pride; but with his youth his rashness has passed. He has seen the great nation over which he rules steadily advancing along the path of peaceful progress, and and he is able to appreciate that there is another side to war than its glories and triumphs. . . . We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman whose word is better than many another's bond, a guest whom we are always glad to welcome and sorry to lose, a ruler whose ambitions for his own people are founded on as good a right as are our own."

Was it before or after (*Post et Propter*) these statements that the Germans became "naturally not fond of Lord Northcliffe"? If after, in view of the sapience displayed in the statements, the Germans can have had no really solid reason for permanent misgiving at any temporary cause for the withdrawal of their affection from "Thy Servant Alfred."

Your obedient Servant,
W. B. LAURENCE.

4 Gerard Road, Barnes.
May 30th, 1921.

JUNIOR NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—On May 25th I was in court before the Lord Chief Justice. My case depended considerably on my credibility. In the reported summary of the summing up, the following extract appears in the *Evening News* of May 25th:—

> If he did great service in the war—as he says he did—it is an amazing thing how he did it. He is the most unintelligent witness it has been my lot to listen to.

I was asked in the witness box to give some account of my service. I detailed certain dates of Mentioned in in Despatches and Distinguished Service Order. Also wounds received. These dates are official. I am in possession of the certificates and warrants and five orders, decorations and medals for field service. With reference to responsible positions I have held and been selected for by the military authorities, does the Lord Chief Justice mean to suggest to the Jury that these positions were held by me because I was unintelligent? Is it fair to throw doubt in the mind of the Jury before verdict on my sworn statement in regard to official dates of facts—open to confirmation by reference?

Yours truly,
W. BOYD SHANNON, Major.

May 27th, 1921.

[Since Major Boyd Shannon asks us to adjudicate, we feel bound to say the L.C.J.'s comments seem to us to be very unfair.—ED.]

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Through the General Press Cutting Agency I have received a copy of your journal of May 14th "Royal Academy (second notice)," which begins by stating that I am reported to have said "Those whose work has been rejected have not kept up with the rising standard of Modern Art. What was good enough for George III. is not good enough for the present time. One would pass this in silence if Mr. Pomeroy had not taken such pains to make himself ridiculous."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Pomeroy, on the contrary, took great pains to make himself perfectly clear in his remarks when the *Daily Sketch* pestered him for a short statement of his opinion of the reason for the great dissatisfaction amongst some of the artists whose works had been rejected by the Royal Academy.

Mr. Pomeroy was rung up on the phone several times before he consented to give any opinion, but, eventually, he was induced to write his few ideas on the subject, which he sent by post to the editor of the *Daily Sketch*.

Among other things he said "that his sympathies were with the young, and if the 'also ran' had been outplaced in the race by the younger generation, it was not the fault of the Royal Academy."

The real cause lay in the fact "that the wall space at the disposal of the Royal Academicians was inadequate for modern requirements. What was enough for George III.'s time was not sufficient for the present day's needs."

By the careless blundering of someone on the staff of the *Daily Sketch*, Mr. Pomeroy was made (to his detriment) to appear an ignorant and ridiculous person in art matters, in which he has a considerable knowledge and long training.

It is really ridiculous to suggest that any Member of the Royal Academy, even a sculptor, should forget that in the reign of George III., our founder and patron, such great artists as Reynolds, Constable, Hopner, Romney, Lawrence and Crome flourished. The accusation of being "tactless and arrogant" might be well applied to some of our pressmen, who so frequently distort the remarks they obtain from artists in their anxiety to obtain "up-to-date" and cheap "copy." But this is not commercialism? The article in your May 14th issue gives me the opportunity of correcting a grievous misstatement on the part of a representative of our free and enlightened Press. I trust that in the interest of fair play and PLAIN ENGLISH that you may see your way to publish my reply in your next issue.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
F. W. POMEROY, R.A.

28 Great Ormond Street, W.C. 1.
May 24th, 1921.

P.S. I should have replied sooner, but I was away in Paris until the 21st of May.—F.W.P.

[We much regret that our contributor should have done Mr. Pomeroy an injustice, but at the same time we must point out that the responsibility for the mistake is clearly the *Daily Sketch's* and not ours.—ED.]

THE IRISH CATHOLIC HERESY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—As a Catholic, I take off my hat to you. What is perhaps more to the purpose, I have subscribed to your paper. You are doing a splendid work.

As a citizen of the United States, I resent the intrusion of Irish politics as an impertinence. As a Catholic, I am filled with horror at Irish-Catholicism, the direct menace to Christianity of our time. The Irish make of their religion a joke, they are making Catholicism ridiculous before the world. They are not Catholics, they are heretics, for they believe in faith without work.

However, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the people of the United States have no sympathy with the Irish, at present; and I enclose a clipping describing what is an incontrovertible proof of this. The Irish expected to kindle sentiment in their favour by an Irish Relief Fund for the supposed sufferers in Ireland. We ordinarily gave freely for all these funds; but this one has been a complete failure. Baseball is our national game and draws crowds of forty to sixty thousand people. The ball game for the Irish Relief Fund, although freely advertised—the usual games being *not* advertised—was a failure, which did not meet the expenses. This is almost unprecedented.

Please let this be known in England.

Yours very respectfully,
HENRY BENSSE.

Short Hill, New Jersey.
May 17th, 1921.

OUR DEBT TO AMERICA.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—With regard to America's claim on us for money expended solely in resisting the Huns, can nothing be done to relieve the situation by working on a basis of equity? The Americans are a people of high ideals, as well as the most practical on earth. The war was an attack by Germany, in cold blood, to bring the whole world under her control. The first step was to destroy the Powers which stood immediately across the path of her ambition. Had Germany been able to overcome their resistance, the rest of the world would have become her prey. At the critical moment, when the fate of the world was in the balance, America realised that were Goliath to trample over us, she herself would be his next victim. Therefore, she handed us the sword by which he was decapitated.

I do not see why she should charge us for the loan of that sword. Dropping metaphor, it was the interest of every Power to keep free and independent. This could only be done by contributions and sacrifices in relative proportions by them all. Regarding mankind as one vast personality, which is always the sentimentalist ideal, England and France have contributed in blood and treasure to a degree relatively as well as actually enormously greater than has America. Every shilling spent has been as much for her security as that of ourselves. The war was only a fight for the freedom of humanity. America should be "too proud" to allow others to fight for her at their own expense!

It was Germany *contra mundum*, and on the same basis of equity, we also must forgive our so-called "debtors." It seems that Mr. Chamberlain did tentatively make this offer, but that America was not willing to accept it. Let us hope that the new Administration may give further consideration to the moral position, which is herein undeniably stated, and even from a material point of view, she would gain more in the long run, an incalculable impetus would be thereby given to universal commercial intercourse, and the profits accruing would soon exceed the amount written off.

Yours etc.,
H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

10 Wetherby Terrace, S.W. 5.

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TORCHLIGHT-REVOLUTION. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. (Dent. 8s. net.)

HELEN MAISTON. By Helen Marsden. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE. By Henry James. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE PRAIRIE WIFE. By Arthur Stringer. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d. net.)

RELIGIOUS.

A WOMAN OF THE BENTIVOGLIOS. By G. F. Powers. Ave Maria Press, U.S.A.)

HISTORY.

BERNADOTTE AND NAPOLEON, 1799-1810. By Sir Plunket Barton. (Murray. .)

SOME ERRORS OF H. G. WELLS. By Richard Donney, D.D. (Burns & Oates. 1s. net.)
THE TOWER OF LONDON. By Walter G. Bell. (Lane. 6s. net.)

DRAMA.

SECOND PLAYS. By A. A. Milne. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)
JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND. By Robert Bain. Maclehose, Jackson & Co.)

POETRY.

DAWN SONGS. By Arthur Bennett. (Sunrise Publishing Company, Warrington.)
LYRA HERVICA. By W. E. Henley. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMARKABLE ROGUES. By Charles Kingston. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
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RULES OF GOLF: As approved by Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. (Royal Insurance Co.)
SPIRITUALISM AMONG CIVILISED AND SAVAGE RACES. By Edward Lawrence. (Black. 5s. net.)

ART.

THE WORK OF LAURA AND HAROLD KNIGHT. (Studio. 7s. 6d. net.)
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THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S STATEMENT.

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Edited by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

No. 49.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] JUNE 11, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers up to week ending 12th March, 1921.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interest of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government.
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall of stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Nos. 25 to 36 of "Plain English," containing the above series of articles, will be forwarded to any address post free for 7s. 3d. Cheques and Postal Orders, made payable to the North British Publishing Company (and Crossed), should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38 Great Ormond Street, W.C. 1.

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Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion

THE BOLSHEVIST BIBLE.

On May 8th, 1920, the *Times* published an article on "The Jewish Peril," which it called "A Disturbing Pamphlet: a Call for Inquiry." Since then in a series of articles commencing July 12th, the *Morning Post* has published a very exhaustive "inquiry," under the title of "The World Unrest: Behind the Red Curtain." The Protocols the writer very fitly names "THE BOLSHEVIST BIBLE."

f course, Jews, orthodox and unorthodox alike, have denied the authenticity of the Protocols, and have called them a forgery. But in that case the forger must have been a super-forger, and a Jew; for no other forger could have been able not only to *forge the prophecies*, but also to *secure their fulfilment!* The *facts* are, unfortunately for us Goyim, anything but forgeries.

As the *Times* writer says, no one can fail to recognise Soviet Russia in the Protocols, and no one can deny that the Commissars of the Soviets are nearly all Jews. The writer goes on: "Whence comes the uncanny note of prophecy, prophecy in part fulfilled, in parts far gone in the way of fulfilment? Have we been struggling these tragic years to blow up and extirpate the secret organisation of German world dominion only to find beneath it *another more dangerous* because *more secret?* Have we, by straining every fibre of our national body, escaped a "Pax Germanica" only to fall into a "PAX JUDÆICA"?

It is incumbent on every loyal Briton to procure and study this book in the light of events at home and abroad. He will then know something of what The Jewish Peril is, and will decide for himself if Jews of any description are to be trusted in the government of this or any other Christian country.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters ... 463
With Beauty for a Shield ... 465
Duke of Northumberland's Statement ... 466
An Upper-cut for Lloyd George ... 467
Watchman, what of Simon de Montfort? ... 468
British Society of Engineers 469
Finance and Stock Notes ... 469
New York Notes ... 470
John Brown on the Protocols of Zion ... 471
Picking of Russian Brains by Einstein ... 472
The Marconi Narrative ... 473
Reviews ... 476
Correspondence ... 477

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Serpents and Doves.

The publication and dissemination all over the world of the "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," has opened men's eyes to the secret springs which are behind many of the facts and events of the day. This is all to the good. But there is a danger that all this revelation of baseness moving in secret, diabolical ways may turn the thoughts of ordinary people in the direction of intrigue and double-dealing. Some people seem to be under the delusion that the only way to defeat a plot is by a counter-plot.

Let us be open as the day
One mask doth to the other say
When he would deeper hide himself.

In these lines we have the epitome of the policy of the Learned Elders and of their imitators all over the world. Really, of course, the only way to defeat villainy is by frankness and openness and the Grace of God. A man who pretends to be open and frank to hide his own dark designs is a hypocrite, and even if he is working on what he conceives to be "the side of righteousness," he is playing a very dangerous game. For unless the well-spring of his actions and motives is controlled by Divine Wisdom and Humility he will come to terrible grief.

The way to beat the "Learned Elders" of Zion is no more to be found in a kind of super-Zionism than is the way to beat Northcliffe journalism to be found in an attempt to achieve super-Harmsworthism. "Overcome evil with good" is not merely a pious admonition, it is in fact the last word of wisdom. The villainy if met by purity and that wisdom which comes from the Holy Spirit, will inevitably defeat itself. Let not us then who are fighting the "Learned Elders" attempt to beat them at their own foul game.

Lloyd George's Liquor Control Board.

The *Daily Express* of Wednesday had the following paragraph:—

> The fight against the Liquor Control Board increases in vigour. A hundred Members of Parliament passed a resolution calling for the immediate abolition of the board last night. Mr. Lloyd George is to be asked to receive a deputation at once.

It seems to us that it is high time that the question of the Liquor Control Board tyranny was brought up by a resolution in the House of Commons. What is the use of asking Mr. Lloyd George to receive a deputation? Lloyd George knows just as well as we do that ninety per cent. of the population are seething with discontent against the board, and Lloyd George's policy, as dictated by his Jewish keepers, is to do everything in his power to aggravate that discontent. Unless he is openly and definitely brought to book in the House of Commons, he will go on indefinitely with his present impudent policy, a policy whose objects are clearly defined in the "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion."

The "long-haired Communist" has just received a tremendous smack in the face by the refusal of the electors of St. George's, Hanover Square, to swallow his Jewish nominee. Now, therefore, while he is still smarting from the rebuff and is realising how slender is the plank that separates him from final submersion in the sea of oblivion reserved for paid agents of corruption, is the time to bring him sharply to book in this matter. Even our wretched House of Commons, which clasps Winston Churchill to its bosom after his public exposure, contains a large majority against the Liquor Control Board's policy. Why not, then, give effect to that policy, and let Mr. Lloyd George if he does not like it, do the other thing?

The Jewish Censorship.

As we proved last week by a quotation from the *Jewish Guardian*, the Learned Elders are now able to exercise a censorship over all films which appear in this country. As our Press is in the hands of the Jews, it is obvious that the Learned Elders are now in a position to decide what news the people of Britain shall read, and what pictures they shall see.

How this censorship works can be illustrated in the case of Ireland. Under normal conditions, the state of things in Ireland would provide the most remarkable series of pictures week by week. But anything calculated to injure the cause of the murder gang is rigidly excluded from our cinematograph screens. The only Irish pictures which appear are those calculated to assist Sinn Fein, by awakening sympathy. We are treated to "news films" of praying crowds outside Irish prisons, of scenes where British tanks and armoured cars move through the streets of Dublin, or of Sinn Feiners under arrest.

We never see Irish events from the loyalist standpoint. Wrecked and burning houses belonging to those whose only offence was devotion to the King, scenes of cold-blooded murder and violence, funerals of loyal men, and the countless episodes which illustrate the criminal record of Sinn Fein, cannot pass the Yiddish censor.

The Irish Office has unequalled facilities for the education of the British public by means of the cinematograph; yet we venture to assert that if it attempts to use the film for purposes of propaganda, it will find that there is a power in this country superior to the Government.

Everyone remembers how effective the film was at the beginning of the war, and how public indignation against German crimes was aroused by the presentation of "news films," depicting ruined churches and villages.

At this moment a "war" is being conducted in Ireland, organised by German Jews, and marked by brutality which even the Huns failed to surpass. Yet the truth is being kept from the British public because the Learned Elders of Zion have taken care to purchase our Press, and capture our cinematograph trade.

How long will Britons bear the yoke of their Yiddish masters ?

The Power of Truth.

Truth is an extraordinary thing; or rather one might say that the effect of telling the truth in this world of lies and trickery produces extraordinary results.

For instance, last week, in a leading article we said :—

> Now that Mr. Lloyd George is making arrangements to climb-down for the benefit of the miners, Mr. Erskine should not fail to place the Prime Minister's record as a cringer before the constituency. He can state with certainty that a message was secretly dispatched to the coal mining areas declaring that the climb-down of Mr. Lloyd George was a certainty ; and that the miners' part in the drama must consist of a "firm stand."

Within two days the effect of this disclosure was evident. Lloyd George, realising that "the cat was out of the bag" —in other words that there had been a leak in the Sassoon-Lansbury pipe—was compelled to give the miners the surprise of their lives. So upset was he at the unexpected power of truth that he promptly took cold—feet. We observe that Mr. Asquith is suffering from the same complaint.

For a communist like Lloyd George to be compelled to write to "comride" Hodge as follows, is too much of a good thing :—

> The Government have nothing further to propose. I feel bound, however, to make it clear to you that the grant of ten millions, which the Government are prepared to make to ease the difficulties of the men in the districts most hardly hit by the great fall in coal prices, cannot be regarded as available indefinitely.
>
> We made this offer with considerable misgiving, having regard to the very serious burdens which are being sustained at the present time by all the other industries and citizens who make up the taxpayers of the country. Every week during which the strike has lasted has depleted the resources of the nation, and has lessened its capacity to afford this assistance to a particular industry. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion that we cannot prolong the offer for more than another fortnight, which should give you sufficient time to take a ballot of your members on the Government suggestions—if you should think that course desirable—or to reach a settlement in some other way.

As for the miners, or rather those Bolsheviks who represent them, our Jew-owned contemporary, the *Sunday Times*, could describe Mr. Lloyd George's action as neither more nor less than a "bombshell."

There is something peculiarly *naive* about the following paragraph from our once patriotic contemporary :—

> "A BOMBSHELL."
>
> MINERS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.
>
> It is stated that the letter came as a great surprise and almost as a bombshell to the Miners' Executive, who at their meeting in London yesterday were not anticipating anything of this nature. They did not expect to hear quite so definitely from the Prime Minister that "the Government have nothing further to propose."
>
> They frankly admitted that they believed an invitation or suggestion would have come from Mr. Lloyd George which would have paved the way for more parleys. The fact is that the Executive, restricted as they are by the instructions of the district delegates, are now in a very difficult situation, and most of the members were gloomy about the outlook.

So much for the truth.

Mond and Morality.

Some weeks ago we pointed out that Sir Alfred Mond was opposed to "the one means of preventing venereal disease, which does not happen to be immoral."

We can quite appreciate his reasons for opposing self-disinfection. But, after all, he is not the whole Government; and apart from the Government, the people of Britain have to be considered.

It seems incredible that the Government actually prohibits the sale of disinfectants which the medical profession believes to be requisite for the prevention of the most awful scourge that ever devastated the earth.

Public opinion, however, is finding expression, as witness the following press report :—

> The Second Annual General Meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease took place last evening by permission of the Royal Society of Medicine, in the Barnes Hall, at 1 Wimpole-street, W.
>
> Lord Willoughby de Broke, president of the Society, who occupied the chair, moved the following resolution, which was carried :—"That the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease take immediate steps to apply formerly to the Ministry of Health for their sanction, under the Venereal Disease Act, 1917, for the preparation and sale, under the supervision and control of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, of the materials for immediate self-disinfection recommended by them."
>
> The mover said he wanted to lay stress on the fact that venereal disease was still going on at an alarming rate, and constituted a grave danger not only to the sufferers of the present, but to the generations of the future. Moreover, venereal disease was still going on in spite of the official policy, which, as they were aware, consisted in exhorting people to be chaste, in warning them against the dangers of non-chastity, and in advising the incontinent to go to the doctor if they became infected.
>
> Lady Askwith, seconding the resolution, alluded to the many pathetic letters she received from women asking her, for the sake of all women, to press for the legalisation of the sale of means of self-disinfection.

Either there is a plot afoot to destroy the race, or there is not.

If there is not, why do the Government prohibit the sale of disinfectants, the use of which would save endless misery to countless innocent people ?

If the curtain were lifted and the tragedy for which the Government is responsible were revealed, even the apathy of the average Englishmen would disappear, and be replaced by righteous fury.

The King and Ulster.

The *Nation and Athenæum* offers as its first note the following piece of impertinence :—

> If the report that the King has consented to open the Belfast Parliament is true, it means, we are afraid, that the Monarchy, which hitherto has only been formally identified with the policy of partition and the administrative terror, will now be personally associated with them. If so, the King has been badly advised. The act was not necessary in itself, and, save in one contingency, it may produce the worst effect in Ireland. That is that the King's visit should be made the occasion of a formal offer by him of a general Irish peace.

His Majesty having decided to accept the invitation of his Ulster subjects to open their Parliament, will have the satisfaction of visiting the one spot in his Dominions where loyalty to the Throne remains at white heat. Ulster loves her King. There is no shuffling out in Ulster theatres when the National Anthem is played.

Kingship and aristocracy are appreciated and valued by the sturdy people of Northern Ireland.

And if the King visits Ulster, he will be visiting a land which has fought for and maintained its independence for 2,500 years.

This talk about partition is so much quibbling. Cuchulain, Ulster's greatest hero, died to save Ulster soil from the pollution of Southern Attacottic feet ; and there is not an Ulsterman who would not die to-day for the same cause that inspired Cuchulain 2,000 years ago.

As for an offer by the King of a "general Irish Peace," we suggest to Mr. Massingham that he should extend his programme of absurdities, and propose that a general peace should be extended to all criminals. One of the first acts of the Russian Soviets was to open all jails and let loose the murderers and thieves, and shut the same jails upon anyone who had any claim to honour or decency.

Perhaps this is really what Mr. Massingham means when he proposes that the King should offer peace to the murder gang whose acts are attracting to Ireland legions of devils, so that those who have sensitive souls declare that from the very soil there rises a spiritual stench of crime.

Let Mr. Massingham use his influence with his Sinn Fein admirers, and encourage them to preach an act of contrition, so that the fury of Heaven may be averted, and Ireland saved from an awful vengeance for her crimes.

The Protocol against Landowners.

A further move is being made against landowners on the lines of the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*. The first step in this ugly business was taken in the House of Lords on May 3rd last, when the Minister of Agriculture laid certain draft regulations on the table of the House of Lords. These draft regulations provide that the tenant shall be permitted to make the following "improvements" against the wishes of the landlord, and *for which the landlord will be compelled to pay*, namely:—(1) Making of cottage gardens; (2) Improvements of existing roads and bridges; (3) Making of improvements of ponds, wells, or works of supply of water for agricultural purposes and the making of improvements of water courses for drainage purposes; (4) Making or removal of permanent fixtures; (5) Protecting young fruit trees; (6) Re-claiming of waste land; (7) Provision of permanent sheep dipping accommodation.

It is incredible that such a disgracefully unfair set of proposals should even be considered by the Government (rotten to the core though it is). If these proposals were made by the Moscow Soviet, nobody would be astonished; but your Bolshevist believes in short shrift for landlords, and really in this respect he is humane. For it is a harder thing to live under the torture of ever pressing poverty than to die.

Our boys who died splendidly in the trenches, believing to the last in a clean and heroic Britain, were fortunate, when we consider what a land Britain has become. They fought for freedom; but it remains for those who survive to sink daily under the Jewish yoke.

The old landlords of Britain do not squeal. But were the tale of their misfortunes and sorrows to be told, and the record of how one by one they have been forced to abandon their property, we should possess a record which would soften a heart of stone.

So much for the human side of the case.

Economically considered the driving out of the landlords is already producing disgust and distress among their former tenants. These good folk are beginning to realise that the old order was a thousand times more satisfactory from the standpoint of finance than the new. And as days pass they will realise this fact with ever increasing disgust. Perhaps they will realise some day that "an enemy hath done this."

We recommend the provincial Press to make a note of Protocol VI., so that landlord and tenant alike shall know their enemy, and combine to defeat him.

Here is Protocol VI.:—

> The aristocracy of the Gentiles as a political force has passed away. We need not take them into consideration. But as owners of land they are harmful to us in that they are independent in their sources of livelihood. Therefore at all costs we must deprive them of their land. The best means to attain this is to increase land taxes and mortgage indebtedness. These measures will keep land ownership in a state of unconditional subordination. Unable to satisfy their needs by small inheritances the Gentiles will burn themselves out rapidly.

After reading this Protocol the unconditional obedience of Lloyd George to his Jewish masters will be appreciated.

Killing the Goose.

Lloyd George went to Limehouse to begin a war against gentlefolk. An ignorant electorate supported him; and because of their ignorance of his real motives they failed to understand that the real protectors of the poor are the aristocracy and gentry. There must be wealth and poverty in this world; but for the comfort of the poor it is requisite that power should be in the hands of those who have been born to the purple, and who have not had to climb into power by ugly means.

The financial destruction of the aristocracy and gentry of Britain has produced many evil results, not the least of which is the present desperate financial plight of our great hospitals.

These institutions were kept in existence by the aristocracy and gentry; and now that wealth has passed from the hands of gentlefolk into the hands of war profiteers and the Learned Elders of Zion, the poor are beginning to realise that the old order was best.

Allowing for the increase in population, our hospitals should have increased in proportion; but instead of this they have had to cut down expenses and close ward after ward. The London Hospital has had to close wards containing 200 beds. In spite of a rising birth-rate, our maternity hospitals are unable to deal with as many women as they nursed in 1914. Some hospitals have been closed down altogether.

Thus the poor must suffer because their natural protectors have been impoverished by Lloyd George and his paymasters.

What is to be done? Well, the remedy lies with the voters of this country. An awakened electorate can yet save Britain from ruin and misery.

WITH BEAUTY FOR A SHIELD.

When you went forth with beauty for a shield,
The sad world smiled, and innocence was glad;
And as you passed, the winter woodlands clad
Their nakedness with Spring, and every field
Longed to caress your feet, while unconcealed
Stood countless forest things. Then to the sad
There came a balm for pain, and they who had
No heart to break looked on you and were healed.

Yet sin conspired with infamy the while,
And Hell reared up its head to challenge you;
Hatred and lust laid snares upon your track;
Falsehood came forth to meet you with a smile.
And though Gommorah's gates spewed out their crew
To turn you back, you prayed, and turned not back.

H.M.P.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S STATEMENT.

[*At the conclusion of the debate between the Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Hyndman, which took place on the 8th inst. in a Committee Room of the House of Commons, the Duke brought the following direct charges against the leaders of Labour.*]

IN order to show how Lenin's policy of undermining the Trade Unions from within has progressed, how permeated is the whole Labour movement by enemy influence, how it is being corrupted by foreign gold, and how the Labour Party are concealing this disgraceful state of affairs—I now bring the following facts to the notice of this meeting.

The following are prominent Trade Unionists who are members of the Bureau of the Red Trade Union International, and are working under the direct orders of Moscow for the subversion of British Trade Unionism, and the ruin of this country. It will be noticed that several of those persons are members of the executives of important Unions, and some hold important official positions in the Labour Party organisation.

Bamber, Mary.—National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers.

Cook, A. J.—Member of Executive of Miners' Federation of Great Britain, and of the Executive of the South Wales Miners' Federation.

Coppock, R.—Amalgamated Joiners.

Hezlett, W. J.—Member of Provisional Executive Committee of Communist Party of Great Britain—South Wales miner.

Holder, R.—National Union of Railwaymen.

Lismer, E.—Organising Secretary of British Bureau. Until recently Secretary of Sheffield No. 27 branch, Steam Engine Makers' Society.

Mann, T.—Late Secretary of Amalgamated Engineering Union.

Murphy, J. T.—Member of Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

Purcell, A.—Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress and National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades Association.

Smith, B.—Vehicle Workers.

Vaughan, J.—Electrical Trades Union.

Wilkinson, Ellen.—National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers.

Williams, A. V.—Yorkshire Miners' Association.

Williams, Robert.—General Secretary of Transport Workers' Federation. Member of the National Executive of the Labour Party.

LONDON COMMITTEE OF RED TRADE UNION INTERNATIONAL.

The following were elected on May 7th, 1921:—

Hannington (Amalgamated Engineering Union); Westfallen (Electrical Trades Union); Burgundy (National Union of Railwaymen); Saunders (United Vehicle Workers); Williams (National Union of General Workers); Thompson (Dockers); Brown, T. (Woodworkers); Thom (Distributive Trades); Deacon (National Union of Clerks).

Secretary—Harry Pollitt (United Society of Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Ship Builders.

This gentleman deserves special notice. He has been elected to the forthcoming Trade Union Congress, is a member of the Labour Party Annual Congress, and will represent the boilermakers at the meeting of the General Federation of Trades Unions in July. To crown all, he is described by the President of the Boilermakers' Union (Mr. Hill) as "a respected and accredited representative of Trade Unionism."

In addition to the above the following prominent Trade Unionists also occupy important positions in the Communist Party:—

Noah Ablott (Member Executive of Miners' Federation of Great Britain) is a self-confessed Bolshevik.

George Harvey (miner, Wardley Colliery, Pelaw-on-Tyne).—Red Trade Union International Organiser for north-eastern area.

W. J. C. Kirker (Delegate of Bowhill branch of Fife, Kinross and Clackmannen Miners' Association.—Member of Provisional Executive of Communist Party of Great Britain.

Now it is perfectly clear that if the Trade Unions of this country can include in their organisation persons who are trying to destroy Trade Unionism, and if these persons are not only protected and their activities concealed by responsible leaders of Labour, but are actually commended by these leaders as "respected and accredited representatives of Trade Unionism," then the Trades Unions have become simply enemy agencies in our midst.

Furthermore, it is obvious that the protestations of the Labour Party leaders that no money is being received from abroad by the Trades Unions are insincere and worthless, since it stands to reason that, if they are loyal men themselves, they would not be told of the treasonable activities of their colleagues. The following facts show how Soviet gold is circulating in this country:—

Under the "Constitution and Rules" of the Communist Party, 3d. a week per member is sent to Headquarters, but unemployed or sick members are exempted from payment on notification to the branch Secretary.

The membership of the Communist Party was officially given a short time ago as 5,000. Even supposing that 4,000 were paying regularly, the income of the Headquarters would amount to only £50 a week, whereas the salaries in Glasgow alone amount to £24, and it is known that the salary list exceeds considerably £70 a week. The income, therefore, from legitimate sources is far less than half the expenditure. Where does the rest of the money come from?

There are only two sources from which the difference between expenditure and income can be made up. First, large subscriptions from sympathisers in this country; second, subsidies from abroad. There is little evidence of subscriptions from internal sources. The principal sympathisers are well known; some of them are persons of rather more than moderate means, but there is no evidence that out of these means they subscribe largely to the funds. Evidence of subsidies from abroad is more satisfactory. At the secret Conference held in Sachsa, in the Hartz

Mountains, about Christmas 1920, £24,000 was allocated for Communist propaganda in this country. At a meeting held in Moscow, in March, it was decided to allocate £38,000 to the Red Trades Union International throughout the world. The British Bureau of that International is believed to have received £4,000 in December or January, which was to last them till May. This was the result of a visit paid by Murphy to Moscow. There is reason to believe that they anticipated a further allowance some time before the end of that month.

As an instance of what is going on, it may be mentioned that a Communist recently arrested in one of the great industrial cities of the Midlands, was discovered to have had to his credit in the local bank a very large sum, the source of which he could not account for. He drew several hundred pounds from the bank in small change, because he said he required it to pay the miners.

It may interest the Labour Party to know how close is the association between persons occupying prominent positions in their own organisation, and Moscow.

The Conference of the Red Trade Union International held in Moscow, on June 16th, 1920, was attended by Mr. R. Williams (Transport Workers' Federation) and Mr. Purcell (Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress). Zinoviev opened with a speech in which he advocated the creation of "a Communist centre in the heart of the Amsterdam International in order to blow it up from within." Williams moved a resolution which was accepted advocating the establishment of a revolutionary Trade Union International, "free from any connection with the so-called leaders of the Labour movement who have acted the part of social patriots and Chauvinists during the war."

The aims and objects, as stated in the provisional rules, were "to carry on an insistent and continuous propaganda for the ideas of the revolutionary class struggle, social revolution, dictatorship of the proletariat and mass revolutionary action, with the object of destroying the capitalist system and the bourgeois state. . . . To take the initiative in organising an international campaign . . . and organise the collection of funds for the support of strikes and great social conflicts."

In February, 1921, this was followed by a manifesto issued by the British Bureau "to the British Trade Union Movement." This urged Trade Unionists "not to dissociate themselves in any way from existing industrial organisations. In fact their duty is more diligently than ever to permeate the Trade Union movement and to compel organisation in the Red International . . . to sap and undermine the foundations of that system which degrades our lives, stultifies our growth, and keeps us in age-long servitude. . . . To do for Europe what Communism has done for Russia."

Great Britain was in February divided into eleven areas, each of which was placed in charge of an organiser who receives a salary of £5 to £6 per week and expenses. This organisation has formed a joint committee with the Communist Party and has passed a resolution stating that its purpose is to "secure that all key positions are held by Communists . . . in order to secure the conversion of the rank and file to Communism and the complete subordination of the industrial movement to the Communist Party of Great Britain."

The principal organ of the Labour Party, the *Daily Herald*, has as its editor Mr. Lansbury and its industrial editor is Mr. William Mollor, a member of the Provisional Executive of the Commnnist Party of Great Britain.

A very near relative of Mr. Lansbury is employed in the office of Krassin's Trading Delegation. It is interesting to note that the *Daily Herald* receives news from Russia much sooner than any other paper. It is simply the organ of the Third International.

Nothing is more significant than the attempts of political Labour leaders to conceal this scandalous situation in the Trades Unions. They dare not face the extremists and reform their organisation, they dare not submit to a public enquiry, and they therefore resort to the pitiable and hopeless course of trying to hide what is perfectly well-known to all those who have studied the Labour movement.

AN UPPER-CUT FOR LLOYD GEORGE.

WE are glad to observe that the defeat of Lloyd George's nominee, Herbert Jessel, in the St. George's election has been generally appreciated as the most severe blow which our Jew-ridden Government has sustained.

Montagu is trembling in his shoes; Sir Alfred Mond's teeth are chattering in spite of the hot weather; Amery, like Lloyd George, has got an attack of cold-feet; Lord Rothschild is pacing Piccadilly with a glowering face and an anxious wrinkle on his marble brow; and there is rage and despair in the inner circles of the Learned Elders of Zion.

Sir Philip Sassoon promised his friends that he would put PLAIN ENGLISH out of existence six months ago; but he failed. And for the past six months we have, week after week, emphasised the fact that the only party which the people of this country would support would be a party composed of genuine Conservatives—the day of super-men was over—and that the alternative to the Lloyd George-Mond-Sassoon-Samuel-Isaacs Coalition was a body of quiet and honourable men.

Apropos of the recent contest, we put the position in as few words as possible in our last issue, when we said:—

> The effrontery of Lloyd George and his Jew-ruled Coalition becomes every day more insufferable. But we are glad to observe each new example of this effrontery, because it indicates that the Jewish arrogance of those who feel secure enough to dispense with a "Gentile front" will enevitably bring Lloyd George and his masters, the Learned Elders, to destruction. "Pride cometh before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."
>
> The policy at present adopted by Lloyd George consists of a complete disregard for public opinion. Let a Minister arouse public indignation, Lloyd George embraces him; let the Liquor Control Board drive the decent people of this country to fury, Lloyd George rushes forth to give it a new lease of life; let the Jews become odious to everyone, Lloyd George bundles more Jews into high office, and actually arranges to nominate a Jew for the St. George's, Hanover Square, vancancy. . . .
>
> Now the most critical time has come. The people of this country have fought the coal-mining blackmailers, and have virtually won. Are they to be deprived of their victory over the forces of anarchy by a disguised Communist who for the moment happens to be the Prime Minister?
>
> It is for the electors of St. George's to say. If they accept a Jew, a nominee of Lloyd George, they will live to repent their folly. If, on the other hand, they elect a genuine Conservative like Mr. Erskine, they will do more to purify public life and to strengthen the state than they could possibly realise, unless they had the facilities which we possess for examining the heartlessness and corruption which exist below the surface of politics and public life in this country.

So much hung upon this election that we confess to having been decidedly anxious as to the result; for as we pointed out last week, the election was rushed through with indecent haste.

But our repeated assertions that the people of this country were sound, and that they deserved a government of gentlemen, entirely free from Jewish influence, blackmail and bribery, have been proved accurate by the result: –

Mr. J. M. M. ERSKINE (Conservative, anti-Waste)	7,244
Colonel Sir H. M. JESSEL (Co. Unionist) ...	5,356
Conservative majority	1,888

The Harmsworth Press has done its best to throw dust in the public eye by describing Mr. Erskine as an "Independent." Mr. Erskine is a Conservative of the genuine sort ; and his victory should convince those time-serving Tories to whom Lloyd George owes his very existence, that their safest course lies in an immediate abandonment of the Jew-ridden Coalition.

Let them drop Lloyd George and go to the country as genuine Conservatives (for the word Unionist is an absurdity now that Home Rule is an established fact in Ulster), and they will sweep the polls.

We know that our repeated assertions had virtually convinced them that the path of separation from the Lloyd George-Sassoon-Mond-Samuel-Isaacs gang was their only path to safety. But the result of St. George's election has made assurance doubly sure ; and there should be no hesitation now.

So much for the political side of the St. George's contest.

As to the racial side, the truth should stare everyone in the face.

Had Jessel won, the domination of Britain by aliens would have been complete ; for it must not be forgotten that this Jew was named for the leadership, if you please, of the Conservative Party.

Jessel has been thrown on the scrap heap ; and his backers realise that even Wales cannot be trusted to return the Jew Mond with the battle-cry of "Vales for the Velch."

In fact, the St. George's result means that every alien who tries to slink into Parliament, and dominate the people by supporting the trickery of Cabinet Ministers, will be defeated.

The time is ripe for a General Election. And we urge the Conservative Party to come forth boldly under its own name, and fight a clean fight for the salvation of Britain.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF SIMON de MONTFORT?"

MATTHEW de PARIS, a Monk of the Abbey of St. Albans, looked out of his abbey windows—more than six hundred years ago—and prayed God to send England a leader. England, he made moan, was "like a vineyard without wall or watchman, open to the pillaging of every vagrant." Perhaps in answer to this prayer God raised up Simon de Montfort. He "great noble, great soldier, terrible and austere, yet benignant" sent word to his peers to meet at the house of the Preacher Brethern, at Oxford. When he had brought them together, he made them swear a solemn oath, "neither life, nor death, nor for their goods, nor for hatred, nor love, nor for any reason whatever to be beat from their design to purify England of ignoble foreigners." Simon and his followers clothed themselves in a coarse grey cloth, the product of English weavers, and in this armour of rough home spun, with the red cross of St. George as the standard of their party, these men formed an Aristocracy, a living wall between the English people and their exploiters. Against this wall came the King of Germany with his army, and Simon de Montfort fell at the Battle of Evesham.

The monk in the Abbey of St. Albans prayed for the repose of the warrior's soul, and recorded the gallant stand in his chronicle finishing with these words: "thus ended the labours of that noble man who gave, not only his property, but also his body, to defend the poor and to maintain justice and right for England." The spirit of Simon de Montfort was not in the dust for long. Within a hundred years the rich earth of England, which Simon de Montfort's "richer dust concealed," again "bore, shaped, made aware" a leader. It took a century for England again to produce a fighter, and an Aristocrat who was conscious of the duties of his position. This man was Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. He found "the poor people" of England put to "great hindrance by a strange mene [foreign crowd] that is late in the land."

"Alas! for ruth it is great pity!" sang the ballad maker. "Which maketh the poreylle [poor folk] to mourn and weep." They made a pilgrimage, the good folk of England, to the shrine of Simon de Montfort, and they prayed that he would strengthen the arm of

That noble knight and flower of manhood,
Richard, Earl of Warwick, shield of our defence.

And they complained to him of their misery brought about by "strange mene" who not only took their labour but

Also they bere the gold out of this land,
And sucke the thrift away out of our hand
As the waspe sucketh home fro' the bee.

All England rose behind Warwick, but the Germans and their bankers, the Jews of Frankfort and Lombardy, secured the ear of the Court, and the whispers of the bought courtiers became the false gauge by which Henry VI. measured public opinion. He attempted to destroy Warwick, but Warwick, the king-maker, placed Edward of York on the throne, and went away to France to arrange an *entente*. Then, as now, France was the advanced post in which England must ever first meet the enemy. But during Warwick's absence, the alien again corrupted and bribed the Court, and when Warwick returned from France he found that the cause of England had been betrayed. Edward had been bribed by the Germans into an alliance with the House of Burgundy. With the people behind him, Warwick drove Edward out of England into the arms of his paymasters, the Hanseatic merchants. These men recorded their version of the War of the Roses in the *Dantzic Chronicle*:—

> In the year 1469 there was great discord in England, one of the reasons being the [Hanseatic] merchant. . . . The King treated Warwick and his friends with contempt. Therefore Warwick hated him greatly, and as for many nobles and the common folk who hated the German merchant, they went with any lord who did what they wanted. So there came about this discord among the nobles.

Consequently Germany supplied England's false King with ships—in fact the very same fleet which had been blockading the east coast of England. Against this alien-supported invasion Warwick took his stand, and at the Battle of Barnet he died, as Simon de Montfort had died at Evesham, carrying the Cross of St. George to spiritual victory, but to another material defeat. And, says the German historian:—

> Justly was the Hanse delighted over the return of King Edward IV. It had furthered this return, because it saw in this event the surest means to re-establish peace and its privileges.

And to this comment a modern chronicler, Ian Colvin, has added:—

> The Germans thronged back behind Edward; all their privileges were restored; the damages they had suffered were paid out of the English Customs, and they settled down again, like a swarm of vampire bats, upon the trade and government of England.

To-day the "poreylle" of England are looking for the return of the spirit of Simon de Montfort to save them from the alien merchant who has been permitted to return to England through the policy of our Government. But it is not a false king who has betrayed us this time. The King is sound, and stands in the kingly position of protecting his people from the alien exploiter. But Downing Street plots and plans to destroy the Royal power, and hopes to substitute in its place the German-Jew-guided Government against which England has always fought. We are told from Devon that the drums of Drake are again heard beating along the coast. The sailors of England are as clean and uncorrupted as their own salt air, but those of us whose place is in the citadel are waiting for our leader.

THE BRITISH SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS.

(Incorporating the National Economical Party.)

Programme for May, 1921.

Throughout Great Britain, fifty thousand cards are being circularised to the Secretaries of the various Trades Unions, Technical, Scientific, Social, Political, Masonic and Buffalo Institutions and Societies, outlining the Jewish Peril. During this month, the Executive Council will be actively engaged in founding Branches of the Society in every district in Great Britain, chiefly in the industrial areas, and it is hoped that 200 Branch Secretaries will have been appointed, and the work of publicity and propaganda will be commenced by June 1st. The Council are considering the advisability of appointing efficient Public Speakers to travel through the industrial areas during June, July and August. The Management Committee will meet at the Grand Hotel, Sheffield, on May 30th, at 7.30 p.m. The Executive Council will meet at Queen's Hotel, Leeds, on May 31st, at 7 p.m.

At a meeting in Sheffield on April 26th, the General Secretary outlined the future programme of the Society, and called upon all Members, and Fellows, to assist in the movement. During the appeal he stated that "unless the working masses are enlightened about this Jewish snake in the grass, and unless we receive the approbation and strength of public opinion, nothing can prevent the realisation of the Jewish Programme. A revolution would materially assist, whilst the hardships, and delay in forming a great public party such as the National Economical Party may be some day, is stupendous. Lack of capital for publicity, the apathy of the masses which little short of an earthquake would disturb, and the array of Jewish-controlled papers and journals in opposition, constituted an iron wall which no existing organisation could penetrate."

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

Bank Rate 6½%. Bankers' Deposit Rate 5%.

Price of Gold 109s. 3d. per fine oz.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
Alexandria	... Piastres	... 97¼	... 97¼ to 97⅜
Amsterdam...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·31 to 11·33
Berlin ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 251 to 253
Brussels ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·20 to 47·30
Calcutta ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3⅜d.
Christiania	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 25·50 to 25·60
Italy ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 79·00 to 79·50
Madrid ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 29·40 to 29·50
Montreal ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·24 to 4·26
New York ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·78¾ to 3·79¼
Paris... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·15 to 47·25
Singapore ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3$\frac{31}{32}$d.
Switzerland	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·17 to 22·22
Yokohama ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 5⅝d.

OIL SHARE PROSPECTS.

All indications point to revived activity in Oil shares. It was a disappointment that the dividend of the Burmah Oil was a little under market anticipations, but this has been set off, so far as dealings are concerned, by the declaration of the Shell Company just announced, who have declared 25 per cent. (or 5s. per share) free of Income Tax on account of Profits for 1920, which makes 35 per cent. for the year, same as last year. This is a remarkable achievement, because the dividend is maintained on an increase in the Ordinary share capital of 50 per cent., shareholders having the right last year to subscribe at par for new shares in the proportion of one Ordinary share for every two held. The dividend, which is up to the highest anticipations of the Stock Exchange, is payable on July 5th next. The amount of cash to be distributed in dividends will approximate nearly £7,000,000 sterling. The shares at £5 10s. give a yield of £6 13s. (tax free) including the dividend, or a return of 9½ per cent. with tax payable.

It is just announced that the Directors of the Anglo-American Oil Company are increasing the Capital from £3,000,000 to £10,000,000 sterling by the creation of 7,000,000 £1 shares. The Company conduct a business of Oil Merchants and are also Ship Owners, and recent dividends have been at the rate of 30 per cent.

There is no doubt the coal strike has given further impetus to the Oil industry, and apparently the large interests concerned are setting their house in order with a view to meeting new and increased markets.

BONUS SHARES AND THE SUPER-TAX.

A decision of very great importance to shareholders and one that will be welcomed with some feeling of relief has just been given by the House of Lords on appeal in regard to whether or not shareholders in a Company which had declared a bonus to its members from its profits, and which has allotted to them in satisfaction of the bonus fully-paid shares, were liable to pay Super-Tax on the amount of the bonus paid. The case was brought on the appeal at the instance of the Inland Revenue Commissioners and the Lords decided—confirming the judgment of the Appeal Court—that the shareholders were not liable for the tax. The view is that the bonus is no part of the *income* of the shareholder, but is an accretion of capital. So many millions sterling were distributed by way of bonus during and since the war that the sum involved by the decision must be very large. The principal Oil Companies—Burma, Shells, Eagles—distributed many millions, likewise the shipping concerns, Textile and Iron Companies, and almost every concern interested in Munition work. We trust the Budgets were not framed in anticipation of a decision of the Lords satisfactory to the Exchequer.

E. D. SASSOON & CO. LTD.

Particulars of this Company have been filed at Somerset House, showing that it was Incorporated in India on 4th December, 1920, to acquire and carry on the business of Bankers, Financiers, Merchants, etc., at Bombay, Calcutta, Hong Kong, London, Bagdad, and elsewhere. The capital is Rs. 1,00,00,000 in shares of Rs. 100 each.

Presiding at the Annual General Meeting last week of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the Chairman, Sir Owen Philipps, G.C.M.G., M.P., made the following striking reference to the burden of taxation being borne by the country :—

> I cannot help feeling that if much of the public attention that has been directed to the solution of problems connected with oversea commerce, such as the exchange, trade with Bolshevist Russia, and other matters of an international character, was devoted to the far simpler task of cutting down unnecessary expenditure at home, we would be nearer a trade revival. Not only is high taxation enormously increasing all costs of production, but it is causing very large numbers of persons to be kept out of employment. In order to encourage trade and industry to revive, in my view it may be necessary to postpone all idea of reducing the deadweight debt of the country for, say, three years. It is folly to pay off debt, and at the same time be obliged to provide many millions of money each year for doles to people who are out of employment—because heavy taxation is retarding a revival of trade, and thus preventing these people from obtaining work. . . . In my opinion it is absolutely essential in the future that the taxation of this country should be reduced. Otherwise it will not be possible to find employment for the fifty millions of our population. Unless we can provide employment for all by getting back our international trade, the country will have to face the only possible alternative, and that is for many millions of our fellow countrymen to emigrate, which is a contingency no one can contemplate with equanimity.

FAR EAST RAND.

The Directors of the Houtpoort Limited have issued a circular to their shareholders stating that the well-known Consulting-Engineer, Mr. H. S. Denny, C.B.E., M. Inst., M.M., and a great authority on South African mining matters, has made a report confirming that the Houtpoort properties, Klippovrtje and Tulipvale, contain the same rich reef with similar characteristics as the great mines lying to the North, viz:—Modderfontein, Government Areas, Geduld, Springs, etc.

Dividends and Reports.

Guaranty Trust of New York.—Regular quarterly dividend of 5 per cent. declared.

Barratt & Co.—Interim Dividend on Ordinary shares at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum for half year.

Jugra Estate.—Final dividend recommended of 15 per cent., making 25 per cent. for year.

Western Telegraph.—Third quarterly dividend of 5s. per share free of tax for year ending 30th June.

Associated Newspapers.—After providing for Tax and Depreciation, profits for year amount to £104,464. Dividend declared on Deferred shares equal to 8 per cent. on old and 4 per cent. on new. £36,119 carried forward.

Holbrooks Limited.—Further dividend of 6 per cent. on Ordinary, making 10 per cent. for year and a bonus of 3d. per share, both free of tax. Carried forward, £17,953.

United River Plate Telephone.—Final Dividend recommended of 5 per cent. on Ordinary, making 8 per cent. for 1920 free of tax. £38,367 carried forward.

John Hunter Morris & Elken.—Dividend of 10 per cent. per annum less tax.

Bank of New South Wales.—Dividend on Capital Stock at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for quarter ended 31st March, together with a bonus of 10s. per share.

Dinnington Main Coal.—Final dividend proposed of 1s. per share for year ended 31st March, making 10 per cent. free of tax for year.

Salar del Carmen Nitrate Syndicate.—Interim Dividend of 5 per cent. less tax has been paid, and Directors recommend a final dividend of 15 per cent. less tax.

NEW YORK NOTES.

THE list of "slackers" is being published by the Government, and the names show that ninety (90) per cent. of them are Jews. This is making the Semites sore, and the Press, largely owned by the same race, is howling against its publication. But the list goes on just the same, and will continue being published to the end, for the American Legion has taken up the matter, and these "boys," who freely and unhesitatingly offered their lives for America and the civilised world, will "see it through."

To-day's *New York Tribune* contained happy and cheerful news from Berlin stating that the Soviet regime in Russia was falling to pieces, and that the Jew Commissars were fleeing to safer quarters than Petrograd or Moscow. The leaders of the Jewish government of Russia have begun to read the handwriting on the wall : "Prepare, for the days of thy doom are at hand."

The Association Unity of Russia in this city has just issued a pamphlet which contains some atrocious exhibits of Communist poetry, whose purpose is to ridicule Christianity and the Christian prayers. An instance or two of the blasphemous stuff will suffice. A. Marienhoff (Bleishein, a Jew), one of the beloved Communist poets, published in the Soviet magazine, "Jav," in its issue of October, 1920, page 7, in blank verse :—

Stability, stability ! we drag you in the whirl,
We whip the holy with the knout,
We torture the weak body of Christ,
We torture it in the Cheka (Extraordinary Committee).
Now then, pardon us sinners !
Save us as you saved the robber on Golgotha;
We wildly spill out thy blood
As we spill water from a washbowl.

Still another verse from this same poet reads :—

Splendid is our obscene dance on the porch of the Church,
Christ is again on the cross, while we have taken
Barabbas for a walk down the Tverskoi Boulevard.

A. Bloch, a Jew, one of the most notorious figures in the Extraordinary Committee, who has by his own hands tortured to death many Russian clergymen and army officers, presents the following in the same magazine :—

So they march at sovereign pace
A hungry hound is lagging behind,
At the head with a bloody flag
With a crown of white roses,
Marches Jesus Christ.

And this is the sort of diseased and moral pervert that rules a Christian nation. How long, O Lord, how long, before retribution comes to these insane and sensual debauchees?

The Jewish publicity agencies are now busy sending out the statement that Jews made possible the discovery of America by advancing the finances necessary for Columbus's trip. It may be true that the money for the purpose came through Jews, but it was Queen Isabella, the Catholic, who pawned or sold her personal jewels to these same Jews. There are no limits to the depths Jews will go to lie themselves into favour. It is an old game with them, and only recently is being uncovered. They will not find it so easy in future to pull the wool over the Gentiles' eyes.

It is really amusing sometimes to contemplate the means that Jews will use to cover their nationality. Elias Rosenberg was brought before Magistrate Sweetzer a few days ago for peddling in a restricted district. On the lapel of his coat he wore a Knight of Columbus button. Joseph Doran, chief clerk of the Tombs Court, noticing Rosenberg's nose and speech, inquired if he belonged to the Jewish branch of the K. of C. To which the Jew replied cunningly and cautiously, "May be." Before he left the court room several "Caseys" exacted a promise that he would never again wear a similar emblem.

The new Immigration Bill—admitting only three per cent. of the nationals of each country here in 1910—has been passed overwhelmingly by both Senate and House, and now awaits only the signature of President Harding. The Jews have tried in every way to have this Bill killed, but failed ignominiously. Daylight is beginning to appear to Americans on the Jewish situation.

According to a brief news item in the *New York World* for May 16th, the Jews of Vienna are expecting a huge pogrom in the near future as a result of a census being taken by the Christian Socialist League of that city. It has recently come to my ears that a similar activity is under way, if not entirely completed, in many of the cities of this country. Such a list is the easiest imaginable thing to secure. Procure the government's lists of "slackers" in any country and you have all the Jews in that country. The "slackers" locate their families, when they have any, and thus a complete list of anti-Nationalists is easily secured in any country.

Russians, that is white natives of Russia (not Jews), to whom I have spoken on the matter, have told me that Rasputin as well as Illiodor, the two "monks" who helped to overthrow the Russian dynasty, were both Jews. This is something that should be given wide publicity. Illiodor or (Ill Odor, to be more definite) is at present under pay of the Jewish Soviet, preaching against Christianity. When the Russian people return to their own, they will know whom to "honour" and whom to "reward." Never fear!

Gompers, the English-born Jew who heads the American Federation of Labour, is showing his true colours, of late. It is plainly evident now that his purpose is to have Labour and Capital engage in a war which will lead to industrial revolution. No Jew is to be trusted, even if he poses as an Englishman. There is another Jew (Englishman) in this country who should be exposed. He publishes a periodical called "English-Speaking World," and his name is Ernest Bennett. That is the name he uses; what his real name is, we don't know. But we should judge it to be Moses, Sassoon, or some other equally Hebraic cognomen. This man, Bennett, professes to be a loyal Englishman, but in a recent copy of his "mud-gutter Gazoot" he has an article suggesting that England give up its domination of the British Dominions to the minions of Wall Street. Even such a rabid American as myself stringently objects to this proposition, knowing well what "Wall Street" stands for. I worked in and around Wall Street for a time and can truthfully say, without fear of successful contradiction, that over eighty (80) per cent. of the brokers and bankers and bloodsuckers in that world-famous district are Israelites. America is "wise" to this.

KNICKERBOCKER.

JOHN BROWN ON THE PROTOCOLS OF ZION.

[Thomas Green, late of the Royal Navy, places on record a number of interviews which he held with his friend, John Brown, of Washingborough. John Brown comes of a long line of ancestors stretching back beyond the days of the Norman Conquest; a family free from any admixture with alien blood. He, in his philosophy of life, had long acted on a hint of Disraeli's, found in the novel "Coningsby": "The world is governed by very different people than those imagine whose vision is not able to pierce behind the scenes." This is the report of the second interview given in the form of question and answer just as it occurred.]

T. G. Well, my Guide, Philosopher and Friend, can you refer me to any evidence of the astounding things you told me at our last interview which comes from the Jews themselves?

J. B. Yes, my boy, tons of it.

T. G. Where is it to be found?

J. B. Everywhere. For instance, there was a brochure published lately by Mr. George Pitt-Rivers, entitled "The World Significance of the Russian Revolution," and prefixed to this was a long letter by an eminent Jew, Dr. Oscar Levy, in which he said things about his race which are stronger than anything ever said about them by Gentiles.

T. G. For instance?

J. B. Well, he said, "We (Jews) are the world's seducers, its destroyers, its incendiaries, its executioners." I think it would be difficult to condense the facts into anything more concise and comprehensive than that.

T. G. Surely it would. Can you name any other authorities?

J. B. Did you ever hear in your travels abroad of "The Protocols of the Sages of Zion"?

T. G. I can't say that I ever have. What are the Protocols?

J. B. They are notes on lectures delivered in Paris to members of the innermost circle of the secret government of Jewry in 1901.

T. G. Were they intended for publication?

J. B. By no means.

T. G. Then how did they come to be published?

J. B. The original document, in French, was stolen by a woman from one of the highest initiates of the Grand

Orient Lodge of Freemasons at the close of a secret meeting of the "initiated" somewhere in France.

T. G. What does the name of the Lodge imply?

J. B. That it is devoted to the aims of Jewry, which is Oriental and Asiatic, and not European.

T. G. Into whose possession did the document come?

J. B. Into that of Sergyei Nilus, an important official of the Russian government.

T. G. What did he do with it?

J. B. He published a translation of it in Russian in 1905.

T. G. Are there any copies of this now in existence.

J. B. Yes; there is one in the British Museum Library bearing the date of its reception—10th August, 1906.

T. G. Is there any English translation?

J. B. Yes. There is one which was first published by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode in 1920 and is now published by the Judaic Publishing Co. Ltd. and issued by "The Britons," 62 Oxford Street, W. 1. There are also two other English translations published in America.

T. G. What is the significance of the date of the first publication of the Protocols?

J. B. The significance lies in this—that the Protocols record in very minute detail the plan evolved by Jewry for the domination of the world, and the events which have followed corroborate with the utmost accuracy the forecast they disclose, which was put on undisputed record twelve years before they took place.

T. G. Did the authors of the Protocols say anything about Bolshevism?

J. B. They did not use the word "Bolshevism," but they described accurately the *thing* which they said they were about to exhibit on one nation as an example.

T. G. Have the Jews done this?

J. B. Yes, on two nations instead of one; on Russia, by means of Kerensky (Adler), Lenin and Trotsky (Braunstein)—and on Hungary under the reign of Bela Kun (Cohen) and Szamueli.

T. G. Where do the Elders of Zion say this?

J. B. At the close of Protocol VII., p. 25, they say: "In order to demonstrate *our enslavement of the Gentile Governments of Europe* we will show our power to one of them by means of crimes of violence, that is to say, by a Reign of Terror"—which is only another name for Bolshevism.

T. G. Is this a new policy of the Jews?

J. B. By no means. It is as old as the Dispersion, if not older; but this latest document brings the policy well up into the social and political life of modern times.

T. G. Can you give the date of an early specimen of the "Protocols"?

J. B. Yes; as far back as the fifteenth century.

T. G. Where was that published?

J. B. In the "*Revue des etudes Juives*" of 1880.

T. G. Who financed that publication?

J. B. James de Rothschild.

T. G. What was the document?

J. B. A letter from the Grand Sanhedrim of Constantinople, giving advice to the Jews of Arles and Provence.

T. G. Why had they asked advice?

J. B. Because the King of France had been compelled to make laws to protect his subjects against the depredations of Jews.

T. G. What was the date of the document?

J. B. 21st Casleu (November), 1489 A.D.

T. G. What was the nature of the advice given?

J. B. Here are a few samples: "Make your sons merchants, that little by little they may despoil Christians of their possessions." "Make your sons doctors and apothecaries, that they may take away Christians' lives." "Make your sons canons and clerics, that they may destroy their churches." "Arrange that your sons become advocates and lawyers, and see that they always mix themselves up with the affairs of State, in order that by putting Christians under your yoke you may *dominate the world and be avenged on them*."

T. G. But that is more than 400 years ago. The Jews of to-day don't talk of vengeance, do they?

J. B. *Don't* they! Wait till we come to the Latter Day Sages of Zion. We will take up their "Protocols" when we meet again, as I think you have had enough for one day.

THE PICKING OF RUSSIAN BRAINS BY EINSTEIN.

LORD HALDANE has recently told us that it would be quite wide of the mark to suppose that he had anticipated Einstein's loudly proclaimed "discoveries" about measurement in Space and Time. What Lord Haldane has been long concerned with is the metaphysical principle of degrees in knowledge and reality, a principle with much bearing on what is known to us through the Press *claque* as the "Einstein theory."

Lord Haldane maintains that "Einstein is a very great genius, who has made a revolution nearly single-handed. His command of mathematical science seems to me unique. Minkowski was also a very great man. He did his finest work while he was Professor at Göttingen. The Russians made remarkable contributions, but until Einstein brought his flash of insight to bear everything remained unintelligible. Do not let us therefore undervalue Einstein's revolutionary genius."

As told in the two previous articles in PLAIN ENGLISH (May 28th and June 4th), Einstein is really peddling the plunder which his co-revolutionists looted from *savants* of the University of Moscow. We know Trotsky is an undoubted genius at revolution, which is a polite name for the organised assassinations and robbery in Russia, so we can agree with Lord Haldane that it would be foolish to "undervalue Einstein's revolutionary genius." By studying what notes are left to us of the lectures of Professor Ouspensky and of Professor Minkowski, and adding to them Professor Oumoff's address in the Mendeleyev Lectures which were held in Moscow during December, 1911, we can see what a "revolutionary genius" Einstein really is.

It is evident from study of the notes quoted, in this article and in the previous ones, that Professor Oumoff together with Professor Ouspensky not only preceded Einstein in the theory of relativity, but established the much more important idea of the existence of a fourth dimension. The electro-magnetic theory and the principle of relativity explain only those phenomena which take place in that part of the universe which is occupied by matter. The rest presents itself to our senses as a vacuum, and emains as yet beyond the reach of positive science. However, at the shores of our material world is the constant lashing of the surf of a new energy which comes from hat deep ocean which is empty for our senses but not for our intellect. Rudolph Eucken, who reached Christanity through scientific deduction, holds that man is the meeting place of two planes, material and spiritual. Less scientific Christians have always held the theory of he body and the soul, consequently it is but a change of term if we use Professor Oumoff's definition of "matter and vacuum." And when we study the research of Russian scholars from a Christian interpretation we can go far deeper than the Jew Einstein does in his blatant expositions. We can see a truth not antagonistic to a faith in Christ in the concluding paragraph of Professor Oumoff's lecture :—

> Is not this dualism of matter and vacuum the ultimate puzzle of science ? Let us ask the fundamental question : What part of the universe is filled by matter ? Let us surround our planetary system with a sphere, the radius of which is equal to half of the distance from the sun to the nearest stars ; the length of this radius is traversed by a light-ray in one and a half years. The volume of this sphere let us take as the volume of our world. Let us now describe with the sun as a centre, another lesser sphere, with a radius equal to the distance from our sun to the uttermost planet. The matter of our world, collected in one place, will not take more than one-tenth of the volume of the planetary sphere. From this calculation it will appear that in our world the volume occupied by matter will be related to the volume of the vacuum as the figure 1 to the number 30,000,000,000,000. This relation is equivalent to the relation of one second to one million years. Hence the conclusion : matter represents a highly improbable event in the universe. This event came into existence because small probability does not mean impossibility. But in what manner are realised more probable events ? Is it to be found in the domain of radiant energy ?
>
> The theory of probability includes the immense part of the universe—the vacuum—as the world of creative force. We know that the radiant energy possesses the preponderating mass. Among the different phenomena in the world of inter-crossing rays, out of elements attracting each other, are not the tiny fragments born which by their congregating compose our material world ? Is not the vacuum the laboratory of matter ? The material world corresponds to that limited horizon which is open to a man who has come out into a field. To his senses life is teeming only within the limits of this horizon.

To the arguments put forward by Professor Oumoff, Professor Ouspensky added his brilliant explanation of the theory of the fourth dimension. He said :—

> Time is involved in all spatial measurements. We cannot define the geometrical form of a solid moving in relation to us: we are always defining its kinematical form. Therefore our spatial measurements are in reality proceeding not in a three-dimensional manifold —*i.e.*, having three dimensions of height, length and width, like this hall—but *in a four-dimensional manifold*. The first three dimensions we can represent by the divisions of a tape measure upon which are marked feet, yards, or some other measure of length ; the *fourth dimension* we will represent by the film of a kinematograph, upon which each point corresponds to a new phase of the world's phenomena. The distances between the points of this film are measured by a clock going indifferently with this or that velocity. One observer will measure the distance between two points by a year, another by a hundred years. The transition from one point to another by this film corresponds to our concept of the flow of time. This fourth dimension we will call, therefore, time.
>
> The film of a kinematograph can replace the reel of any tape measure, and *vice versa*. Minowsky, the celebrated mathematician, proved that all these four dimensions are equivalent. To explain this more simply, let us say that the tourists travelling from London to Paris have passed through Cherbourg. They are no longer in Cherbourg, but nevertheless it continues to exist. In the same manner that moment of time corresponding to some event which has already passed—the beginning of life on earth, for example—has not disappeared ; it exists still. It is not outlived by the universe, but only by the earth. The place of this event is defined by a certain point in the four-dimensional universe, and this point existed, is existing, and will exist ; now through it, through this station passed by the earth, passes another wanderer. Time does not flow any more than space does. It is we who are flowing, wanderers in a four-dimensional universe. Time is just the same measurement of space as is length, breadth and height. Having changed them in the expression of some law of nature we return to the identical law.

After Professor Oupensky finished speaking, Professor Minowski added an original argument :—

> In nature all is given ; for the past and the future do not exist ; she is the eternal present ; she has no limits, either of space or time. Changes are proceeding in individuals and correspond to their displacements upon world-waves in a four-dimensional eternal and limitless manifold. These concepts in the region of philosophical thought will produce a revolution considerably greater than that caused by the displacement of the earth from the centre of the universe by Copernicus.

The time will come when perhaps all people will find their position in life. When that time comes the Einsteins of the world will be put where they belong, as the middlemen, the retailers and the distributors of original work and thought. It would be a most excellent start if here in England we once and for all put Einstein in his true position, the position of an alien pedlar. And as so often happens in the case of the Jews, he is a pedlar of stolen goods.

THE MARCONI NARRATIVE.

By Crouch Batchelor.

[The appended article was written some time ago as appears from the text, but as it has never before been published, we now give it publicity.—Ed]

An eminent Parliamentary Agent expressed a wish that the "Marconi" episode in the careers of Sir Rufus Isaacs (now Lord Reading) and Mr. Lloyd George should be clearly narrated so as to form the basis for a debate. The *Financial News* is investigating or demanding investigation for some immense Stock Exchange operations which took place in the shares of the original *English* Marconi Company. Some of the largest of these dealings were done in the names of a *Mr. Cameron* and a *Madame Perelli*, whose financial means and conditions were obviously incompatible with the risks and capital involved, or the credit which any stockbroker would give to such persons. Certain *German Banks* and *Jew-brokers* are intermediaries in these dealings, and in our present position towards Germany apprehension that persons of great importance were covered by these names is justifiable.

And, in view of the rumours about an "*Unseen Hand*" and the hitherto inexplicable tenderness the Government has shown to high-placed Germans, and German Bankers and Financiers, *such an apprehension is actually patriotic*—for this reason that, supposing *for the sake of argument*, *any member* of our Cabinet had at that time been operating in Marconi shares, the name would have been known to the German Government, and in the case of a very highly-placed personage the threat to make such knowledge public would act as a blackmailing pressure, not only upon any such individual but upon the British Nation, should such person be a member of the Government. Our National existence might be in jeopardy.

Certain facts are indisputable. *The transactions did take place*, *Mr. Lloyd George* and *Sir Rufus Isaacs* have said what is obviously true, that any Cabinet Minister operating in the shares of the *English Company* would be impeached and unfit for public life. *You will ask why?* Because the value of that Company would depend upon its acquisition of the Marconi Patents and the Government's adopting them as the best system of wireless telegraphy. There are *competing systems*. For a member of the British Cabinet to deal in shares the value of which depends upon his own adjudication of the merits of competing patents, or to have any financial interest in any undertaking to be acquired *through his agency as a trustee for the British Nation* would be an outrage upon rudimentary morality.

Now the articles in the *Financial News* have been brought to the point that Sir Rufus Isaacs *is invited* to say whether he knows the identity of the person covered by Mr. Cameron, who is a teacher of music, and by Madame Perelli, who is Sir Rufus Isaacs's sister-in-law.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, her husband, is the *Managing Director of the English Marconi, and on the Board of the American Marconi Company.*

It is not my business herein to say anything more about that section of this Marconi business which the *Financial News* is now dealing with. In due time, no doubt, all the facts will come out. I do not know them. The idea that any member of the Government is in any way concerned with them may have no foundation; but before the American Marconi Company was floated gigantic purchases of the shares of the English Company were made in Hamburg (the names of the brokers were given by the *Financial News*) *in execution of orders sent from London.* Who was the person who made these purchases? The fact that no one will give this information causes justifiable anxiety. We shall see so much mystery, concealment and equivocation in connection with these Marconi companies before we have done that nothing need be a surprise in this connection.

But the episode in the careers of Rufus Isaacs and Lloyd George in association with the American Marconi Company did give rise, as everybody knows, to great scandal—was the subject of a Parliamentary Committee, two first-class debates in the House of Commons, and took such shape that the fate of the Government came to depend upon the issue.

It is extremely difficult to compress into moderate dimensions a mere narrative of the facts. The evidence of all sorts and personages is so voluminous that a speech extending over days would be necessary merely to open the case—we will say—for the Plaintiffs. *The Plaintiffs I will consider the British Nation.* And yet, it would be possible to state the case on the proverbial half sheet of note paper, in such a manner that, whilst every word should be true, no controversy could arise. And, indeed, I do not consider this subject likely to give rise to a debate.

The case is no longer in dispute. Judgment has been given, and given *upon the confession of the accused.* But by a Radical Party Vote, the offenders have been absolved from any penalty. The issues are so simple that they cannot be twisted or concealed by the greatest forensic ability. All I can do is try to construct a clear and sufficiently condensed narrative from the immense mass of materials available. I think I myself have filed nearly every document that has appeared in the leading newspapers from the beginning. I shall say nothing that is not easily provable in fact, nothing that is disputable. The facts are admitted. It is only upon inferences that partisans could differ.

Here then is the story:—

In 1911 and onwards, it became evident that wireless telegraphy was of vital importance to the world at large, and as it can only be worked by means of stations with elevated poles, the British Empire presents the best sites for establishing a chain round the world, and the extent of that Empire and the diffusion of our Navy made its importance to us greater than to any other Power. Mr. Marconi was the original inventor of the idea, and I believe his system has been proved to be the best, but there were imitators, possibly improvers. Our Government went into the matter studiously, and early in 1912—had practically decided to enter into a contract selecting the English Marconi Company to receive the monopoly for Britain and her Dependencies. A Memorandum was agreed to, 7th March, 1912, but the actual contract was not signed until the 19th July following, and then it could not be operative until ratified by Parliament.

Two days after the initialling of this Provisional Agreement, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs (Managing Director) sailed for America for the purpose of buying up the shares of a derelict company which had never paid a dividend, called "The United Wireless Company," with a view to making it the basis of a new Company to be called "The American Marconi Company," which should adopt the Marconi Patents and be subsidiary to the English Company, having, of course, certain special privileges in relation with that Company. The whole of the share capital of the American "derelict Wireless" was acquired for about *£14,000.* Godfrey Isaacs then formed the new Company with a nominal capital of 1,400,000 shares of £1 each—Godfrey was accompanied by a stockbroker, Mr. Heybourn, of Heybourn & Croft. It was part of the bargain with the "American Wireless" that the *original English* Marconi—or *Parent—Company* should guarantee the raising of the capital of the newly designed American Marconi Company.

Rufus Isaacs was well aware that his brother Godfrey was thus occupied in America, and on hearing that he was succeeding in his scheme he sent him a cablegram of congratulation which was received whilst Godfrey and his coadjutors were enjoying themselves at what they called "a surprise" banquet (this surprise is an Americanism), but, as Rufus had influenced his colleague, the Postmaster General in London, then Herbert Samuel, to clear the land lines here so that his cable might arrive at the psycological moment, there was not much "surprise" in the matter. This cable became known publicly and formed part of what may be called the *ground bait* for these fishers of men.

Godfrey Isaacs, undertook personally to find the money for 500,000 shares. Heybourn undertook for 250,000. All the share capital was the absolute property of the English Company, and the English Company still holds 566,000 of them.

Godfrey and Heybourn arrived back in England *Easter Monday, 9th April, 1912,* and they lost not a moment in casting about for the best means of floating the American Company. Godfrey at once asked Rufus to take 100,000 shares at par, in relief of the 500,000 for which he had made himself responsible. The three brothers, Godfrey, Rufus and Harry (the latter was a Billingsgate fruit dealer) lunched together, on Godfrey's invitation, on *Easter Tuesday*. The object of this lunch appears to have been to give Godfrey an opportunity of persuading Rufus to take these 100,000 shares in this American Company. Rufus had previously declined to take any part in the matter on the ground that it would not be desirable in his position. But that he felt the temptation is proved by his giving a second reason, that he thought the Company had been over capitalised! Rufus left the lunch still resisting Godfrey's appeal to take shares, and the two brothers, Harry and Godfrey, remained discussing the business.

On Wednesday the "Titanic" sailed on her first—and last—voyage; she struck the iceberg and sank on Sunday the 15th April. She had sent out wireless messages and some steamers were able to reach her and save many lives—but over 1,000 persons perished. The next day there was a great rise in Marconi shares. Everyone saw that the vital importance of wireless telegraphy was thus settled for all time. When the first proposal was made by Godfrey to Rufus to take shares at par, 30s. was the highest figure hoped for at which to open the market for Americans, *but the situation was completely changed by the "Titanic" catastrophe.* Godfrey then approached Rufus again, and asked him to take at least some smaller interest in the Company. It was as if he said to his brother "look here, old fellow, don't be a fool, you may just as well make £20,000 as not; take at least 10,000 shares, but I can't let you have them now at less than a trifle over £2 because of the other parties we have brought into the speculation and the excitement of the 'Titanic.'" *Rufus's virtue then gave way* and he consented to take 10,000 shares, but only on the stipulation that they should not be delivered out of Godfrey's name—that would have been too open, gross and palpable. Rufus himself suggested that the shares should come to him from the other brother, Harry—the fruit dealer. Accordingly the arrangement was so made.

Now, obviously, this proves beyond dispute that Rufus knew perfectly well that he was doing a thing which might be regarded as improper. He would only do it if he could cover up his tracks.

But Rufus was determined that if any question should arise he would be in good company, so, the very same day, 17th April, 1912, he went to Lloyd George, and offered him 1,000 shares at the same price as they had cost him. George said he had no money to pay for them. Rufus replied it did not matter, he would never have to pay for them, or he could pay when he pleased. On the same day he offered Murray of Elibank 1,000 shares on the same terms. Murray took them.

We thus see that whatever the *motive* of Rufus, his action had secured the interest and good-will of the *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, who *would have to provide the money* if the Contract with Marconi was ratified, and the *Government Whip*, who would have to beat up the necessary majority in Parliament. That was on the 17th April. No one who was not an "insider" with Godfrey, Heybourn and the clients of Heybourn and his associates on the Stock Exchange, could have bought any shares at all until they became available to the public. On the 19th April they were issued to the public; the Company made its public appearance. The price at which the shares were instantly quoted was 3¼. The same morning Rufus sold for himself, George and Murray, about three fourths of their shares, making a profit of about £850 each for George and Murray, and about £5,000 for himself. At this price what the derelict Company bought in America several weeks before for £14,000, was raised to a value of nearly five millions sterling, *i.e.*, 1,400,000 shares at £3 5s. per share.

Rufus advised not to sell all, as thereby they could "claim that they had made an investment"—(in respect of those not sold). But on the 20th April (next day), George sold 1,000 shares at over *£3*. His broker, Mr. Rice, was so alarmed at what he called a "mad gamble" going on in the Stock Exchange, that he implored George to sell, and he used his utmost persuasion to make George understand that it was an "undesirable investment." Now on this day, the 20th April, he had only the balance of shares he had received from Rufus, so that this sale of 1,000 was of shares he did not possess! That constituted him what is called "a bear," and is the ne plus ultra of sheer speculation. Rufus was not at the moment aware of this sale of George's, and the knowledge only came to him later, and leaked out by Rufus's inadvertence during his examination by the committee which was appointed later.

This taste of blood led to a growth of appetite, and on 22nd May George telephoned his broker Rice to buy 3,000 American Marconis. Rice did this without any further remonstrance. These were half for account of Murray. In the evidence before the committee it is reported that Rice, about the end of October, called on George at Downing Street and remarked that "he still had 2,000 shares." "Had you not better sell them?" George replied. "No; *I intend to keep them; I have other sources of information better than yours!*"

Subsequently Murray bought a lot more with some thousands of pounds of the Radical Party funds, which were under his sole control. Murray's conduct more befitted a school boy than a grown business man; he thus treated trust monies as if they were applicable to mere speculation in so "investing" them, and regarding a possibly wild-cat scheme as a trustee security! It was absolutely childish, so much so as to prove that the man was rather a fool than a knave, because a rise in the shares could have—in respect of Party funds—done him no good personally. His own purchases were a different matter; but both these men, George and Murray, were at that time inexperienced in Stock Exchange business, and carried away by the new pleasure of making money without effort, or putting their hands in their pockets, *resulting from the demoralising temptation thrust upon them by Rufus Isaacs*. Rufus was veritably George's Mephistopheles.

That really is the whole story in outline. The broad fact, then, is that Godfrey Isaacs was a commercial man, a financier, and no actual moral blame attaches to him for his Marconi operations. He was out to make his fortune, and so long as he did not lie or deceive could legitimately buy or sell any sort of Marconi shares. He had the advantage of a brother who happened to be a Cabinet

Minister as well as Attorney-General. In the latter capacity, as adviser to the Crown in legal matters, Rufus would carry extra weight, and it would be incredible that he should do anything of a questionable and "shady" character for the mere purpose of putting money in his pocket. Godfrey appeals to Rufus; he recognises the immense importance of engaging Rufus's interest in this affair, for which he, Godfrey, was under the responsibility of raising half a million for 500,000 shares he had guaranteed. After a first failure he succeeds in roping Rufus in—to a limited extent, certainly, but he got him at last. Rufus goes one better and collars the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Government Whip *voilà tout*. No, not all; whispers are then circulated about the Stock Exchange that "Cabinet Ministers are in it." George was so inexperienced in such affairs that he tried to insinuate that his purchase was *not* kept secret. That was the very thing the riggers of the shares wanted for the opening of the market. The market would, of course, go rampant if it were known that Ministers were buying. The "whispers" were true, the price opened at £3 5s., and at one time the same day touched £4, or £5,600,000! The mutual affection of the Isaacs family may truly be called *touching*; they back each other up through thick and thin, but—I repeat—no moral blame attaches to any of them, except to the Attorney-General Cabinet Minister. He was a trustee for the Nation; they were merely private persons entitled to do the best they could for themselves within legal bounds.

Now we should none of us have known anything of this, but for the fact that these whispers of Cabinet Ministers being in it, developed to portentous dimensions. Hundreds of people went about the City and said Cabinet Ministers had made great fortunes out of Marconi speculations. These increased in intensity and took on bitterness as the shares fell, and the shares very soon did fall, and there was a heavy loss upon George's and Murray's purchases. That loss the Chancellor of the Exchequer was unable to meet, he could not pay for the shares. The brokers demanded £1,100 of him—about one-third of the cost—and "carried over" the remainder, charging him seven per cent. interest. That was a peculiar position for a British Chancellor of the Exchequer! George subsequently tried in a sort of way to excuse himself by saying that "he was a poor man—that he had only saved enough to yield him an income of £400 per annum—and a house. And really if a man fifty years of age, after working very hard, cannot have one house he can call his own it is rather hard." These are his actual words. But some of us remember his attack upon Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in 1902—as senseless as it was infamous—accusing him of being a Judas because he happened to have been an original shareholder in Kynoch's, the ammunition makers, and that he prolonged the Boer War in order to enable Kynoch's to pay a bonus!!

These rumours were followed by an article by Mr. W. R. Lawson, who is generally regarded as our first financial writer, in the *Outlook* in July, 1912. That article created great excitement, and questions were asked in Parliament. Rufus told Asquith privately that he and George and Murray had bought American Marconi shares. *A debate was demanded for the Autumn Session, and took place on 11th October. The Government agreed to constitute a Commission to thrash the whole matter out, and that Commission was set up on the 29th October.* Rufus and George both declared that "*they had had no dealings in Marconi shares.*" This, of course, threw dust in the eyes of the public, because they held in reserve in their own minds the word "English."

The Committee proceeded to take evidence and call numbers of witnesses. It sat about six months, dragged wearily on, was the scene of constant altercations and recriminations, and all its decisions were arrived at by strict party votes. The Government made it as partisan as they dared possible, and it took shape in the proportion of nine Radicals to six Unionists. The Government could consequently always depend upon a majority when any decision threatened to jeopardise the reputation of its three members, and by reflex action, its own position. There were important witnesses whose evidence would have been fatal to the defence whom they refused to call. But after George's and Rufus's denials the affair would have been effectually burked had it not happened that an important French newspaper, *Le Matin*, wrote a jeering article about the Commission, suggesting that "England also had her Panama scandals." Rufus and Herbert Samuel were so clearly pointed at that Isaacs was compelled to bring an action against that paper. The article appeared 13th February, 1913, and the admissions made and the facts which escaped, forced George and Isaacs to confess to the speculations in American Marconis.

There was a "Coalition" also in those days, Irish, Labour and Radicals, and when it was seen that these facts must come out, Radical emissaries were sent round to the editors of the leading newspapers on both sides to prepare the public for a shock—appealing to them "for the sake of the good name of England" to temper the wind of condemnation to the Ministerial Coneys and Marconis. As Mr. Leo Maxse wittily put it, "Marconi *soit qui mal y pense*," became the watchword. Radicals, of course, would be reminded that "the existence of the Coalition was at stake and that unless they all stood together and swore up to the mark, such splendid causes as the spoliation of the Welsh Church, the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, the downfall of the British Empire, German Naval supremacy, the ennoblement of Radical Plutocrats and undesirable Aliens, the betrayal of France, Free Imports, etc, would become involved in common ruin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWS.

SOME ERRORS OF H. G. WELLS. A CATHOLIC'S CRITICISM OF THE "OUTLINE OF HISTORY." By Richard Downey, D.D.

Those whose admiration of Mr. H. G. Wells has not led them so far as to peruse and be fascinated by the brilliance of his "Outline of History," would be well advised to get hold of Dr. Downey's little booklet, and appreciate at their proper value some of the absurdities which figure in that "Outline." Mr. Wells is in the proud position of a writer of fiction who has attained popularity and, therefore, is to be regarded as an authority on whatever he writes, about anything, just as William Wordsworth thought, whatever he wrote was poetry because he wrote it, whether it was poetic or commonplace. A historian is an interpreter of history, and Dr. Downey points out some of the fallacies and futilities of the Wells interpretation. The pamphlet consists of a series of articles which have already appeared in "The Month." These have been revised and republished in the present form. Dr. Downey gives an nteresting specimen of "Mr. Wells's method of handling facts" in connection with Mr. Wells's authoritative teaching that "the ancestor of man and the higher apes was probably a ground monkey and not a lemur." Dr. Downey's scathing exposition is too long to quote, but it contains some interesting and enlightening scientific facts, and is well worth reading, from its opening sentence to the closing words: "To such shifts is the new logic reduced n the interests of the inspiring belief that man is descended from an ape. *Venite adoremus*!" Dr. Downey puts his finger on several of Mr. Wells's grosser misstatements and misinterpretations, shows him to be a partisan and fanciful theorist, and one who brushes aside without investigation the claim of the Catholic Church to a divine origin, and marks down Mr. Wells's advocated panacea as 'nothing more or less than a return to the "Ethical Religion" of the early Victorian Positivists—the "Service of Man" of Cotter Morrison, or the "Religion of Science" of Paul Carns—and history answers, *non tali auxilio*."

MY ORIENT PEARL. By Charles Colton. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

This pleasant little story is a more or less irresponsible dream of the East—and a love dream at that. We say irresponsible, because to enjoy it thoroughly we must not be too critical. We must not, for instance, mentally insist that the murder of an ambitious official at the Court must have consequences of some kind for the slayer—even in Japan! And that these consequences are inevitably a fly n the ointment of wedded happiness between the East and the West, the Lotus and the Rose, in those "after days" that were "full of happiness." If we met Mr. and Mrs. John Scott in real life we should be likely enough to encounter little jarring elements which would destroy much of the romance we had associated with them. But, after all, a novel is a novel. It is a little play which we can witness sitting in our chair at ease; and if it gives us enjoyment and is sufficiently reasonable to let us persuade ourselves it might be true, that is sufficient for its purpose. In "My Orient Pearl" Mr. Charles Colton gives us this enjoyment in generous measure. He lures us away to a dream where office desks, high stools, sordid surroundings, are replaced by a vision of the beauty that is Japanese. If we are too critical to enjoy him, we can turn to the books of Lafcadio Hearn. But the ordinary reader will be well content to accept the romance of Mr. Colton, and under his guidance follow his hero through his scenes and adventures, from his landing at Yokohama to his arrival at the consummation of his desires. The book contains some charming scenes and descriptions of Japanese life, with many exciting adventures. Perhaps, to a mere man the most alluring feature is the attitude of the Japanese bride towards her lover. The cigarette-smoking English flapper does not address her young man as O Tetsu addressed John Scott: "If you were to bid me kill myself here at your feet with the dagger in my girdle I would do so skilfully, with a steady hand and a smile, because you love me. And all lesser things I must also perform when you command them." It is curious to think this attitude of woman towards man was introduced originally into Japan by the choice of women. Also, Japanese women are proverbially polite.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILED. By Arthur E. Stilwell. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)

We are told in a foreword to this novel that "all Mr. Stilwell's books are dictated to him by those in the spirit world," as if it should be said, "Take care what you say, you may be—not entertaining, but criticising angels unawares." But even so, there are two sorts of angels, and we prefer to maintain the old-fashioned plan of dealing with a book on the understanding that the author of it wrote it himself. The foreword only means to us that, after a century of materialism, spirits, of a sort, are becoming highly fashionable, and we dismiss it from our mind with a word or two from M. Rogues de Fursac in his study of the Welsh religious Revivals of 1904-5:—

"Phenomena of this order" (*i.e.*, where the subject is left under the illusion that they are the result of forces foreign to himself) "were first detected in mental pathology. Everyone knows that a vast number of hysterical phenomena are but the result of morbid subconscious action. But subconscious activity extends far beyond hysteric and mental pathology. Its influence is traceable at every moment in normal psychic life, and it is overwhelming in the religious life." The light in this novel "that never failed" is the beacon light placed in the window by the faithful lover. But the plot rests somewhat on certain "subliminal" light as well; the sweet heroine, Mary, guides her innocent and faithful life by the "light" that comes to her in dreams. She does not worry about any rational authority for this light. It just comes. And Mary believes and guides her life. Then her loved hero has the light come to him in his dreams too—presumably because Mary is walking as children of the light walk. And his conversion is sudden and immediate, because his light reveals a gold mine. He gets the gold fever badly, and thereon rests the plot. His light brings him wealth and the desire to see the world and use his money. His light dictates that he must go to San Francisco. His light dictates that after his orgy there he must go to Denver (a "dry" town in a Prohibition State). Then the light "shines bravely over Chicago." His not to reason why. He goes to Chicago. Gets pneumonia—and a wife. The wife works herself to death to get him made a lord in England, and just as she is entertaining most lavishly the gold fails and she dies from the shock. Then the hero wakes to the truth that gold is not everything, and returns home to find the faithful light still burning in the window, and, waiting for him, the girl he ought to have married long before. They promptly go to church, and he proposes during the sermon. But Mary's window light would have sufficed for that without calling upon subliminal phenomena.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A JEWISH REVOLUTIONARY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—In your valuable paper for week ending June 4th, you refer to the Ulster Elections and warn Belfast Loyalists against "notorious Jewish Revolutionaries such as Greenspoon."

I have been travelling in South Wales for some time, and I remember, not more than a few months ago, hearing a great deal about a certain Belfast Jew named S. W. Greenspon, who was apparently permitted to preach sedition all over the industrial areas of South Wales.

Presumably "Greenspoon" and "Greenspon" are identical: and for various reasons I would be glad if you, sir, or one of your readers, could give me a little information regarding this man.

In times like these it is the duty of every loyal citizen to do his share in combating the rampant Bolshevism which is laying this country waste; and I fancy that I have certain facts already in my possession which may be of interest to the authorities concerning the activities of this Irish Bolshevist.

Congratulating you, sir, on the magnificent stand you are making against International Jewry with its attendant forces of disruption and anarchy.

I remain,
Yours truly,
HERBERT COLLINS.

Cardiff.
June 4th, 1921.

[Greenspoon is associated with the most dangerous form of Bolshevism in this country. He was placed in Belfast to destroy the good feeling which exists between masters and men, but was smartly dealt with; and finding Belfast too warm, he transferred himself to Wales. His brother-in-law is a member of the Lenin-Trotsky "Government."—ED.]

FILTH AND BLASPHEMY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Thank you for exposing that Oxford "poem." A degrading thing! Also for getting that wretched book "The Autobiography, etc.," withdrawn! What about that disgusting book "Married Love" by Stopes?

Yours,
A WELL WISHER.

The Union Society,
Cambridge.
June 7th, 1921.

OSTARA.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Apropos of "Ostara" and Mr. Orlo Lynus, since reference to both has cropped up again in your pages. Readers interested in the principles advocated in the original letter headed "Ostara!" will find them exceedingly fully expounded in the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, more especially in "Jenseit von Gut und Böse," (Beyond Good and Evil), "Antichrist" and "Umwertung aller Werte," (Revaluation of all Values). I do not know whether the English version of the titles is exactly the same as that which appears in the published translation, as I read the writings in the original and am merely giving the meaning here. A really perspicacious reader will not fail to remember that Nietzsche was a Pole, conscious of his race, and that he did not love the Germans. I fancied I heard a Mephistophelian chuckle at the end of the reiterated recommendation: "Be evil, since at the bottom of your souls ye hanker after it . . . Be evil and yet more evil! . . ."

In any case I fail to see why, in order to combat the evils of Semitism, we should be recommended to a Pagan deity rather than to Christ, that we should look to the Swastika rather than to the Cross. Oh, I know that historically and philosophically the two symbols are related, but at this moment it is not a case of comparative religion, but of one of the greatest crises in history. And, while admitting all the Virtues of our Nordic ancestors, is the ruthless quest of glory and red gold, so wonderfully sung in the Sagas, really *so much more* pregnant of salvation for the soul than the more insidious, no less ruthless, quest after intellectual domination as pursued by the latter-day Jew? In fact, it is an arguable proposition, whether it is not precisely this ambition of the Nordic man (I should rather call it his weakness) that makes him liable to be exploited as the mere mercenary of his more cunning rival.

The remedy against both weakness and evil is Christianity, and not some new Pagan cult, and if I am really not to be allowed to be a Christian, at least let me be a Buddhist, and cultivate detachment from the lures and temptations of this world.

And what are the coal mines of Pècs standing for in all this business? Your Budapest correspondent says that the country in which they are situated is at present occupied by Serbia, whereby he presumably means the kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, more often called *Jugoslavia*, as it represents—though not in its entirety—the national territory of the Southern Slavs. Until the war, or perhaps I should say *until the Peace*, this territory was singularly free from Jewish finance and influence, and certainly the Southern Slav is no friend of Bolshevism, from which he has all to fear and nothing to gain, as the overwhelming majority of the population are engaged in agriculture, and most of the properties are freehold farms.

Incidentally, I have good reason to consider that Jugoslavia's claim to the output of the Pècs mines and the Bararya as allotted to her was both just and reasonable.

Jugoslavia (the kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes) is a constitutional monarchy with a Parliament which provides facilities for party governments, the blessings and drawbacks of which I do not feel obliged to discuss here.

I am pretty sure that if a Jugoslav government were to pursue a pro-Jewish—let alone a pro-Bolshevik *cum* Jewish—policy, it would forfeit the confidence of the nation and find itself turned out at the first opportunity, in spite of the easy-going Slav temperament of the people.

The letter from Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Kemp interested me greatly. It furnishes a comment upon what I had always looked upon as Nietzshe's treacherous teaching.

Yours truly,
F. S. C.

WALTHER RATHENAU.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The nomination of Walther Rathenau as German Minister for Reparations has been confirmed by President Ebert. This fact demands an explanation. Five pure-blooded Jews in a board of twelve men is a proof of the glorious, free new Germany.

The record of the other four, viz., Hermes, Schiffer, Gradnauer and Rosen, is of minor importance; they are mere mites beside the big Walther Rathenau. His father, Emil Rathenau (born as Ephraim Rathenow in Poland) was once a commercial traveller in electric fittings. In 1887 he started upon the ruins of the bankrupt Deutsche Edison-Gesellschaft, the now all-powerful A.E.G. (Allgemeine Electricttäts-Gesellschaft), with an original capital of five million marks, as a purely commercial and trading concern. Emil died 20th June, 1915, as practical owner of this concern, which controlled at his death a third part of the whole German industry. The value of all German industrial capital was estimated in 1914 at about twelve to fifteen milliards marks; and the A.E.G. controlled, directed and owned about five milliards marks in 1914! In other words, the A.E.G. has in thirty years multiplied its capital by a clean thousand. So much for the economical power of Ephraim's son Walther, who at the death of his father became the president of the A.E.G.

Walther, his one and only legal son, is now fifty-four years old. He studied chemistry, and took his doctor's degree in this science. Then he learned the trick of financial art in the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft of his tribesman, Carl Fürstenberg. At twenty-five years of age Walther was managing director of the Electrotechnical Works Limited, and in 1899 he entered (at thirty-two years of age) the board of the A.E.G. Two years later he became director of the Electrobank Limited of Zurich; after that he became a partner of Fürstenbergs, his former master and instructor. After his father's death in 1915 he reached the top as the President of A.E.G. with five milliard marks, and with one-third of all German industrial power and wealth to control.

When he was a banking director in Zurich, Walther published his first book: "Impressions" (1902). Under the title of "Harken, Israel" he writes:—

> Who will understand their (the Jews) language, must go upon a Berlin Sunday at noon through the Tiergartenstrasse or look at nights into the vestibule of a theatre. Strange visions! In the midst of German life a separated alien race, splendidly and loudly staged, of hot-blooded and agile behaviour. Upon Prussian sands an Asiatic horde! The forcible gaiety of these people does not show the amount of old, dissatisfied hatred weighing upon their shoulders . . . In narrow connection amongst themselves, in stern seclusion to outside, they live in an invisible, half voluntary ghetto, not a living member of the people, but an alien organism in its body . . . You will postpone to parody the dressing of lean Anglo-Saxon in which you look like a dachshund camouflaging a greyhound, till on the seashore by wearing naval attire and in the Alps by kilts and tartans, you will make even nature rebellious! . . . etc., etc.

Thus Walther Rathenau wrote in 1902, but on the 9th June, 1911, he wrote thus:—

> The German Jews bear a considerable share of the state taxes and rates, and of voluntary beneficial

> donations upon their shoulders. They have the means in their hands, so that they can put in shortest time a full stop to any unreasonable states form . . . Before ten more years will elapse, the last pass for the complete emancipation of the Jews will have happened.

He has predicted well. It has happened. He knew hat would happen. So he wrote, 24th December, 1912, *Wiener freie Presse*, the renowned sentence :—

> Three hundred men, of which each knows all the others, govern the fate of the European Continent, and they elect their successors from their entourage.

In 1912 and 1913 he published the books : " Reflexions " —" Critic of Present Times "—" Mechanics of Spirit." In he last there is an illuminating passage :—

> At the same time there is a migration, a mixing of races, which I will call the degermanisation, and the result of which is that that race comes up top, which is gifted with the qualities required for mechanisation : full of purposes, good worker, inventive, calculating, sharp to see profits, remaining on this side of the world, intellectual. . . .

On December 20th, 1915, he inaugurated the compulsory war economics with a most significant speech; the model of which is found in Joseph's speech before Pharoah. Not even one thought was changed, only other words he used. He was at that time the most intimate friend of the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, to whose private rooms Walther Rathenau had his private telephone lines, so that he could, whenever he wanted, speak to the Kaiser without being connected or overheard ; a privilege which even the ex-Crown Prince did not enjoy—the son had to be connected with the father through the ordinary exchange. At that time Rathenau lived in his palace in Victoriastrasse 3/4, the front of which he had decorated with 66 cut-off crowned heads lying on offering dishes. In 1917 he published the book " About coming Things "—the title says quite enough, and in 1918, the booklets : " The New Economy "—" The Kaiser "—and " The New State." He, the most intimate friend of the ex-Kaiser, saluted the new times of " democratic " (read jewdocratic) Jewmany, when a month after the revolution broke out, he addressed the shareholders of the A.E.G. in the general meeting, and he said :—

> " All history would have lost its senses if the Kaiser had entered victorious, on white horses with his generals, his capital by the Brandenburg gate !

In December, 1920, he said to the socialistic Jewish author, H. Fleischner, an engineer and high Tshech government official (*Tribune of Prague*, of 5th March, 1921) :—

> Rathenau thoroughly agrees with my (Fleischner's) views that Lenin imitated Rathenau's compulsory war economics. He (Rathenau) proved the exactness of my opinion by communicating me the fact that the sowjet government had ordered directly from him the plans of organisation for the different centra. . . .

The fact that Rathenau confesses himself as co-organisater of Bolshevism is charming also for those who know already that social democracy, Bolshevism, anarchism and mammonism is all one and the same. And this man was sent to London as expert with Simons, the late jewman minister of foreign affairs, who is now replaced by Dr. Rosen, the full tribesman of Rathenau. Rosen, born 1856 in Jerusalem, whose mother was a Moscheles, whose wife is the daughter of a Jewish London band conductor. Moscheles, is, of course, more congenial than the not circumcised Simons. . . .

The doors are open for the full entrance of Bolshevism now on the continent. Walther Rathenau is its High Great Prophet and Peacemaker. Beware, Gentiles, the Red Flood rises. . . !

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

KURT KURLEN.

Ostseebad Zingst,
Pommern, Germany.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE REIGN OF RELATIVITY. By Viscount Haldane. (Murray. 21s. net.)

SOCIAL.

THE DEFEAT IN THE VICTORY. By George D. Herron. (Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE CRISIS IN RUSSIA. By Arthur Ransome. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)

A MOTHER'S LETTERS. By Father Alexander, O.F.M. (Burns & Oates. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE WORLD REVOLT. By Gustave le Bon. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

LITERATURE.

THE APPRECIATION OF LITERATURE. By A. G. Tracey, B.Sc. (Pitman. 3s. 6d. net.)

PRACTICE IN ENGLISH. By P. H. Reoney, M.A. (Pitman. 3s. net.)

NOVELS.

MOG MEGONE. By May Wynne. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE TOLL OF THE SANDS. By Paul de Laney. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Henry James. (Macmillan. Two Volumes. 7s. 6d. net. each.)

ELLA KEEPS HOUSE. By Jessie Champion. (Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)

BIOGRAPHY.

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CONTENTS.

A Personal Statement

Britons are Britons Still

Silence before the Battle

"Hob-nobbing with Hell"

The Marconi Narrative
By H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

John Brown and the Protocols

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CONTENTS.

PAGE
Life and Letters 483
A Personal Statement by Lord Alfred Douglas...... 486
Britons are Britons Still...... 486
Silence before the Battle...... 487
Finance and Stock Notes..... 488
Hob-nobbing with Hell 489
PAGE
The Situation in Palestine ... 490
The Marconi Narrative....... 492
John Brown on the Protocols of Zion 494
Rate-supported Hospitals ... 495
Correspondence 495

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Plain French about Lord d'Abernon.

It will be remembered that when Lord d'Abernon (better known under his former appelation of Sir Edgar Vincent) was appointed Ambassador to Berlin by Lloyd George, Plain English was the only paper in Great Britain that protested against him, on account of his Constantinople record.

L'Homme Libre, the Paris paper, last week published the following remarks in the course of an article on Lord d'Abernon, by M. Eugene Lautier :—

> J'ai fait, en 1895, comme presque chaque année dans ma jeunesse, un long voyage en Europe centrale et en Europe orientale. C'est ce qui m'a permis de rassembler, l'autre jour, quelques souvenirs sur cet escarpe international qui se nommait sir Edgar Vincent quand il cambriolait la Banque ottomane à Constantinople, qui opère, maintenant, contre la France sous le nom d'emprunt de lord d'Abernon en qualité d'ambassadeur d'Angleterre à Berlin, et qui a gardé tout de même la mentalité de sir Edgar Vincent.
>
> Mais vraiment, on ba un peu loin lorsque l'on transforme sir Edgar Vincent en pair d'Angleterre et en ambassadeur, sous prétexte qu'il n'a volé que de grosses sommes, et quand on décerne les grands cordons à un personnage si bien qualifié pour la corde. C'est un accident qui peut arriver en tous pays, accident dont le cynisme régnant en certaines hautes sphères est seul responsable, que tous les honnêtes gens d'Angleterre sont les premiers à déplorer, comme feraient, dans un cas analogue, tous les honnêtes gens français.
>
> Ou'est-ce donc que cette chasse qui s'organise, en ce moment, sans le moindre prétexte contre des juifs fantòmes pour expliquer certains mécomptes de la France, alors qu'on a devant soi la réalité trop vivante de lord d'Abernon.

Monsieur Lautier goes on to describe the process by which Sir Edgar Vincent brought the Ottoman Bank to within an ace of ruin, and how he was deprived by the Administrative Council of Paris of his powers, and how inspectors were sent to look into the transactions by which Sir Edgar had enriched himself. The article in *L'Homme Libre* continues as follows :—

> Or, ces messieurs constatèrent qu'en dehors de toutes les spéculations dont la Banque était victime, il lui avait transféré, *à la veille* de la crise, sinon même pendant la crise des mines d'or, des centaines de mille titres à 5 ou 10 fois leur coût, alors que sir Edgar Vincent les avait obtenus soit par des options en son nom personnel, soit à l'émission, au pair.
>
> La Banque impérial ottomane était donc fondée à lui réclamer les sommes qu'il s'était appropriées et à lui restituer ses titres, qui ne valaient pas le quart du prix. Mais, pour éviter un scandale et d'interminables procès, elle préféra transiger, et c'est non sans effort qu'elle réussit à se faire restituer 20 millions, ce qui équivalait, à l'époque, à un dividende de 20 ou 25 % sur la totalité de la créance.
>
> Or, du moment qu'il y a eu transanction et restitution d'argent, que ce soit un million ou cent millions, le fait est là. C'est depuis lors, depuis que ces vingt millions lui ont été arrachés par les Français, que sir Edgar Vincent, actuellement lord d'Abernon, leur a voué une hanine éternelle. Tel que je le connais, je suis convaincu qu'il aurait préférése laisser crever un œil, si cela avait été possible.

The hatred of France which M. Lautier ascribes to Lord d'Abernon as the result of the restitution of twenty million francs which was forced on him, throws a lurid light on Lord d'Abernon's recent attitude on the question of Silesia and the Poles, and the unspeakable attack on the *Entente* with France which was recently made by our long-haired Communist Prime Minister.

The Recorder of Liverpool Pleads the Statute of Limitations.

We take the appended paragraphs from the *Daily Express* of Tuesday last.

JUDGE REBUKES MR. HEMMERDE.

REGRETS K.C.'s PLEA IN A LOAN APPEAL.

> "As a member of what, I hope, is an honourable profession, I very much regret to see a member of that profession, who has received a loan under circumstances which he himself acknowledged showed great generosity, taking the plea of the Statute of Limitations in answer to the claim."
>
> This statement was made by Lord Justice Scrutton in the Court of Appeal yesterday, in dissenting from the judgment of Lords Justices Bankes and Atkin, who reversed the decision of Mr. Justice Bailhache against Mr. Edward G. Hemmerde, K C., ex-M.P., the Recorder of Liverpool, in an action by Mr. Maurice C. Spencer, of Allan House, Kensington, to recover £1,720, a loan of £1,000 and interest, to Mr. Hemmerde in 1910. Mr. Spencer claimed as a trustee of Mr. Joseph Benson, of Crouch Hill.
>
> Mr. Hemmerde pleaded the Statute of Limitations, and the question was whether two letters written by him to Mr. Benson were sufficient acknowledgment of the debt to take it outside the statute.
>
> Lord Justice Bankes (Lord Justice Atkin concurring) said that in view of a very recent decision of the Court of Appeal, by which he considered that they were bound, the appeal must be allowed, with costs, and the judgment for Mr. Spencer set aside.

Taken in connection with the above expression of a judge who still "hopes" that the bar is "an honourable profession" the subjoined paragraph from the Northcliffe sheet, the *Evening News*, of February 19th, 1920, gives one much food for reflection.

> It is difficult to say whether Mr. Hemmerde or the Labour Party are most to be congratulated on the decision of the former to join the latter. Labour has been on the look-out for a lawyer of standing for some time to add to its forensic strength . . . At present Mr. Hemmerde has before him a bright prospect as the only man of his craft in the Labour Party, and Labour leaders to whom I have spoken say that the acquisition of Mr. Hemmerde is more to them than the winning of many bye-elections.

As the *Evening News* gracefully puts it, it is indeed difficult to say whether Mr. Hemmerde or the Labour Party are most to be congratulated on the decision of the former to join the latter. A man who borrows a thousand pounds from a generous friend, and then after putting off payment for ten years pleads the Statute of Limitations, is bound to be a shining ornament of any party he honours by his support. Meanwhile, we should like gently to draw the attention of the legal "authorities" who are for ever talking about "the honour of the bar," that Mr. Hemmerde is the Recorder of Liverpool, and that in that capacity he is frequently called upon to judge and pass sentence on such mere amateurs as pick-pockets.

The Dance of Death.

A reporter of the *Nation* has been interviewing Miss Isadora Duncan, who, it appears, was "comfortably settled in a sea of pillows on her divan, clad in soft tunic and shod in dainty slippers of Russian leather." We quote :—

> "Madame, one says that Krassin has engaged you."
>
> "Oh! It is not an engagement; it is an invitation. Yes; Krassin has invited me. I have accepted. I leave on July 1st. I am the first Communist in the world. Drink your cocktail. One cannot do anything very great without the aid of the Government. Never a government has aided me.
>
> "Russia is the first. Krassin is a great man. He came to see me dance three times in London. A great man. *N'est-ce pas?* It is a thing very rare. He has such a beautiful head. You cannot meet Krassin without being charmed. Drink your cocktail!
>
> "I do not know anything at all about politics. But Krassin is a very great man. He thinks all children should dance. Dancing is life; and one lives only when one dances."
>
> "Incontestably. But it seems that life is not very comfortable in the country of M. Krassin"
>
> "Oh! *Ca m'est très égal.* I do not consider those things. Krassin is truly a great man, and if he should demand it I will dance at the North Pole. I fear spiritual hunger, but I do not fear physical hunger. When I dance at the Trocadéro, my inpresario says he has not a sou for me and that he has spent more than the receipts. Mme. Curie has received thousands of dollars in the United States because she discovered radium. And myself, is not what I have discovered more than radium? *Pensez-vous?* Drink your cocktail!"

Miss Isadora Duncan may not know "anything at all about politics," but she has always had a keen eye to the main chance. A woman who will go to Russia and dance for the Soviet Government, for the sake of gain, would doubtless be equally ready to go to hell and dance for the damned souls and the devil. And when one comes to think of it, there is not much difference between the two performances. Mrs. Claire Sheridan must look to her laurels. She discovered "beautiful heads" in Lenin and Trotsky; Miss Duncan finds "beauty" in the head of Krassin.

Shakespeare says that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and anyone who can find beauty in Mr. Krassin, must be possessed of a large reserve of eye-force, not to say eye-wash. But it is possible that what Shakespeare meant by "beauty," is not the same as what Miss Isadora Duncan understands by the word. "Handsome is as handsome does," would appear to be the motto of the "daintily-slippered" and "soft-tuniced" lady who finds it so pleasant to dance for the benefit of those who are "comfortably settled in a sea"— of blood.

A Jewish Prophetic Announcement.

The Russian National Society of New York sends us for publication the following remarkable extract from the Jewish daily paper, *Hammer*, of October, 1913, published in Vienna :—

> The Russian Government decided to force a decisive battle upon the Jewish people in Kiev. Upon the issue of this titanic struggle depends the fate—you may think of the Jewish people? By no means, since the Jewish people are invincible—it is the fate of the Russian State that is put on the card. To be or not to be? Thus stands the question for Russia. The victory of the Russian Government is the beginning of its end. There is no issue for it. Mark it well in your minds. We will demonstrate at Kiev before the whole world that the Jews will not allow a joke to be made out of it. If Jewry until now, out of tactical considerations, have concealed the fact that they were leading the revolution in Russia, at present, after the instigation of the Russian Government of the Kiev trial, an end must be put to such tactics. Whatever the outcome of this process may be, there is no salvation for the Russian Government. Such was the decision of Jewry, and thus it shall be.

It is an uncomfortable thought that Jewry has come to the same decision about the British Government (that is to say the Dynastry and the Constitution) as it came to about the Russian Government three years before the revolution broke out. Our consolation is that we are fore-warned, and to a certain degree fore-armed. But to make our defence effectual it is first of all necessary to get rid of Lloyd George and his Jewish paymasters.

The "Saturday Review's" New Departure.

The *Saturday Review* has once again changed hands, and is now under the control of Sir Mackay Edgar, the Canadian gentleman who recently received an abject apology from Lord Northcliffe. We understand that the *Saturday Review* will support the Duke of Northumberland's policy, and we are glad that this is the case. If, however, its support is to become effective, there will have to be a general smartening up of its style, and the quality of its articles. The last two numbers have been a sad falling off from the level it retained under the control of Mr. Baumann, and though we have had occasion to criticise that gentleman from time to time, we are bound to say that the *Saturday Review* under his control was a very much more lively affair than it is at present. All the money in the world will not make people read a weekly paper unless it "delivers the goods" in the shape of good writing as well as an honest and consistent policy. However, we wish the new *Saturday Review* all luck, and we can only advise the new managers of its destinies not to be led astray by the delusion that anything on a paper can take the place of brilliant writing. The utter inability of even the richest man in the country to force a paper on to the public by sheer weight of money has been exemplified over and over again, for example, in the case of the *Outlook*, which for years was run by the Guinnesses, and never got anything like a position of power and influence, and the *Academy*, when it got into the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Howard de Walden, who killed it in less than four years, though they lavished money on it, and got a "specially imported" editor, who called himself "Esquire, J.P.," on the cover of the paper.

The Pope and Palestine.

In a violent effort to be candid the *Times* prints the following passage :—

> (FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)
>
> MILAN, June 13th.
>
> The Pope held this morning a secret consistory in the Consistory Hall in the presence of the Cardinals resident in Rome. The Pope expressed his uneasiness at the situation in Palestine, where, he stated, the Jews are acquiring for themselves a privileged position detrimental to the Christians. His Holiness added that he would call the attention of all Christians to what was happening in Palestine, and would urge the League of Nations to examine the British Mandate.
>
> The Pope noted with satisfaction that France had sent her representative to the Vatican.

A little delving beneath the surface should reveal, in this instance, some curious facts. The first of these is that the Ellerman group, who control the *Times*, imagine that they can take the wind out of the Vatican sails by announcing the intentions of His Holiness, which were expressed in private. By this they also hope to sow distrust among the cardinals. We conclude from the employment of such mild methods that the Learned Elders of Zion who are operating in Rome do not care to repeat the more violent acts which involved the deaths of Cardinal Rampola and Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, when the latter was about to establish the financial power of the Vatican.

One passage in the *Times* telegram reveals the identity of "our correspondent," *id est*, that the Pope "would urge the League of Nations to examine the British Mandate."

We can state with confidence that the Vatican appreciates the League of Nations, entirely controlled and staffed as it is by Jews, at its true worth.

If the *Times* report be accurate, we suggest that those whose business it is to protect His Holiness should make a careful examination of all rooms in the Vatican before they are used for private discussions. Science has provided the politically inquisitive with extra-human means of reporting conversations. And if the Pope finds that his confidential utterances are being made public, that would be no reason for suspecting Princes of the Church or other privileged persons of having betrayed his confidence.

Soviet Impudence.

From a contemporary we reproduce the following :--

> NO TREATY WITH SINN FEIN.
>
> OFFICIAL RUSSIAN DENIAL.
>
> The following announcement was issued by Mr. Klishko last night :—
>
> The Russian delegation in London states officially in the name of the Russian Government that the alleged treaty between the Russian Republic and Sinn Fein is a pure invention. No treaty and no agreement, either with Sinn Feiners or with any other Irish party, has been made by the Russian Republic or by any of its isolated institutions.

The value of this "official denial" issued by Klishko, who is the head of Krassin's office in London, and came to England at the same time as Krassin, may be gauged by the reliance that may be placed on Krassin and Company's "undertaking" to our Government that he would have no dealings with any political party. It was on the strength of this "undertaking" that the disgraceful commercial treaty with the Soviet Government was pushed through by Lloyd George in defiance of the Foreign Office and of all the opinion of all the decent people in this country.

Krassin and his *suite* put up at the First Avenue Hotel, Holborn, and made a great show of keeping their "undertaking" by hiring several commissionaires, who were placed in the corridors outside his rooms and solemnly refused audience to all and sundry. This, however, was nothing but an impudent farce, for the very first person Krassin saw when he arrived at the First Avenue Hotel was Sylvia Pankhurst, the revolutionary. After she had seen Krassin she told a friend that she had nearly "bumped into" one of the officials of the Foreign Office, and she was afraid he had recognised her.

Thereafter, from time to time, Sylvia Pankhurst was sending letters by hand to Krassin's office in Bond Street. Certain of these letters contained requests for money, and on a number of occasions money was given. When it was given it was Klishko who handed it over. And yet this impudent person, who acted as the almoner of the Moscow Soviet and gave money to revolutionaries here, after having given a solemn undertaking not even to speak to representatives of any political party, has the effrontery to issue to the Press the statement we have quoted above.

The "Sunday Times."

Only a few months ago the *Sunday Times* was free from Jewish influence; but after two of the Duke of Northumberland's articles on revolution had appeared, the Learned Elders secured financial control of that once honourably conducted and patriotic journal. The immediate result was that the Duke's next article was cut out at the last moment, and the greatest prominence given to the Bolshevism of H. G. Wells.

Now the Learned Elders, bursting with arrogance, are taking things into their own hands with a vengeance.

Krassin is given the best place in the current issue of the paper for his nefarious Bolshevist propaganda; and the fact that a leading British newspaper has been used openly for Soviet propaganda of the most unblushing kind, without protest, shows how supine our British journalists have become.

Naturally the *Sunday Times*, being an organ of the Learned Elders, has its own way of dealing with the St. George's, Hanover Square, election result, as witness :—

> The Government supporters are pulling very wry faces over the bye-election results in Hanover Square and Heywood. The Hanover Square result is to be attributed partly to the very general discontent with high taxation and partly to a revolt of the Tory Party malcontents against Liberal influences in the Coalition. Traces of anti-Semitism, too, are probably to be found in the figures. But the revolt of the High Tories was to be expected anyhow, and in a constituency like Hanover Square it would reach its high-water mark. Any progressive Government Coalition, or anything else, would lose Hanover Square, sooner or later.
>
> *The loss of Heywood is more serious*, but it must be remembered that this is an almost purely industrial constituency, that Lancashire is suffering more than any other county from the coal stoppage, and, in addition, has a cotton and an engineers' dispute on its hands, and that Labour unmasked all its batteries to win the constituency. These things considered, the result is not bad, and, in fact, the labour men are very disappointed at the smallness of their majority. Still, it would be better for the Government if there should be nothing to explain away.

That any journalist, outside Colney Hatch, should compare the Heywood with the St. George's contest, and assert what is asserted in the above passage, is incredible. But we presume that there are no lengths to which some people will not go when their bread and butter is involved.

Domestic Espionage.

Bob Williams was duly married to a Jewess; Lansbury's son married a Miss Glasmann; and now that Pelman-fed bounder, Malone, has married a Miss Klingenstein, a lady ten years older than himself, who had adopted the name of Leah Kay.

It should be clear that this plan of marrying extremists of British blood to Jewesses will enable the Learned Elders to keep a close watch upon those whom they entrust with the work of destroying society, and as in the case of ex-President Wilson, insubordinate persons may, by this means, be rendered inarticulate, or in the last event, extinguished.

At this moment of

NATIONAL CRISIS

we suggest to our readers that it is their duty to employ

"PLAIN ENGLISH"

as a weapon against revolution.

This can be done by making the paper as widely known as possible among their friends as well as among the enemy.

A PERSONAL STATEMENT BY LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

PLAIN ENGLISH has now been in existence rather more than eleven months, and in that short time a paper has been built up with a power for influencing public opinion, and curbing the wickedness of unscrupulous and bought politicians, which has never been possessed by any newspaper in England since the *Times* fell from its high estate. The circulation of PLAIN ENGLISH can now compare favourably with that of any other weekly paper, and it is increasing with every fresh issue. Hitherto the paper has been, it would be idle to deny it, run on what one might call personal lines. Though the editorial "We" has been strictly preserved as it should be in any responsible paper, and though this is the first occasion (I trust it will also be the last) on which I have ever addressed my readers in the first person, there can be no question that PLAIN ENGLISH has hitherto been, in a special sense, my own personal organ of opinion.

I have the temerity to claim that it was I who started the movement (a very forlorn hope it appeared eleven months ago) to put down Lloyd George and his Jewish paymasters, and bring back into power the old revived Conservative Party, which has so long languished in impotent slavery. There is not much of the forlorn hope about the proposition now; but that is by the way. I repeat that PLAIN ENGLISH has been run on personal lines, and some of my readers may have imagined that I have devoted too much space and attention to what might be considered my own private affairs. This is a mistake, for whenever I have brought my own private affairs (if, indeed, they can justly be called private) into the paper, it has been only because those affairs were typical and symptomatic and involved large issues. It is not my fault, nor is it even, rightly considered, my misfortune, that my whole life has been staged as an allegorical drama of the soul's passage from darkness to light, and that again and again I have been forced before the public eye to defend not only myself but certain large and eternal principles for which I would willingly lay down my life.

The time has now, however, arrived when PLAIN ENGLISH will become no longer the organ of opinion of one man, but of a powerful party, and it is for this reason that the paper appears this week without my name as editor on its cover. As I write these lines, I am still the editor of PLAIN ENGLISH, and this number appears under my editorship. Next week, however, I am handing over the control to other hands.

My reason for taking this step is that my action for libel against the Associated Newspapers Limited is now in the "warned list" at the High Court, and may be expected to come on for trial any time during the next week or ten days.

I do not choose that the ideals of PLAIN ENGLISH and the noble cause for which it is fighting should run the slightest risk of being damaged or compromised by any possible misfortunes or reverses that fate, or God's providence, may have in store for me. Consequently, pending the result of my action against Lord Northcliffe's Press, I am retiring from the editorship of PLAIN ENGLISH.

BRITONS ARE BRITONS STILL.

IT was at Nottingham that George Morley, the Unionist agent, who discovered and disclosed the Bolshevist plot to place Polish-Jew tallymen in the mines, was done to death for daring to tell the truth. But the Hidden Hand will soon find that what was easily accomplished in Russia is difficult to accomplish in Britain; and that we have no love for a political scheme which depends upon murder for its existence.

The miners of Nottinghamshire have expressed their feelings clearly; and if the sentiments which they express become characteristic of the miners of this country George Morley will not have died in vain.

Here is a report which appeared on Tuesday last:—

> An indication of the attitude of Nottinghamshire miners towards the settlement proposals is given by the decision not to vote, made on Monday last by the men employed at the Moor Green Colliery of Messrs. Barber, Walker & Co. Their reason is that, as they were ordered to cease work without being consulted, they will not be balloted now. The ballot papers will be returned to the union headquarters marked "Ten weeks too late."
>
> This decision followed a speech by Mr. Joseph Birkin, one of the best-known miners' leaders in Nottingham, who said it was obvious that the executive were strongly in favour of accepting the latest offer. Why were they not strong enough to say so, instead of trying to throw the onus on the men? He was confident the pits would be open on Monday, whatever course the ballot took, for the executive knew there was no prospect of winning, even if they stuck out another six months. The national pool had been a political question from the first. Thank God the extremists, who thought they were going to Russianise England, had failed!
>
> A deputation was appointed to ask the manager for the reopening of the pit next week.

When the air has cleared the coal strike will, we are confident, have proved that Britons are Britons still.

Not the miners alone, but trade unionists in general, have had an unique chance of observing the character of the desperadoes who have been attempting to grasp supreme executive power in this country at the expense of ruined industry and general national degradation.

Many decent men have supported Socialism and Communism from pure motives; but such men are beginning to grasp the fact that to be a Socialist is to believe that a scheme of universal degradation will make this world a perfect dwelling-place, and man a perfect creature.

They are beginning to comprehend that what they have chosen to call the "Capitalist State" has been built up after years of labour as the best possible means of controlling immense populations for their own security and comfort.

The British Constitution, as one knows it to-day, is partly a divine product, because it is based on the family; and the nearer the British Empire approaches the ideal of a great family the stronger and nobler will it become.

To defeat the enemy hidden among us we do not so much require to meet him with his own subtle weapons as to state the truth and state it boldly. Our people should be educated to appreciate, as they are rapidly learning to appreciate, that loyalty to the King is no mere formality, but should proceed from the heart; and that a country which is ruled by a king approximates to the ideal state. For the King is above all unworthy influences, and the gentlemen who form his Council have not had to climb into power, but were born to power. Only those who know the devious and dirty ways of so-called "democratic" politics can comprehend by what ignoble methods such a man as Lloyd George has secured and retained his position.

But, though we may be optimistic, we should not ignore the existence in our midst of a body of wicked or misguided persons who are the enemies of all that is noblest and best in our Constitution.

The unmasking of these traitors is a public duty.

One would suppose that anyone who came forward to tell the truth about the King's enemies would be welcomed and given every chance to reach the eyes and ears of the people of this country.

Last week we published the final statement of the Duke of Northumberland in his debate with Mr. Hyndman. It was a damning and unanswerable utterance. It convicted by name a number of extremists who have, in every department of Labour, been sowing the seeds of revolution and chaos.

The effect of this unexpected disclosure was remarkable. Those who had come blithely forth to support Mr. Hyndman—who like a battered signpost, stands far back on the road of revolution—simply collapsed under the Duke's final blow.

The meeting itself caused a sensation of the first order in the Houses of Parliament, and almost emptied the House of Commons.

But what happened? Did the truth reach the general public through the Press? One daily paper gave a report of the general debate; but even that paper failed to give publicity to what was the vital utterance on the part of the Duke of Northumberland. So much for the power of the Jews over our Press.

It remained for PLAIN ENGLISH to print the final statement; and PLAIN ENGLISH proved itself once more a unique journal by being the only paper in Britain to publish the most damning evidence which has yet been offered to expose the Communist conspiracy for the ruin of of our beloved country.

We are glad to say that there are signs that loyal men throughout the Empire are awake to the danger which threatens the Motherland.

The King and Empire Alliance is sweeping Australia. Its power is evident on all sides and in every department. It is determined that there shall be no place in Australia for disloyal men; and those who have played at disloyalty have been swept from power.

We think it well to publish the objects of the King and Empire Alliance, which is in no sense a political party, and the only test of whose membership is loyalty to the King and Empire, and "the discharge by each man of his duty as a patriotic citizen of Australia."

OBJECTS:

To work in every possible way for the welfare and consolidation of the British Empire in general and Australia in particular.

To build up and maintain a strong National pride of Race and Empire; particular attention being paid to the education of our children.

To strenuously oppose all attempts to introduce and encourage disloyal doctrines.

To insure that in all Federal, State, Municipal and Shire Elections, only proved Loyalists shall be supported, irrespective of Party or Religion.

To co-operate with other organisations throughout the Empire, having similar objects.

The Alliance has a well-edited weekly organ named *King and Empire*, which is doing excellent work in unmasking Bolshevism and its ally, Sinn Fein.

In the holy work which we have to do it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of co-operation between the loyal men of Britain and the loyal men of the Dominions. The work has begun well. The truth must prevail; and, if we stand together, each one glad to submerge himself for the common cause, we shall rout our foes, and restore Britain and the Empire to that state of security which they enjoyed before political mountebanks and scheming traitors entrenched themselves in the place of our rightful governors.

SILENCE BEFORE THE BATTLE.

WHEN Lysias heard that Philip was returned from Persia and Media "he made haste to go, and say to the king and to the captains of the army:—We decay daily, and our provision of victuals is small . . . and it lieth upon us to take order for the affairs of the kingdom." It is now almost a fortnight since the Duke of Northumberland during the debate with Mr. Hyndman brought his charges, substantiated by documents and record of accomplished facts, that Britain as an Empire and England as a Nation "decay daily." He showed that this was not a natural decline but an artificial rot introduced into the heart of the nation by forces of supreme cunning. We hold no particular brief for the Duke of Northumberland, and on more occasions than one we have stated in PLAIN ENGLISH where we fail to see eye-to-eye with him, but no thinking man can do otherwise than support a spokesman who says "to the king and to the captains of the army" that "it lieth upon us to take order for the affairs of the kingdom."

The *Morning Post* reported part of the Duke of Northumberland's statement, but for reasons best known to itself it did not print the conclusion of the debate in which the Duke brought direct charges against the leaders of labour, calling them by name. PLAIN ENGLISH alone had the courage to make public this part of the debate. The *Times* made no mention whatsoever of what, to say the least, was as important a debate as has ever taken place in a Committee Room of the House of Commons. By this action the *Times* shows itself to be a paper that is either the dupe or the agent of the conspiracy to destroy England and wreck the Empire. From what we know of the men around "thy servant Alfred" we are inclined to believe that that colossal egoist is being flattered into the belief that if he lends himself to the conspiracy he can secure for himself the Lenin-plum of dictatorship. Is it true that a confidential and important "attaché" in the service of the Napoleon of Grub Street is only "pulling our leg" when he says that when the revolution comes a bomb will be placed in every linotype in London except those of Carmelite House, and that from this sanctuary Dictator Alfred will issue the one only and official bulletin of his Red Government?

In the Protocols we read:—

> We will create an universal economical crisis. Simultaneously we will throw on to the streets huge crowds of workmen throughout Europe. These masses will then throw themselves upon and shed the blood of those of whom, in their ignorance, they have been jealous from childhood, and whose belongings they will then be able to plunder.

This is happening to-day. Every hour adds to the crowds of workmen "we will throw on to the streets." Definite instructions which are responsible for this condition were issued in the programme of the *Alliance Sociale Démocratique*, which said:—

> The Association will employ all its means and all its power to increase and augment evils and misfortunes which must at last wear out the patience of the people and excite them to an insurrection *en masse*.

The Duke of Northumberland said he did not blame the working man, or even the Trade Unionist leader for becoming the dupe of conspirators. The fault lay with an indifferent governing class—a class which was subject to pressure from unseen powers of corruption and blackmail. But at last the Duke is doing the duty of his class in warning Labour of the forces of deep cunning which cause bewilderment and confusion. The Duke of Northumberland felt it his duty to show his countrymen that they were, in the words of Bakunin, regarded by German-Jew Bolsheviks as "conspiracy-fodder," just as the German-Jew capitalists regarded them as "cannon-fodder" when war and not revolution was the means by which they incited us to mutual extermination.

Mrs. Webster in her new book "World Revolution" says:—"Will to be saved and you will be saved. . . . One cannot triumph over a nation that resolves to defend itself." The Duke of Northumberland has taken upon himself the unenviable position of the watchman who tells us of the enemy's approach. To know our enemy is half the battle, and it is our duty as the defenders of the citadel of the white race not to betray our civilisation to the devastating hordes which now threaten us.

LOVE THE DESTROYER.

Star-crowned was he with heavens immortal rose,
Spirit of dawn in pleasure garlanded;
From breathless skies that change not nor shall fade,
Love's mystic flower of white celestial snows,
I heard a song but not the words it said,
I dreamed him silent in the heart's repose,
I sought the singer but unseen he fled.
And what he is I know not if God knows.

He came to me a whirlwind from the sea,
As lightning from the sun, a thunder fire,
Which shook the pillars of the soul's despair,
And with him pain and death and vain desire;
And all life's living kingdoms came to be
Unknown and unsubstatial worlds of air.

WENTWORTH.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6½%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 110s. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97½	... 97½ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·39 to 11·41
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 260 to 261
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·45 to 47·55
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. 3½d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 26·05 to 26·15
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 73·75 to 74·25
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 28·80 to 28·90
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·23 to 4·25
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·78 to 3·78½
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 46·85 to 46·95
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3⅜d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·38 to 22·43
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 6⅛d.

THE GOLD MARKET.

The fluctuations in the price of gold cause varying feelings, and indicate seemingly unnatural results. The rise in the price of the metal is having a good effect on the Rand Mining returns, and should certainly tell before long in increased dividends; though curiously enough the prices of the leading mining shares remain dormant. The return of Capital invested in such shares as Modders, Government Areas, Van Ryns, Springs, Crown Mines, etc., is certainly unprecedented, and with a drop of some 38 per cent. in the total Rand Gold output of to-day as compared with, say, 1914, the precious metal is more than ever something to get alarmed about. The rise in the price of gold coincides with a drop in the value of the £1 sterling in New York. This is the more pronounced on account of the big drop in our exports as a result of the coal stoppage and general industrial unrest. A few weeks ago the Exchange reached almost $4 to the £1, and has been within the last few days even lower. With a resumption of work at the coal mines this position should better itself.

This rise in the price of gold will act as a Will-o'-the wisp to some of the old producers now tottering to a respectful and merited end. The working depth, cost of upkeep and decreasing values of ore reserves would long ago have given decent burial to these old institutions, had the metal remained at normal. But even with costs at £5 (pre-war gold was normally 90s. per oz.), there is an appreciable profit per ton to-day. Thus the old mines live a lingering death. On the whole, however, it is necessary and of greater urgency than ever that the undeveloped areas of the Rand—*i.e.*, the Far East and South-East Extension between the Sub-Nigel Mine, and up to and beyond Heidelberg—should be taken actively in hand and developed. The recurring labour troubles with white employees in South Africa are likely to settle down eventually, judging from latest advices; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the evanescent and abnormal price of gold will not act as a fever on the imagination of the workmen, and prevent them seeing that stability in their enterprise, as in every other branch of industry, is increasingly necessary indeed, in these days of Imperial and International importance. What would our position to-day have been without the gold from the Rand, which all the world is willing to buy. We can and must increase its output.

NEW ISSUES.

The first of the joint loans of our Colonies is announced in the issue of a Prospectus of the Government of South Australia for £3,000,000 6½ stock and the Government of Tasmania for £2,000,000 6½ stock, both maturing in 1930-40. The issue price is par. Being first-class Trustee's Stocks the public are likely to respond readily. Looking down a list of recent new issues of good sound investments one finds most of them standing at high premiums, ranging as high as £5 per cent. Even the 5½ per cent. Sudan Government Loan (1 per cent. return less than the Colonial Stocks above mentioned) is at a small premium still. India 7 per cent. loan is at 2¼ premium.

NEW COMPANY REGISTRATIONS.

The *Stock Exchange Gazette* has just published details of new Companies registered in the United Kingdom during the month of May, which indicate something like 500 Companies with a Capital of close on £7,000,000 sterling registered for that period. Of this amount, practically two-thirds represents Capital to be employed in private concerns, the remaining third, approximately £2,240,000, representing public interests. In the latter category, the main Capital registration is Insurances, £1,200,000, while Shipping and Textile interests absorb £290,000. The registrations effected in respect of Irish and Scottish Companies together amount to some £430,000.

Although these figures show an enormous falling off compared with the registrations of twelve months ago, the results, considering the times and the difficulties created by labour disputes and the general outlook, are none the less important.

Presiding at the Annual General Meeting of Crosses & Winkworths' Consolidated Mills last week, the Chairman, Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, in giving an exhaustive survey of the Company's operations for the past year, made the following important observations with regard to the economic position in England:—

> At home there have been some developments of a quite satisfactory character. The E. P. D. has gone. It has gone, leaving behind it, no doubt, a trail of crippled concerns, but it has gone. We have broken its stranglehold; and that is so much to the good. Again, the Treasury is really showing a desire to economise. A compulsion has been put upon it, which is the only sort of compulsion that in a case of this kind is ever effective — the compulsion that lies in the fact of empty pockets and non-existent revenue. Not being able to get the money, the Treasury has at last made up its mind to refrain from spending it. It is nothing less than wonderful how British industry has stood the upheavals and dislocations of the past year or two. One of the chief obstacles to a forward movement—the tightness of money—is being gradually removed. The coal strike, by depressing industry and lowering its financial demands, has nndoubtedly contributed something towards making money cheaper. When the Bank Rate is again reduced, as it soon must be in my judgment, that restriction of credit from which all business has suffered in the past eighteen months ought to be sensibly eased. Personally I am sanguine enough to hope that the terrible lesson of the coal strike will not be wholly lost. Have not we all learned in the past ten weeks that you cannot take more out of an industry than it contains, and that wages must inevitably be governed by the price at which it is possible to sell the finished products.

Dividends and Reports.

Angela Nitrate.—Final dividend recommended of 10 per cent. less tax, making 20 per cent. for year.

John Hunter, Morris & Elkan.—Profit for year to 31st March, 1921, £11,040, plus £5,966 brought in, making £17,006. Dividend on Ordinary shares of 10 per cent. less tax for year.

Callenders Cable.—Net profit for 1920, £97,920, plus £105,803 brought in, making £203,723. Dividend on Ordinary shares at the rate of 15 per cent. less tax, making 3s. per share. £108,100 carried forward.

Meters.—Gross profit for year £45,664. Directors recommend further dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on Ordinary shares, making 8½ per cent. less tax, and bonus of 4d. per share free of tax on Ordinary shares.

Goldsbrough, Mort & Co.—Net profit for year including balance brought forward £97,958. Final dividend of 5 per cent. proposed.

Claudius, Ash, Sons & Co.—Dividend at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum less tax on Preference for six months ending 30th June.

Howard & Bullough.—Final dividend of 2½ per cent. actual, making 10 per cent. for year.

Hazell, Watson & Viney.—Net profit for year ended 31st March, £40,813, plus £10,616. Dividend proposed at the rate of 12s. per share on Ordinary.

Virol.—Gross profit for year ended 31st March was £141,930. Dividend recommended of 15 per cent. on ordinary shares.

"HOB-NOBBING WITH HELL."

UNDER the above title we gave publicity several months ago to some unique and terrible facts about the dangers of Spiritism. As though in confirmation of our statements, Mr. Robert Scott, of Roxburghe House, Paternoster Row, has issued, at the modest cost of 2s. net, an excellently compiled book entitled "Through Séance to Satan," by Rev. Charles H. Rouse.

Mr. Rouse is ploughing a lonely furrow in the Anglican Church, and is doing a splendid work by exposing the diabolical nature of spiritism to a public which, after all, only men like he can reach. Without the assistance of any fund, he has toured the land, warning Britons against the most subtle and awful danger which menaces them.

We understand that he is to read a paper before the Church Congress, and undoubtedly, what he will lay before the Congress should cause something more than a mild sensation. He will be in a position to prove that the jazz dance and the hideous and barbaric discords which have polluted the public ear for so long, were introduced into civilised lands with great cunning by certain leading Satanists. For the jazz is no more and no less than the dance which precedes an Invocation of the Yellow Spirit of Central Africa, and the dance to-day in its complete form involves criminal acts of the most incredible and horribly violent nature.

The Rev. Mr. Rouse's remarkable book, "Through Séance to Satan" should be in the hands of everyone who serves God and honours the King. It is a valuable and powerful weapon with which to meet the untiring efforts of Sir A. Conan Doyle and other no doubt well-meaning folk, who are spending their time in persuading the public to play with the very fire of Hell.

A quotation from "Through Séance to Satan" will enable our readers to judge of the nature of the book. We almost hesitate to record such horrors as Mr. Rouse describes; but in the interests of truth we extract the following passage:—

"I was working," says Mr. Rouse, "in a small country parish where the doctor—a very good fellow—was licensed Lay-reader. We were great friends, and often spent the evenings together playing chess. One night he told me that he had been attending a Spiritualist séance and had seen some remarkable manifestations. He asked my opinion. I gave it, and begged him not to go again. He continued to do so, however, and I began to note a subtle change in him. It was evident that he was coming under the influence of a will which he could not resist. I told him that he must give up Spiritualism or his Lay-readership.

"A week later he came and told me that he had made his final decision—he would give up the Lay-readership. I solemnly warned him that if he did not pull himself together and break from the séances and all associated with them, he would end in selling his soul to the Devil, which, of course, he pooh-poohed.

"One night, less than six weeks after that, he came to me in a state of great excitement, very wild and haggard in appearance, and exclaimed, 'you were right, and I have now done it, done it this evening.'

"'Done what, man?'"

"'I have sold myself body and soul to Satan. He appeared to me, showed me marvels that I cannot speak of, and promised me greater revelations if I would place myself in his hands. I had lost all my will-power—and I have now made a compact with him.'

"Soon after this he sold his practice and left the place, and the next I heard of him was that he was a raving madman.

"You may say that isolated case proves but little. Possibly; but listen to this:—

"In a fashionable suburb of Paris there is a temple, Its appointments are very rich, its altar of great splendour, the ritual and ceremonial elaborate, the music of a high order, and it is filled with worshippers. And their religion —what is that? Satanism, devil-worshippers. Now mark the form of admission into membership with this 'church.' The neophyte must go to a Catholic Church and, under the pretence of making his communion, secure the consecrated Host—the Body of his Lord—and bringing it to the temple place it on the devil's altar. A silver dagger is presented to him, and with this he has to stab the Host, uttering at the same time certain blasphemous imprecations.

"When I first read of this I could not credit it, but quoted it under reserve in a sermon—which I afterwards preached—at St. Thomas', Regent Street. A gentleman came to me after the service and said: 'It may interest you to know that what you told me about that temple is perfectly true. I have seen it. Moreover, these Satanists have been trying in vain to secure a plot of ground in Bayswater to erect a temple there.' In further evidence of this devil-worship, Violet Tweedale tells us in a recent publication that a friend of hers who knows her Paris well assured her that Satanism is very prevalent, not only in the capital but in the provinces of France. Moreover, it is acknowledged to be the natural climax, the logical outcome of Spiritualism in France."

Those who go out to expose Satanism in its various forms know that they are taking terrible risks, and that they need supernatural protection. And knowing this, we are anxious for the safety of such brave men as Mr. Rouse who labour outside the Church, and many of whose "spiritual pastors and masters" refuse, as he says, even to believe in the activities of the devil.

"K. B. S."

THE SITUATION IN PALESTINE.

IN this day of plots and counter-plots, with revelations of a conspiracy met by counter-charges of "hysteria," there is one fact obviously above denial. That is, there is a conspiracy of silence, a very real conspiracy, in regard to the question of the situation in Palestine. Outside of the pages of the official report of the Parliamentary debates there is no evidence that the shocking story of what is going on in Palestine causes the slightest interest, or is even known, by people in this country. The silence is as deafening as it was over our disclosures of the treachery and the stock-jobbing connected with the Battle of Jutland.

Although no paper would mention the incident, the Government refused to give the official reports about Jerusalem and Jaffa when Lord Sydenham pressed for them in the House of Lords on Thursday. The truth is that the report is unfavourable to the Jews and it has been suppressed by the Members of our Government, who are either subsidised or blackmailed by the "formidable sect." The suppressed report which Lord Sydenham asked to be laid before Parliament is similar to the report of General Palin's Committee, which investigated the serious disturbances of a like character in Jerusalem at Easter of last year. This report, also, has never been laid before Parliament.

No clearer examination of the conditions in Palestine could have been made than that which is contained in the following official report of Lord Sydenham's speech:—

SITUATION IN PALESTINE.

Lord Sydenham rose to draw attention to the situation in Palestine as exemplified by the recent riots at Jaffa, and to ask the Under-Secretary of State for Air whether he can give any information as to the circumstances of this outbreak; whether the results of the Inquiry which has been held will be laid before Parliament; and whether the Report of General Palin's Committee, which investigated the serious disturbances of a similar character in Jerusalem at Easter of last year, can now be made public.

My Lords, the facts and the circumstances of the recent very serious riots at Jaffa are at present almost unintelligible. According to Zionist accounts a Jewish labour procession, proceeding along the streets, was attacked by the Jewish Communist Party, which was beaten off. Then, it said, part of the beaten party fled to the Arab quarter, and what happened was that the fracas then took the form of a Moslem-Zionist conflict. That account agrees generally with the telegram of the High Commissioner, who said that: "A serious affray took place between Moslems and Jews"—and he gave the casualties, as then known, as—killed, 10 Arabs, 30 Jews; wounded in hospital, 37 Arabs, 142 Jews; treated and discharged, 20 Arabs and 28 Jews. I believe the actual figures were found to be considerably larger than that when investigated. On May 3rd rioting was resumed, and further troops were called up, but were apparently not required. On the 4th peace was restored.

The High Commissioner explained that "it is believed the troops did not have to fire and that there were no casualties among them."

The fact of there being no casualties among the troops does not in the least show that the troops did not fire, and this point also remains unexplained. So far it is difficult to make head or tail of the two accounts, but there are two circumstances which may help to throw light on the unfortunate affair. On the day before the riots, incendiary Bolshevist pamphlets were disseminated in Jerusalem and many other parts of Palestine. In the second place, May 1st was the Greek Easter Sunday, and one report says that a religious procession was interfered with by the Zionists. There is no information whether the report is correct or not, but the Zionist papers say that recently arrived immigrants were special objects of attack and that their headquarters were destroyed. The High Commissioner at once gave orders that all immigration was to be stopped, but he explained very shortly afterwards that this was only a temporary measure. And a Zionist telegram from Warsaw said that 500 immigrants for Palestine left on May 8th, "amidst scenes of great enthusiasm," and it added, "This is our answer to Jaffa events."

It seems very desirable that we should know how this question of immigration now stands, and whether there has been any effort to make a careful selection of the persons who are allowed to go to Palestine. When I raised this question in your Lordships' House on June 29th of last year, I asked if the character and antecedents of the immigrants would be "thoroughly investigated before we became responsible for them and their actions." The noble Earl the Leader of the House then said:—

> Our general policy is that no man or woman shall be admitted whom the country is incapable of supporting, and that indiscriminate massed immigration, whether of Jews or non-Jews, from Russia or other parts of the world, will most certainly not be permitted.

He also said most truly, "There is a great quantity of explosive material about." Unfortunately, since that time the explosive material has accumulated considerably. I have no idea how many immigrants have actually reached Palestine, but 800 arrived in one week from the Crimea and from Trieste. For the selection of these immigrants the Zionist Commission is wholly responsible, and it is a self-constituted and exotic body which, to put it mildly, has objects which are very much at variance with the views of the Palestinians themselves.

Speaking of the Palestine Mandate, at Mile End in March last, Dr. Weizmann, the Zionist leader, said:—

> Was it true that the Mandate gave them an opportunity of undertaking great work in Eretz Yisrael? To this question they could only answer "Yes." They could acquire land in Palestine; in one day they could double and treble the Jewish possessions, if they had the means. They could introduce as many people as they desired; they could develop everything they wished.

That is rather an ominous statement in the eyes of the rightful owners of Palestine, coming from a leader of what is really an alien organisation. What discrimination the Zionist Commission has been exercising I do not know. But they have admitted that a large number of immigrants arrived in Palestine and went straight back. Therefore, it must be assumed, I think, that the residuum does not contain all the best elements, the elements whom one would like to see, introduced into Palestine.

And yet the noble Earl the Leader of the House told us last year that we must be very careful about introducing the right class of immigrants, and about not introducing too many at a time. I cannot help thinking that both these very wise prescriptions have been totally disregarded. The collection of thousands of Zionists in Russia and Central Europe must be a very great business. I am told that it has been carried on by American Zionist agents provided with unlimited funds. And I imagine that the Foreign Office must have reports upon this subject. One result of the introduction of too many people, not all of the right type, is the "labour disturbances which started the riots at Jaffa."

At the present time there are three distinct Jewish Labour Parties in Palestine, which must be rather trying in a little Arab country which is only the size of Wales. The Centre Party is the largest of them, and it advocates nationalisation of the land, and a national life based upon Hebrew. That is a programme which must be abhorrent to all Palestinians, both Moslem and Christian. The Centre Party abjures the Third International but it is affiliated to the "Vienna Coalition." What the Vienna Coalition is I have not the slightest idea. Then there is the party of the Right, which is non-Socialist, but co-operates with the Centre Party on a great many occasions. And then, as always, there is the Left wing, which is a small body, and is called the "Mospi," from the initials of its title. It is a branch of the Third International, and it employs itself in breaking up Labour processions, and also in trying to convert the Palestinians into Bolsheviks.

It is quite certain that the "Mopsi" started the riots at Jaffa. These riots could never have developed as they did if it had not been for the violent antagonisms which have been aroused between the rightful owners of Palestine and the incoming Zionists. Before we occupied this little country there was harmony, and the Turks only kept 400 regular troops in Palestine. We appear now to require at least 8,000, for whom this country has to pay. And yet it is quite clear that the Palestine Government was very much alarmed last month, and that it was not able to avoid the serious loss of life which then took place.

Something must be very wrong in these circumstances, and I think that any one who has tried to follow proceedings in Palestine, which have been carried on under British authority, will have no difficulty in understanding the root causes of the grievous antagonisms which have arisen in that unfortunate country. They are explained broadly in a very interesting statement made by the Arab Palestine Congress. The Arab Palestine Congress was able at length to put this statement before Mr. Churchill, though at first he refused altogether to receive an Arab deputation.

It is a long and a serious document, and if your Lordships will forgive me I will quote two small extracts from it. This is one:—

> Under the Turks we governed ourselves through our representative Parliament, and the only Turkish official in our midst was the Wali, or Mutessarrif, who had his advisory native elected Council to help him. In the majority of cases even these officials were from amongst ourselves. In the Courts, too, all the Judges and members of the Bench were natives, and each one of us could work up to the highest legal position.

Then they go on to say:—

> Now all this has been changed. We have no voice or say in the government of our country. The Legal Secretary, with a few under him, are the source of our laws and legal system, in spite of the fact that the Treaty with Turkey has not yet been signed and the Mandate not ratified. The Legal Secretary and the Director of Commerce are Jews.

Yesterday I received an appeal from the President of the Haifa Moslem Committee, which says, among other things, that at Jaffa it was proved that the Jews were equipped with firearms, which the Moslems have not got. It says "excitement is prevalent all over the country. In consequence of the Jewish Bolshevist seditious notices, preaching the most horrible of principles and the lowest of morals," it says that "the spirit of revenge is smouldering in their hearts and the public feeling is in a state of upheaval, the forbearance of the people having been overtaxed and overburdened by new enactments quite detrimental to the rights of the native population, and favourable only to the Zionist colonisation." This is probably a small body, but I think it reflects a great deal of public opinion in Palestine at the present moment.

My information all goes to show that there is a rapid acquisition of power by the Zionist elements in Palestine. As your Lordships know—because it has been already mentioned in this House—we have enforced a third official language on the people, a language which only a tiny fraction of them spoke before our occupation. And the effect of that is to make the people who speak that language indispensable in a great many posts, and the Jews are therefore obtaining more and more hold on the Departments of the Government. The streets of Jerusalem and elsewhere are now named in three languages, and I am told that the size of the Hebrew lettering is far greater than that of the other two languages. I have seen a telegram form in which the Arabic superscription is reduced to almost illegible dimensions, while the Hebrew characters stand out broad and three or four times the size. Your Lordships are aware that though a great deal of Hebrew appears in evidence in Palestine, the language at the back of it is in great part Yiddish, because, of course, the mass of these immigrants speak no Hebrew whatever. And of course, your Lordships are aware that Yiddish is German, *and we are therefore using British bayonets to impose a German dialect upon the people, as an official language, against the will of the people themselves.*

I have been told that a large number of notables have been bound over to keep the peace for one year, though they had committed no offence whatever. Being ignorant of the law, I should have thought that was illegal. I am told that a Christian at Nazareth who refused to be bound over was sent to prison. The Arab Congress Committee state that Jews employed on public works such as roads are paid much more than the natives of the country for doing the same class of work. I hope that the noble Earl will cause inquiry to be made as to whether those statements are true or not. From letters of British residents in Jerusalem I gather that a sort of terror prevails, that it is regarded as dangerous to speak against Zionism, that the Post is not trusted and that people (as I know they do) try to get their letters out of the country by other means.

The new Draft Land Law, of which I have a copy, contains a particularly ominous clause, Clause 8, which permits the High Commissioner—who is now called the "Prince of Israel"—to sell or mortgage any amount of land to any corporation. That completely verifies the truth of the statement of Dr. Weizmann which I quoted. The fact is that Palestinians feel that the Zionist grip is rapidly closing upon them, and they are helpless because they know that the British Army stands behind it. The effects in many directions are most marked. A Christian and a Moslem were killed at Haifa in some little disturbance of which we were never told. It was agreed that they should have a joint funeral, and the Mufti went into the Greek Church and the Greek priest went into the Mosque—an occurrence which I should think is absolutely unique in the country which saw the Crusades. At the least it shows how closely Moslems and Christians have been thrown together in face of what they regard, and I think rightly regard, as a common danger. From Bethlehem about half the population of 14,000, mostly Christians, have been driven from their national home by the fear of what is coming in the future, and have emigrated to South America. From the neighbouring village of Bethjala 600 persons have gone. This is no justification whatever for rioting, but it ought to make the Government consider whither we are being led in a country which was most easy to govern after our occupation if a powerful foreign organisation had not intervened between us and the people of the country.

A recent Zionist writer says that "the Jewish race is one of the ablest, the most modern in spirit and the most powerful in the world." That is quite true, and certainly no race at the present time is exercising so much inflnence in the great affairs of the world. But that is not a sufficient reason for filling up Palestine with foreign people and then handing the country over to them to govern, which is what seems to be the policy of the Government, though it has never yet been openly avowed.

May I remind your Lordships of the Declaration published throughout Palestine by General Allenby in November, 1918. That Declaration was drawn up by the British Government and the French Government in common, and those two Powers said that their objects in carrying the war into Asia were these:—

> To ensure the complete and final emancipation of all these peoples so long oppressed by the Turks; to establish national Governments and administrations which derive their authority from the initiative and the freewill of the people themselves, and to assure, by their support and practical aid, the normal working of such Governments and administrations as the people themselves have adopted.

That statement is absolutely incompatible with the Declaration of Mr. Balfour, and it seems as if this important matter had been handled by a diarchy working in water-tight compartments.

How have we fulfilled this pledge, this solemn pledge, to the people of Palestine? We have set up a Zionist autocracy without consulting the people, and against their known wishes. Under the Mandate we have given power to a foreign organisation, which may be dominated, for all we know, from Frankfort, or from London, or from New York, to admit immigrants as it pleases and to exercise certain privileged economic rights, all of which your Lordships will see in the Mandate. That is the root cause of all the trouble in Palestine, and of the greater trouble which I must warn the Government will come, and will not be confined to the frontiers of that country.

We cannot tolerate the killing or robbing of Jews or Moslems or Christians, and we must provide any military force that is necessary to secure the lives of all the people in Palestine and to keep order. But so long as we permit Bolsheviks to be introduced into Palestine we must accept the responsibility for anything they may do or say. It is well to remember that the *Jewish Chronicle* in April, 1919, incautiously alluded to the fact:—

> That the ideals of Bolshevism at many points are consonant with the finest ideals of Judaism.

It would be easy to multiply such quotations. Last week the Bolshevist Government announced that it had adopted a new flag. This flag bears the emblem of the five-pointed red star which for centuries has been the emblem of Zionism, and we know that under the red five-pointed star all the apalling atrocities which have been committed in Russia were carried out.

At the present time it is almost impossible to find out the truth about anything, and it is particularly difficult to find out the truth about Palestine. Therefore, I beg His Majesty's Government to give us full and accurate information as to what is going on in that country, and I hope the House will agree that the result of the Inquiry which is now taking place as to the riots at Jaffa ought to be made public as soon as it is available. The Report on the riots which occurred at Easter last year at Jerusalem, in which it is known that the Jews alone used fire-arms and that no one else had anything of the kind, would have thrown very much-needed light upon the situation in Palestine and would have conveyed a warning which is unhappily absent.

THE MARCONI NARRATIVE.

By H. Crouch Batchelor.

[*Continued.*]

So ferocious were the Radical papers before the admissions of Isaacs and George had been made in the House that merely to mention the rumours averring speculation by Ministers was an offence of indescribable enormity. That was whilst the innocent Radicals gave vent to the natural feeling of men of common honesty. They felt that the act of speculation was too atrocious for belief, that it was mere Party malice to suggest it. The abuse lavished upon Mr. Maxse was intensely amusing, and really one could go on indefinitely evening after evening quoting from Radical journals, watching their tee-to-tum writhings with as much enjoyment as the average farce yields at a theatre. I will only quote one specimen (page 416) of the *National Review*.

> *Manchester Guardian*, 13th February, 1913.
>
> Since the wretched Piggott broke down under cross-examination during the Parnell Commission, no public offender against honour and decency in public controversy has suffered so prolonged and terrible an exposure of his offences, and of the degradation of character which made them possible, as the unfortunate man Lawson. The spectacle of this poor wretch raking together the dirtiest garbage of City gossip, all the foul tittle-tattle of Party spite and the cunningly invented rumours of dishonest financial gamblers, and imposing the stuff on the ready credulity of the rancorous editors or owners of the *Outlook*, the *Eye Witness* and the *National Review*—the loathsomeness of this glimpse of the underworld of financial and journalistic baseness has appalled every reader of the Press.

Yet within a very short time every word Mr. Lawson and these newspapers printed was proved to be the literal truth. It is the *Manchester Guardian* which figures as "the poor, rancorous—I will add besotted—wretch?" In any case, the insane exaggeration of this journal's language proves its unfitness for its business.

The value of this is that it shows what leading Ministerial journals thought of the offence of Ministerial speculations in Marconi shares at a time when they were totally ignorant that there had been such speculations!

But the libel appeared in the French newspaper, *Le Matin*, on February 13th, based upon the proceedings of the Parliamentary Committee, which was constituted October 29th, 1912. It was technically a libel, because it asserted that "Herbert Samuel and Rufus Isaacs had bought shares in the English Company at about 50 francs and sold them at 200 francs, as the negotiation they were themselves conducting enabled them to ensure the contract being settled."

At first the Coalition press, in their innocence, were delighted that Isaacs should sue the *Matin*. The *Matin*, finding it had jumbled things up, withdrew from the case. But it had become known that Isaacs and George had operated in Marconi American shares, and that although the fact was concealed by them in their statement in Parliament on October 11th, 1912, it would have to come out. That, in truth, during the negotiations between the English Marconi Company and the Government, the Attorney-General, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chief Whip of the Radical Party had embarked upon substantial speculations in one of the Associated Marconi Companies on the strength of information supplied by the Managing Director of the parent Marconi Company, who was actually conducting the negotiations with the Government.

The only course then possible to avert the ruin of these people's repute was to make out that the parent and child had no connection with each other, and that the parent's prosperity could not affect the child.

It is extremely funny! Both and all Marconi Companies necessarily depended on the Marconi patents, and the value of these for speculative purposes depended upon the British Government selecting them as the best. The selection of any other would have reduced all the children—American, Spanish, Canadian, etc.—to beggary!

One dilemma of Rufus and George is this, the agreement signed by Samuel as Postmaster-General on March 7th, 1912, was either a binding contract or it was not; Godfrey Isaacs deemed it a binding contract, and therefore went off to America. But Samuel, in reply to Sir H. Norman in Parliament, repeatedly asserted—and never would admit otherwise—that it was not a binding contract. He also subsequently stated that modifications were made before the actual contract was signed on July 19th. It was to the interest of Rufus and the Coalition Government to maintain that March 7th was the actual contract, because that enabled them to say that Rufus and George could not have influenced the terms of the contract after they had bought the shares. If they had done so, even Radicals at first saw no defence. But if it was not a contract, then Rufus and George were open to severe condemnation. But it is splitting hairs; in no case could their act be otherwise than corrupt as an act. If their motive was corrupt, the act would have been the same. We are always told that it is never right to attribute motives, but to judge people only by acts.

Samuel did not publish the acceptance of the tender of March 7th; he held it back until July. The terms were meantime much altered and cut about.

The Committee discussed for some time whether each member should make a Statutory declaration that he had had no dealings or speculations in Marconi shares. Several members objected, and the Committee decided that each should do as he pleased.

Every Unionist Member of the Committee signed that Declaration and the two Nationalist Members, but when Locker Lampson asked in the House, June 16th, 1913, that the other Members should do so, he was received with Ministerial cries of "oh! oh!"

The only reason given was that to make such a declaration on oath would be a novel proceeding and create a precedent. This, then, suggests that the Unionists who did make it were acting irregularly. But what could have been more honest than to make it, and what but sinister reasons could prevail to prevent it? (The Speaker "did not regard with favour any novel procedure.")

At an earlier stage it had been suggested that there were Liberal Members of the Committee who knew of Cabinet Ministers' dealings; but when it was proposed that Sir Rufus Isaacs should be asked the plain question whether any Liberal Members did know of his dealings the Committee, by a partisan majority, refused to allow him to answer. As I have just indicated, Liberal Members had been told by Rufus himself. Two Members, Handel Booth and Mr. Falconer, extreme Radicals, made it their business to object to all questions which were likely to get to the root of the matter. These men, admittedly, privately received communications from Rufus Isaacs during the proceedings. The fact that this was known to other Members of the Committee aroused severe remonstrances, as being altogether irregular and improper. Very often Booth and Falconer succeeded in over-ruling the right to put questions, but, of course, only by taking Divisions on Party lines. Harold Smith retired from the Committee on the ground that Booth and Falconer received and withheld most vital information which "had it been communicated would have materially altered our proceedings." The objection was upheld by the majority, so Harold retired.

In the course of the examination before the Committee Godfrey Isaacs insinuated against Sir H. Norman, M.P., Major Archer Shee, M.P., and Mr. Norton Griffiths, M.P., that they were interested in the rival Poulson Patents and so did what they could to damage the reputation of himself, George, and Rufus Isaacs. There was not a shadow of foundation for this insinuation, as was frankly admitted on all sides. The Government itself was, in a sense, on its trial. Had George and Rufus been judged by the standard of scrupulous honour heretofore governing British Ministerial life, the Cabinet must have fallen. It was life or death with Asquith to back up such important colleagues. So there was great difficulty in agreeing upon a formula when the Report came to be discussed in the House of Commons.

George aud Rufus made their confession in the House. They expressed regret. They pleaded ignorance of the true effect of their operations. Rufus who commenced life on the Stock Exchange, which it has been widely rumoured that he entered prematurely by a false declaration of his age, and which he quitted as a defaulter, must have known the nature of what he had done. He must have been familiar with Stock Exchange procedure, and with every trick of which that institution is ever the arena. This, even if he had been a stupid man instead of a man so acute and clever that he rose at the Bar more rapidly perhaps than anyone ever did before, and became Attorney-General, and now is Lord Chief Justice of England, and a Peer of the Realm, just elevated to a Viscounty. I think it probable that George was ignorant, and in a sort of innocent way did not fully realise the impropriety of his conduct. That George was a bit of a fool in any case is quite clear from his persisting to the last that he had only made an investment. He buys on one day, sells two days afterwards, never finds a penny of money and says "this is an investment"!!

The offence is that Ministers consented to be put in the way of making money out of the financial operations of a person seeking a contract on the largest scale from the Government, having the strongest possible interest in averting the exercise of a right of cancellation by the Government, having therefore an equal interest in securing the personal favour and sympathy of Members of the Government. There was a right of cancellation by the Government reserved in the contract in the preliminary agreement of March 7th, 1912, by which the Government might at any time terminate it and adopt any other system. This clause Godfrey frantically tried to have eliminated, but the Government stuck to it. In reporting the agreement to the shareholders Godfrey omitted it.

But for the family connection between the Attorney-General Cabinet Minister and his brother Godfrey, the whole transaction would have been unthinkable, and certainly unworkable.

The way in which the Government really regarded it is indicated by the treatment meted out to an unfortunate employee in the Post-office—a Mr. Taylor, who bought and paid for thirty shares in the English Company absolutely as an investment; he simply and quite legitimately bought these shares on a general idea that wireless telegraphy had come to stay:—

"THIRTY ENGLISH MARCONIS."

"HOW A STAFF ENGINEER WAS PUNISHED."

The following is an extract from a letter dated November 13th, 1912, from the Postmaster-General:—

> The Postmaster-General has recently learnt, with grave displeasure, that Mr. J. E. Taylor (Staff Engineer) had engaged in transactions in the shares of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company at the time the Department was negotiating an important contract with that Company. On December 15th, 1911, Mr. Taylor was present for the first time at a meeting of the Committee which was advising in the negotiations, a meeting at which the subject of the contract was fully discussed. On December 21st he bought thirty £1 shares in the Marconi Company. On March 19th, 1912, Mr. Taylor sold these shares, the price having meanwhile appreciated by about 50 per cent. The Postmaster-General cannot regard as satisfactory Mr. Taylor's explanation of these circumstances. Action such as his is wholly contrary to the traditions and practice of the Civil Service, and could not fail, if it became usual, profoundly to impair public confidence in its integrity . . . The Postmaster-General directs that Mr. Taylor be reduced to the rank of Assistant-Superintending Engineer.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

JOHN BROWN ON THE PROTOCOLS OF ZION.

Reported by his friend, Thomas Green, late of the Royal Navy.

THIRD CONFERENCE.—PROTOCOL I.[*]

[Learned Elders of Zion in Conference. Jews' conquest of the world by violence, bribery, hypocrisy, corruption and demoralisation. . . .]

J. B. Now, if you are ready we will discuss the actual text of the Protocols of the "Learned Elders" or "Sages" of Zion.

T. G. With all my heart. But please first tell me who are these Sages or Elders?

J. B. They are very important and very potent personages, mostly invisible—"The Hidden Hand," as a matter of fact—and all the more potent for being invisible. They might be called Princes of the Powers of Darkness.

T. G. What do the Jews themselves say about them?

J. B. They don't say much, but they occasionally quote them.

T. G. Can you give me a quotation?

J. B. Yes; in the *Jewish Guardian* of October 8th, 1920 (Supplement, p. 7), the Zionist leader, Dr. Chaim Weizmann quoted a saying of theirs in a speech delivered at a send-off banquet to Chief Rabbi Hertz.

T. G. Can you repeat it?

J. B. Not in the original Hebrew (or Yiddish, I am not sure which it is); but Dr. Weizmann obligingly gave a translation, to wit: "A beneficent protection which God has instituted in the life of the Jew is that he has dispersed him all over the world." He called this a "Saying of our Sages."

T. G. But are the Jews not always complaining of being scattered?

J. B. Yes; but that is the way with them. They are always pleading persecutions and poverty to impose on the non-Jew world. There is a remarkable corroboration of Dr. Weizmann in the Protocols themselves. In Protocol XI., p. 39, we find this: "By the mercy of God His chosen People were scattered, and in this dispersal, which seemed to the world to be our weakness, has proved to be all our Power, which has now brought us to the threshold of Universal Sovereignty." It is quite plain that Weizmann, the Zionist leader of to-day, is quoting the same authority as that quoted by the authors of The Protocols in 1901.

T. G. How many of these "Protocols," as they call them, are there?

J. B. Twenty-four.

T. G. What is the First about?

J. B. It begins by saying what is as true as anything in the book—and it is all true, Satanically true; it says "We shall be plain-spoken," and plain-spoken it is. The Hand was not Hidden from those whom the speaker was addressing; speaker and hearers were all part of it. The first of the Protocols lays down the principles on which the Jews go to work in achieving their aims.

T. G. And what may these principles be, if you can say that "unprinciple" has any principles.

J. B. The plain-spoken ones say that "people with corrupt instincts are in the majority, and therefore those who want to rule must cultivate corruption."

T. G. What species of corruption do they mean?

J. B. All sorts; moral, sexual and political. They also say: "Everyone would like to become a dictator if he only could do so, and rare indeed are the men who would not sacrifice the welfare of others to attain their own personal aims." (P. I.) This is quite true of Jews, but absolutely false as a description of Gentiles.

T. G. Is there any other measure besides corruption which the Elders of Zion advocate?

J. B. Yes; its corollary—Intimidation, of which blackmail is one of their leading engines.

T. G. Have they gone into any details about corruption?

J. B. Oh yes; into very minute detail. Here is a sample: "The youth of the Gentiles"—they use the word "Goyim," which means "dirty heathen"—"are turned crazy by classics and early debauchery, *to which they have been instigated by our agents, tutors, servants, governesses in rich houses, clubs, and so forth, and by our women in their places of amusement.*" (P. V.)

T. G. Well, this is plain-spoken with a vengeance! And do you really believe they have carried this out?

J. B. They both have done so, and are doing so now. Are not Jews, as Israel Zangwill says, "Lords of the Hells of Gomorrah"? They control and profit by all the White Slave Traffic in all its vile branches throughout the West. They control all Cinemas, Theatres, Music Halls and Grand Guignols. Then, too, nearly all the pornographic literature, from Alfred Moritz Mond's "English Review" to Sonnenscheim Stallybrass's "Autobiography of a Child" issues from the Jewish press; whilst brother Robert Mond is trying to force that essential Jewish aspiration, the bastard science of "Eugenics," on our helpless countrymen and countrywomen with their offspring.

T. G. But what has all that got to do with governing?

J. B. The Jews look upon all other nations as their "enemies," and anything which weakens the Gentile race serves the Jews' turn: "Only sheer force is victorious in politics, especially if it is concealed (The Hidden Hand!) in the talent indispensable for statesmen. Violence must be the principle, cunning and hypocrisy the rule of these governments which do not wish to lay down their crown at the feet of the agents of some new power. This evil is the only means of attaining the goal of good. Therefore we must not stop short before bribery, deceit and treachery if these are to serve the achievement of our cause. (P. VI.)

T. G. "Our" cause being, of course, the Jews' cause, not that of their subject peoples?

J. B. Quite so. And note how beautifully the Sages mix up words like "duty" with the most horrible sentiments: "In politics we must know how to confiscate property without hesitation, if by so doing we can attain dominion and power. Our State (that is, when it arrives everywhere else as it *has* in Russia), following the way of peaceful conquest, has the right of substituting for the terrors of war executions less apparent and more expedient which are necessary to uphold terror, producing blind submission. Not only for the sake of advantage, but also for that of *duty* (!) and victory, we must keep to the programme of violence and hypocrisy." (P. VI.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[*] The references in these articles are to the edition of the "Protocols," published under the title of "The Jewish Peril," and issued by "THE BRITONS," 62 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Price 3s.

RATE-SUPPORTED HOSPITALS.

At a time when the taxpayer is revolting against extravagance which is fast ruining the country, and the *Times*, even, prints a remarkable letter, revealing the doubling of salaries of Treasury officials for less work done—a personal experience of the working of a rate-aided hospital may be of interest to the less-burdened ratepayer, who may well ask if, in case of need, he gets full value for his money thus expended ?

The writer woke up one day to find himself in a ward of such a hospital, containing twenty-four beds. As to his method of arrival there, his mind was blank ; but having acute intelligence, he, when sufficiently recovered, noted and retained many impressions.

The day starts at 3 a.m. With no blinds drawn in the ten large windows, it is never dark at this time of year, as lights from neighbouring wards shine in. The two night nurses start washing the patients one by one, and making their beds. The reason given for rousing at this hour being that the night staff must wash them before they go off duty at 7 a.m.

Breakfast is served at 5.30-6. Bread and margarine and tea. Patients who have friends may have their own eggs boiled, and the luxury of jam or marmalade. A portion of milk and a biscuit is served at 10.30, if doctors do not happen to be in the ward. If they are, patients must wait till they are gone.

The chief meal of the day is served about noon, and here the local Committee should most certainly pay unannounced visits of inspection. In these days when meat is plentiful and cheaper, and bought as it must be in large quantities, it is iniquitous to see the stuff served to these sufferers, who need all possible nourishment. Both meat or fish have obviously been too long on the ice, and the cooking leaves much to be desired. It might be inaccurate to say that either (only one course each day is served) was bad, but it was in such a condition that no member of the Committee would have it on their own table ; and the potatoes, in bulk the chief part of the meal, were most unsatisfactory. The patients being helpless, suffered silently. A little badly cooked rice or other milk pudding followed. Both bread and water were only served if asked for. No fruit, or anything to tempt the appetite.

Tea, bread and margarine, with an occasional spoonful of jam, is served at 4 ; at 6, a cup of bovril or milk and a biscuit.

Stress is laid on this point of diet, for it is the chief one in the rebuilding and repairing of the impaired physique, racked by pain and suffering and lowered vitality. The rates are high, is full value received for expenditure in this food supplied ?

Of the nurses, one cannot speak too highly. They are splendid, and their cheery optimism, making light of, and jesting at even tragic incidents, does much to create a healing atmosphere, and more for the patients' cure than the food. The exceptions are a few strait-laced and sour-faced women who supervise, and who look for and make trouble both for patients and nurses. One wondered if they had mistaken their vocation ? They took their duties *aux grandes serieuses*. True daughters of Bumble with their rigid insistence on red-tape formulas applied *en masse*, without tact or discretion. In a ward of small children it may be necessary, but when applied to adult men, many even quite old, it was ludicrous, and gave the writer much secret amusement.

The Committee would do well to enquire into the harmonious working of the medical and administrative sides of the hospital. When the writer was well enough to sit up and be dressed, a suit of hospital blue, badly patched and darned, and ill-fitting, was supplied He spoke to the doctor, who promised that his own clothes should be fetched. But the administration thought otherwise, and for three days the doctor had to fight before the patient's own clothes were forthcoming.

Last, but by no means least, a word as to the skill and care of the doctors. Their gentleness, tenderness and patience, with even the most trying patients, was beyond all praise. They obviously loved their work. No hour of the day or night found them wanting or appeared inconvenient to them.

This hospital has the immense advantage of rural surroundings, and beds are wheeled out in the air, and sunbaths obtained.

The conclusion of the writer after careful observation was that while on the medical and nursing (supervisers excepted) side there is complete efficiency, and ratepayers get full value for their money (there are too few nurses), the food supplied, and the deliberate self-assertion of the administration, do not make for efficiency, and need enquiry. If doctors give directions, and the administration oppose, the patient is like a shuttlecock between these two opposing forces. Helpless, and in their power, he cannot complain ; but it is for those who should safeguard the ratepayers' interests to see he is not victimised. It is ever the tendency of the bureaucrat in office to magnify that office. Rigidity is the curse ; what is needed is elasticity of commonsense and intelligence. This does not impair efficiency, but adds to the comfort of, and therefore assists the cure of, the patients. The most picturesque time in the ward was from 12 to 3 a.m. With moans, sighs, groans, etc., there was never silence ; but the Rembrandtesque impression of the long ward, weird shadows, and one spot of light where a nurse sat with a screened candle, which threw a pool of light on the ceiling, will remain many years.

The administration in this as in so many things to-day, should be clearly instructed that the hospital is to be run primarily in the interests of the patients, not in the interests of the staff. The latter view seems inseparable from bureaucracy, from Government officials to tram conductors.

S. G.

June 9th, 1921.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A JEW FOR ST. GEORGE'S.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Mr. Erskine has got in for St. George's, Hanover Square, very largely because he was not afraid to say he was fighting a Jew.

Pimlico put Mr. Erskine in, and, as one who was in the thick of it, having to canvass an important street of a hundred tenement houses with from six to ten voters in each house, I know what I am talking about when I say that the principal factor which gained the day for Mr. Erskine was the factor of nationality.

Those electors who had decided to vote for Jessel in my street, when I informed them that Jessel was a Jew, and one, moreover, connected by marriage with the Rothschilds, practically all replied "Oh, that settles it. I wouldn't vote for a Jew." So that, at the end of a thorough canvass, I had only sixteen left for Jessel, five of whom were in one family, who were in some way employed by the Jessels.

Moreover, at either end of this street were the two local speaking pitches used by both sides, and the women told me yesterday that the day before the poll Jessel was twice driven off—such was the opposition put up to him *as a Jew*. The first time he had to seek refuge in an adjacent "pub," and, when later he made a second attempt, on the opposition breaking out again, the police (possibly fearing a pogrom!) advised him to get away while he could, which advice he took, and was bundled off under their protection

The papers refer to the apathy of the electors. This apathy was conspicuous by its absence in my bit of Pimlico, where the whole election assumed an English *v.* Jew aspect.

Again chatting with women electors of other streets on polling day, many told me that but for having attended Mr. Erskine's final meeting they would have voted for Jessel, but hearing of his nationality, they changed their minds, "because, of course, they couldn't vote for a Jew." This with an air of "it's not done in the best circles," which was lovely to hear.

I may add that I read out to some ex-soldiers, amid shouts of laughter, your remarks, sir, in your last week's issue, about Sir H. Jessel, "who, like most of his tribe, passed through the carnage of the army remounts," and I should not be surprised if, in Monday's mêlée referred to above, this remark of yours was not usefully employed.

English people have every reason to be intensely grateful to Mr. Erskine for the sensible way he fought the election, and for not uttering the canting and absurd platitude about "fighting with clean hands," which, as far as my experience goes, means that when fighting an alien Jew you must be very careful not to mention his nationality; thus depriving yourself of your trump card and losing the day in consequence.

I, for one, am sick of shams, and suggest it is time to fight elections minus the gloves, which may protect your hands when touching your opponent, and if, in the fray, your hands get dirty—well, it is not your fault.

Yours very truly,
MARY MEREDITH BEAUMONT.

8 Castello Avenue, Putney.
June 8th, 1921.

THE JEWISH PROBLEM.

SIR,—Would you care to publish my answer to a Jewish correspondent in America, a copy of which I enclose.

I am aware that my ideas may not be in perfect agreement with those of PLAIN ENGLISH. On the other hand, yours is the only review which takes questions of religion seriously, and furthermore takes interest in that most fundamental question of to-day, the Jewish one.

American discussion of this problem can, in my humble opinion, do no harm, but only good; and I trust that, however contrary to accepted ideas my views are, they will be able to throw some light upon one of the darkest problems of our day.

Thanking you in anticipation.

I remain, your faithfully,
OSCAR LEVY.

[We have pleasure in printing below the letter to which Mr. Oscar Levy refers.—ED.]

ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON, S.W.,
MAY 27TH, 1921,

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your letter of April 30th and for the copy of the *Dearborn Independent* of the same date, which contains an exhaustive review of my preface to Captain George H. Pitt River's book, "The World Significance of the Russian Revolution" (Basil Blackwell, Oxford). You seem to be astonished at my views about your Race; you wish to have my own opinion as to their correctness, and you ask me to say whether I am inclined to accept full responsibility for my statements.

My answer is that the quotations are correct—and even ample, but that they leave out one important part of my argument. I have most certainly in this preface accused our own race of being the unconscious spiritual author of all the troubles and revolutions which are undermining the present day Empires and Republics. But the argument of my preface is that the Jews are doing this directly (this is the part Mr. Ford's paper quotes) as well as indirectly, and this is the part which it entirely omits. The indirect part is done by the Christians, who are our spiritual sons and our most gifted pupils, and who consequently are, and always have been, the most daring and the most successful of revolutionaries. I have quoted in the preface —and this quotation is likewise omitted by Mr. Ford's critic—the example of Christ Himself, who from the Jewish—and not only from the Jewish—point of view is nothing but a revolutionary, as may be seen from the accusations raised against Him by the powers in authority in the Gospel of St. Luke xxiii., 5 "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place. I have pointed to all the democratic Idealists who were Christ's enthusiastic and successful disciples: to Hussites and Lollards, to Protestants and Puritans, to Jacobites and Bolsheviks. . . . But Mr. Ford's critic omits these quotations. I have alluded to the fact—likewise omitted—that the English Christians in their Puritan rebellion proved themselves most effective disciples of their Jewish prototypes; that latter-day Capitalism and Individualism, with all their terrible consequences, can directly be traced back to this rebellion, and that Jews as well as Christians have fallen victims to this originally Jewish ideology. I have pointed out the striking similarity of the Jewish, Scotch, and American business mentality in the following words, which are likewise missing in the review of our brochure: "The Scotch and American financiers succeeded as well as his brother of the original Puritan faith. The Christian usurer took his 'pound of flesh' with the same gusto as did his colleague of the Jewish persuasion. And as to the factory system that destroyed and destroys the soul and body of men as well as the bounty and beauty of the land, it has been and is carried on by blonde and flat-nosed Jews—at least, in this country—as successfully as by their dark and sharp-featured brethren on the Continent of Europe."

I have, however, no intention to accuse Mr. Ford's critic of unfairness, for he is impartial enough to see that I am a lover of my people, and he is likewise generous enough to acknowledge that my preface goes right "to the heart and to the mind of the reader." It is perhaps my own fault that I was only half understood by him. Mr Pitt River's brochure was meant to be short, the preface demanded from me could not possibly exceed his work in length; and I had to suppress many things which should have been said, and which must be said in order to make my position clear. Seeing now that this preface has created so much stir, not only in America, but, likewise, here in England (the *Spectator* and PLAIN ENGLISH), in France (*l'Action Française*), and even in Germany (*Der Hammer*), I might, therefore, use this occasion in order to throw some further light on an important subject.

It was a saying of Disraeli's that "Christianity is Judaism for the people, but that it is still Judaism" I fully subscribe to this word of the eminent statesman, but I entirely differ from his further conclusions. Disraeli was as proud of Christianity as a father is proud of a noble son, while I have grown more sceptical about this son, and even think his behaviour most compromising. While Disraeli is a vain father, who likes to parade his offspring, I am an uneasy one who tries to keep him at home, and endeavours to excuse himself for his paternity.

What I most object to in this son is a habit which I, an author myself, should be the last to condemn: his "Kakoethes scribendi," —his bad habit of writing as well as his habit of bad writing. True, his writings are rather old, because they were confided to paper some two thousand years ago, but they are by no means old-fashioned, for they have acted through the ages, and they are beginning to act once more upon our own day. You will have guessed that I am alluding to the New Testament. . . .

I could never read this book without misgivings, and I can never read it through without a sensation of horror. They call it euphemistically the good tidings for the poor, the meek, the downtrodden, but in reality it preaches bad tidings unto the rich, the wise, the powerful. I can never hear a quotation from it without thinking of shooting commandos and Extraordinary Commissions. I positively smell behind all its sugary professions of love the foul breath of envy, hatred, and impotence. I actually see the Mob with its low foreheads and low suspicions, perspiring under the weight of its "high" ideals and inspired to inflict these ideals upon their betters by the commandment of their own God. Think of a God who could thus thunder against the rich: "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep." (Luke vi., 24-26) . . . Think of a God who would not admit any but the poor to his Heaven, who was not rich enough in love to tolerate even one paltry exception in his kingdom of bliss: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of the Lord." Matthew xix., 24) . . .

We need not wonder that after a religious outcry of 2,000 years' standing against the rich and the wise, some of the poor and the faithful begin to practise what they have heard preached so passionately and so continuously. The modern Bolshevists may have forgotten their holy origin, but there is no doubt that they have one, and that the prototypes of the modern Proletarians of Russia are the ancient Anti-Capitalists of Gallilee . . . But the Bolshevists have not all forgotten it. Mr. Lunatcharsky, the Soviet-Minister for Education and one of the most cultured members of his party—a pure Russian, by the way—rightly declared the other day that "Christ, if he should ever visit this earth again, would immediately join the Bolshevist Party" . . .

If he does so, He will be pleased to meet with His familiar abuse, with that vocabulary of vituperation which must nauseate everyone who has not yet descended to the level of "The Good" and "The Pious," of "The Just" and "The Humble." . . . He will see accomplished what He wished and hoped for in His day, He will see the merchants and the bourgeois of our time withering like grass under the burning heat of the Socialist sun, as was foretold by James, the "Servant of God," (i., 11), "For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth : so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways" He will be charmed by the weeping and the howling and the misery of those who were not beggars, but had become such under the reign of the proletariat, and in fulfilment of that ancient prophecy in the same James (v., 1-6) : "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten. Yonr gold and silver is cankered ; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton ; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just . . ." He will be delighted to hear his modern disciples speak of "sinful" and "corrupted" Petrograd, as His ancient followers did of the "great whore of Babylon," and His face will light np with congenial satisfaction upon the news of the modern Rome's doom, disaster and destruction. And He will even think His Gospel a wonderful book, foretelling, as it does, the misery of those whose "commerce suffers," whose "trade by sea" is destroyed thereby, and whose long British faces are prophetically described in Revelation xviii., 11-18 : "And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her ; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more. . . . The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet . . . And of brass, and iron, and marble ; and cinnamon, and odours, and ointment, and francincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men. . . . The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing, and saying : "Alas, alas that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls ! . . . And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying : "What city is like unto this great city ! . . ."

All this was written by Jews, who had tarned Christians!

You will by now, sir, have noticed the error into which the critic of Mr. Ford's paper and those of other reviews have fallen. They apparently think my anti-Semitism related to theirs—that is to say, an anti-Semitism exclusively directed against the Jews. As a matter of fact it is not : it includes, and very much so (for the reason stated above) the Christians. No Christian has a right to be an anti-Semite, for he is himself a Semite, nay a Super-Semite. No Christian must accuse Jews of revolutionary tendencies, for he is himself the follower of a God with revolutionary tendencies. No Christian must condemn Jews for their Socialism and Bolshevism, for these Jews are simply good Christians, and those who accuse them are knowingly or unknowingly repudiating their own God.

But no sincere Jew on the other hand, and no one versed in the ancient history of their race, can deny that democratic and revolutionary tendencies have their root in the teaching of the Jewish prophets. These prophets—one and all—were sworn enemies of Law and Authority, and amongst these "enemies of order" there were found revolutionaries of such vehemence that they could contradict kings and officers in the midst of a dangerous war, that they dared to preach "repentance" and "change of heart" within a beleagured city . . Has this spirit of the prophets died out amongst the modern Jews? In order to answer this question, I would ask you to transport yourself over a space of three-thousand years, from grey Antiquity into dark Modernity, and from besieged Jerusalem into blockaded Germany. Having arrived in this unhappy country, you should ask yourself, or better still, ask the Germans who had preached among them, and that during a war for life and death, repentance and change of heart after the fashion of the prophet Jeremiah. . . The answer will be: Two of our Jews—Dr. Richard Grelling, the author of "J'accuse" and Dr. Kurt Eisner, the Prime Minister of Bavaria. And has the spirit of the ancient apostles died out amongst the modern Jews? Transport yourself to Russia, look at her withering homes and deserted harbours, ask the Muscovites which of their many people had contributed the proportionally greatest number of officers to their powerful revolution. Their lips will answer : "The Jews," while their fists will be clenched and their eyes will sparkle with hatred. . . For all Russians are good Christians. . . But why should they hate the best of modern Christians, those who practice what *they* preach ; those who carry out the tenets of *their* Gospel ; those who have actually carried out the revolution of the poor against the rich? It is not for Christians to decry the Jews.

It is not for Christian sons to howl against their Jewish fathers ; compared with Christians we are a conservative race, as is proved by our very existence. It is not for those who have accepted the Messiah and who now stand in need of another salvation to clamour against those who have denied Him, and who always held that the real Messiah was still to come. It was a small minority of our ancestors that followed this first Messiah, just as it is a small minority of contemporary Jews who are now accepting His teachings. And with these Messianic Jews, I frankly confess, we have to deal as our ancestors did with their prototypes ; we have to disavow them, we have to cut them loose, nay, we shall have to fight them and thus fulfil the hope of a rightly alarmed and perfectly sympathetic Gentile like Mr George H. Pit Rivers : "Only the Jews may be able to save us from the Jews." For these democratic Jews are a dangerous sect ; they are members of our own energetic race, they have the experience of a successful revolution in their very blood. They are to-day, as I said in my preface, "as eager as of yore to shed their last drop of blood for the realisation of their visions,' and they may actually succeed again in winning the battle for the canaille and against flourishing life. . .

It is this fear that made me write the preface to Mr. Pitt Rivers' book, that has made me "confess," as the *Dearborn Independent* has it "the error of my people." But with the confession of our ancient error, I have coupled the profession of a new duty . , . This duty consists in saving the world a second time, and this time from the consequences of our first salvation : from the triumph of the Proletariat, from the victory of the slaves, from the downfall of our civilisation . . . Was I right in having confidence in my race, was I justified in predicting that "they who had created the evil, would likewise provide the antidote—the good?" It is for the future to tell.

For the present I beg to thank you for having given me occasion to write this explanatory letter, of which you may make any private or public use you think right, proper and convenient.

Yours very truly,
OSCAR LEVY

GUSTAVE WOLF, Esq.,
Attorney and Counsellor,
Grand Rapids, Mich.,
216-17 Houseman Buildings, U.S.A.

AN OXFORD OUTRAGE.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—I notice that your last issue contains a half-column or so of curious comment on a poem in the *Isis* of May 25th. The passage makes amusing reading, but you were misinformed—or perhaps the wish was father to the information—with regard to the nationality of its author. The author of the poem in question is neither German, nor Jew, nor German-Jew ; though, for myself, I will as cheerfully endorse your rhetorical description of me as "an apostate Catholic" as I now sign myself.

Yours, etc,
BERTRAM HIGGINS.
(Literary Editor of the *Isis*.)

The *Isis*, Oxford.
June 8th, 1921.

EINSTEIN'S "BORROWED" THEORY OF RELATIONS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Einstein has come to Manchester and gone. His admirers induced the Senate of the University to give him a doctor's hat, and in return for this kindness he inflicted a double insult on the University ; he laughed at them in his lecture, and had his agents on the premises selling his wares. So Jewish! It is claimed that only half a dozen wise men of the East really understand relativity, we have never heard their names, and we have never had a comprehendable explanation of relativity. In all lectures and papers on the subject, imaginary difficulties about space are motted out, and we are then told : behold, Einstein has overcome these. Yesterday, he started by contrasting Euclidean with non-Euclidean geometry, *i.e.*, English and German geometry, for here we used to have to learn Euclid by heart, in Germany, geometry has always been recognised, as we now recognise it, not as a science, but an art. The art of expressing the laws of time and space in words and formulæ. These laws do not rest on Euclidean axioms. Newton, as is well known, threw Euclid aside with the remark that he could not understand how anybody could have troubled to write rubbish about mere self-evident truths. The laws of space are truths. We were then told by Einstein that Lorentz, the founder of relativity, had based geometry on physical laws, but Einstein did not tell us what we had come to hear—how he did this. And then forsooth, Einstein treated us to the very, very stale illustrations of Scotland. That was all. That was the very clear exposition for which the Press praises Einstein, his noble presence and perfect German, which was unfortunately so Yiddish that it was difficult to follow by men who always imagined that they knew German perfectly. His intonation without any accent suggested that his parentage is Russo-Jewish.

Yours faithfully,
A SUBSCRIBER TO "PLAIN ENGLISH."

PLAIN ENGLISH FOR CONSERVATIVES.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—The appended letter written by me on the 12th May, 1920, may be considered sufficiently interesting for present publication.—Your obedient servant,—H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

Copy of a Letter received by a leading Cabinet Minister, who delivered an address to an important Club at which the writer was present.

The Minister made no reply. The address was intended to excuse the submergence of the opinions of the Conservative and Unionist Party in a Coalition.

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10 Wetherby Terrace, S.W.
12th May, 1920.

SIR,—Your easy breezy speech last night was pleasant to hear, but I fear the morning's reflections do not quite accord with the evening's enjoyment.

You did not tell us *why* the Coalition is the only or best Government that the country can evolve. The broad fact is that the so-called "Unionist" Party (we ought to revert to "Conservative" as its title now), has a great and solid majority, and there seems no reason why it should not govern. "Liberals" are a negligeable quantity, even if they were not split up into two bitterly hostile factions, neither of which has any possible policy. All the old abuses which called "Liberalism" into being have long been reformed away. Any professional Liberal action beyond its accomplished work must tend to the destruction of the Constitution, the subversion of the fundamental conditions of social stability, and ultimately to anarchy and chaos. This peril is accentuated as "Liberals" feel themselves driven desperate for want of a programme. Their *raison d'être* has gone, and so the time has come when their admission to a Coalition is unnecessary, and their influence can only be nationally injurious. It is in truth politically poisonous.

There ought never to have been a Coalition. On the outbreak of war an entirely unconstitutional course was adopted. The Asquith government brought the war upon us. They had been aware of its imminence since Haldane's visit to Berlin, in February, 1912. Yet ten days before its declaration, Lloyd George assured the country of a great reduction of armaments for the ensuing year. The Asquith crew should instantly have been dismissed, and the extrication of the country and prosecution of the war committed to the hands of their opponents. The criminal negligence, folly and falsehood of the Asquith cabinet could not have been denied. It was open, gross and palpable. The lesson should have been rammed home, and the punishment of ejection from office and exposure should have instantly followed. There could have been no defence. They would have been crushed by public opinion. To coalesce with these criminals, to trust these muddlers further, to condone the ruin they brought upon the nation, was to flout moral law. To treat those who have done ill as if they had done well was a blunder as bad as a crime.

The war was either inevitable or it was not. In either case impeachment should have resulted—for not preventing it—or, for not preparing for it.

In the conduct of the war, the Asquith gang proved themselves as untrustworthy as they were in their Administration which brought it about, and when this became so evident that no intelligent citizen could fail to see it, the leaders of the "Unionist" Party sold themselves to the fools and traitors, agreed to whitewash them and share the spoil. *That is what they did*, whatever their motives may have been.

The divorce of punishment from crime is the basis of the Coalition. Because I believe that moral law will, in the long run, vindicate itself, I am convinced that this country is doomed and damned.

After the wanton slaughter for four superfluous years of hundreds of thousands of our best and bravest, and the waste of at least 5,000 millions of money, there comes (most foolishly) an Armistice. All the unnecessary waste and loss were incurred by Robert Cecil and the Government's deliberately maintaining a weak blockade, and allowing the enemy to be supplied *ad lib* through Holland.

Yet, you dare to stand up to make a special plea, and to gloss over the facts, and to make it appear that it was absolutely necessary to fool away four months immediately following the Armistice, in pursuing an *ignis fatuus* called a "League of Nations," which in any circumstances could not work until the millennium should be established. In practice, this silly and unworkable project, more appropriate to children than grown men, will prove a breeder of friction, the seedbed of innumerable conflicts, and incalculable injury to Britain.

Those four months will be proved to have wrecked the world. During that period Germany was enabled to recover her *morale*, to camouflage her millions of soldiers, and to *negotiate* a peace instead of being subjected to dictation. She will now proceed to get her own way and to destroy the complicated Treaty by incessant encroachment, which we shall always be too much "fools and gentlemen" to resist in time, and before many years she will take us at a disadvantage and we shall go under. Your reply reminded us that directly the Armistice was concluded our masses demanded to be demobilised. That indicates the sort of people ours are—stupid, unthinking, self-indulgent, ignorant; but it was the duty of the Government to enforce adequate security, and that could only have been effected by marching into Germany, occupying many important towns and strategic points, and expressing the resolve to do this until a crushing indemnity was paid, however many years might be necessary (for some reasons the longer the better) for its liquidation. *That is what Germany did to France in 1871.* Bismark was deeply mortified by the rapidity with which France discharged her indemnity. Why have we not adopted the same policy? Because the Government are—perhaps unconsciously—under the influence of Jewish international financiers.

Do you as an English gentleman think that Lloyd George is a fit protagonist of the interests of our Empire, which obviously has been the corner-stone of the peace of the world and the guarantor of the general welfare of mankind? Lloyd George is essentially an ignorant, half-educated man with a touch of genius, but utterly devoid of principle. That he has been allowed to climb into his present position is another proof of the deficiency of intellectual interest and patriotic energy of the higher and middle as well as the lower classes of our community.

Here is a summary of the Marconi episode:—

> A man whose only motive was to make money for his private pocket by means of information acquired in his position of Cabinet Minister and Trustee for the Nation in adjudicating a contract for the public service, and who secured that private profit by selling shares the value of which depended absolutely upon his own decision, and who so sold them to the public because—he expressly confessed under a Parliamentary examination—he was informed that they were not worth the price he got for them.

This in any self-respecting country would have barred his holding any public office thereafter. His whole career has been that of a mischievous adventurer, and intended to be more destructive than, happily, natural law would permit. His constructive efforts have been ludicrous failures. He has been proved untruthful, a deceiver, and in the Boer War an anti-patriot. He narrowly escaped, in a policeman's uniform and by a back door, being torn to pieces by the people at Birmingham. *He now wears the Order of Merit!* He bought a majority in the Commons with £400 a year without any legal sanction. Asquith's connection with Speyer and the other wealthy German Jews is notorious. He is now harmless and a mere political pantaloon, but he identified himself with George and Rufus Isaacs, and in promoting the latter grossly insulted the whole of our race. If the appointment of this Jew, with his antecedents, to the Lord Chief Justiceship *of England* was made in good faith, it is a declaration that he is a better man than any one of our own breed. George and Isaacs—*arcades ambo*—but *Isaacs was George's tempter.* That is his title to his place in history.

I have told all the story in a MS. pamphlet, and have lent my five copies to all sorts and conditions of men and women, who have read it with intense interest and indignation. I have several times been on the point of sending it to these worthies requesting them to run a pen through any inaccuracies. Asquith was so affected by his Jew predilections that he spent public money to keep Speyer on the Privy Council, notwithstanding Speyer's proffered resignation.

Of my forecasts during the past forty years I cannot name one which has not received fulfilment. Within three months after the war began I pointed out by writing and speaking upon all occasions, that the only sound policy was to announce that we would never make peace with the German *Empire*, but only separate Treaties with the several States. That, willy-nilly, we had to guard the left bank of the Rhine as much as the county of Kent. That Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemberg should by special concessions have been detached by a revival of Napoleon's—or as near to it as practicable—Confederation of the Rhine, and that Prussia should have been thus isolated and hemmed in for ever. But our "Representatives" were devoid of imagination. Their chief action was to black Professor Wilson's boots and thank him for his impertinent "Fourteen Points," having no ideas of their own. They were not even clever. If the present condition of Europe is a gauge of their ability, I defy any gang of fools to have done worse.

It would do you good to hear Mrs. Dacre Fox in Hyde Park at 3 o'clock some Sunday. The country would be much safer in her hands as Foreign Secretary than in those of Mr. Balfour, who said "Asquith had struck his Sovereign a felon blow," and so soon afterwards became his colleague. A disgusting spectacle! Were we to believe Mr. Balfour at the time or not? He would have felt insulted had we treated his utterance with contempt with which it now appears he regards it himself!

Ireland—to which you referred—is another example of ineradicable folly. I have written and spoken for years on this subject. In April, 1917, I issued a leaflet broadcast, and again in April, 1918. They were and are absolutely unanswerable, and have now become prophecies. No Acts or ingenious Legislative concoctions will be of the slightest avail. *There is no Irish Question.* There is only the necessity to enforce Pax Britannica and maintain "resolute government" for a century, reducing the representation at Westminster to its proper proportion.

Meantime—this country is *done.* When the hectic "prosperity" attending the replacement of indispensable necessities has faded and other countries get into their stride again, we shall, as the least *indigenous* productive country on earth, sink back to our real economic value. Our agriculture has declined a little this year. Our Coal exports have fallen off by five-sixths (15 million tons against 90 millions before the war). Its price has been so enhanced by the insane grovelling of the Government to "Labour" demands that we are out of the competition with America, Australia, and, hereafter, Japan and China. The cost of all manufactures has been thereby greatly and indefinitely raised. Our past wealth was due to our pioneership of steam machinery; we have not now one single speciality in production. The Germans will work twelve or fourteen hours a day. Our people don't mean to work at all if they can avoid it.

Your optimists—and unfortunately, all the rest of us—are like fish in a pond from which the water is imperceptibly draining away. We shall, eventually, quite unexpectedly, find ourselves gasping on the mud.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

PLAIN ENGLISH PAMPHLETS.

¶ ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the issue, in wholesale quantities, of a series of "Plain English Pamphlets" within the next few weeks.

¶ PLAIN ENGLISH PAMPHLETS will contain in a condensed form the facts which have been disclosed from time to time in PLAIN ENGLISH, such as the Jutland Scandal, The Hythe Report, and the Revelations of Communist Activities in High Places.

¶ PLAIN ENGLISH PAMPHLETS should appeal to those of our readers who desire to engage in the fight against Bolshevism and corruption.

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No. 51.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] JUNE 25, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers up to week ending 12th March, 1921.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.

Why are we not favoured with these messages?

They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?

If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.

For the honour of Britain, and in the interest of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.

To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government.

The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.

Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.

* * * *

The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.

As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.

It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.

It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall of stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.

Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.

The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

Life and Letters 503

Plain English for our Readers 506

Levities of Mr. Oscar Levy... 507

Lord Sydenham treats House of Lords to Plain English 508

Finance and Stock Notes..... 509

Budapest Notes.................. 510

PAGE

The Marconi Narrative....... 511

John Brown on the Protocols of Zion 513

Doped by Doles.................. 514

Reviews 515

Novels.............................. 516

Correspondence 517

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

We Told You So.

The following from the *Daily Express* so completely sums up the political situation that we cannot do better than quote it:—

> The Coalition crisis still agitates the minds of members of Parliament. It centres round the position of the Prime Minister in relation to the Conservative Party.
>
> The Premier's prestige has been shaken by a series of electoral defeats. The Conservative member for a united Tory Sussex or Kent or for some suburban or upper class district long sanctified as "safe" is suddenly made aware that his whole political future is in danger. The Coalition and its leader no longer spell a certain triumph, but a very pressing danger of defeat.
>
> Would not the sitting member be safer as an Independent Conservative, able to disclaim responsibility for Ministerial extravagance at home and abroad?
>
> From the industrial north comes a slightly different version of the same story. The northern Conservative members certainly relied on Liberal-Coalition votes at the last election. They now believe that this force has failed them, and that Ireland, Anti-Dumping, and other issues have lost these votes to Conservatism.
>
> In a word, the Premier has become to the Conservatives of both north and south a wasting asset instead of a powerful support. A leader the majority of whose followers are of this mind is in danger of disaster. It is not so much a question of an open revolt as of silent, irresistible pressure.
>
> In the face of this feeling, what will Mr. Lloyd George do? In the first place, he may retire and make way for a purely Conservative Administration. In the second place, he may secure a delay and use the six months of the recess which intervenes between August and 1922 to re-consolidate his position.

We cannot but feel that there is a good deal of consolation, in a weary world, in this complete and crushing vindication of the policy of PLAIN ENGLISH from the very first moment of its appearance down to the present day. When, nearly a year ago, we set out on our lonely campaign of attack on Lloyd George as the enemy of all that is worth fighting for in Great Britain, coupled with our slogan of "revive the old Conservative Party," we hardly dared to hope that our "voice crying in the wilderness" would so soon be taken up by the rest of the journalistic pack and become a general chorus. But so it has come to pass, and by the irony of fate it happens that at the very moment when PLAIN ENGLISH has been proved to have been right after all, we are elsewhere in our present issue making a candid appeal for help to enable us to carry on the paper which "downed" Lloyd George and re-united the Conservative Party.

There is not much satisfaction in saying "We told you so" when it is disaster that one has been prophesying, but in the present instance we have been prophets, not of evil tidings but of good, and unlike most prophets we have not only prophesied truly but we have been in the very front of the battle, whose victorious outcome is the fulfilment of our prophecy. Lord Salisbury in his letter to the *Times* and *Morning Post*, dated June 19th, ably and adequately pointed out to his fellow Unionists (surely the word Unionist should now be dropped as an anachronism) what henceforth must be their plain duty. We quote the main portion of his lordship's letter:—

> The fact is the Coalition Government no longer possesses the full confidence of the Unionist Party. We appreciate the great services which it rendered to the country during the war. Many of its members we should still be proud to follow in another political connection, but its vacillation, the ill-success of its policy abroad, its tardy and imperfect realisation of the economic crisis at home, and the tragic failure of its administration of the south and west of Ireland, have fatally estranged public opinion. We are driven to the conclusion that unless the Unionist Party recovers its liberty of action there can be but one result—the country will secure representatives to oppose the Government where it can, and the cause of sane administration at home and abroad and the circumspect husbanding of our resources will be discredited or fatally compromised.
>
> I have hesitated a long time in deciding whether it would be presumption on my part to speak out, but, in a degree, a certain responsibility to the party rests upon each of us, and responsibilities must not be avoided. As it appears to me, then, the duty of every Unionist association in the country is to approach its Unionist member or candidate, as the case may be, and request that henceforth he shall consider himself free from any binding obligation to support the Coalition Government. If this request is made, and if he assents to it, I need not say there would be no reason why he should not continue to vote with the Government upon issues where he might agree with them. But the assent would be a clear indication in the name of his constituents that he would prefer a Unionist Government—that is, a Government of stedfast policy and settled principle, a Constitutional Government of national recuperation, opposed on the one side to nationalisation and Bolshevism and on the other to opportunism and to administrative waste. This is what I believe the country requires, and this is what I believe the Unionist Party, and all others who agree with their principles, whatever name they bear, ought to secure for it.

The silly persons who have on various occasions during the last eleven months driven us to the verge of frenzy by saying, "But who are you going to put in the place of Lloyd George?" are requested to note that when they have used this catch-phrase they have simply been proving that they are unable to think for themselves, and that they are the victims of that species of hypnotic suggestion which is supplied by a hireling Jew-controlled press, whose main object is to paralyse their minds and destroy their power of using the brains which God has given them.

"A Human Document."

In his early days Lord Northcliffe was in the habit of presenting at intervals to the readers of the *Daily Mail* what he was pleased to call "human documents."

As Lord Northcliffe has done more than any man in this country for the encouragement and support of Sinn Fein, we offer him a "human document," a letter which was written this week by a Belfast girl to her sister in London. The writer is the wife of a Belfast workman. Here is the "human document":—

> At last I have got the chance to write you a few lines in answer to your letter, as I did not get saying too much on the letter-card. Did your friend come to Belfast? As I thought when I wrote and told you what a place Joy Street is, she would not come. You are hardly safe any further than the arches, as they are always sniping at the trams at the Short Strand. Jim has to be escorted to his work by the military, as he is working on the Falls Road. I need not tell you anything about it as I am afraid this letter might get into Sinn Feiners' hands. When you are writing, never mention anything about them, as it is dangerous.

> This is the last time I mention them, but I am sure you see by the papers how they are behaving in Belfast. Jim says when the new Parliament starts, if they are not going to stop these villains shooting, he will try and get a job in London. Jim has a good job where he is if he could get peace to work, but you are never sure the minute somebody will pop him off. He is working to-day (Sunday). I only wish he was home, as it is such a bad day to be working.
>
> There is great excitement this week over the King and Queen's visit on Wednesday. I only hope nothing happens to them, but they are taking good care of that. I see by the papers that men from Scotland Yard, R I.C. from all parts of Ireland, and soldiers, are to be lined along the route, you know they will try their best to shoot him; and if they fire, *God help them*. I don't know how it will all end. I only wish Jim was away from it, as I am always watching the clock to see how long he is past his time.

Thanks to Mr. Birrell and Mr. Asquith, the Irish Post Office was staffed with potential enemies. In fact, the whole Government and Civil Services in Ireland were opened to the enemies of the King, with the result that the loyal executive is tripped up at every turn by traitors. The most secret documents have been either stolen or copied; and it is unsafe to send a letter containing adverse comment on Sinn Fein.

Encouraging Crime.

Under the absurd title of "Irish Peace in the Balance," the *Times* makes an effort to encourage Sinn Feiners in the belief that if they continue as they are doing, they will drag Britain to her knees.

If the *Times* and the rest of the Harmsworth organs were the only offenders, Sinn Feiners might be blamed for believing the utterances of a man who has consistently played their game.

But though the state of journalism is much improved since we emerged nearly a year ago and administered chastisement to all and sundry who put their own unpatriotic and selfish interests before the interests of the State, there still remain such disturbers of the peace as Mond with his pea-green *Westminster*, and Lansbury with his Sasscon-fed *Daily Herald*.

Yet we are glad to observe that the *Times* treads with care over the Sinn Fein problem. It now refrains from printing attacks upon our brave soldiers and police; for its readers have made their power felt, and have compelled Messrs. Ellerman and Northcliffe to realise that disloyalty does not pay.

After all, even a Harmsworth journalist could hardly maintain an open friendship with Sinn Fein in column four of the leading news page and print on column six a report headed "Five Officers Murdered."

Yet, what the *Times* is now afraid to say openly, it says obscurely. Instead of saying "yield to the murder-gang, and by yielding encourage that gang to continue the murder of brave and honourable British officers and soldiers, the murder of loyal policemen, the murder of unnamed civilians, the burning of loyalists' houses, the ruin and intimidation of loyal men"—it defines the alternative policies of surrender to rebels, or fearless government and the restorations of order; and by its title "Irish Peace in the Balance," and the general tone of its article puts the weight of its influence in the balance on the side of Sinn Fein.

Poisoning the Manual Workers.

As an example of how the manual workers of this country are being poisoned by Lansbury and Company, we extract the following passage from a leader in the *Daily Herald*:—

> To many people the employers' game has presented a genuine puzzle. How can it profit these gentlemen, some have wondered, to destroy British trade, even for the sake of destroying British workers? But the game is now tolerably clear.
>
> Remember, in most industries *the employers haven't suffered from the slump*. They had the gigantic profits of the recent fat years to browse upon. It is only the millions of workers and workless, and their dependents—only more than half the nation—that suffer. The employers "usefully liquidate" their stock during a standstill, *and confidently expect that the workers will start work again, at cut rates, as soon as the embloyers' interest demands it*. Will the workers walk into the trap?
>
> The employers' argument is simple. It is: "Trade orders are coming in. Let's restart industry at starvation wages, and make some more huge profits." But the workers' argument also is simple. It is: "If orders are coming in, whence the alleged need for cutting wages to starvation level?"

Lansbury and his gang are perfectly well aware that they have almost ruined the employers of this country, and that the present struggle arises because on the one hand there is a body of wage-greedy men who have been hopelessly deluded by extremists, and on the other a body of employers who are incapable of paying any more blackmail money. A man who has no money can laugh at blackmail; and the employers of Britain have decided that the present system of blackmail by continuous strikes must end either in peace and prosperity or ruin and revolution.

Faced as they are by economic laws, they have no alternative to a fight to the death. It is better to die fighting than to be slowly tortured into one's grave.

Lansbury knows all this. Yet he has the impertinence to talk about starvation wages.

The coal miners of this country are deliberately restricting output. They turn out, per man, exactly one-eighth of the coal produced by American miners. Yet the employers actually offer them the following "starvation wages":—

> THE NEW RATES.
>
> A full list of the new rates shows that per shift of seven hours (six hours on Saturdays) the new wages will be:—
>
> Day wage collier, 16s. 1d. Coal getter, 14s. 5d. Adult drawer, over 21 (sharing), 13s. 9d. Boys and youths drawing and filling, ages 14 to 20, from 5s. 7d. to 12s. 11d., according to age. Shotlighter, 16s. 1d. Adult haulage way drivers, horsekeepers, and pumpmen, 12s. 3d. Other underground workers, 14 to 21 years, 5s. 2d. to 12s. 3d., according to age. Surface men, 21 and over, 11s.; boys, 13 to 20, 4s. 4d. to 10s. 8d.; females 13 to 20, 4s. 2d. to 8s. 6d.; 20 and over, 8s. 11d. Deputies and firemen, 18s. 7d. Winding enginemen, 16s. 9d. Charge stokers, 13s. 3d. Stokers, 12s 10½d. Ash wheelers and assistant stokers, 12s. 1d. Boiler scalers, 13s. 2d. Adult fan and enginemen, 13s. 5d. Loco drivers, 14s. 3d. Loco stokers, 13s. 2d. Brakesmen and shunters, 13s. 2d. Loco cleaners, 18 and over, 12s. 10d. Enginemen, 14 to 20 years, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 11d., according to age. Four grades of kindred trades workers, 11s. to 13s. 4d. per shift.

If this rate of payment represents a "starvation wage," the sooner we alter the meaning of English words the better.

Jews at Ascot.

The *Daily Sketch* for 16th inst. was a remarkable publication. On the front page the most prominent place was devoted to a picture of Sir Edward Stern and Mr. Josephs. The centre of the middle page contained a picture of Major Lionel de Rothschild.

On the face of it this does not, perhaps, appear very remarkable. But when it is understood that the day on which these photographs were taken was the day on which the King and Queen drove in state to Ascot, and that their Majesties were pushed to one side in the *Daily Sketch*, and merely figure in a small picture on page nine, the prominence given to Jews becomes an offence.

Surely there is sufficient public spirit in this country to compel the *Daily Sketch*, and, for that matter, other illustrated papers, to recognise that such offences cannot be perpetrated with impunity. And surely the result of the St. George's election should convince Jew and journalist alike that the business of thrusting Jews into the public face can only result in making Jews even more unpopular than they are.

Our friends, the Learned Elders and their ancestors, were incapable of realising that effrontery and "bounce" by themselves arouse righteous indignation. The Jew, throughout the ages, has been to blame for his own unpopularity. And if he studies his own history it will enable him to avoid many pitfalls in the future.

By his aggressive conduct alone—for few people know how he has plotted and schemed in secret—he has drawn upon himself a mass of public disapproval, suspicion and hatred.

Let him, at long last, be wise in his generation, and cease from despising his potential enemies.

The Gentile—whom he names a "beast of the field" in his international language, Yiddish—is absurdly patient, apparently stupid, and is easily controlled and despoiled. But the Gentile, like the proverbial worm, will turn; *yet*, unlike the proverbial worm, when he turns he makes it very unpleasant for anyone who has trodden upon him.

At this moment the Jew is marching with his ugly boots over the most cherished traditions of our nation. Turn where you will, his alien countenance confronts you, his countless tea-shops bewilder you, his hotels entrap you, his financial power enrages you, his pride and arrogance disgust you.

There can be one remedy for all this. The Jew, as he is an alien, must live with his own people. He must be kept in his place and taught that instead of domineering over the Gentile his proper business is to be exceedingly obliged to the Gentile for permitting so objectionable and dangerous an alien to dwell in his midst.

Support for Greece.

Once again the accuracy of PLAIN ENGLISH has been proved. When the people of Greece called back their king to his throne, we declared that the opposition to his restoration in Great Britain was purely artificial, and was being engineered by the Jews, who naturally supported the Greek "patriot" who had proved his patriotism by making bad blood between Greece and the Allies in the King's name, while all the time Constantine was defying the Kaiser and meeting his intimidation with a bold front.

There is still a sense of justice in Britain; and now that the truth is known, the Government have been compelled to see in Greece a power upon whose stability the peace of the near East depends.

Of course, the Harmsworth Press is in full cry after Constantine, whom they insultingly call Tino. It is part of the Jewish game to insult crowned heads.

But facts are facts; and public opinion can speak louder than even the Harmsworth Press.

We wish Lord Northcliffe joy of his Turkish friends.

When Britain took the side of the Turk in the past, it is safe to say that the foundation of Germany's power was laid. For that folly we paid with the best blood of our bravest men.

Are we, in the present instance, to obey Lord Northcliffe and his anti-Greek financial backers, and create conditions which will inevitably involve Europe in a second great war, or are we to support Greece in restoring order in her own territory?

For our part we have no doubt about what the answer will be.

"Hob-nobbing with Hell."

In last week's issue, under the above title, we gave prominence to Rev. Charles H. Rouse's book "Through Séance to Satan," and in the course of our review, we said:—

> Mr. Rouse is ploughing a lonely furrow in the Anglican Church, and is doing a splendid work by exposing the diabolical nature of spiritism to a public which, after all, only men like he can reach. Without the assistance of any fund, he has toured the land, warning Britons against the most subtle and awful danger which menaces them.
>
> We understand that he is to read a paper before the Church Congress, and undoubtedly, what he will lay before the Congress should cause something more than a mild sensation. He will be in a position to prove that the jazz dance and the hideous and barbaric discords which have polluted the public ear for so long, were introduced into civilised lands with great cunning by certain leading Satanists. For the jazz is no more and no less than the dance which precedes an invocation of the Yellow Spirit of Central Africa, and the dance to-day in its complete form involves criminal acts of the most incredible and horribly violent nature.

Our readers will be astonished to learn that in the course of a letter thanking us for reviewing his book, Mr. Rouse says:—"Amazing though it must seem to you, it has been decided to omit Spiritualism from the *official* list of the Church Congress. Members of the English Church Union, however, still wish me to speak about it at Birmingham during Congress week, but *independently*. So I shall not be among the official speakers. Many of the Bishops still take up the attitude of Pilate, and call it that of Gamaliel."

As Spiritism has secured a grip in this Empire which it probably never before possessed over any nation, not excluding the decadent Roman Empire, it seems more than remarkable that Mr. Rouse's exposure of this deadly cult should, at the last moment, be struck off the official list of the Anglican Church Congress.

We trust, however, that Mr. Rouse's "independent" utterances at Birmingham may obtain publicity in the Press; and we hope to make arrangements to print the lecture in PLAIN ENGLISH.

To A. D.

See, the pale beauty of our winter sky
Has flushed for love, and from the West there blows
An anxious wind that searches as it goes:
The trees are listening and they know not why,
And the last dying leaves are loath to die.
Beyond its time there waits the autumn rose,
Our birds are restless in their night's repose;
For you are come, and Nature cannot lie.

You who have walked with sorrow hand in hand,
And fashioned wondrous words from agony,
And plucked the very lilies of desire;
You live at last within a holy land,
Where truth is loved, and honour cannot die;
And lo! she greets you in a queen's attire.

H. M. P.

PLAIN ENGLISH FOR OUR READERS.

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

FROM all over the world we have received and continue to receive letters of thanks and encouragement for Plain English. These letters generally take the form of congratulations on our " courage," and an invitation to "go on at the good work," and give the enemy "socks." All of which is very heartening and gratifying, and we are and always have been deeply grateful to those who give us moral support.

All the same, moral support is not everything, and there is such a thing as material support. Plain English owes its existence to the patriotism and generosity of one man (we are not referring to the Editor or to the writer of this article) who has been content to finance the paper and meet the heavy financial deficit for the past eleven months. All honour to him; but at the same time it does seem to us that a country which in a few days can raise a fund of several thousand pounds with the object of bolstering up an archdeacon who has been convicted of grossly improper conduct, might reasonably be expected to do something towards helping to keep alive the only really honest secular newspaper in London.

It is a sad thought that money can always be obtained readily and easily for bad purposes, or for the purposes of mere frivolity (we read the other day in the paper of a man who walked into the office of a theatrical manager and presented him with a cheque for £10,000 to enable him to keep some *revue* or other alive!), while on the other hand the one object for which money is not readily available is for the financing of a non-commercial paper, which is not run either with a view to pleasing advertisers, grinding private or political axes, or making large profits.

Let us not be misunderstood. Plain English, in spite of the fact that it is the most powerful force for good now existing in England, is not a proposition outside business. A paper *can* be made to pay, even if it is honest and British and patriotic and on the side of righteousness and justice and virtue. At present we are being boycotted by all the advertisers. Why? Simply because we are against Jewish corruption, and most of the advertising in the country is controlled by Jews, who also control pretty well everything else in the country—except Plain English. Our paper is read every week by at least ten thousand persons (allowing three readers for every copy sold), and these include all classes, not excepting those who are literally and truly "the highest in the land." In an ordinary way, and if there were not an organised attempt being made by the combined forces of corruption and evil all over the country to keep Plain English down, our present circulation ought to command an advertising revenue which would be sufficient at least to pay all our expenses.

Take the case of the publishers. Up to the last week in which the *Athenæum* appeared, and when, as we happen to know, its *bonâ fide* circulation had dwindled to 500, the publishers continued to advertise freely in its columns. But they decline to advertise in Plain English, with a circulation of 3,500 (and going up every week). Why? Well they won't like to hear the reason, but we will tell them why. It is simply because the *Athenæum*, as we had occasion to point out again and again, was in its last phase consistently on the side of rottenness. It praised and slobbered over such writers as Frank Harris and Lawrence, the author of "The Rainbow," a book destroyed as obscene by the police, while Plain English, on the other hand, brought about the suppression of "The Autobiography of a Child," a fearful offence in the eyes of the portentous gentlemen who control the "House of Murray," the "House of Cassell," the "House of Longmans Green," and the other *soi-disant* "great publishing houses."

We do not wish to imply that the firms named, or the majority of British publishing firms, deal in indecent books or approve of them. No, but there is an *esprit de corps* among publishers (about fifty per cent. of whom at least are Jews or Jew-controlled) which makes them resent very strongly any "attack" on a brother publisher, even in the case where the said "brother" has been caught right at the dirty trade of making money by circulating filth.

Now all this lowness of mind and crookedness of vision can be overcome in time. Advertisers have got so used to dishonesty and insincerity and log-rolling in newspapers, that they have pretty well forgotten what an honest newspaper is like, and when they see one now, it looks to them strange and terrifying. They have got so used to reading smug lying that the truth hurts them as the light hurts the eyes of a man who has spent several years in a cellar or a dungeon. But the time will come when they will realise that even from the point of view of "business" and commerce, there is no real harm in honesty and truth and uprightness.

Advertising in the long run is simply a matter of circulation. A weekly paper with a circulation of ten to fifteen thousand cannot be boycotted by advertisers. After all, there are publishers who are not Jews, and who do not disapprove of papers which condemn filth; and leaving out publishers, there are honest British tradesmen in the country who are not Jews or Jew-controlled, and who have honest British goods to advertise.

Well then, we appeal to our friends and supporters to take up the shares and debentures which we are offering, and we tell them quite frankly that if they fail to do this, Plain English will be obliged to close down. Out of the ten thousand persons who read our paper every week (some of whom are possessed of enormous wealth) only two have responded to our appeal so far.

A gentleman from Manchester writes that he has just bought a copy of Plain English for the first time, and sends a year's subscription and an application for a hundred pounds worth of shares. Our other subscriber is an old lady who lives on about thirty shillings a week, and who has applied for fifty pounds worth of our stock, the said fifty pounds representing her "savings." We hope none of our readers will blush when they read this, and for our part, we regard the present appeal for support as a touchstone. An Editor and his staff who work as we work and "stand the racket" of running this paper, which exposes them to all the concentrated rage and hate and malice of all the forces of evil in the world, are clearly entitled to speak frankly. If the people of this country are so hopeless that among them all they cannot put up the trifling sum required to put Plain English on a sound financial basis till it captures the advertisers, then obviously the people of this country are not worth fighting and risking one's life and reputation for.

THE LEVITIES OF MR. OSCAR LEVY.

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

LAST week's PLAIN ENGLISH contained a long and interesting letter written by Mr. Oscar Levy to Mr. Gustave Wolf. It is only very dull and stupid people who do not recognise that Religion is the most enthralling subject in the world. It is enthralling to its votaries and it is enthralling to its enemies. Every man in the world who is not a mere nincompoop, must be interested in religion at least to the extent of believing in it or not; and to say, as we have heard certain persons say from time to time, "the discussion of religion in a paper is a heavy handicap to that paper," is to talk ignorant nonsense which is the result of inexperience in the work of running a paper. Mr. Levy, himself a Jew and an enemy of Christianity, pays us what we can conscientiously accept as a well-merited compliment when he says in his letter to ourselves last week:—

> I am aware that my ideas may not be in perfect agreement with those of PLAIN ENGLISH. On the other hand, yours is the only review which takes questions of religion seriously, and furthermore takes interest in that most fundamental question of to-day, the Jewish one.

It is the simple truth that PLAIN ENGLISH, which we formerly described as "the only secular Catholic paper published in England since the Reformation," has always made a feature of religious discussion, and has never refused admission to its columns to views utterly divergent from its own, provided that they were set forward with sincerity and with propriety. We have always openly proclaimed ourselves Catholics in PLAIN ENGLISH, and for that very reason we have welcomed religious or even anti-religious discussion in the paper. Accordingly we had no hesitation in giving publicity to Mr. Oscar Levy's letter, which is, however, chiefly interesting to us because it throws so strong a light on the mentality of the Jew, who is—and ever will be—the age-long enemy of the Catholic Church, and therefore of all Christianity.

Let us examine Mr. Levy's argument—

> I have most certainly in this preface accused our own race of being the unconscious spiritual author of all the troubles and revolutions which are undermining the present day Empires and Republics. But the argument of my preface is that the Jews are doing this directly (this is the part Mr. Ford's paper quotes) as well as indirectly, and this is the part which it entirely omits. The indirect part is done by the Christians, who are our spiritual sons and our most gifted pupils, and who consequently are, and always have been, the most daring and the most successful of revolutionaries. I have quoted in the preface—and this quotation is likewise omitted by Mr. Ford's critic—the example of Christ Himself, who from the Jewish—and not only from the Jewish—point of view is nothing but a revolutionary, as may be seen from the accusations raised against Him by the powers in authority in the Gospel of St. Luke xxiii., 5: "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." I have pointed to all the democratic Idealists who were Christ's enthusiastic and successful disciples; to Hussites and Lollards, to Protestants and Puritans, to Jacobites and Bolsheviks.

Mr. Oscar Levy's argument is that "the Jews are the authors of all the troubles and revolutions which are undermining the present-day Empires and Republics," because they are the cause of Christianity; and Christianity, nay Christ Himself, is revolutionary.

In other words, Mr. Levy charges the Jews with being "the world's seducers and destroyers," inasmuch as they (according to his strangely perverse argument) are responsible for Christianity. In support of this strange theory he quotes the passage from St. Luke xxiii., 5: "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place," which is merely the malicious accusation brought against Christ by his enemies, the Scribes and Pharisees.

In the first place, it is not true that the Jews are responsible for Christianity. So far is this from being the case that, while God designed them for the purpose of the Incarnation and the salvation of the world through the Incarnation, they as a whole refused to carry out the designs of their Creator and did everything in their power to thwart Him. God's designs inevitably, of course, took effect; but the Jews placed every possible obstacle in the way of their fulfilment, and by crucifying and rejecting Christ brought down upon themselves, as a race, the curse which can never leave them till the end of the world. So much for the first part of Mr. Levy's argument. As regards the second part of the argument, that Christianity is revolutionary and that Christ himself was a revolutionary, it is founded on the utter inability of the Jew to understand spiritual things, or to think in terms other than those of matter. We quote, with shudderings at their terrible blasphemy, Mr. Levy's words about the New Testament:—

> I could never read this book without misgivings, and I can never read it through without a sensation of horror. They call it euphemistically the good tidings for the poor, the meek, the downtrodden, but in reality it preaches bad tidings unto the rich, the wise, the powerful. I can never hear a quotation from it without thinking of shooting commandos and Extraordinary Commissions. I positively smell behind all its sugary professions of love the foul breath of envy, hatred and impotence. I actually see the Mob with its low foreheads and low suspicions, perspiring under the weight of its "high" ideals and inspired to inflict these ideals upon their betters by the commandment of their own God. Think of a God who could thus thunder against the rich: "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep." (Luke vi., 24-26) . . . Think of a God who would not admit any but the poor to his Heaven, who was not rich enough in love to tolerate even one paltry exception in his kingdom of bliss: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of the Lord." (Matthew xix., 24.)

This of course is mere Jewish raving. Any well-brought-up Christian child of twelve years and upwards could tell Mr. Levy that our Saviour's warning to the rich, so far from constituting a cruel sentence of exile from Heaven against them, is on the contrary, to those who can understand it, on the one hand mere common sense, and on the other hand a most tender admonition which contains in itself the key to its own solution in favour of the rich. The passage immediately following that quoted by Mr. Levy, and which he carefully and somewhat disingenuously omits, goes as follows: (we quote from the Douai version)

> And when they had heard this, the disciples wondered very much, saying: "Who then can be saved?"
>
> And Jesus beholding, said to them: "With men this is impossible: but with God all things are possible."

The plain sense of all this is, that it is more difficult for a rich man to be saved than a poor man, and that a rich man can only be saved by the grace of God. The same, of course, is true of a poor man, namely, that he can only be saved by the grace of God, but from the circumstances of his life, and considering that suffering is the only way to perfection, a poor man is more easily and naturally driven to put all his trust in God than a rich man. It amounts to this, that a rich man can only be saved if he overcomes the handicap and obstacle to sanctity and virtue which are inherent in earthly riches, while a poor man, having no such obstacle, starts, as is only just, with a compensatory freedom from their spiritual disadvantages.

No one who had taken the trouble to investigate the case for Christianity with an impartial eye (a thing which is practically impossible for an unregenerate Jew) could have failed to examine the calendar of saints, and to note what a large proportion of rich, noble and highly placed men and women, it contains. Quite as often as not, the canonised saints of the Church have been rich and noble, both in the case of men and women. Many kings and queens have been saints (*e.g.*, King Louis of France, Edward the Confessor, Queen Margaret of Scotland, and Elizabeth of Hungary), an innumerable host have been of noble birth, and possessed of great riches, or, at any rate, born to the position in which great riches were within their grasp, if they cared to take them. We might quote thousands of names to justify our statement.

But, fortunately, it is not only saints who inherit the kingdom of Heaven. Hundreds of thousands, nay millions of ordinary work-a-day rich people have lived and are living now in such a way as to enable them by the Grace of God to "pass through the needle's eye" to salvation. If it were not so Christianity would be a mockery and a fraud.

On another point Mr. Oscar Levy is hopelessly at sea. He repeats the silly catch-phrase of the (Anglican) "Christian Socialist," that Christ was a revolutionary. This is simply due to his failure, in common with the aforesaid "Christian Socialists," to understand that Christ was not preoccupied with the things of this earth but with the things of the Spirit. So far is Christianity from being revolutionary that it is impossible for a man to be a good Christian and at the same time a revolutionary.

> Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God.
>
> Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation.
>
> For princes are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. . . .

Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

> For therefore also you pay tribute. For they are ministers of God serving His purpose.
>
> Render therefore to all men their due. Tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom: fear to whom fear: honour to whom honour.

There is not much encouragement to Bolsheviks and Socialists or even to "advanced Radicals" in the passage quoted above from the Apostle of the Gentiles, who was himself born a Jew, but became the greatest and most heroic Christian of Apostolic times.

Mr. Oscar Levy quotes Mr. Lunatcharsky, "the Soviet Minister for Education and one of the most cultured members of his party, a pure Russian," as saying "Christ, if He should ever visit the earth again, would immediately join the Bolshevist party." All we can say is that if such a drivellingly idiotic piece of imbecility proceeded from the lips of "the most cultured member of his party," it furnishes a very fine example of the mental and moral degradation to which that party has descended. Before Mr. Levy begins to discuss Christianity again we recommend him to make some attempt to get hold of an account of Christianity other than those provided by writers who never have and never will understand the first thing about it. A man who wished to study philosophy, for instance, could hardly afford to confine his reading on the subject to writers like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett. Christianity is a more important subject than philosophy, and those who wish to understand it must at least take the trouble to make some attempt to find out what it really means. If Mr. Oscar Levy will be at the pains of reading right through the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, we venture to think that, being an intelligent man, he will not continue to talk blasphemous nonsense about Christ being a revolutionary and a Bolshevist.

LORD SYDENHAM TREATS THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO PLAIN ENGLISH.

The following important pronouncement was made by Lord Sydenham in the debate in the House of Lords on June 14th. We reproduce the salient portions of Lord Sydenham's speech because (needless to say) it did not receive the publicity which it deserved in the Daily Press:—

> We must recognise now that propaganda carried on from one country for the ruin of others is a new factor in the modern life of nations, which it would be madness to ignore. At the present time the British Empire is the main object of attack, and propaganda in the hands of our enemies is their most powerful weapon. Mrs. Webster, in a book which I regard as the most important contribution to history ever made by woman, has traced back the project of world revolution for 140 years. Probably it goes much beyond that; but what is certain is that its spiritual home is in Germany, that in Germany it is really a "key" industry, kept severely for purposes of export. The non-German peoples have contributed very little to the theories on which world revolution is based, but many of them have suffered cruelly in the attempt to carry those theories into practice.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Before the war the object of Germany was to hamper France and England as much as possible by raising industrial strife in both countries. During the war those efforts were intensified to the last degree, and the results were painfully apparent as the Duke of Northumberland has pointed out; and they were not confined to the miners, from whom very much was hoped and expected. During the war the Germans achieved one colossal success which really changed the whole course of events and gave them a new and powerful leverage of which they are making use to-day. The despatch of Lenin and Bronstein with large sums of money to Russia, to complete the ruin which Kerensky had begun, was a stroke of first-class importance, for which, Ludendorf himself has told us, Germany was responsible. The direct effect of that was to make the issue of the war doubtful, to prolong it, and to cause the loss of millions of lives. The perfect loyalty of the Czar to the Allies, and the fine efforts of the Russian Army in the first period of the war, were all brought to nothing; and now the secondary effects are those which we are feeling.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Does anyone believe that there is not a Communist Red Revolution behind the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland, even if the dupes themselves do not know it? And can anyone suppose that the rebellion would have lasted so long as it has if there had not been foreign assistance and encouragement behind it?
>
> * * * * *
>
> When I raised this Question some time ago, the noble Earl the Leader of the House said that it was engaging the attention of the Government. Since then a good many arrests have taken place of persons who are making revolutionary speeches, but I have not seen any attempts to stop the application of foreign funds to the corruption of our own good people. Whatever liberty we permit to citizens of British race, surely we have a right to say to foreign revolutionaries: "You shall not have free trade in subversive propaganda, directed to bring about red ruin and the breaking up of laws in this old country."

We naturally feel gratified that at least one peer has had the courage to come out boldly and speak "Plain English" to the House of Lords.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 5%.

PRICE OF GOLD 109s. 1d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	... Piastres	... 97¼	... 97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM...	... Florins	... 12·1	... 11·30 to 11·32
BERLIN ...	... Marks	... 20·43	... 262 to 264
BRUSSELS ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 47·05 to 47·15
CALCUTTA ...	... Rupees	... 1s. 4d.	... 1s. $3\frac{7}{16}$d.
CHRISTIANIA	... Kroner	... 18·15	... 26·15 to 26·25
ITALY ...	... Lire	... 25·22½	... 74·75 to 75·25
MADRID ...	... Pesetas	... 25·22½	... 28·15 to 28·25
MONTREAL ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 4·20 to 4·23
NEW YORK ...	... Dollars	... 4·86	... 3·75 to 3·76
PARIS... ...	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 46·55 to 46·65
SINGAPORE ...	... Dollars	... —	... 2s. 3⅝d.
SWITZERLAND	... Francs	... 25·22½	... 22·30 to 22·33
YOKOHAMA ...	... Yen...	... 25·48d.	... 2s. 6¼d.

GLASGOW CORPORATION STOCK.

The £2,500,000 5½ per cent. Stock of this Corporation issued at 92 per cent. was, as anticipated, a very huge success, and rightly so, in view of the first-class nature of the security. The total subscriptions received amounted to nearly £12,000,000, and it is reported that on the day of issue 1,500 applicants for stock had lodged their forms with the City Registrar at Glasgow. A very fair arrangement has been made as regards the allotments—applicants for £500 stock receiving that amount in full, while subscriptions of £1,000 stock received approximately half, and larger applicants anything from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. of the amount applied for. Though dealings in the stock since allotment have been fairly active, the premium already established is a very modest one of about ⅜ per cent., but the price will likely go considerably higher. Another feature of the issue was the number of applications for conversion into the stock received from holders of mortgages and short loans issued by the Corporation in May last, the total reaching the considerable sum of £347,000.

Glasgow is once more in the limelight this week as regards a public issue in that the new £3,000,000 8 per cent. Preference shares of the Burmah Oil Company is really a Glasgow concern, run from Glasgow mainly by commercial men of that city. In this case also the response has proved a big success, the list having been closed after being open practically only one day. The amount offered for subscription was guaranteed by two well-known Scottish financial houses, and it is said that the issue has been over applied for by £5,000,000 sterling.

ROYAL DUTCH PROFITS.

Investors in Great Britain in the shares of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, though comparatively small in number, are mainly interested in view of the close working arrangement between that Company and the Shell Transport and Trading Company. The Shell Company holds 40 per cent. of the Share Capital of the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company Ltd. (an English company) and the Bataafsche Petroleum Maatschappij (a Dutch company); the Royal Dutch Company holding the balance in each case of 60 per cent. The Shell Company also holds interests through its subsidiary companies in Dutch East Indies, Mexico, Roumania, North America, Venezuela, etc. The net profits of the Royal Dutch Company for the past year have amounted to 129,500,000 florins, being an increase of nearly 29,000,000 florins over the preceding twelve months. The distribution to shareholders is at the rate of 40 per cent. against 45 per cent. for the past year, but owing to the dividend being paid on considerably increased Capital, the return would work out at equal to 60 per cent. on the old Capital.

OWNERSHIP OF PROFITS.

In an address to the graduates of the Syracuse University, Mr. Gary, the Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, chose as his subject, "Equality of Opportunity in connection with the relations of Capital and Labour," and in his remarks, briefly discussed the rights of and necessity for Capital:—

> Capital, as commonly understood, is the accumulation of money or other property. It has been urged by those claiming to speak on behalf of the workmen, that capital is the product of labour, and, therefore, the possessor and owner of capital should have less, or at least no more, than the workmen to say in its management. In this list are found some well-meaning men, though I think they are lacking in reliable information.
>
> Concerning the suggestion that the workmen have produced the capital whose managers employ them, it appears to me that, assuming they have received liberally fair compensation for their labour and have been otherwise properly treated, then the net profits of capital belong to the one who earns or owns the original investment, and who devotes his time, talent, thought, energy and ability, assumes all responsibility and risk, and furnishes money to compensate the workman, who makes no investment except his labour, which is paid for. Even though the capital employed in any given enterprise may have been inherited, it was earned in the same way by the ancestor or ancestors.

SUEZ CANAL COMPANY.

The Sixty-Seventh Annual General Meeting of the Suez Canal Company was recently held in Paris, and the report furnished to the shareholders on the results of the year 1920, were shown to be entirely satisfactory. There is a large increase of the profit—in fact a record increase—a large portion of which was made up of profit on exchange, and if that profit were deducted from the total, the dividend now distributed would have been reduced from 280 francs per share to 180 francs. The quantity of merchandise carried increased by 20 per cent. as compared with the year 1919.

It is interesting to note the most important part taken in the trade of the Canal by the flags of Japan and the United States, which have to a large extent taken the place of the flags of Germany and Austria-Hungary. Japan, which before the war represented 1·7 per cent of the total, has reached 9·1 per cent. The United States, which hardly figured before, is now fifth with a proportion of 4·1 per cent. The British flag, always first, represents 61·7 per cent. of the total maritime movement.

Dividends and Reports.

Chloride Electrical Storage Company.—Dividend of 5 per cent. free of tax on Ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. £23,340 carried forward.

Maltby Main Colliery.—Gross profit for year £54,046. Dividend recommended of 5 per cent. for year less tax.

Victoria Falls & Transvaal Power Co.—Final dividend of 4 per cent. less tax on Preference shares in respect of 1920, making 10 per cent. Dividend of 3 per cent. less tax on account of 1921 and dividend on Ordinary shares of 5 per cent. less tax in respect of 1920.

Great Northern Telegraph.—Directors recommend distribution of total dividend and bonus of 24 per cent., or 2 per cent. more than for each of the previous three years. £285,892 is carried forward.

Barclay Perkins.—Directors recommend dividend of £6 per share free of tax on Ordinary shares, equal to 6 per cent. on original Ordinary share capital. £56,498 carried forward.

Abdulla & Co.—Net profit for 1920 was £54,927. Interim dividend on Ordinary shares of 2½ per cent. was paid during year.

Forestal Land.—Dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on Ordinary shares proposed. £113,303 carried forward. Reserve now stands at £1,849,338.

Spiers & Ponds.—Final dividend of 7½ per cent. less tax, making 12½ per cent.

British Burma Petroleum Co.—Interim dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum free of tax.

United Premier Oil & Cake Co.—Interim dividend of 5 per cent. less tax on Ordinary shares, making 12½ per cent. less tax.

Harrisons & Crosfield.—Dividend declared on Cumulative Preference shares of 6 per cent. per annum for three months ending 30th June, and on Preferred Ordinary shares of 10 per cent. per annum for six months ending 30th June, both subject to tax.

John Brown & Co.—Profit for year to 31st March, 1921, was £418,836. Final dividend making 10 per cent. for year less tax.

BUDAPEST NOTES.

THE statement made by "Knickerbocker"—New York Notes, PLAIN ENGLISH, April 23rd, 1921—that von Horthy, Governor of Hungary, was a thirty-three degree mason in the Jewish Consistory of Berlin, has met with great opposition among the non-Jews of Hungary. How could it be possible that Horthy was a freemason?—Certainly not technically as to his public career. Horthy was formerly attached to the Imperial Court of Francis Joseph. Such connection excluded the belonging to any lodge.

After the Jewish Bolshevist régime of communism was overthrown, all lodges in Hungary were dissolved by the Horthy government, because the lodges had been the very centre of Jewish World-Revolutionists and anti-Christianity.

Should the statement of "Knickerbocker" answer facts, Horthy at once would be the most impossible person in Hungary, and dismissed at once as a traitor to the Magyars.

It would be most desirable that "Knickerbocker" should investigate thoroughly the "good authority" on whom he made such statement. The Magyars would appreciate such investigation very much. Is it fact? Or is it perhaps a mere Jewish intrigue?—That is the question.

The public sale of the two most radical democratic papers of Budapest, called the *Az Est* and *Világ*, have been prohibited by the government. These papers, of course, were under Jewish control.

That is how all the countries should suppress publication of revolutionary papers, which are but the mouth-piece of the lowest public criminals.

The First anti-Semitic World Congress, which was to be held in Budapest, September, 1921, had to be postponed. Some sinister forces, veiled into political motives, caused orders "from above" that it was not desirable to hold such a Congress in the near future in Budapest. It was even suggested that the Congress might be held in some other country.

The brave Hungarians at once have yielded to this veiled order from above. This proves that even in Hungary, with all its myths of "white terror," the Jewish problem is not solved as yet.

C'est toujours: "Cherchez la femme ou le Juif!"

There is no doubt that the Hague might be chosen as the first seat of the World-Congress of non-Jews. The Hague might be the ideal centre where advice could be concluded as to how and what kind of wars might be prevented in the future.

Great Britain, Germany, France, America, and all other Jew-ridden countries, must stand together and select a World-Committee of the "Learned Elders of Aryan-Europe," under whose authority the fate of Jews and non-Jews shall be decided. The Jewish peril is not only a national but a world-wide problem. Such a World-Committee composed of really "knowing" men would have much more purpose and value than any World-Arbitration, World-Court or any other costly detrimental world-nonsense.

After the conclusion of the Peace of Versailles, the Entente nations expected great improvement of their economic situation, either through the gained and regained territories, or through war indemnities inflicted upon the Central Powers.

The expectation did not materialise, because the Jewish high finance undertook to wage a new war—viz., a two years economic war—by delaying the peace conclusions. During the last two years the Jews succeeded in acquiring the economic grip of nearly the whole of Eastern Europe, through manœuvring the stock exchanges.

It is a great mistake to believe that the "Alliance Israelite Universelle" will be satisfied with the economic victory over Eastern Europe. They not only envied the Germans and Russians as world Powers, but they crave for the riches of the West and Far West, viz., Great Britain and America.

During her visit to Hungary in 1919, Lady Rothschild—*nee* Rosa Wertheimstein, born Hungarian—is said to have declared among her confidential circle of friends that the Jews after their victories will open a great offensive against England's world-domination, and this *viá* India.

The appointment of Lord Reading to the Viceroyship over India seems to be the preliminary for this offensive. The spasmodic efforts of the Russian Soviet standing in close contact with the American banks goes to support this idea. The nomination of several Jews into British high offices is only the accompaniment to the magnificent plan of the "Alliance Israelite Universelle."

LOYAL.

Budapest.

June 14th, 1921.

THE MARCONI NARRATIVE.

By H. Crouch Batchelor.

[*Concluded.*]

IN reply to Archer Shee, Asquith stated (March 26th, 1913) that he (Asquith) had been informed by Murray at the end of the previous July that Murray, Rufus and George had bought shares in the American Company, so that he knew months before October 11th, 1912, when George and Rufus made their disclaimer, that they had bought Marconis (only not English, but American). Asquith was therefore party to this gross deception, and morally responsible. That made it out of the question for him to dismiss George or Isaacs; they would have rounded on him. He therefore said, in reply to a supplementary question by Joynson Hicks, that "he did not think it desirable that these facts should have been communicated to the House, as they seemed to have no relevance to the scandalous charges which were then being circulated, and he really attached no importance to them."

The only excuse Radicals ever made about George and Rufus's dealings is that American Marconis were not in the same category as the English Company. This is unworthy of the notice of serious people. The American Company was worthless—always had been; but on being bought by the English Company and called a *Marconi Company*, it was in precisely the same category as the English Company. Several Directors of the English Company, including Godfrey, were also Directors of the American Company. It was unfit for the speculations or "investments" of Cabinet Ministers whose pending, but at the date *unsettled*, decision whether to give Marconi the contract, would make the shares—then inflated to 1,400,000, with a liability of the Isaacs family for £500,000—utterly worthless or extremely valuable. An intelligent child knows enough of human nature—of mere human instinct—to see that with such an enormous interest at stake the Court of Adjudication could not be impartial. It was heavily weighted. Its decision might have been right as regards the Patent—it seems proved that it was the best; but the decision was liable to a great disturbing influence, and the result might easily have been the other way.

These first sales of Rufus, George and Murray cleared them a profit of 66 per cent. without putting their hands in their pockets. It is indeed an ill wind which blows good to nobody. It reminds me of a man I knew, one of the greatest stockbrokers in London, who was in the Shipton accident on the Great Western Railway. Finding himself sound, he rushed to the telegraph office and sold a large "bear" of Great Western Stock. This became known to his associates and he was always branded with the heartless disgrace; but he was a rich man and did not care.

It must be remembered that Rufus, George and Murray, were known as "the Inseparables"—they were a distinct trio within the Ministry, and the closest personal friends, and at the time living together at George's official residence, 11 Downing Street.

George's sale of the 1,000 shares broke down the colourable "investment" theory, and the whole transaction was sheer speculation.

It is curious to remember George's abuse of "the idle rich," and "unearned increment," and one wonders how he enjoyed Winston Churchill's famous test for wealth. "How did you get it!"

Recollect that the whole of this profit was produced from the pockets of the innocent and relatively ignorant British public, who bought the shares these noble Statesmen sold because, to quote Rufus, "the market price was much too high."

Whatever might be said of the buying, nothing but *anonymous robbery constituted the selling*. They could only make money at the expense of foolish people ready to pay more for these shares than Rufus, his broker, and George's own broker, believed them to be worth.

A partner in the firm through whom George dealt declared that, "but for the 'Titanic' disaster he believed the shares could not have been placed"—that means, at par! That broker, in evidence before the Committee, gave amongst his reasons for advising George that American Marconi's were not a desirable investment, "the methods of flotation." I here remark that Heybourn, the prime mover in these methods, was suspended by the Stock Exchange Committee for five years (the next penalty to expulsion), and yet this man was under no moral obligation to the public in any degree comparable to the position of Rufus and George, as the Nation's Trustees.

As the gloom of the news of the stupendous "Titanic" disaster deepened day by day, *it is certain* that, if the country had known at the time what these ministers were doing behind the political scenes, they would have been swept out of public life and the Government with them. They escaped by long concealment, and their statements, "we had no dealings in Marconis," putting the public off the scent. This delay, this concealment, proved that their own consciences convicted them of sin. Whilst the frightful rumours were circulating that "Ministers were in it," "that the Postmaster-General was in it," "that Winston Churchill was in it" (these two latter being entirely untrue). George and Rufus remained quite mum! But at last Rufus told Herbert Samuel; the two Jews had the usual affinity!! When Asquith was informed of it he also remained mum, and, no doubt, hoped the thing might never become public. Murray resigned his office as Whip, was made Peer, and cleared out for Bogota, where he stayed about a year, refusing all cablegram invitations to come before the Committee, and hanging off as long as possible until the scandal might begin to fade. George, in his speech in the House, denounced his friend Lansbury, M.P., for saying something "about gambling and rumours." The working-man's paper, the *Nation*, said that "the public could only understand the denials to mean that there had never been any participation by any Minister, in *any* Marconi undertaking." That was the impression George and Rufus designed to make. But George, in making his disclaimer, could not repress his inveterate love of abuse when he said "lies had passed from one foul lip to another—let these things be dragged into the light." In a way this is more likely to have been ignorance than impudence, because, as a matter of fact, these so-called "lies" were literal truths, and the "foulness" attached to his own action, and not to those persons who reprobated it. *Even* George would admit that had the word "American" been introduced into the question, the "foulness" would have been washed away!

George further stated in the House:—"On April 17th, 1912, I bought 1,000 American Marconis from Sir Rufus Isaacs at £2 each. On the 19th, he advised me to sell the shares which were then, I think, at a high price. He urged me to sell as they were, in his opinion, at a price not warranted by their intrinsic value and were not a desirable investment. I sold them and made a profit."

It seems incredible, but George, before the Committee, stated in reply to Lord Robert Cecil he "never speculated or bought to sell again in his life."

Three Reports were made. The Radical *Chairman*, Sir A. Spicer, dissented from the Official Report on the ground that it did not sufficiently express its sense of the impropriety of George and Rufus's proceedings—but it was mild enough.

Lord *Robert Cecil* wrote a Report of a much more severe character. The Report actually adopted and carried in the House practically exonerated them. *It had to!* or the Government must have resigned!!

The demoralisation of the House of Commons is sufficiently exhibited in the speeches and the Divisions which took place when the Report of the Committee came up for debate *19th June, 1913.* The figures of the Division were:—

For Whitewash ...	346
„ Truth and Honour	268
Majority ...	78

Five Labour Members abstained—Three Radicals (including Mr. Munro Ferguson, now I believe Governor of Australia), and the late Sir A. Markham, voted against the Government—And *Seventy-one* Irish Nationalists voted in favour of whitewash—or within seven of the whole majority. Quite in keeping with "Boss" Tweed and "Tammany."

And what was the Motion rejected?

> That this House regrets the transactions of certain of His Majesty's Ministers in the shares of the Marconi Company of America, and the want of frankness displayed by Ministers in their communications on the subject to the House.

Wrangles extending over several hours took place before a formula could be devised which would give some faint expression to the sense of indignation and reprobation of the conduct of these Ministers, *without involving a Vote of Censure*, which would have broken up the Government. Several formulæ were discussed, but after the above, which was drawn up by Mr. Bonar Law as the lightest which would suffice, was rejected—a Motion was finally passed without a Division:—

> That this House after hearing the statements of the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in reference to their purchase of shares in the Marconi Company of America, accepts their expressions of regret that such purchases were made, and that they were not mentioned in the debate of October 11th last; acquits them of acting otherwise than in good faith; and reprobates the charges of corruption brought againt Ministers, which have been proved to be wholly false.

The latter part of this Motion is an absolute unadulterated lie. Whether the Ministers were corrupt or not, it is a defiant lie to say that it was *proved* that they were not. It may be insusceptible of proof, either way, but proved it was not.

The absurdity of the action of the Commons is made glaring in that the culprits themselves in the approved Motion do *regret* the purchases, and their reticence in not mentioning them, whilst the Motion expressing "want of frankness" is rejected!

Sir E. Grey's and Mr. Asquith's speeches before the Vote on the Report are *extremely* discreditable and disingenuous, contrary to all precedent of purity of Ministers, and mere desperate attempts to save the situation *coûte que coûte*.

Mr. Balfour's speech on the occasion was a wonderful piece of oratory. Here is its peroration:—

> "He would remind Liberals that in Voting for the Majority Report they would be rejoicing in the whole performance and voting against their own convictions."

The Vote of the House exonerating them was, of course, a farce. The Whips might be trusted to carry this—seeing that Murray, one of them, was as deeply involved as George and Rufus.

Perhaps the affair Marconi is one of the most striking as it was one of the earliest indications of the effects of payment of members. The £400 a year palpably operated in securing a majority in favour of doing nothing that could bring about a dissolution, and there was a majority prepared to condone, ignore, whitewash, whittle away anything and everything rather than allow a Vote of Censure to pass. All the brains, eloquence, ingenuity of Asquith and his colleagues were bent not to discover truth, certainly not to see that misdoers should suffer appropriately, but how to minimise and conceal simple acts which were undeniable, absolutely dishonourable, absolutely incompatible with the purity and dignity of the office of a Cabinet Minister, and devoid of any conceivable motive except a desire to snatch a personal profit, which their official positions alone could have made absolutely certain of attainment. That profit was made by passing on to the public shares at a price which these Ministers and their stockbrokers considered to be much above their true value. It is said that George and Rufus at first offered to resign. As they walked out of the House after making their confession, the Coalition raised "prolonged cheers," so that in effect, these besmirched men were rewarded for their iniquity. Well may Lord Beaconsfield with prophetic insight have said, "England does not love Coalitions." History repeats itself. The Radicals having brought the country to the verge of ruin, they are to enjoy a practical freehold of office by inviting their Constitutional opponents and critics to coalesce and share the spoils, and the so-called Unionist Leaders accepted the invitation. Thus they profit by their own wrong-doings, as did Rufus and George with Marconis. The magnitude of their offence, like a colossal bankruptcy, is their best protection.

At this moment of

NATIONAL CRISIS

we suggest to our readers that it is their duty to employ

"PLAIN ENGLISH"

as a weapon against revolution.

This can be done by making the paper as widely known as possible among their friends as well as among the enemy.

JOHN BROWN ON THE PROTOCOLS OF ZION.

[*Concluded.*]

Reported by his friend, Thomas Green, late of the Royal Navy.

T. G. Hypocrisy seems to be one of their chief weapons?

J. B. It is, and always has been from long before New Testament times. But after the providential exposure of the Hidden Hand through the capture and publication of these Protocols there will be less excuse for the nations being deceived by their camouflage.

T. G. Is there any limit to what they expect to accomplish by it?

J. B. "Our principles" they say, "are as forceful as the means by which we put them in execution. That is why, not only by these very means, but by the severity of our doctrines, we shall triumph and *enslave all governments under our Super-Government.*" (P. VI.)

T. G. This sounds like the "super-man" doctrine and the "Chosen People" or "Super-Tribe" idea?

J. B. They are one and the same. The Sages continue: "It suffices that it should be known that we are implacable in preventing recalcitrance ("counter-revolution.") Even of old we were the first to cry out to the people, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." Words so often repeated since by ignorant parrots flocking together from far and wide round these sign-posts." (P. VI.)

T. G. Did the Jews really invent this phrase?

J. B. Very likely. The words are the device of the Martinists which occur in the book "Des Erreurs de la Vente," published in 1775 by St. Martin, who was a disciple of the Jew, Martinez Paschalis.

T. G. It was certainly a very clever device for humbugging the people, whoever invented it.

J. B. It was. "Our call of 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity' brought whole legions to our ranks from all four corners of the world through our *unconscious* agents, and these legions carried *our* banners with ecstasy." (P.VII.)

T. G. There is rather an unpleasant flavour about the word "unconscious." Can it be that we have all been serving the Learned Elders at some periods of our lives without knowing it?

J. B. I think there can be little doubt about that. I can answer for myself that I have. There is hardly a politician of any complexion or any size whom they have not roped into their legions at one time or another. Meantime, these, anything but "blessed words" as our authors claim "were eating like so many worms into the well-being of the Christians, and were destroying their peace, steadfastness and unity, thus ruining the foundations of the States." (P. VII.)

T. G. It looks as if these words had just about accomplished their work since they started their bright career with the French Revolution.

J. B. Yes; the device "brought about our triumph. It gave us the possibility of playing the ace of trumps—the abolition of privileges; in other words the existence of the Gentile aristocracy, which was the only protection nations and countries had against ourselves." (P. VII., VIII.)

T. G. They never seem to lose sight of the fact that they are the enemies of all nations. What did they put in the place of the "old nobility"?

J. B. "On the ruins of natural and heredity aristocracy we built up an aristocracy of our own on a Plutocratic basis *We* established this new aristocracy on wealth, of which *we* had control, and on science promoted by *our* scholars." (P. VIII.)

T. G. They seem to make no hesitation about their "triumph." Do they consider that they are already in command?

J. B. Practically yes; and with very good reason: they claim that it is they and not the peoples who appoint their rulers: "The fact that the representatives of the nation can be deposed, delivered these representatives into *our* power and *practically put their appointment into our hands.*" (P. VIII.)

T. G. You don't mean to say they claim that they appointed Asquith and Lloyd George, for instance?

J. B. That is exactly what they do claim, and who is going to deny it?

T. G. Who then, do you think, were the Israelites responsible for the selection of Mr. Asquith?

J. B. What about Mond, Isaacs, Samuel, Cassel, Speyer, Rothschild and Asquith's half-Jew wife?

T. G. Well, it does look as if they might have had something to do with it; but who were the sponsors for Lloyd George?

J. B. What about Rothschild, Sassoon, Isaacs, Samuel, Cassel, Mond?

T. G. Do you mean to say that they had the same godfathers?

J. B. I don't say it; but I think it. Asquith's pro-Germanism was really pro-Jewism, and Lloyd George's pro-Germanism is really pro-German-Jewism. There isn't a scrap of real difference between the policies of the two.

T. G. You amaze me! How is it in the colonies? Is there any British colony where this programme of the Learned Elders has been carried out?

J. B. Yes; in South Africa very notably.

T. G. Is there any evidence of Jews' corrupting parliaments in South Africa?

J. B. Yes; in the letters of the Jew, Lionel Phillips, to the Jew, Alfred Beit.

T. G. Where are these letters published?

J. B. In the Cape Blue-Book, in Bleloch's and O'Flaherty's book, "A Thousand Million Pounds," and in the "*Jews' Who's Who.*"

T. G. What did Phillips say?

J. B. This is what he wrote: "My own feeling is to wait and watch and *to spend our money in trying to improve the Raad.*"

T. G. What was the Raad?

J. B. Kruger's Parliament.

T. G. What was the date of this letter?

J. B. June 16th, 1894.

T. G. What does "improve" mean?

J. B. "Bribe."

T. G. What did it cost Phillips and Beit to get their claims through Kruger's Parliament in the interest of Jews and to the detriment of the Boers?

J. B. Let Phillips speak: "The Bewaarplatzen question will, I think, be settled in our favour, *but at a cost of £25,000.*"

T. G. Were these Jews careful in their method of bribing?

J. B. Yes; "It is proposed to spend a good deal of money *in order to secure a better Raad*, but it must be remembered that the spending of money on elections has, by recent legislation, been made a criminal offence, *and the matter will have to be carefully handled.*"

T. G. What does a "better Raad" mean?

J. B. A parliament which will vote as the Jews wish.

T. G. Do the Jews bribe with their own money?

J. B. No; says the Jew Phillips, "unfortunately the companies have no secret service fund. *I must divine a way. We don't want to shell out ourselves.*"

T. G. Did Phillips "divine a way"?

J. B. Yes; he plotted for the Jameson Raid and finally brought off the Boer War, which gave the Jews complete control of Kruger's mines.

T. G. How did he plot the Jameson Raid?

J. B. You can find it all recorded in the "*Jews' Who's Who*." Writing to Beit a year before it happened, he said: "I will also see whether it is not impossible, without creating unnecessary alarm here or active steps in Pretoria, to get the companies to possess themselves of a few rifles, etc."

T. G. But wasn't the Boer War about the franchise?

J. B. The franchise was the hypocritical excuse merely. Phillips admitted that he didn't care anything about that.

T. G. Why wasn't Lionel Phillips shot when these letters of his were discovered?

J. B. Because he was made a baronet instead. He is now the Gold King of South African Zion, dispensing, out of the spoils of his treasons and his wars, hospitality and patronage to royal princes of subjugated Britain, and to field-marshals of Zion's vassal British Army. All of which goes to prove that the Elders of Zion were correct in claiming that it is they and not we who appoint, as "our" administrators, men who are always bound to consult the interests of their Zionist masters, who can make or unmake them at will.

DOPED BY DOLES.

EVER since the General Election of 1906 won for the Free Trade Little Englander party office and power, by the bribe of unlimited German gold, this fair land of ours has been doped by doles. The present Prime Minister and his predecessor, seeing that skilfully disguised bribery obtained power, made it a cardinal plank of policy to retain that office and power by bribery. The record is long, and the vast sacritariat have been occupied in devising new methods of bribery skilfully concealed. Labour was bribed by class legislation, unshared by any other section of the community. Everyone who was noisy enough, if well organised and uncrushable, was bribed by doles in varying forms. The war came, the original Minister of Munitions insisted on freedom from Treasury control because he intended to use bribes. Being so little of a patriot himself, he could not understand that Britons would have worked without bribes. Hence the iniquitous 12½ per cent., never yet removed. Not asked for nor even expected. One cannot blame Labour for taking it, when hard-faced business men from the north and elsewhere and tradesmen generally were bribed by openly permitted and unchecked profiteering. The nation rebelled at last, and legislation was insisted on; but it has proved a farce in practice. Even to-day profiteering is rampant.

When sufficiently organised and clamorous, the ex-Service men were bribed by the reservation for them of all vacancies in Government offices. No matter that they displaced efficient men who knew the work. No matter that they did not do the work, or even intend to; and in consequence the public services have suffered. No matter that the displaced civilians were thereby ruined and left to starve.

The chaotic result of our vanishing trade necessitated the bribe of unemployment doles. Miners have been bribed by extravagant wages and shorter hours. We see the result.

There is no doubt that the Prime Minister would like a General Election to ensure for himself and his coupon Coalitionists a fresh term of office. But he dare not risk it in the present state of feeling. Doped as the nation is by doles, signs are not wanting—St. George's Election is one—that, *au fond*, it is sick to death of the Prime Minister and his bribes, which impoverish the nation. Therefore the big stick, the most powerful political weapon, must be used. An atmosphere must be created by a strike which will antagonise Labour and the electorate, so that the Prime Minister may secure for himself the national vote, because the only alternative is the Labour Socialist, who is made to appear as the cause of all the present trouble. There are signs that the nation is not altogether hood-winked. It has sympathy to a certain extent with the miner, and realises how many of the proposals are really designed to sustain worn-out Welsh mines at the expense of the whole industry and the nation. A bribe of £10,000,000 is offered and has been rejected. The strike has been allowed to go on so long for the Prime Minister's own plans. It is a subtle scheme, and apparently is going to fail. Now, what should have been done when originally offered, a time limit is fixed for acceptance of the £10,000,000 dole. It will be interesting to see how it works out. One thing is certain, never again will this Empire of ours gain peace, industrial and other, and her former prosperity, until the present Prime Minister and his gang are hurled from office and power. It makes one sad to hear quite decent English folk exclaim, "Who is to replace him?" This they said of Asquith. They fail to realise that it is not the Prime Minister's own ability or astuteness that keeps him in office and power. He would not stay for another day unless the Jewish and other forces which put him there found it necessary for him to remain there in order that they might further exploit this nation.

The British Empire is the great witness of the power of the Christian religion. Therefore, anathema to the Jew, *quâ* Jew. By any means her power must be broken, she must have her Empire disintegrated, she must lose her trade and commerce, she must become Little England beloved of the Free Trader and despised by those rivals who erstwhile envied her. Dope of Doles is the means employed. The effect is apathy and long-suffering which is lacking in common sense, for the nation has a duty of self-preservation, it can only neglect it at its peril. Why should it allow the personal ambition of one man to wreck the Empire? And such a man! A man who has never been the same since those six months in Paris, for peace preparations. He has never posed as a patriot, he has never proved himself one. His one and sole object is the obtaining votes by any and every means in order to keep office and power for himself and those to whom he is necessary to mask their schemes of world domination. Surely it is enough! Will no one ever dare denounce him? Is there no politician who has not suffered from the effect of the "Dope" who will break a lance in Freedom's cause? Politicians have been doped as well as the rest of the community. Civil servants too, by having pay doubled for less work. It is the policy, and from the Prime Minister's point of view with fifteen years experience, the only possible paying policy. For the sake of the erstwhile national honour, it is time to stop this bribery and corruption which has nigh led us to bankruptcy, else the Jews will gloat over the defeat of the Christians they and their Rabbis have so long desired. Ere long it will be too late.

S. G.

P.S.—It apparently escaped notice that the Turk, expelled from Europe by the war, was allowed to reoccupy Constantinople, merely to prevent S. Loplin reverting to the Christians, *i.e.*, Greek-Church. Without being consulted, the British have to protect the Jews now settling in Palestine, simply because of Jewish domination of our feeble politicians with a lust for office and power. The Jews are a wealthy race, let them pay for their own people's protection.

REVIEWS.

The Appreciation of Literature. A. G. Tracey, B. Sc. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

The first glance at this book made us put ourselves in imagination in the position of a young student seeking some sort of guide towards an acquaintance with the best in literature. The impression that next formed itself within us was that the influence of this little volume upon us would be either in the direction of making us priggish, or of driving us to abandon our search. What the author is out to do is to get the attraction of high literature to seize upon the student. The last way in which he would get that attraction brought home to us would be to give us the impression that he himself possessed it in such abundance that he was qualified to *preach* it at us, and that if we want to follow humbly in his footsteps, we could only arrive at his own critical ability or "good taste" by "steady, persistent, unwearied, enthusiastic effort." "Bah!" we should say, "turn we to our own! Our Robinson Crusoe or our Heavenly Twins or our 'A Man may not marry his Grandmother.' Here we have friends, here we have *attraction*, here we are on our own." For the appreciation of literature comes by attraction, not by learning how we *ought* to be attracted.

What seems to us to be the path to such appreciation is to communicate the author to the student, and, granted the attraction works, trust the *author* for his operation on the student's mind. The writer of this book dwells upon the extraordinary delight with which Dickens read the eighteenth century novelists. If he wishes to *attract* our student mind to the eighteenth century novelists, he would do much better to give us an extract from "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "Humphrey Clinker." Does he not know that we relish best what we discover the charm of for ourselves?

Take a passage from this book and imagine young John Keats, the poet, hearing it: "Our appreciation of the best in literature depends both upon what we are and what we know, upon character and upon knowledge. The beauties that we find depend entirely upon ourselves, though they are always there to be discovered. All will depend upon our mental attitude. If our motive is shallow and slight, then the shallow and superficial in literature will satisfy us; but the bigger and nobler that our motive is, the wider and grander is the field of literature that awaits us." Can we imagine that it was the effect of such talk as *this* that led John Keats to discover the delights of Chapman's "Homer"? We trow not. The hopeful part of the book lies in the actual extracts from good literature. We ourselves should keep this book out of the way and give our student Knight's "Half-hours with the best Authors."

The Poisoner. By Gerald Cumberland. (Grant, Richards Ltd. 9s. net.)

A powerful study of a temperament of which it would be easy enough to quote examples from real life, off-hand. Morbid psychology is in fashion just at present. In this gripping story we have the psychological presentment of the man of genius who inherits the suicidal drink tendency. The creative artist, whether his form of creative work be musical, poetic, or pictorial, is an egregious being. He is out of the ordinary flock. He is "a thing aloof." Martin Stavant is a musical genius. He is a musical creative artist of the modern school. His work is on the plane of Debussey and Ravel, rather than Beethoven and Mozart, but into his music creeps the suggestion of the evil that lurks in his soul. His "Bizarre Overture," his album of "Psychological Studies," his work generally, is "uncl—unpleasant" as somebody expresses it, but, as Martin Stavart insists, it is "beautifully as well as definitely disagreeable." He is popular. His music penetrates. His "soul" influences other "souls"; and he is a poisoner. That is the title of the book. And in reading the story we learn his relations to his home, his friends, women, and whiskey. Whiskey is the poison of the poisoner, and the story is terribly graphic in its narration of the havoc it works. One may be thankful that the book is not a book with the sex problem as its main theme. There are fiction writers who seem sex-mad. Mr. Gerald Cumberland has given us purely a study of a neurotic temperament and its gradual decay. At the same time it is not a story of therapeutic treatment, not the stimulating story of self-cure. It touches on a problem of morality and religion, but there is little direct speech of either. Of one character we are told that under the stress brought about by the action of the "poisoner": "Her girlish religion, which consisted mainly of an implicit faith in an all-merciful and ever-watchful Father, afforded her no help when she witnessed her little, big world. All broken and devastated, Calvert in her eyes soon usurped the place of God," and the heading of one of the sections of the book is Virgil's "*Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.*" The author seems to regard hereditary taint as creating a tragic "necessity" like that of the old Greeks, and he traces Martin Stavart to his doom as Sophocles traced Oedipus. Those who are not repelled by the subject will find its treatment masterly.

Flowers and Fruit of the Catholic Faith. (Society of SS. Peter and Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

"We are really saying that a certain party in our comparatively small communion knows better than the whole of the Church." That is a sentence from this little book, admittedly taken out of its context. But it gives the attitude of the whole production. "A certain party in our comparatively small communion knows that it is Catholic, better than the whole of the Church which knows it isn't." And here is a certain party in a comparatively small communion exhibiting its "Flowers and Fruit of the Catholic Faith," as that party conceives them. One might say to its author "Sorry, old chap. It won't wash. It may do very well for some of the innocents in your party in your small communion, but for any Catholic it is a nasty fraud. Have you ever heard of a monkey-nun? If so, you will understand us when we say this is a "monkey-book." Mr. Benson remarked that it was possible, from the huge complications of history, philosophy, exegesis, natural law, and the rest, to make out a case for almost any theory under the sun; and here, in this book, is a presentment of your case. You Anglicans are Catholic! You are so "accurately" Catholic that your churches with their accurate imitations, your High Mass at this church or your statues at that, may for a moment deceive even the elect, just as a mimetic insect may deceive a bird; but, you accurate Anglican Catholics, what did you do under Elizabeth? One does not hear of the monkey business then. The issue was sharply defined—either Elizabeth was the head of the Church or the Pope. Well, by Divine appointment, the Pope is head of all Catholics to-day, and we protest that for the sake of Catholics, there should be a prominent notice board outside all Anglican churches which imitate "Rome" to some such effect as this: "Catholicism taught here. Anglican Branch." This, while satisfying "Anglo-Catholics," would save Catholics suffering considerable annoyance from what is simply dishonest.

PRACTICE IN ENGLISH. By P. H. Reaney, M.A. (Sir Isaac Pitman.)

There is nothing strikingly original in this book for the student of English. It runs through the regular list of points important for those who seek to speak or write correctly; dealing with punctuation, the proper employment of paragraphs, sentence structure, analysis, and so forth. None the less, its appearance is welcome, for the widespread ignorance of English is one of the serious handicaps confronting thousands of aspirants to posts, and candidates for examinations. The worst of it is there are so many students like the fool in the Japanese proverb: "The man who knows not, and knows not that he knows not is a fool." Given the conviction of ignorance, humility, and the desire to learn, this little book should be of service. Concerning its chapter on figures of speech, we have heard of a Civil Service Class which went in a body to complain to the principal of the institution that their instructor fired the word "onomatopœia" at them. This was more than they could stand. We hope this little book will meet more responsive treatment, and serve, as seems likely, the purpose for which it is prepared.

NOVELS.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS. By "Sabretache" (of the *Tatler*). (Odhams' Press Limited. 8s.)

"Sabretache," of the *Tatler*, knows how to spin a good sporting yarn, and does so in "Between the Flags," and therein adds another to the list of Messrs. Odhams' publications dealing with such topics. For a good racing story you take a hero—young, good-looking, light-hearted, well off (with a more or less indulgent father), a tendency to extravagance, and a distant female connection about whom he thinks affectionately in intervals between his deeds as a Corinthian, and who herself looks upon him as a little god. Add to this an unscrupulous scoundrel who poses as a gentleman, and who has made his pile in Australia or South Africa, and who "assists" the hero in getting financially involved, and plays crooked with him in a way that sets the reader longing—with the heroine—for retribution. Throw in an elderly retired lawyer, whose forte lies from habit in unmasking swindlers, and flavour the whole with the spice of racing talk and sporting language, and as much knowledge of the hunting field, the race course and the stable as you can command. The whole should be flavoured with what one may call sporting morality, the love of fair-play, going straight, and pluck, honour, and so forth, and you have the ingredients for a sporting novel.

But, then, all the ingredients in the world do not make one cook. And the "chef" for this sort of fare may be born with the instinct, but for all that he takes a lot of making, and there is as much in the manner of him as the matter of him. Such a "chef" is Sabretache, and he gives us an alert story with skill in the telling. Our sympathies are enlisted at the outset for Bob Thresher and Lady Muriel Holt. As we watch Master Bob drift carelessly into circumstances of difficulty and danger, we read on with a calm assurance that whatever befalls him, he will act like a true sport, and in the midst of difficulty gives us sporting incidents such as our soul loves. If in the course of his adventures we make the acquaintance of a more or less undesirable lady, we feel assured, both that she is more sinned against those sinning, and also that when the inevitable nemesis falls upon the villain before the book reaches its close, she, his scarcely willing accomplice, will be dealt with with extreme courtesy and forbearance on the part of the hero's friends. This capital story has a capital ending, wherein the hero presents "the best appearance between the flags (wedding archway of lances) "that the boy has ever made."

ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME. By A. E. Coppard. (Golden Cockel Press. 4s. 6d.)

We think the Golden Cockerel Press were well advised in choosing, as the first production of their co-operative company, so pleasant a volume as this collection of Mr A. E. Coppard's short stories. The title under which the collection appears is quaintly provocative and rouses curiosity. When curiosity leads to possession, "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me" is found to be the heading of a story in the middle of the book, and one which gives a very fair taste of Mr. Coppard's quality. The author strikes us as showing great mastery in the art of the modern short story. Your modern short story is not easy to write. You must win your reader's interest at once without preliminaries. You must hold him as engrossed (as near as may be) in your two or three pages as he would be in the middle of a novel. You must fulfil much in a short space. You must catch his interest, rouse curiosity, sustain suspense, sketch broadly yet with local colour; and after a brief interval dismiss him with a pleasant after-taste as the result of brief acquaintance. All this is difficult of accomplishment. Mr. Coppard achieves it. Take the story which provides the book with its title. It begins in the middle of a sentence, as if continuing the tale of someone with whom we had been long familiar . . . "and in the whole of his days vividly —at the end of the afternoon—he repeated it again and again to himself."

Who the "he" is, what he repeated, what he was led to, the strange things that happened, their sequence, their explanation, their meaning, all are told in such a way that at the end of the short story we are on most familiar terms with the gentleman we stumble on so suddenly, and are in possession of the sacred secrets of his family life. In addition, we have had described to us the weird occurences sending the mind back to Mr. Well's "Conjuring Shop," or recalling the feelings stirred by Edgar Allen Poe. Mr. Coppard knows how to be vivid in small details in a way that haunts the memory. For instance: "There was no one within, and on that lonely instant, a strange feeling of emptiness dropped upon him. The clock ticked almost as if it had been caught in some indecent act." Such touches are plentiful in these pages. Every story, however slight, has its own sufficient *motif*. Even in so slight a sketch as "Arabesque" we find a note of horror, and of a child's tragic loss influencing a lifetime, though the actual events of the scene described have no wider range than the movements of a mouse. The mystic element is not lacking from these tales, and they have, many of them, an elusive note. If the characters in them are like "ships that pass in the night," we do not press for further information. We only become eager that the author "tell us another one."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"LEST WE FORGET."

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—If it was not adding to the multiplicity of societies already in existence, I should be inclined to advocate the formation of one whose primary object should be the keeping in perpetual remembrance our glorious victories, and the infamous records of Hun frightfulness. Our Jewish-owned, and spoon-fed Government organs, have no space for either the Lusitania anniversary or the Battle of Jutland. Both are consigned to oblivion, as they are an offence against the League of Nations; besides, the Hun must never be reminded of his crimes.

At one time it was proposed to erect a memorial tablet on those spots wrecked by air raids, but this was abandoned as an affront to Hun susceptibilities, even by the British Empire Union whose headquarters overlook the site of one of the ghastliest tragedies consummated by the Hun from the air. No; the only memorials of these crimes are to be seen in the mentally afflicted, who remain in the lunatic asylums throughout the country, and the hosts of neurasthenics on every side.

Fortunately, a multitude remain who refuse to obliterate these infamies from the mental tablets of their memory, and are content to leave ex-Lord Chancellor Haldane and a time-serving Archbishop to fête the quack Jewish Professor Einstein.

However, to us the victories remain, and let us not fail to keep them in everlasting remembrance, because a nation is made great by the memory of the glorious deeds its people have achieved and the will they display to accomplish others.

Yours faithfully,
E. S. BROWN.

London, E.C.
June 11th, 1921.

THE MINERS' BALLOT.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—I am venturing to trouble you with a very brief note concerning a so-called Ballot of the miners given to me by the landlord of the Public House in which it was held.

Scene: A room in his house.

Enter: Miners' Agents with Ballot Box.

They take possession of a table and chairs.

A collier comes in, receives his paper, and marks it *in full view* of the agents who have been all along urging them to be true to them.

He then drops it into the box, retires, and is succeeded by others until the time expires. The Agents then unlock the box—count the papers, and announce the numbers.

The whole proceeding an absolute Caricature of a *real* Ballot.

In another case a collier was told, "It doesna' matter how tha' votes, you'll all be at work on Monday.

I do not know a single collier who wishes to stop out, but there certainly exists a species of terrorism. The President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Colliers is a violent man who uses violent language. For instance, at an open air meeting, he said, "If some of you men were of the same mind as me, you'd take possession of Lord Ellesmere's pits and work them for yourselves."

Of course, Lloyd George knows all this, and in some way, it forms part of the slimy, tortuous scheme he is now plotting.

Of course, this is not necessarily for publication, but *may* be of *some* use to you.

Yours faithfully,
A. D.

Manchester.
June 19th, 1921.

THE ST. GEORGE'S ELECTION.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Will you allow me two comments on the letter entitled "A Jew for St. George's" in your issue of yesterday?

I hold no brief of any kind for Sir Herbert Jessel, and, indeed, voted against him; but to gibe at him for having "passed through the carnage of the Army remounts" is not a very worthy sneer at a man of his age, who I have every reason to believe did very good work in the Remount department, in spite of his singularly unpleasing personality.

Glad as I am at Mr. Erskine's success, I can hardly feel "grateful to him for the sensible way he fought the election," and he was perhaps well advised in not boasting about "fighting with clean hands." To plaster a constituency with posters to the effect that "down go your rates and taxes if you vote for Erskine" is not my idea of clean fighting, even against a Jew, and this particular Jew's only claim to the seat was that he has in the past rendered very good service indeed towards keeping the rates down. Such mendacity—reprehensible anywhere, is merely silly in a constituency like this one, and, but for the urgent need of doing all in one's power to out this accursed Coalition, would certainly have cost Mr. Erskine the vote of at least one

"ST. GEORGE'S ELECTOR."

June 16, 1921.

EINSTEIN'S "BORROWED" THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Possibly some of your readers may wish to understand what is meant by Relativity. Suppose two battleships to be at rest in mid-ocean six miles apart, and that a despatch boat is employed carrying messages between them at a speed of twenty-four miles an hour, then its double journey will occupy half an hour, or thirty minutes. Suppose also that messages enclosed in projectiles are exchanged between the two ships, the projectiles also travelling at twenty-four miles an hour, then the time for the message and return message will also be thirty minutes. Assume now that both ships are travelling, one behind another, at the rate of say twelve miles an hour, then assuming that the air offers no increased resistance to the projectiles, these will still make the double journey in thirty minutes. Not so the despatch boat. When moving with the ships, its speed in relation to them will be twenty-four miles an hour less their own speed of twelve miles, or only twelve miles. On the return journey its speed will be thirty-six miles. The onward journey will take six divided by twelve equals one half-hour, the backward journey will take six divided by thirty-six, equals one-third hour or twenty minutes, so that the double journey occupies fifty instead of thirty minutes. If now we were to hear that the exchange of messages between ships was at a slower rate when these are in motion than when stationary, we would at once assume that the messages were being carried by despatch boats. If, however, we were to hear that the ships' own speeds did not affect the rate of sending messages, we would at once assume that the transmitting apparatus was of the nature of a projectile.

When Michelson showed that this latter condition was true for light, such a solution was too simple for Lorentz, he and orientals in general love mysteries like the old Greek enquiry: Is a moving arrow in the space in which it is, in which it was, or in which it will be? Lorentz's and Einstein's explanations are that due to some as yet unexplained cause, the water between two ships in motion—or the other between objects contracts, and ships in motion are closer together than when stationary. Not only does the water contract, but all material objects, including cables which might be stretched between the ships for measuring their distances apart. It was, therefore, impossible to measure this shrinkage until Einstein showed or made many believe that he had shown how this could be done. Now in the Physical world we have Michelson's experiments which were devised in order to determine our velocity through the ether. They gave a negative result, in other words, the movement of light was not of the same nature as that of the despatch boat, which has its own velocity, and does not partake of the velocity of the ships in a fleet. The commonsense deduction from this experiment is, therefore, that light does partake of the velocity of the light source, but Lorentz and Einstein dogmatise that each time that material objects are set in motion, they themselves, and their distances from other objects, shorten automatically, and, strange to say, time also alters. There is, of course, no end to the possible dialectic controversies on what, after all, are merely dogmas, in the same way as infinitely long controversies could be developed if the scientific world were to dogmatise that a moving arrow is not in the space in which it is, but in the space in which it was.

Yours faithfully,

X.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—I fear that my letter about Einstein's visit to Manchester was badly written, for I notice that you have given the word "Scotland" where I meant "Flatland." I did not refer to Einstein's remarks in detail, because I believed that the book on Flatland, which has seen many editions, was well known. Einstein treated us to his views of the limitations of space by suggesting what might be called a curved space, which he exemplified by a curved surface in Flatland. According to this analogy, flatlanders are merely the shadows on a flat surface of the inhabitants on the surface of a globe. Of course, as the surface of the globe is limited, so also must the number of flatlanders or globelanders be limited; but the real flatlanders who are supposed to be able to roam over unlimited flatland in unlimited numbers, will refuse to admit that they are merely shadows. Similarly, most of us will refuse to admit that we are merely shadows of objects in a four-dimensioned space. Anyhow, his remarks did not help us to understand what he meant by Relativity.

Yours faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER TO PLAIN ENGLISH.

DIVORCE.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—I believe I am right in assuming that this paper, apart from its political views, stands also for the Catholic conception of Christianity, and so, although I am not a Catholic, I venture to beg the hospitality of its columns for an appeal against the increasing tendency to advocate cheap and easy divorce in this country—easier divorce in general, and in particular that scheme of easier divorce which is embodied in Lord Buckmaster's Bill.

If that Bill becomes Law, it would prove that we had wandered very far indeed from the ideal of Christian marriage, that tremendous factor in the building up of Christian civilisation, Western civilisation, *Our* civilisation, even if we do not always do it as much credit as we might.

In the meantime I have read many letters and articles in praise of the coming Reform (so-called); but, with the solitary exception of a very pertinent, though brief, leading article which appeared in this paper several months ago, I cannot recall any vigorous adverse criticism in the public Press, though I am assured by many people that public opinion is against, rather than for, the measure.

To begin with, were it to pass, it would entail a considerable overhauling of the legal definition of *cruelty* in our marriage laws, and radical changes in all laws affecting the mentally afflicted, unless all manner of gross injustice is to be courted and encouraged.

[In connection with my last remark, I should like to recall to the memories of your readers an admirable letter from Dr. Hosie, pointing out the crying need for reform in the present treatment of mental trouble, especially in the cases of nervous breakdown from over-work, shock or strain. Perhaps she will be good enough to come forward and support me here, even if she should chance to differ from me on other grounds.]

But to return to where I began.

The Catholic Church is quite explicit on the question of divorce. She forbids it.

The Protestant view is less uncompromising, and may be put thus:—Divorce is contrary to Christ's teaching; but because of human weakness it is sometimes the lesser of two evils, as had already been recognised by Moses. Moreover, it is argued that if the innocent party divorce the guilty, the two sinners involved will be afforded a chance of making amends to each other and to Society. There is undoubtedly something charitable in this view. To me it has always seemed a little illogical, and it frequently defeats its own purpose. Although I have perhaps no right to the Catholic standpoint, and can only give it as a personal view, I nevertheless hold it to be the only possible one, unless we are to lapse into something worse than mere paganism in our social structure. In practice, the Protestant view has simply proved the thin end of the wedge, opening up the way to a new view altogether.

This view is, in brief:—That if a marriage is not an asset to the State, nor satisfactory to one or both of the spouses, it ought to be liable to dissolution, *like any other contract*.

But marriage is not like any other contract.

It is more than a tie. It is a fresh *condition*, come for good into the lives of those that enter upon it. Our reformers argue as if the Church had invented the life-long duration of the marriage bond. What she did was to recognise it as a fact in nature, to appreciate its incalculable importance and possibilities, and to invest it with the dread dignity of a Sacrament.

The pro-divorce view puts the cart before the horse.

Once married—married for life; and the permission to contract fresh alliances during the lifetime of the first partner means promiscuity, which in the long run (and not such a very long run either) spells race suicide.

Hence the elaborate provisions of the marriage vows. There is no hint in them that one spouse may repudiate the other on the score of some imperfection or other, which may afterwards appear.

If the new Divorce Bill becomes Law, I think we ought to alter the Marriage Service, for the sake of honesty. . . .

But why not dispense with it altogether . . . ?

Ostentatiously, persons unhappily mated are to be released from sick (because mental trouble is a form of sickness), vicious, or absentee yoke-fellows, in order that they may not lead the sterile lives of "separated" wives or husbands, but marry again and have children. We are asked: "Why should these lives be wasted?"

Why should a life be called "wasted" because *one* particular avenue of development is closed? And as regards the political-economic argument in the matter, it is secondary in importance to the great question of cultivation of character, which is the essential object of life for everybody—single, married, widowed, or "separated."

If there are really enormous numbers of persons whose marriages have proved utter failures from the point of view of providing happiness (in the superficial sense of the word)—the remedy is not to make divorce easier, but rather to discourage marriage by persons—and with persons—who have obviously no vocation for it. Because, apart from all those physical qualifications, upon which so much stress is laid nowadays, one must have a spiritual vocation, in the fullest sense of the word, for marriage quite as much as for the cloister. Married life is exacting—far more so than "single blessedness." And those who are not prepared to find happiness in its claims, had better leave it alone. There will still be plenty of use for them in the world!

For the unfortunate circumstances in which Lord Buckmaster's Bill would prescribe divorce, frequently the only remedy is separation, and as regards that, there is certainly room for legislative reform, as in all laws affecting marriages in which one spouse is trying to take unwarrantable advantage of the other. Some of the ingenuity exercised in devising laws for breaking up marriages, might well be spent in safeguarding them instead, by affording proper protection where it may be needed. At present the tendency of the law is to discourage "separation," and to make it actually more advantageous to divorce or be divorced, than to stand aside and wait for the chance of reunion, recovery, or repentance, as the case may be.

More especially, if there are children, it is the plain duty of the spouse who is still able to fulfil the duties of a parent, to be both father and mother to them, and to refuse to contract a second union, by which these children would be placed in a most deplorable position.

Quite extraordinary and exceptional cases are sure to occur, of course; but when they do arise, it ought not to be beyond the ability of Church and State to deal with them individually, as exceptions.

Of course, I know that even if the Bill is passed, it does not follow that everybody who could obtain or contrive a divorce under it will immediately rush off to do so. But it will mean additional temptation to the cunning and selfish, at every provocation, to yield to impulses which they are at present encouraged to keep in check.

It should be borne in mind that laws are not made for the edification of persons who have no desire to do the wrong thing, but in order to restrain those who *would* do the wrong thing if they dared.

Now a law which tempts to evil, instead of deterring from it, is on the wrong lines altogether.

Russia and America are certainly no advertisements for traditions of easy divorce.

Finally, and without going into the whys and wherefores of the matter, I venture to predict that not even the census returns will benefit by the type of marriage which is sure to become even more frequent under the auspices of Lord Buckmaster's reforms than it is now.

Believe me, Sir,
Yours truly,
F. S. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETRY.

Ireland Unfreed. By Sir William Watson. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

SOCIAL.

It Might Have Happened To You. By Coningsby Dawson. (Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

World Revolution. By Nesta H. Webster. (Constable. 18s. net.)

NOVELS.

The Gun Brand. By James B. Hendryx. (Jarrolds. 2s. net.)

The Dark Geraldine. By John Ferguson. (Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)

The Wrong Twin. By Harry Leon Wilson. (Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)

GAMES.

Twenty-one Bridge Fallacies. By Walter Bluet. (Jarrolds. 2s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

More About Unknown London. By Walter G. Bell. (Lane. 6s. 6d. net.)

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WHO IS ON OUR SIDE?

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No. 52.—Vol. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] JULY 2, 1921. PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUTLAND DISCLOSURES.

In "Plain English" for 25th December, 1920, was commenced what might be described as the most remarkable disclosures of treachery in British Naval or Military history ever published. The disclosures were continued in succeeding numbers up to week ending 12th March, 1921.

The following brief extracts will indicate the nature of the revelations made by "Plain English."

> The Government knows, just as we know (and it knows why we know), that the German code used at the Battle of Jutland was discovered shortly after the fight began, and that all the German wireless messages were translated rapidly during the battle.
>
> Why are we not favoured with these messages?
>
> They were in existence, but are they in existence at this moment? If not, who has destroyed them?
>
> If they have been destroyed, we know the reason why.
>
> **For the honour of Britain, and in the interest of the safety of the Realm, we take it upon ourselves to state something which the Government cannot deny—namely, that the translation of the German naval code revealed the fact, during the actual fighting of the Battle of Jutland, that Germany was in communication with some powerful individual in the Admiralty, and that plans for the escape of the German Fleet were being devised by this means.**
>
> To this may be added another fact which cannot be denied by the Government.
>
> **The Germans were instantly informed that their naval code had been translated, and they changed that code the next day.**
>
> Though the daily press has been intimidated into silence we shall certainly not be intimidated.
>
> * * * *
>
> The people of this country will remember the pain and distress which they felt when the first official report of the Battle of Jutland was published. The world was informed by the Government that many of our capital ships had been sunk; and the actual German losses, admittedly known to the Government, were suppressed.
>
> As a result the impression was created that Britain had sustained a severe defeat at sea. Instantly British stock in America fell; but within a week the truth was well known, and British stock in America rose again.
>
> It may be of interest to the public to know that as a result of this fall and rise in stock a certain financial group of Jews cleared a net profit of £18,000,000.
>
> It may also be said that the Cabinet Minister who drew up and issued the false report about the Battle of Jutland which produced this fall of stocks had spent the week-end with one of the most powerful members of the financial group, Sir Ernest Cassel, and came straight from Sir Ernest's house to publish his report, the report which led the world for a week to believe that the British Navy had been defeated by Germany.
>
> Now as regards our statement about the German Code, we may say that our information was received from the man who actually translated the messages.
>
> The details of the financial plot we have on the authority of a man to whom the plan was explained by the Cabinet Minister who issued the false news of the battle.

Nos. 25 to 36 of "Plain English," containing the above series of articles, will be forwarded to any address post free for 7s. 3d. Cheques and Postal Orders, made payable to the North British Publishing Company (and Crossed), should be addressed to the Manager, "Plain English," 38 Great Ormond Street, W.C. 1.

NOTE.—All copies up to and including the issue of 25th December, 1920 are 10d. each post free, issues after that date 7d. each post free.

¶ Volume 2 of "Plain English" is completed with this issue (January 1st to July 2nd, 1921). Bound copies can be supplied at the price of One Guinea (post free), and all applications should be accompanied by a remittance for this amount.

¶ A few bound copies of Volume I. of "Plain English" (July to December, 1920) are also available at the price of One Guinea.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

Life and Letters 523

Who is on our Side? 526

Facts about Ireland 527

The Plight of the Landlord 528

The Lobster 529

Finance and Stock Notes..... 530

The World in Revolt 531

John Brown on the Protocols of Zion 532

The Dentists Bill and Jewish Interests......................... 533

Reviews 534

Correspondence 535

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For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.

—Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, VI. 12.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Winston Does Another Little Deal.

Of course it will be "officially denied," but it is true all the same, that a group of politicians of both Houses of Parliament under the leadership of F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead) and Winston Churchill had made all their plans for turning on Lloyd George, and putting him out of his present position. Winston's chief grievance was that he had not got the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which it will be remembered was given to Sir Robert Horne during Winston's absence abroad, the said absence having been arranged to allow the scandal of our Jutland revelations to "quiet down." Churchill, however, has not ceased to make his discontent felt, and his argument was that if Lloyd George and the Government could afford to ignore the charges which had been openly brought against him, and his failure to take legal proceedings to vindicate himself, they could just as well have kept the Chancellorship of the Exchequer open for him till he got back from Egypt.

Well, the plot was laid, and the moment for decisive action had almost arrived, when Lloyd George got to hear of it. He immediately sent for Churchill, and offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in return for his continued countenance and his abandonment of Lord Birkenhead and the rest of the conspirators. Winston was on to it like a bird (when has a Churchill ever been able to resist a *quid pro quo*?) and it now remains to be seen how long an interval will be allowed to elapse before the bargain is carried out. We understand that Churchill is to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer early next Session.

The Vain Boastings of Israel Zangwill.

We quote the following from the *Morning Post*:—

> Mr. Israel Zangwill presided last night at a public welcome given in the People's Palace to Professor Henry Glicenstein, the Jewish sculptor.
>
> Sir Alfred Mond wrote regretting that he could not be present, and speaking highly of Henry Glicenstein's work and the way in which he had expressed the sentiments of the Jewish race,
>
> Mr. Zangwill said that Zionists had had an eye-opener with regard to the Arabs, who had put forward a claim to be the people in possession of Palestine. That was mixed up with the usual nonsense about Protocols, the Elders of Zion, and so on. England was making three States for the Arabs, while the Jews would only be left "a state of irritation." (Laughter) Sir Herbert Samuel was too conciliatory. When the Jaffa massacres took place an Anglo-Saxon Governor would have gone on with his policy and shown the Arabs the mailed fist. Sir Herbert actually suggested in his first telegram that it was the Bolshevist Jews who were very few—who began it. He was not the right man for the place; he was too tactful. (Laughter and cheers.) Great Britain as mandatory was bound to pay for the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. As it was, the money she expended was going to the Arabs. He demanded that if Great Britain wished to get out of her compact with regard to Palestine she should find another home for the Jews somewhere in the Dominions. (Hear, hear.) Finally he declared the position of the Jews to be higher than ever. The three great men, Einstein, Freud and Bergson, were Jews. Jews were in all the Cabinets, and were at the head of the theatres, arts and sciences. They ruled three great countries in the British Empire—Palestine, Queensland and India. (Cheers.)

The open impudence of all this is very significant. Mr. Zangwill talks contemptuously of the "claim" made by the Arabs to be the people in possession of Palestine. What does he mean? Does he deny that as a matter of fact the Arabs are in possession of Palestine, and does he deny that they violently object to having a colony of dominant Jews thrust upon them? If not, what does he mean by the word "claim"? It is not a question of making a claim, it is a question of unanswerable fact. It is significant that this sinister Jew, who is himself a rabid socialist and a sympathiser with Bolshevism, should demand the "mailed fist" for the purpose of forcing his delightful compatriots on to the unfortunate Arabs. Mr. Zangwill, however, is evidently beginning to tumble to the fact that the aspirations of the Jews in regard to Palestine and the "re-building of the Temple" are not likely to materialise, for he is already beginning to "demand" that Great Britain should find another home for the Jews "if she wishes to get out of her compact with regard to Palestine." The fact is that Great Britain, as a whole, has never endorsed the anæmic proposals of Mr. Balfour on the subject, and in any case, Balfour or no Balfour, and compact or no compact, the Jews will never be allowed to return to Palestine till the end of the world, and they will never rebuild their Temple. The same Force which defeated the attempts of Julian the Apostate in the fourth century to rebuild the Temple, will continue to put an immovable obstacle against all designs which are intended to flout the will of Providence with regard to the Jews.

As to "the three great men" who are Jews, Einstein, Freud and Bergson, the first is an unblushing appropriator of other men's ideas, as we have demonstrated in PLAIN ENGLISH of May 4th, June 4th and June 11th. The second is a dirty-minded quack, who is responsible for "Psycho-Analysis" and such books as "The Autobiography of a Child," and whose proper place in a well-constituted community would be a criminal lunatic asylum, and the third is a pernicious sophist. We will grant Mr. Zangwill his "Jews in all the Cabinets" and even a good many of the theatres, but we utterly deny that the Jews, since Christ, have ever been pre-eminent as scientists or as first-class creative artists in any branch of art. On the other hand it is true, and we blush to have to say it, that they are ruling three countries in the British Empire. Whether they will continue to do so, and whether they will continue to dominate Cabinets and British politics is quite another matter. When they begin to boast about it they are getting near the end of their tether, but it is just precisely because Britons have failed to recognise them as Jews and, as such, to differentiate them from ordinary British subjects, that they have been enabled to grasp the positions claimed for them by Mr. Zangwill. Pride goeth before a fall, and we think it fairly safe to say that within the next two years there will be a complete clearance of Jews from all public offices all over the British Empire.

"Temperance" Tyranny, Humbug and Impudence.

We take the following from Wednesday's *Times*:—

> The Round Table conference on Licensing has, after three sittings, come to an agreement as to hours. Having settled this point, about which the most controversy was anticipated, it is believed that the conference will rapidly come to agreement on the other matters under consideration with a view to the passing of a Licensing Bill this Session.
>
> The hours agreed upon are as follows:—

	London.	Elsewhere.
Number of hours on week-days ...	9	8
Earliest opening hour	11 a.m.	11 a.m.
General closing hour...	10 p.m.	10 p.m.

> It has been agreed that the general hour of closing throughout the country shall be 10 o'clock, but that the licensing justices in any area shall have authority to extend the closing hour to 11 p.m. in London and to 10.30 p.m. in other places. It is understood that this extension of hours must be justified by special local conditions.
>
> One purpose of this proviso is to differentiate between rural and small urban districts and the large centres of population. In no circumstances must the hours for the sale of intoxicants be more than nine in London or more than eight elsewhere. The opening hour must not be earlier than 11 a.m., and there must be a break of two hours in the afternoon.
>
> On Sundays the hours of sale must not exceed five, of which two may be between noon and 3 p.m. and three between 6 and 10 p.m.
>
> With regard to clubs, it has been agreed that they shall have the same closing hours as the public-houses in the same area.

So it turns out that after all the outcry in the country against the "Liquor Control" tyranny, and after all the innumerable shifts' and evasions to which we have been treated, we are still to be left almost exactly as we were. A collection of dishonest temperance fanatics (including such a feather-brained combination of silliness and conceit as the ineffable Lady Astor) have overruled the sane elements at the "Round Table conference" and so honest Britons are still to be debarred from having a glass of wine or beer with their suppers after ten o'clock. How long is this contemptuous flouting of public opinion on the part of our "long-haired Communist" Prime Minister to continue, and why does the Conservative Party allow it? Meanwhile, for the benefit of Lady Astor, Cardinal Bourne and the Bishop of London, we reproduce the following extract from the speech made by the chairman of Barclay & Perkins at a general meeting of the Company on the 27th ult.:—

> "PROHIBITION" IN AMERICA.
>
> I will just say a word about the Prohibition Campaign, and will, in fact, read you an extract which I have taken from one of the papers. I think that the more the experience of America is seen over here the less likely it is that this country will follow their example. The extract I have here is from the annual report, just published, by the Prohibition Commissioner for the State of Ohio. He says that, at a conservative estimate, there are 50,000 stills operating in the State of Ohio as compared with 100 two years ago. Before the introduction of prohibition, he adds, there were not many more than 200 breweries in Ohio; now the number probably runs into hundreds of thousands. (Laughter.) The police of the City of Columbus estimate that one family out of every four brews its own beer, and many women are brewing for their own family and their friends as well. The report states that apricots, raisins and other fruits capable of producing intoxicating cordials are dealt with in huge quantities in grocers' shops and in some communities 100 per cent. of the homes contain apparatus for making distilled or fermented liquors. That is in the State of Ohio under prohibition, and, being the official report of the Commissioner, may be relied on as true.

"Prohibition" which takes the form of enormously increasing the consumption of alcohol can be understood. But what strikes one about it is just the evidence of that moral and mental twist which is the appanage of all "temperance reformers," as Mr. McQuisten pointed out the other day in the House of Commons.

O "Sunny," with your Pockets full of Money.

We take the following soul-inspiring announcement from the *Sunday Express*:—

> PARIS, Saturday, June 25th.
>
> The Duke of Marlborough's wedding to Miss Deacon took place this morning at 12.30 at the home of the bride's cousin, Mr. Eugene Higgins. The officiating clergyman, whose name remained a secret until the last moment, was the Rev. Thomas Wright, pastor of the Scotch Church here. He said he did not know anything about the other clergy refusing to perform the ceremony, and himself did not see any reason why he should not.
>
> About 200 out of 350 invited guests attended the wedding. All gates were closely guarded and officials politely but firmly made everbody produce invitations. The American and Italian Ambassadors were present, but nobody from the British Embassy.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The service was soon over. Then the bride and bridegroom, arm in arm, descended the centre staircase into the garden, and had to face a battery of about twenty "movie" cameras.
>
> At about 2.30, when breakfast was finished, *the Duke and Duchess took their places on a specially constructed stage for more pictures to be taken. For half an hour this continued. Then one specially daring photographer went forward and asked the couple to adopt an affectionate pose. The Duke was finally persuaded to clasp the hands of his bride.*

The italics are ours, and we should like to express the opinion that the words italicised serve to chronicle what we seriously take to be a record in vulgarity and bad taste. The papers had previously recorded the edifying fact that no less than five Church of England clergymen refused to perform the marriage ceremony, on the ground that, as the Duke was the "guilty party" in the late divorce proceedings between himself and his first wife, he was not entitled to a religious ceremony even according to the lax rules of the Anglican community relating to the re-marriage of those divorced. In the end, a specially imported parson (not, we understand, as stated in one paper the Duke's "private chaplain" from Blenheim) had to be telegraphed for to come and satisfy the scruples of the blushing bride who incidentally insisted on the word "obey" being eliminated from the service. We are surprised on the whole that the Duke and his partner did not change hats and execute a little *pas-de-deux* for the benefit of the "movie"-photographers to the tune of "Oh, Sunny, with your pockets full of money; Come and trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the quay."

Such a graceful act of ducal condescension could not have failed to add lustre to the proceedings, even though they were not (we are glad to note) graced by the attendance of anyone from the British Embassy. But if the British Embassy failed to show up, the same cannot be said for the Lord Chancellor of England, F. E. Smith, Lord Birkenhead, who only a week or two ago was solemnly treating the assemblage at the Divorce Courts in London to a lecture on "the decay of morality in England." Lord Birkenhead was there all right, and according to the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* he crossed the channel expressly for the purpose of supporting his noble friend. *O tempora, O mores!*

Cringing to Coal-miners.

Last week Lloyd George was "down and out" to all appearances. However, he played two clever tricks and caused a diversion by his letter to De Valera (which, of course, brought him the applause of Lord Northcliffe) and settled the coal strike, for the time being, by eating his own words and handing over £10,000,000 blackmail money which he had solemnly refused to pay, as the country could not possibly afford the expense after the fearful drain on the national resources caused by the strike.

The people of Britain have fought the Bolshevists who engineered the coal strike in a manner which cannot be too highly commended. It was a terrible struggle; yet when victory was absolutely secured, in rushes our long-haired Communist Premier to rob the nation of its victory.

So long as we permit Lloyd George to control the affairs of the Government, we shall be liable to further and even greater humiliation.

He must be removed; and the blow which he received from the electors of St. George's must be renewed not by the electors of one constituency, but by the entire nation. The sooner Lloyd George is precipitated from Downing Street on the toe of the national boot the better.

He will try to evade the inevitable kick; but the boot will reach him sooner than he thinks.

His absurd letter to De Valera, by which he has created a diversion, will be the cause of his final collapse.

De Valera is nominally responsible for the murder of our brave soldiers and police in Ireland. And if he comes to Downing Street, have we any guarantee that the Prime Minister will refuse to shake hands with him?

It will be remembered that Mr. Asquith rushed over to Dublin in 1916 and offered to shake hands with the men who had just shot down our troops, but that his hand was refused with contempt.

If De Valera is to retain the control of the murder-gang, they will see to it that he gives them a pledge not to shake hands with Lloyd George; and he will be pledged to demand the subjection of Ulster and the recognition by the British Government of an Irish Republic. Otherwise he will be shot as a traitor.

So we make Lloyd George a present of any advantage which he can gain from his meeting with De Valera. Were it not for the national degradation which is involved, we should welcome an event which is bound to result in the destruction of the Lloyd George-Sassoon-Mond-Isaacs-Samuel Coalition.

No-Jews-for-Parliament League Wanted.

An esteemed correspondent writes as follows:—

> The result of St. George's Election makes it evident that as Members of Parliament for British constituencies the days of the Jews are numbered.
>
> The obvious step now is to form an organisation to oppose in a thorough and honest manner every Jew who runs as a candidate at the next General Election—or at any bye-Election in the meantime, if that is feasible.
>
> Can you, through your paper PLAIN ENGLISH, appeal for supporters in such a patriotic movement? There must be many waiting a lead in this noble course.

We regard this suggestion as one of great importance, and we believe that the work should be carried out by an association definitely pledged to educate the electorate, distribute literature at elections, and by every available means demonstrate that, however admirable the Jew may be in his proper place, it is detrimental to the State that he should be permitted to interfere in British affairs.

Such a league demands an honest and uncompromising name; and we suggest that an excellent designation would be "The No-Jews-for-Parliament League."

We invite suggestions from our readers on this important subject.

The "Daily Herald" and Accuracy.

Discussing the King's visit to Belfast, the *Daily Herald* says:—

> The visit of the King and Queen to open the Parliament for Northern Ireland passed off without incident yesterday.
>
> Extraordinary precautions had been taken to secure the safety of the royal visitors. The city teemed with troops, armed police and detectives—a tragic commentary on the state of affairs in Ireland to-day.
>
> Vast crowds were packed behind the heavy barricades that lined the short route between the quay and the City Hall.
>
> Neither Sinn Feiners nor Nationalists took any part in the day's proceedings.

The accuracy of the *Daily Herald's* remarks may be judged by the fact that among those knighted by His Majesty was Chevalier John Burke, D.L., J.P., a member of the Belfast Executive of the United Irish League.

Loyalty in Australia.

Some weeks ago we commented upon the magnificent work which was being accomplished in Australia by the King and Empire Alliance. The power of this association may be judged by the immense gathering in the Domain, Sydney, on 8th May last.

A vigorous attempt was made by the local Bolshevists to reduce the demonstration to a farce; but those who had the temerity to set up disloyal platforms and wave red flags in the Domain paid dearly for their impudence.

A veritable sea of loyal humanity swept over them. Three hundred of the King's enemies were arrested, and, their red flags were publicly burned amidst scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm. A resolution was carried that never again would the red flag be permitted to wave in Australia.

When will our easy-going people in this country rise up and stamp out disloyalty?

Secret Service.

Our disclosure, made some time ago, that the individual in control of our Secret Service was a Jew, caused widespread astonishment and indignation. Loyal men who worked in the most important department of the State felt that their best efforts were being wasted because the executive power lay in the hands of an alien. Death—within the past week—has removed the individual in question, Sir Robert Nathan. And for our part we have no intention of belittling his achievements simply because he was a Jew.

His services in India were well above the average, and he had the faculty of holding his tongue and looking innocent, which, no doubt, enabled him to act as head of Secret Service at home without even his intimate friends realising that he was employed at such vital work.

Now that he is dead, however, we trust that those in supreme power will see to it that he is succeeded by a Briton.

WHO IS ON OUR SIDE?

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

OUR leading article in our last issue, entitled "Plain English for Our Readers," has brought us various enquiries for particulars of our capital, and with a view to putting the full details before our readers, we now give the following exact information about the Company.

The North British Publishing Co Ltd., the Proprietors of PLAIN ENGLISH, are desirous of placing for subscription 3,000 £1, 12½ per cent. preference shares, which carry a preferential dividend at the rate mentioned, and have priority in repayment of capital. The shares are being issued at par (£1) payable as to 5s. per share on application, 5s. per share on allotment, and the balance as and when required. Each subscriber of one Preference share is entitled also to apply for two Ordinary shares of 2s. each in the Company at par. Holders of these Ordinary shares are entitled to all profits after the payment of the 12½ per cent. Preference dividend above referred to.

Applicants for shares are invited to apply direct to the Company for any further information, and for forms of application for shares.

We felt it was our duty to put the case before our readers last week exactly as it really is, and without any equivocation or "beating about the bush." We are quite aware that by adopting this course we were violating all the rules of conventional journalism. The ordinary newspaper lives and moves and has its being on the basis of a tacit assumption that it is quite above and beyond all financial considerations. The public is encouraged to take it for granted that every newspaper in the world is "run" for the advantage of its proprietors, and that if it did not pay in one way or another the proprietors (being of course "hard-headed business men") would very soon sell it to the Jews, and thus recoup themselves for their loss, or alternatively close it down and "cut" the aforesaid loss as speedily as possible.

PLAIN ENGLISH, on the other hand, has lived and flourished and said its say and produced that tremendous effect which is so patent that even its worst enemies cannot attempt to dispute it, by ignoring all the mere conventions of journalism. The whole policy of the paper from the first day of its existence right down to the present time has been utter frankness, complete sincerity and entire fearlessness. As long as we did not find it necessary to ask for financial support, we did not attempt to get it. But as soon as it became clear that, owing to the organised boycott of the advertisers, our principal source of revenue was blocked for the time being, we immediately put the full facts before our readers.

The question now is, do our readers intend to let PLAIN ENGLISH die for want of the few thousands of pounds which will enable it to "carry on" till the inevitable "cave-in" of the advertisers takes place?

We are not concerned to blow our own trumpet or to "make a song" about what we have done, but what we do ask of our readers is this: (1) Are they satisfied that if PLAIN ENGLISH is closed down, it will not mean a great triumph and jubilee for all the forces of rottenness and evil in the country? (2) Is there already in existence, or likely to come into existence, any paper that will take its place?

Of course, if the answer to these two questions is in the affirmative, there is no more to be said. If, on the other hand, our readers really believe what so many of them have written to say from all over the world, namely, that PLAIN ENGLISH is the one and only paper which represents the true soul of Great Britain in its desperate struggle with the enemies who are trying to strangle it, then we confidently appeal to them to take up the shares we are offering. If every reader of PLAIN ENGLISH took ten pounds worth of shares, we should get more than three times the minimum of what we require. If one single rich man put his hand in his pocket to the extent of handing out what it would cost him to buy a first-class yearling at the Doncaster sales, or take a steam yacht for a three month's cruise, we should get quite enough for our purpose.

If we were the *Daily Herald* or the *Communist* or the "*Dogs' Home*," the money to keep us going would be thrown at us before we had done asking for it. Shall it be said truly that the Devil can always get money, but that when it comes to the angels there is "nothing doing"?

Not that we have any desire to pose as angels, but Providence has a habit of choosing the humble and the imperfect as means for confounding the strong, the powerful and the prancing, and if we disclaim any intention to pose as angels, we certainly most emphatically do claim to be on the *side* of the angels, and to be actuated by no other motive force whatsoever. The two great driving powers behind PLAIN ENGLISH have been, are now, and always will be as long as it remains under its present control, (1) love of justice and truth and (2) hatred of rogues and scoundrels and humbugs. It is impossible to make war by means of rose-water or the handing out of bouquets, nor again can the interests of justice and truth be served by that process which Shakespeare has described with all the force of his habitual "plain English" as "serving of becks and jutting out of bums." Love of justice implies hatred of rogues and knaves. Those members of the public who are captivated by the aforesaid serving of becks and the rest of it, have already a hundred organs at their command where ugly things are called by pretty names, and where the "bad taste" of straightforward speaking and writing will not offend their delicate ears. But, go to, we will never believe that such persons are to have it all their own way, for ever in

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise;
> This fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> This happy breed of men, this little world;
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
>
> * * * * * *
>
> This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

At this moment of

NATIONAL CRISIS

we suggest to our readers that it is their duty to employ

"PLAIN ENGLISH"

as a weapon against revolution.

This can be done by making the paper as widely known as possible among their friends as well as among the enemy.

FACTS ABOUT IRELAND.

THE people of Britain are remarkable for their kindness to animals, and it is, therefore, possible that the hideous outrage at Adavoyle on June 24th, which involved the torment and death of most of the horses on a troop train, has done more to rouse the public against Sinn Fein than even the abominable murders of the past two years.

The place where this outrage occurred is known to Intelligence as a "death trap," and we consider that an enquiry should be held to discover who was responsible for driving three troop trains down without proper patrols from Adavoyle to Dundalk. Three years ago this stretch of line was patrolled night and day by troops. Why was the patrol withdrawn?

As we have more than once stated in PLAIN ENGLISH Ulster is almost completely isolated from the south of Ireland, and there are only two military ways of entering Ulster from the south. The place where the troop train of the 10th Hussars was blown up is one of these ways. It is one of the most famous spots in Ireland, and is called the Gap of the North. Here the men of Ulster have held their foes at bay in a thousand battles. Again and again the Ulster warriors have swept down the Gap of the North, driving their enemies before them. Thanks to Ulster's geographical isolation and to the courage of her sons the integrity of her soil was maintained for nearly two thousand years.

In the *Tain*, Ulster's great saga, the story is told of how the greatest of Ulster's heroes, Cuchulain, swept down the Gap of the North in his chariot and faced the Attacottic foe single-handed. Even in his death he refused to bend before his enemies; for he strapped himself by his feet to a great pillar-stone and died facing his foes. The stone to which he strapped himself by his belt is held in veneration to this day.

Ulster's Parliament has been opened by the King; and Ulster may be trusted to maintain her ancient traditions against all comers.

We have frequently pointed to the fact that the outrages of the present day in Ireland are merely a repetition of the outrages of the Attacottic, or slave races, which began with the almost complete slaughter by them of the ruling caste in the first century of the Christian Era, and that the present Sinn Fein movement is supported and kept alive by the Attacotti.

Those who suffered most at the hands of the Attacotti were the ancient ruling caste, who always were the first to be attacked when landlord shooting was the business of the day. This selection of the ancient Irish gentry for murder, in preference to the British settlers, is proved in the Irish police records.

Besides these ancient families there were those remarkable people, known as the "Tribes," who founded the "Western Venice," Galway. Their names, which indicate that they came from the principal countries of Europe, are as follows: Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Deane, Darcy, Lynch, Joyces, Kirwan, Martin, Morris, Skerrett and French.

There is fortunately in existence an old map of Galway for the year 1651, and this discloses a city of extraordinary beauty, protected by immense fortifications.

These fortifications were necessary to keep the Attacotti at bay.

Ulstermen would do well to study the history of Galway, and learn how beauty and culture were maintained for centuries in Connacht.

When the Attacotti eventually gained possession of Galway, the wonderful palaces of the Tribes were almost without exception laid in ruins.

There exists a painting of Lynch's palace in 1610, which shows a building worthy of place among the Venetian palaces, and it was by no means the finest building in Galway. This superb structure still stands, but it has suffered terribly at the hands of the Attacotti. Its windows have been hacked out and replaced by modern windows. Most of the superficial ornamentation has gone, and the ground floor is occupied as a public house.

But the Tribes remain in spite of age-long attempts at their extermination, the last of which it will be remembered was the murderous attack upon Viscount French. The Galway tribes are admittedly among the noblest families in Ireland, and their influence upon the development of Britain has been remarkable.

The pre-Reformation struggles between Ulster and the Attacotti, and between the Tribes of Galway and the Attacotti, should suffice to prove that the differences between Ulster and the South have nothing to do with religion. Yet we have the *Sunday Times* treating its readers to the following:—

> PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC.
>
> In Banbridge, Co. Down, fifteen miles within the Ulster border, three separate ruined houses stand for all to see. One is on the main street, two down a side street, but all are conspicuous in a town that looks so otherwise prosperous and peaceful.
>
> I enquired the reason of the phenomenon.
>
> "They belonged to Sinn Feiners," I was told. "When Captain Smith, a native of this town, was shot dead in Cork, the chaps came out and set one alight. I was on the fire brigade the first night, and worked hard. But when somebody cut the hose I chucked it. Next night we burnt the rest."
>
> In Lisburn the same spectacle confronts you—houses agape and staring like the ruins in Patrick Street, Cork.
>
> It was the principal of a Jesuit College in Belfast who enlightened me as to these.
>
> "They were the homes of friends of mine, prosperous farmers," he said. "The Protestants burnt them out at the time the Roman Catholic shipyard workers were turned out of the docks."
>
> He went on to speak of the life of Sinn Fein sympathisers like himself in the midst of Protestant-Unionist populations—"bigots," as he called them.
>
> "We're living in a prison," he said. "If I walk down the street the children spit at me. Our letters are censored and our telephone tapped. Religion, not 'patriotism,' is at the back of it all. We Republicans are idealists," he added bitterly. "In Ulster they are 'practical men.'"
>
> In almost the self-same words, I recalled, two Protestants, a man and his wife, had related to me how they had been literally chivvied out of a Sinn Fein population in Co. Limerick.
>
> And there you have Ireland to-day.

It is a lie to state that Catholics were expelled from the shipyards of Belfast because they were Catholics. Any Catholic who repudiated the murder-gang was welcome to remain. But Sinn Fein has tried, as former rebel societies did, to hide its misdeeds behind the ramparts of the Catholic Church.

In passing we may point out that there is no Jesuit college in Belfast, and that there is not a single Jesuit in the whole of the Down and Connor diocese. So much for the accuracy of the *Sunday Times*.

The second most important Unionist daily newspaper in Ulster, the *Northern Whig*, on the occasion of the King's visit to Belfast, gave the lie to the oft-repeated statement that Ulstermen have attacked the Attacotti on account of religion when it said:—

> The result of the series of "rebellions" which occurred from 1640 onwards was, as everyone knows, that very stringent laws were enforced against Roman Catholics in Ireland.

> No one nowadays would attempt to defend these laws as levelled against a religion. Those who do attempt to justify them do so by the assertion that these laws were not levelled really against a religion but against a rebel organisation.

The fact that leading Ulster Catholics have always been associated with the Ulster Unionist Council should silence ignorant or prejudiced persons who delight in quibbling and lying.

But out of the dust of conflict and controversy one deplorable fact emerges: the Prime Minister of Britain has invited the Jew, De Valera, the leader of the Rebels, to a conference.

This disastrous invitation is only what we should expect from Mr. Lloyd George. His love of cringing to traitors has apparently no limits; and he is supported by a journalistic gang, led by Northcliffe, whose only business seems to be the weakening and humiliation of the Empire.

We offer Lloyd George a passage from a letter which reached us to-day:—

> "I do implore you to show up as much as possible the gross negligence of the Government over their Irish policy. I am the mother of one of these victims, who was murdered in an ambush by twenty Sinn Feiners, so you can imagine my horror and indignation on reading this morning the Prime Minister's invitation to De Valera to meet him. It is not right that we should be compelled to have such a Prime Minister, and such a Government. I have two other soldier sons in Ireland, and live in hourly dread of hearing that their young lives have also been sacrificed to the gross incompetence and cowardliness of this present Government composed of lawyers and Jews."

What, may we ask, does Lloyd George, if he possess a grain of honesty, expect to gain for Britain by humiliating the Empire in the eyes of the murder-gang and their Attacottic supporters?

He is perfectly well aware that Sinn Fein is deliberately following the policy of Deak, from which the whole Irish Sinn Fein policy was derived.

What the Sinn Feiners will do in response to offers of a Parliament and "fiscal autonomy" is, therefore, as certain as anything in this weary world can be.

Sinn Fein was originally called the Hungarian Policy, but it differs from the Hungarian policy of Deak in one important respect—Sinn Fein in Hungary was never associated with murder and crime. Had the Irish avoided crime, and developed the Sinn Fein policy in its original form—which, being mostly of Attacottic origin, they could not do—they would have secured comparative independence by this time. For the genuine Sinn Fein policy is an invincible political weapon which never brings its user into conflict with the law; for it includes loyalty to the King.

It must be remembered, however, that the men of brains behind Sinn Fein in Ireland are determined to follow Deak's policy when constitutional and diplomatic questions arise. So, for the benefit of our readers, we reprint the summary of Hungarian history upon which Sinn Fein is based, and we ask our readers to compare it with what has happened in Ireland.

We quote the Sinn Fein version of Hungarian history exactly as printed for the use of Sinn Feiners.

> 1848. Hungary proclaims herself a republic.
>
> 1849. Hungarian Republic crushed by Austria and Russia.
>
> 1849 to 1854. Hungary under martial law.
>
> 1857. Visit of Emperor Francis Joseph to Hungary, Deak (the Sinn Fein leader) refuses overtures.
>
> 1858. Deak declines to go to Vienna and to admit that the Hungarian Constitution is dead.
>
> 1859 to 1861. Austria offers Hungary representation on Privy Council. Deak refuses the compromise. Austria offers to restore County Councils and appoint a commission. Deak replies only the Hungarian Parliament can do so, and again refuses compromise. Austria surrenders and Emperor convokes Hungarian diet. County Councils restored and determined to hold Hungary for the Hungarians. Austria offers instead of Free Constitution, Home-Rule-All-Round. Contemptuously rejected by Hungary, which refuses to send representatives to Imperial Parliament. Hungarian Diet and County Councils suppressed.
>
> 1861 to 1865. Austria tries to combat passive resistance of Hungary and fails.
>
> 1865. Francis Joseph pays second Royal Visit to Hungary. Similar result as first.
>
> 1865 to 1866. Emperor again compelled to summon Hungarian Diet. Austria offers subordinate or Home Rule Parliament to Hungary, which again rejects the compromise and refuses to send members to Vienna.
>
> 1867. Hungary defeats Austrian attempt to enforce conscription. ***Austria surrenders.*** Constitution of 1848 restored, and Hungary secures her sovereign Parliament.

Where is Austria to-day? And where will Britain be if she surrenders—not as Austria did, to Constitutional pressure backed up by a powerful nobility, but to blackmail by an Attacottic race led by a Jew?

Surely there is spirit enough in Britain to drag Lloyd George from power and restore peace and honourable and, fearless governance in Ireland, and safeguard loyal Ulster which is menaced by her age-long enemies.

THE PLIGHT OF THE LANDLORD.

UNDER the chairmanship of the Duke of Portland a meeting of the Central Landowners' Association was held last Saturday at Nottingham to form a county branch for Nottinghamshire.

The Duke of Northumberland, President of the Association, in an address on the objects of the organisation, said it was only a truism to say that in these democratic days everything went by the counting of noses, not by the inherent value of any particular section. Influence could only be exercised by proper organisation. That was especially necessary for landowners, because they were numerically very weak. Although that was so, about two-thirds of the total capital invested in land belonged to the landowners.

"It seems to me," continued the Duke, "that we are confronted with very great dangers. One arises from the vicissitudes to which we are subjected by the kaleidoscopic policy of the Government. Ten years ago we had a Government in power who believed its success with the electors depended on playing up to what it believed was the desire that the people should be put back upon the land.

It was the great cry then. The method by which they were to be put back was by imposing a crushing burden of taxation which would force land into the market and prevent accumulation in a few hands. The taxation of land values resulted in frightening capital away from the land, and in practically stifling the building trade altogether.

Then war broke out, and the Government adopted the fresh policy of assuming control and guaranteeing prices and wages. All the time taxation went on increasing by leaps and bounds, and what the taxation of land values could not accomplish—because it was impracticable and unworkable—taxation in the new form of Income Tax, Super Tax and Death Duties has done. The land is forced into the market. The land speculator has become a commoner object. A type is growing up which has not the experience of the old type.

Then there was the Agricultural Act of last year, which was ostensibly to give the farmer protection. But that was a confession of failure. The men have not been put on the land, and the creation of small holdings on a large scale has not been obtained at all. Six months after it was passed the Agricultural Act was scrapped as regards a part of it, and I cannot see that the machinery left will survive a policy which is never consistent for more than a few months. In the old days the agricultural landowner, although he may not have been a millionaire, was able to carry on through bad times, but we are confronted with a very serious situation. If bad times occur he will not be able to do that in the future. If rents are reduced to any great extent the landowner will be unable to bear it. The situation is a farce, and emphasises the absolute need for the combination of people in agriculture."

CONFUSION OF LABOUR LEADERS.

His Grace spoke of the great danger which also faces the country owing to the action of the subversive elements in society. It was perfectly true that most of the workers were not revolutionary, but if we relied on the moderation of their recognised leaders it seemed to him we should be backing the wrong horse. (Hear, hear.) The Labour Congress at Brighton showed the absolutely chaotic confusion of the leaders of the party and their powerlessness to lead their followers anywhere at all. The negativing of the proposal to affiliate the Communistic Party with the Labour Party was encouraging so far as it went, but the method by which it was done was farcical.

The Labour Party policy now was the staking of everything on the attack on the land. They realised that land was the basis of all property, and once it could be transferred to the State—whatever form of common ownership the State might mean—the whole basis upon which our system of civilisation rested would be upset.

The real remedy for the situation was to have a combined policy and effective co-operation between the Central Landowners' Association, the National Farmers' Union, and the Agricultural Labourers' Union. But they could not secure any co-ordination unless each of those bodies was organised. If the dangers were greater than ever before, the responsibility of landowners were also greater. Now was the time they could elaborate the policy they wanted to pursue. If they could safeguard their interests by speaking with one voice they would carry tremendous weight. Upon that not only agriculture, but the welfare of the nation depended.

The Duke of Portland was elected the county President.

THE LOBSTER.

[Being a specimen chapter selected from Professor Einstein's epoch-making work, "The Principles of Retrocessional Progression; or Why Not Advance Backwards?" which has produced such soul-stirring effect in the United States of America. It was of this book that ex-President Wilson is reported to have said: "It knocks spots off Socrates."]

DEDICATED TO LORD HALDANE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The Lobster in his search for primal truth,
Scorning convention and the beaten track,
And yearning to imbed his mental tooth
Deep in the tree of knowledge, turns his back
On the accepted codes that guide raw youth,
Into the usual channels of attack.

Determined to command enforced success
And capture triumph in the long last lap,
Not by the facile arts of speciousness,
Nor by the vulgar methods of clap-trap,
He has devised to make his gait no less
Than a designed, deliberate handicap.

When all the world walks forward (save the crab,
Whose side-long walk stands in a class apart,
As must be obvious to the meanest Dab),
The Lobster cultivates the curious art,
Of moving backward like a hansom cab,
When the reluctant horse declines to start.

And if we ask the "why" of this retreat,
The "wherefore" of this retrogade progression;
The *locus standi* of this rearward beat,
The cause of this deliberate recession,
The answer is that Duty guides his feet,
And Duty is the Lobster's chief obsession.

Though Love and Life and Pleasure urge him on,
And strive to lure him down the forward road,
And every word in Youth's bright lexicon,
Sings in his ear and spurs him like a goad,
Suggesting many a fond comparison,
With forward moving beasts from Teal to Toad.

He perseveres and treads the narrow track,
Though Shrimp and Sprat and Haddock scoff and jeer;
To find perfected Truth he still falls back
On that strategic movement to the rear
Which Duty points him out, and bears his pack
In Virtue's path a cheerful pioneer.

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

FINANCE AND STOCK MARKETS.

BANK RATE 6%. BANKERS' DEPOSIT RATE 4%.

PRICE OF GOLD 109s. 5d. PER FINE OZ.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES ON LONDON.

Country	Foreign. Currency	Normal Rate	Present Rate.
ALEXANDRIA	Piastres	97¼	97¼ to 97¾
AMSTERDAM	Florins	12·1	11·35½ to 11·36½
BERLIN	Marks	20·43	273 to 275
BRUSSELS	Francs	25·22½	46·90 to 46·95
CALCUTTA	Rupees	1s. 4d.	1s. 3 5/16d.
CHRISTIANIA	Kroner	18·15	26·05 to 26·15
ITALY	Lire	25·22½	75·50 to 76·50
MADRID	Pesetas	25·22½	28·55 to 28·65
MONTREAL	Dollars	4·86	4·25 to 4·27
NEW YORK	Dollars	4·86	3·76 to 3·76¼
PARIS	Francs	25·22½	46·70 to 46·75
SINGAPORE	Dollars	—	2s. 3⅝d.
SWITZERLAND	Francs	25·22½	22·20 to 22·25
YOKOHAMA	Yen	25·48d.	2s. 6⅝d.

CHEAPER MONEY.

As a direct and immediate result of the Bank Rate reduction, from 6½ to 6 per cent., there is a pronounced improvement in the terms on which the Government have been able to borrow on Treasury Bills. Bills for three months to the amount of £55,000,000 were offered last week, and the average rate of discount at which these Bills were allotted, £5 6s. 9d., is the lowest since 21st April last when the tender system was renewed. The Bank Rate at that time was 7 per cent. and the average rate of discount £5 19s. 4d., the highest since the above date. The discount rate of the previous week's Bills was £5 10s. 1d. The total amount of Bills applied for was £96,485,000, so the Treasury had plenty of money to play with, and the reduced rate shows a considerable saving to the public. Now that money is much cheaper we may safely assume the approach of better conditions on the Stock Markets. The strikes and political troubles and Government expenditure have thoroughly scared the ordinary person as well as our financial institutions with money to invest. The apparent signs of the idlers' and of the spendthrifts' chastened spirit are surely indicative of a return of public confidence, but it will be slow and in a measure in step with the return of labour to energetic output. With that will come further reductions in the cost of living, and so the cycle will quickly again revolve. The price of gold keeps going up and the value of the sovereign in New York down. Thus the see-saw of financial uncertainty will continue until the steadying influence of normal conditions puts its foot on the pivot. The Premier's prophesy of an early trade improvement is another ray of light from a perennial source of hope.

TAXATION AND EXCHANGE.

At the Ordinary General Meeting of the Anglo-Continental Supply Company Limited, held in London last week, the Chairman, Lord Farrer, made the following reference to the position of the Company as it has been effected by the French exchange and taxation :—

> Exchange, unless European civilisation as we have known it is to come to an end, must become less jumpy. How can anyone make real calculations when in December (the date of your accounts) the exchange was 59·60 and to-day is 12 frs. less to the pound sterling. I asked you just now to look behind the figures at the facts. Since the date of the accounts, as I have said, exchange has moved in our favour by some 12 frs. We have since 31st December last almost liquidated our position in Paris, and are slowly improving our monthly net receipts in francs. If it were a pure question of business I should be quite sanguine. But there are two factors over which we have no control—one that of exchange, the other—and that far more important—that of taxation. Every Government in the world is so impoverished that it is screwing the uttermost farthing out of all trades, and the questions of internal taxation have become so complicated that few persons can grasp them. I do not, however, wish to give you a discourse on double taxation, but this was one of the reasons that we brought before you a scheme in April last.

THE RAND GOLD MINING COMPANIES.

The half-yearly dividends just declared by the producing gold mining Companies of the Rand unfortunately do not indicate that the gold premium has helped in increasing these dividends as had been hoped, but it should be remembered that there has been a considerable amount of uncertainty and disorganisation due mainly to labour troubles which have no doubt hindered to some extent an increase in the output.

The recent agitation of the owners who are insisting on a reduction in the wages of white labour is likely soon to reach a crisis, and it is hoped that the compromise which has been suggested on the basis of a drop of 2s. per shift will be effected. The Transvaal Chamber of Mines have proposed that the reduction should amount to 3s. per shift, or 18s. per week, but so far this figure has not been accepted by the representatives of the men.

In reviewing the dividends above referred to, they aggregate a sum of approximately £3,225,000 as against a figure of £3,102,000 in June, 1920, so that there is a moderate increase of £123,000 in the course of distribution.

The producers of the Far East Rand are still well to the front. Government areas have declared an interim dividend of 5s. 9d. per share for the period, as against 4s. for last year; Spring Mines a dividend of 1s. 6d. as compared with 1s.; Modder B. 2s. as against 1s. 7½d.; and Modder Deep 3s. 3d. as against 3s. We have frequently referred to the prospects of mines operating in this district, and also to those Companies who are the owners of mining rights on the Far East Rand. It is to this part of South Africa that we must look for a continued increase in the gold output, and the sooner the undeveloped areas known to contain the valuable Nigel and Van Ryn Reefs are taken in hand, not only for the benefit of South Africa but of the Empire, the better. It is to be hoped that the only reason for the delay is the general depression in the mining industry that has prevailed during and since the war. There is no richer or larger known gold field in the world, and there is every reason to believe that the large distribution in profits now being secured by the existing operating Company, can be earned on the areas to be developed to the south and south-east of the Springs Mines.

THE BURMAH OIL COMPANY.

The profits disclosed by this Company, allowing for Income Tax and other charges for the trading year of 1920, show a profit of £4,891,000, which compares with £4,654,800 for the previous year. The very large sum of £1,153,000 has been written-off for depreciation as against £498,800 for 1919, and after making the other allocations, the sum of £2,142,183 is carried forward, which, however, is subject to Excess Profits Duty and Corporation Tax, estimated at £1,935,000. The dividend for the period is 30 per cent. as against 50 per cent., but as we have explained in a previous issue, the dividend now paid is in respect of increased capital which was effected by a distribution of bonus shares at the rate of four new Ordinary shares for each five shares held, so that on a calculation it shows that the distribution for 1920 is equal to 54 per cent. on the old capital, the amount distributed being £1,543,000 against £1,428,700.

Dividends and Reports.

Nestle & Anglo-Swiss Milk.—Net profits for 1920 amounted to 31,539,901 frs. plus balance brought forward 610,449 frs., making 32,150,350 frs. Directors propose 5 per cent. statutory dividend or 20 frs. per share, and supplementary dividend of 45 frs. per share. 508,355 frs. carried forward.

Mellins Food.—Net profits for past year £12,978 plus £14,311 brought in. Dividend on Ordinary shares for year of 5 per cent. less tax. £14,704 carried forward.

London & Scottish Assurance Corporation. Dividend for half-year ending 30th June, 1920, at the rate of 2s. per share less tax. Dividend is equal to 20 per cent. on paid-up capital.

Edgar Allen & Co.—Net profit for year £42,109. Final dividend of 1s. per share free of tax, making 2s. for the year. £30,246 carried forward.

Mint, Birmingham.—Profit for year £44,635. Dividend of 5s. per share making 10 per cent. and bonus of 35s. per share, both free of tax. £20,892 carried forward.

Brownlee & Co.—Dividend of 5 per cent. on Ordinary shares free of tax. £7,921 carried forward.

Leyland Shipping.—Profit for year £22,915. Dividend of 5 per cent. on Ordinary shares free of tax.

Stanton Ironworks.—Profit for year ended 31st March, 1921, £258,879 plus £91,762 brought in, making £350,641. Final dividend of 8 per cent. on Ordinary shares free of tax.

R. & J. Hill.—Dividend recommended on Ordinary shares at the rate of 5 per cent. £3,988 carried forward.

Bradbury, Greatorex & Co.—Have declared the following interim dividends:—On "A" Preference shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum; Second Preference at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum; Ordinary at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

Distillers Company.—Final dividend of 12s. per share free of tax on Ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. £100,000 placed to reserve. £108,994 carried forward.

THE WORLD IN REVOLT.*

THE time has long gone when Psychology could be called "the Cinderella of the Sciences." Here and there you may come across one of the older-fashioned sort of materialist who still doggedly defines it as the "Physiology of the human brain;" but this type is rapidly vanishing, and the definition is much on a par with Holbach's once-famous remark that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." To-day Psychology has entered into its kingdom with a vengeance. Would a man succeed in the arts of war or peace, politics or "what-not," it is to Psychology he must turn.

There are few Psychologists whose books hold as honoured a place in this country as Doctor Le Bon. His principal work, "The Crowd," may be said, indeed, to be a classic in its way, and must be studied as a key to his other books, and his large circle of readers will welcome the appearance of "The World in Revolt," in which under several headings he makes a survey of the events that led up to the war, the different factors involved, the mentality of world combatants, the causes that made for success or failure, and finally, the future of civilisation. It is not necessary to agree with the writer on various points of detail, many of which are still highly controversial, and some readers no doubt would term the author both reactionary and pessimistic, but neither term can be fairly applied. That he is no reactionary may be gleaned from the following passage: "Ancient societies like our own undoubtedly contain a great many outworn elements not adapted to modern necessities, and therefore doomed to disappear. Old-fashioned industrial methods, uselessly complicated administrative procedures are 'such elements.'" Similarly there is no persistent note of pessimism running through the text, though hard things are said of the facile idealism that has brought such bitter disillusionment in its train. Doctor Le Bon is cautious in his analogies, and exemplifies much of his argument by the faults and foibles of Latin countries; but English readers will observe with a certain degree of gloomy satisfaction that the shortcomings of the Constitution and Bureaucracy of France have been identical with those of this country. Thus we have the same hordes of officials—six men doing the work of one and doing it very badly, the crowds of bureaucratised parasites and "hangers-on," making useless work, hindering useful work, wasting, squandering, fearful of responsibility. Opponents of Bureaucratisation in England who require a further object-lesson need go no further than the present book for the example of France.

Doctor Le Bon has no faith in the constructive genius of the crowd merely as a crowd, and in this, of course, he is completely at variance with the common type of Politician. One is bound to say that practically every other Psychologist of note holds the same opinion. The level of intelligence of a crowd is invariably below the average of its individual member. True, on occasions a crowd may be roused to acts of heroism and self-sacrifice under appropriate guidance, but left to itself is fickle, undependable and for the most part purely destructive in its action. Thus, when the government and society of a country become weak, vacillating and corrupt, it is the crowd that does the final work of destruction. It is to "the expert," as distinct from "the crowd," we must look for the only valuable results whether in the realm of state-craft or industry. But here the question arises—how to insure not only a constant supply of experts, but a fair field and no favour to potential experts? We cannot, to-day, take refuge in any of the old myths of "a ruling class," "noblesse oblige" and the like. Myths have been valuable in the past, are still and no doubt will continue to be, but we must remember the passage already quoted about "outworn elements." Education of the right sort will do much, but here again the writer cites the case of France, where the cult of education has been carried on somewhat at the expense of the development of character. It is then to the building up of character in future we must look for the redemption of the race.

Most readers will agree with the writer that one of the principal causes of Germany's defeat was blunders in estimating the character of her opponents, but as a set-off against this, she scored a triumphant albeit perilous success when she launched Bolshevism on Russia, and to-day she is using the same weapon against her other foes. How far will she succeed, or will she be hoist on her own petard? It may be assumed that the great mass of pan-Germans do not for a moment believe in the conversion of Germany to Democracy, and are merely waiting for "Der Tag" once more. Bismarck is quoted as having once scornfully remarked that the Germans were a nation of "house-servants," while Count Westharp, one of the leaders of the Junker party, openly asserted that Germany was not democratic and never would be. German Imperialism is believed to be merely temporarily eclipsed. As with the Bolshevists so with the pan-Germans, the absurdity of a belief has never hindered its acceptance and active propagation. History teems with such cases. It cannot be too often pointed out that the great world movements of the past have been brought about not by logic and common-sense, but by overwhelming gusts of passion and emotionalism. Fallacious as is German Imperialism with its "divine right of kings," equally so is Bolshevism (its misbegotten child) that preaches "the Dictatorship of the Proletariat."

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* THE WORLD IN REVOLT, a Psychological Study of our Times. By Gustav Le Bon. (Fisher, Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

JOHN BROWN ON THE PROTOCOLS OF ZION.

Reported by his friend, Thomas Green, late of the Royal Navy.

FOURTH CONFERENCE.—PROTOCOL II.

[Jews' Economic War. Principle on which Jews select administrators for Gentiles. For "International" read "Jew." Conquest of all nations by the Jew "Internation."]

J. B. So you are not yet sated with the Protocols of the Sages of Zion?

T. G. Quite the contrary; my appetite grows by what it feeds on. What is the subject of No. II.?

J. B. I suppose you will have heard of the cry of, "no annexations, no indemnities," which was uttered during the war in various parts of the world when "peace prospects" were being discussed?

T. G. Yes; I did hear of that. It sounded rather like advocating self-denial, didn't it? The victors not to press the defeated unduly.

J. B. Yes; it did *sound* like that, and it was *meant* to sound like that, but what it meant in reality is revealed in *Protocol II.*, which was written, mind you, at least twelve years before the war started. This section begins: "*It is indispensable for our* purposes that wars should not produce *any territorial alterations.* (p. 8.)

T. G. So this was a Jewish dodge after all! But what has this to do with the Jews' affairs?

J. B. Very much, as you will see. The war is not going to *cease;* without wars and their million-fold "profits" the business of the money-lender flags—only the *arena* is to be changed. Say the Elders: "Without territorial modifications war would be transferred on to an *economic* footing." (p. 8.)

T. G. So it is still war, it seems. But how will this change of arena help the Jews?

J. B. Listen. "Then *nations* will recognise *our superiority* in the assistance which we shall render, and this state of affairs *will put both sides at the mercy* of our *international* million-eyed agents, who are possessed of *absolutely unlimited means.*" (p. 9.) Now do you follow the process?

T. G. I begin to, and a very pleasant look-out it is for all the belligerents—except the International nation of Jewry! So Germany, Austria, France, England, Russia, etc., are all now equally at the mercy of the merciless tribe? What is the next step?

J. B. It is this: All *nations* are to become subjects of the Jew *Internation.* Then "*Our International Rights* will *sweep away the laws of the world and will rule countries* in the same manner as individual governments rule their subjects." (p. 9.)

T. G. Cheering prospect! But are the Jews our actual rulers now?

J. B. Yes; to a very large extent. They secure control by appointing their own tools as "our" rulers.

T. G. On what plan do the Jews select ministers to rule us?

J. B. On a plan that has the charm of simplicity. "We shall select administrators from among the public who will be possessed of servile tendencies. They will not be experienced in the art of government, and therefore will be easily turned into pawns in our game in the hands of our learned and wise counsellors." (p. 9.)

T. G. Who are these "learned and wise counsellors?"

J. B. They are our Sages themselves, I expect. At any rate, they have been "especially trained from early childhood in governing the world." (p. 9.)

T. G. And a pretty mess they have made of it!

J. B. Yes; *that was their intention:* "The Gentiles do not profit by continuous historical observations, but follow theoretical routine." Therefore the Gentiles are negligible. "Let them think that these laws of theory with which *we* have inspired them are of supreme importance to *them.* The educated classes of the Gentiles . . . will put into practice the knowledge obtained from science which was *dished up to them by our* agents with the object of educating their *minds in the direction which we required.* . . . Look at the successes we have obtained with Darwinism, Marxism, Nietscheism! The demoralising effect of the tendencies of these sciences on the Gentile mind should certainly be obvious to us." (pp. 9., 10.)

T. G. Yes; and it is also obvious to some other people. But Darwin and Nietsche were not Jews?

J. B. No; but the Jews have very largely exploited their doctrines for their own ends.

T. G. Can you name any modern "servile administrators" who have been "pawns in our game"?

J. B. It would be difficult to name any modern administrators who have not been their pawns. But here are a few samples of their tools: Woodrow Wilson under Brandeis, Schiff, Belmont-Rothschild, Morgenthau, Rabbi Wise, Louis Marshall, for one. Asquith and Lloyd George you have already seen with their entourage of Jew guides. Then there is Clemenceau, who was under the control of his "private secretary," Mandel-Rothschild, who piloted him through the Kosher war and the Kosher peace.

T. G. Does this account for any of the regrettable incidents of the war and its sequel?

J. B. For all of them—for the war itself, for Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Jutland, the Armistice, the Kosher Peace, the Kosher League of Nations, the Russian Revolution, the Murder of the Czar and his family, the Crucifixion of Russia, the Betrayal of Poland, the Irish Rebellion, the Palestine Mandate, the Coal Strike, Threats of Strikes, the Multiplication of useless "Ministries," and the crushing burden of Taxes on victors and defeated alike.

T. G. This is truly comprehensive. Have any Jews expressed approval of their own appointees?

J. B. Yes; their journals are full of expressions of this sort. Jews are naming their new-born sons after Woodrow Wilson. Lloyd George has had a handsome testimonial from Lionel de Rothschild, O.B.E., the heir of that Lionel de Rothschild who was the original of Disraeli's one and only real hero, Sidonia.

T. G. When did this Rothschild give Lloyd George the testimonial?

J. B. On October 6th, 1920, at the send-off banquet to Chief Rabbi Hertz, reported in the *Jewish Guardian* of October 8th. Speaking of Lloyd George's Coalition Government, he said: "No Government could truly be said to have had so much sympathy for Jewish aims and Jewish ideals as the present Government."

T. G. That is pretty good; but what about English aims and English ideals?

J. B. They are not in it. "Whether they (the Jews) supported the Prime Minister in politics or not, they could all support the foreign and colonial policy of this Government."

T. G. I suppose they approve of it because they made it themselves?

J. B. Precisely, and when you consider that "policy" has included sending an emissary like Mr. Buckit to the Jew murderers of the Czar, making agreements with them, betraying Poland to Jewish interests, persecuting the Arabs in Palestine who were trusting England, parleying with murderers in Ireland, and doing everything conceivable to make Englishmen ashamed, you can understand that this policy is an object of great pride to the Jews.

T. G. Is there anything else in Protocol II.?

J. B. Yes; it claims that Jews, in order to secure the ascendency of their own Internation, study the characters of individual nations; and that their theory triumphs by reason of its "adaptability" to Jewish requirements in any and every nation.

T. G. What of the Press?

J. B. Through the Press Jewry obtains "the *control of peoples' minds*." "Governments did not know how to make proper use of this power, and *it fell into our hands*." (p. 10.)

T. G. It is pretty obvious that they have got it, whether it "fell" into their Hidden Hands or whether they stole it. And what have the Jews done with it?

J. B. Hear them: "Through the Press we achieved influence, although we ourselves kept in the background." (p. 10.)

T. G. The Hidden Hand still! What price did they pay for this conquest?

J. B. They are quite candid on this head; it cost a good deal of blood: "Thanks to the Press we accumulated gold, though it cost us *rivers of blood*. It cost us the sacrifice of *many of our own people*, but every sacrifice on our side is worth thousands of Gentiles before God."

T. G. What does this mean?

J. B. It means that the leaders of Jewry, the Elders of Zion, never hesitate to *provoke pogroms on Jews* when it will bring discredit on Gentile rulers, or otherwise serve Jews' ends; but then they have always the power of murdering Gentiles in a vastly enhanced proportion.

T. G. But can you name any examples?

J. B. The European War was one. It was a Jew-instigated war for the *massacre of whites by whites*. Then there is the Bolshevist Horror. Native Russians have been killed in war, murdered and starved to death by the Jew Tyranny to the extent of many millions of Gentiles, far exceeding the number of all the Jews there are in the world; but the Jews themselves caused many pogroms on their own people in order to discredit the government of the Czar, who was himself quite helpless in their treacherous hands from the day of his accession until the day on which they murdered him in cold blood, with his whole family.

T. G. Can you tell me when Jews have ordered pogroms?

J. B. In the letter of a Russian escaped from the Bolsheviks, published in *La Vieille, France* (195), it is stated that twenty-five years ago, five big Jews of America decided to spend a million dollars, and sacrifice a million Jews to provoke the Russian revolution. The money was provided by five Jews, Isaac Mortimer, Schuster, Rhun, Levy and Schiff. The money was for propaganda, and the million Jew corpses were to excite the world press against Tsarism.

T. G. But "Tsarism" was really Judaism, was it not?

J. B. According to Disraeli, yes. In his day he claimed that the policy of the Tsar was directed by Jews, adding that "the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes"—the Sages of Zion, to wit!

T. G. Can you give an instance of the Jews making Gentiles pay for murders committed by Jews?

J. B. Yes; when the Jew Ouritzki was assassinated by another Jew, Trotski had three thousand *Russians* killed to *avenge* him!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The references in these articles are to the Editors of the Protocols published under the title of "The Jewish Pearl," and issued by THE BRITON, 62 Oxford Street, London, W. 1. Price 3s.

THE DENTISTS BILL AND JEWISH INTERESTS.

By A PATIENT.

IN the United States, towards the end of the Wilson régime, when any measure was brought before Congress or any national policy adopted, those who had accepted Henry Ford's advice and used the microscope, began to ask themselves, what are the Jews going to get out of this? The use of the social microscope, with us, is beginning to be a useful and amusing pastime, thanks to the exposures of PLAIN ENGLISH; and therefore when our Kosher-Coalition brings forward or gives facilities for any measure, many people, quite properly, begin to wonder how it will help the Jews, and why it was allowed to go through the filter which cuts out of most Acts matters likely to stand in the way of the only interests which really matter nowadays. The Dentists Bill is a case in point. It is becoming obvious by the number of articles in the Press about the teeth, that some professional publicists have got to work with some definite object in view. The bill was originally brought forward by Dr. Addison, the man who set himself to make a new A 1 population with the aid of millions squandered on printers' ink and club mixture. To-day the same bill is being pushed by Sir Alfred Moritz Mond, the super-wirepuller.

The superficial object is to raise the standard of dentistry throughout the country, the actual object being, to a large extent, to give first a status to a number of low-class Jew quacks, and then after the formation of a national dental service, to pack it with men of the same race.

Part of the scheme is to admit to registration hundreds of men with no recognised qualifications, under the convenient assumption that they have as much skill as many of those qualified. To raise the status by lowering the standard. The question of care of the teeth affects the whole of the population, and a great deal of suffering, disease and many deaths have, in fact, taken place through ignorance and incompetence in dentistry, especially among the poorer classes who do not like to go to a hospital and cannot distinguish between carefully trained men and comparatively untrained swindling "quacks."

It is quite true that there is a certain number of unqualified men who are good dentists, but the interests of the community come first, and they should not be allowed to have their names put on to the register until they can show that they have an amount of general surgical knowledge equivalent to that required for men with proper qualifications. A good dentist has to be not merely a good operator but must have good mechanical instinct; dentistry is not merely drawing teeth, but it is a matter of stopping and fitting in false teeth and sets. The jaw lies close to the brain, and it is not desirable to put powerful drugs in the hands of some of those who masquerade as dentists to-day. It is quite true that in many country districts the local chemist does a certain amount of dentistry, but a qualified chemist has to go through a course regarding medical matters and the use of drugs. As the law stands to-day, a man can practice dentistry as and where he likes, he can call himself "Dental parlour," painless dentistry, or so-and-so's teeth, but he must not call himself "Dentist."

The dangerous man is the advertising quack, the man who puts cheap advertisements into the letter box and has flaming signboards with gilt letters outside his place of business; and those who advertise in the press and elsewhere. It is well known that scores of these are German or Polish Jews, some of whom call themselves American Dentists; people who advertise so much a set and then run up charges for fitting or for extras. Where Jews are concerned, the door is naturally opened to extortion and then overcharging for sets of teeth, easy terms and cent.-per-cent. naturally follow.

Such men will be delighted to extract comparatively sound teeth in order to get the opportunity to overcharge for plates or sets.

It is impossible to carry out all dental operations without pain, so that those who talk about "painless dentistry" are simply humbugs.

Many low-class Jews who practice dentistry of sorts, float themselves as limited companies, with capital of a small sum, a material sum being in debentures, so that if owing to septic poisoning or injury or gross overcharging a patient wishes to sue, he will soon learn that the company has no assets worth "powder and shot." An honourable professional man does not wish to limit his liabilities to his clients. There is absolutely no excuse for the formation of a dental limited company, and those who wish to limit their liability should be kept off the register altogether. The registration of many of the Hebraic limited liability riff-raff, would give an air of respectability to many of those who not merely rob the poor, but often cause great suffering.

At a time when the national finances are in a shocking state, owing largely to extravagance and wirepulling in the Health, Labour and other Ministries, it is proposed to evolve a national dental system, although under real progress the "manual worker" should be taught to stand on his feet and not to be propped up with endless doles and unearned privileges. It is quite proper, within reason, with the aid of a direct payment from those parents who can afford to pay, to run some form of dental treatment in the national schools, but unless even this is checked with a firm hand, the door will be opened to those expanding abuses so much loved by "friends of the proletariat."

The Health Insurance Scheme introduced by Mr. Lloyd George as a "stunt," has been a dead failure; doctors' surgeries are thronged by people with practically nothing the matter with them, while serious cases are often crowded out, and men earning £800 to £1,200 a year in ironworks are encouraged to sponge on the nation for their medical treatment, while to help pay for the armies of form-filling officials the cheapest drugs are "good enough" for serious cases. The community probably gets about 8d. in the £ of real value for the money spent, while consumptives are still waiting for their "Limehouse" Palaces. The Whitehall bureaucrats wish to repeat the experiment, calling in aid many low-class Jews, whose dental malpractices the public is beginning to appreciate.

It is certainly a good thing that all dentists should be registered and be under some form of professional control, but it is not desirable to let in a flood of unqualified men without the most rigid scrutiny. Five years' practice, covering the time when many of our best dentists were on active service, is very little criterion. The Government which was so anxious to uphold Trade Unions, where wages and coercion were concerned, are not nearly so particular where health and suffering is the case in point; and the idea of letting in scores of "dilutees," many of them alien-born Jews, who shelter themselves against possible lack of skill under the Companies Acts, is not a form of real progress. If the Dentists bill is intended as the first instalment of more State Socialism, it should be thrown out by the Lords altogether. Under a "Mond" régime a new department would have more than one per cent. of Jews in senior jobs, and such a scheme would only be put forward if Jews could benefit by it. We have had forty years of so-called education, so it is time the masses with votes looked after their own teeth; what is wanted is more tooth brushes and not more officials.

REVIEWS.

Modern Paintings. Published from the Offices of "The Studio Magazine." (7s. 6d. per volume.)

We are favoured with the first three volumes (large folio) of a series of reproductions of the paintings of modern artists. The fact that the series emanates from the offices of "The Studio Magazine" is in itself a guarantee of excellence, both in the matter of selection and of reproduction, and the beautiful pictures, most artistically mounted on large folio paper, are worthy of the producers under whose ægis they appear. Taking these three volumes in the order of their production, we are first given illustration of the work of Laura and Harold Knight, and those who have not made acquaintance with the personalities of these conjugal confrères in art will be interested in reading the illuminative foreword to the specimens of their work, written by Ernest G. Halton. A. L. Baldry supplies the verbal introduction to the work of P. A. de Laszlo as illustrated in the second volume. M. de Laszlo has achieved European reputation as a portrait painter, and this Studio volume, with its pictures, so diverse as the exquisite child-portrait under the title "The first drawing lesson," and the portraits of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the Amir Faisal, Ibn-ul-Hussein, shows significantly and suggestively the wide range of the artist's sympathies. The third volume contains samples of the sane, sound, landscapes of Arnesby Brown, so full of life and air. Mr. Arnesby Brown's atmospheric effects in this volume are in themselves deserving of profound study, and amid the chaos of conflicting views and mad impulses in the art world of to-day, this group of landscapes has a special value as presenting work in touch with what is great in English landscape painting of the past, and at the same time in sympathy with all the best in modern progress. The foreword to this volume is again furnished by Mr. Baldry.

A Woman of the Bentivoglios. By Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.)

This is the story of a valiant woman, a descendant of a fighting stock, lords of Bologna in the days of Bologna's glory, a family that quartered arms with the mediæval Emperors of Germany, inter-married with the princely and ducal families of Italy, and mustered their own armies for battle under their own banners. History and song of Italy has enshrined their names, and Annitta Bentivoglio has carried the family name—she and her sister Constance—into the finest adventure of all. For the achievement of these high-born sisters, these representatives of high Italian nobility, was to establish in the United States of America the primitive, unqualified First Rule of St. Clare. Does that seem a work not really worth making a fuss about? Let us pick out sentences from this record of Annitta Bentivoglio, whose name in religion was Mother Magdalen. "Mother Magdalen was the first victim of sea-sickness." "We landed in New York." "We felt very lonely. We were left entirely to ourselves. No one came near us." "Mother Magdalen, in direst need, went to beg at the Convent of the Sacred Heart." "The Sister at the door brought her a bowl of soup." "A night came when the sisters found themselves without shelter and in the rain." "They applied to Cardinal McCloskey, and begged him on their knees to give them a place in his diocese, but he did not feel able to do it. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, likewise refused them." "When they were in extreme need, nobody was ever at hand to help them." "No sooner had they a refuge and a little space to breathe in, than some voice was always found to order them forth." "So the Roman sisters, asking leave of their own Superiors, wandered forth once more, taking nothing with them from their own home." "The monastery which Mr. Creighton was building for the sisters was well under way when there arose a storm which broke down the structure in three places." "The fallen portions were repaired." "A far more terrible cyclone broke loose." "The Monastery was laid flat, shattered—one huge mass of ruins." "Incredibly unjust accusations and black calumnies were launched against the two Bentivoglio sisters. The Bishop himself was deceived." "This separation from her sister was perhaps the last great sacrifice of her life." The book ends with her epitaph, and her epitaph shows this heroic task of hers was successfully carried out. "Mother Mary Magdalen, Abbess of Poor Clares (Countess Annitta Bentivoglio). Born in Rome, July 29th, 1834. Died in Evansville, August 18th, 1905. Foundress of Poor Clares in America."

English folk have no great idea of monks and nuns, but if we may borrow a sporting metaphor in this connection, is there a man in the street who will not admit this Countess-nun "played the game?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

A JEW FOR ST. GEORGE'S.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—Your anonymous correspondent "St. George's Elector," in his pontifical letter disapproving of one of mine on the above subject, seems to imply that some great mysterious credit attaches to Colonel Jessel for carrying out his duties as head of the Army Remounts during the war. As Colonel Jessel was simply a public servant, I cannot see why he should be specially commended for doing his very safe war-job, which I am informed was well remunerated, and considering how small a part the mounted forces took in the war, the work of re-mounting them could not have been of a vital or arduous nature. During the bye-election, one was bored with hearing of Colonel Jessel's war service, especially so as one soon discovered that this took place at "the Back," and one came to the conclusion that the less said about what he did in the great war on behalf of the country (which is not his National Home) the better. As to your correspondent's allusions to the "very good service towards keeping the rates down," rendered by Colonel Jessel—well—in the opinion of the voters of Pimlico, his efforts in that direction had not been crowned with the success he claimed for them.

I fear "St. George's Elector" has taken Colonel Jessel at his own valuation, always a mistake where a Jew is concerned. He incontinently strafes Mr. Erskine (whom yet he condescended to vote for!) because, in his opinion, he fought with unclean hands by putting up posters stating "down go your rates and taxes if you vote for Erskine."

How very unfortunate for your correspondent that, before his letter appeared in your columns, this had already begun to happen, even as Mr. Erskine, in his reprehensible mendacity (according to your correspondent) had said it would. For does anyone doubt that Mr. Erskine's return is partly responsible for the horrid slump in Dr. Addison's salary and accruing benefit to the taxpayers?

I again maintain that the country should be grateful to Mr. Erskine for the sensible way he fought the election. He sized up the situation with a much more far-seeing eye (and with a faith in his fellow countrymen's appreciation of the special circumstances of the election which militated in his favour) than "St. George's Elector" could ever have done. For "St. George's Elector" appears to suffer from that curious oblique vision which affects a certain type of Briton, which sees good points in the alien and bad ones in his fellow Briton, which, in neither case, really exist.

May I humbly venture to bring to his notice the memorable words of Admiral Blake: "our business is to keep these foreigners from fooling us" for it is men of St. George's Elector's calibre who are usually their dupes.

Indeed, after reading the boastful words of Israel Zangwill in his speech to the Zionists at the People's Palace this week, in which he said that "Jews were in all the Cabinets" and that they "ruled three great countries in the British Empire—Palestine, Queensland and India," it is time we all took these words of Admiral Blake to heart, for as the electors in the tenement houses of Pimlico said to me: "Jews rule this country, it's time something was done to stop it."

Yours very truly,
Mary Meredith Beaumont.

8 Castello Avenue,
Putney.
June 27th.

RUSSIAN "MONKS."

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—In the issue of June 11th of Plain English Knickerbocker states that he had spoken to "white natives of Russia," who had told him that "Illiodor," as well as Rasputin, the two "monks," were Jews, and thinks that "this is something that should be given wide publicity."

The information gathered by Knickerbocker concerning the two men is entirely wrong, and the following are the facts.

Rasputin, an illiterate Siberian Cossack, and a member of the Orthodox Church, who claimed to be endowed with supernatural powers, and was a favourite of the murdered Russian Imperial family, was never an ordained priest or monk, neither was he a Jew.

SERGEI MICHAILOVITCH TRUFANOFF, an unfrocked Orthodox priest, was an ordained monk, and his spiritual name was ILIODOR—son of a poor Cossack village priest. Iliodor, who is also known as the "Mad Monk of Russia," was formerly one of the pillars of the "Black Hundreds," consequently an anti-Semite.

From documents which were in my possession while acting as Iliodor's publicity agent (see p. 343, "The Mad Monk of Russia, Iliodor," published by the Century Company, New York, 1918), it appeared that the notorious Rasputin was an anti-Semite, too.

Those that brand these two Russians, Iliodor and the late Rasputin, as Jews, should repeat their assertions at least to the one who is still alive, Iliodor, and I dare say he would acquit himself as a true Cossack, and convince his defamers that there is no "Ill Odor" about him.

Yours respectfully,
CASIMIR PILENAS.

9 Hunter Road,
Thornton Heath, Surrey.
June 13th, 1921.

REFORM OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Why is not some plan made to induce patriotic Conservatives to compel all so-called Unionists in the House of Commons worth collecting, to form a Patriotic Party to withstand what you refer to in your issue of PLAIN ENGLISH, 11th June, 1921, as the Lloyd George-Mond-Sassoon-Samuel-Isaacs coalition.

If there was an election to-morrow the Unionists would find they would be nowhere, because thousands of their supporters have seen them act like jelly fish, quiescent while Ireland is being wrecked by revolution that could be easily quelled, and England, India and Egypt are being undermined.

Their inertness has disgusted masses of the patriotic.

A Leader of boldness, capacity, and the other qualities of leadership would find the bulk of our people rally to him. If we cannot find the man we are done.

Yours faithfully,
G. H. C. HAMILTON.

Brighton.
June 23rd, 1921.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—In view of the present discussion as to the increase of salary for Members of Parliament by the ingenious device of calling £400 per annum "expenses," and thus dodging the Income Tax collector, I submit for your consideration the following resolution which was passed by the National Unionist Association at the Conference of the Central Council on May 20th, 1919. Following it you have my printed statement, which was given to each member before the meeting:—

> RESOLUTION.—"That the attachment of a salary to membership of the House of Commons introduces an element of personal self-interest tending to affect the independent judgment of Members in regard to all legislative measures the rejection of which might involve the fall of the Government."

The Resolution I have set down really needs no speech. I cannot imagine that any sane being would contend that the enjoyment of a salary adequate for reasonable maintenance would not influence the judgment of a *majority* of 707 representatives (or any other number) of the democracy. Such a contention would be based upon a denial of the fundamental elements of human nature. No matter how pure and cultured any body of persons who put themselves forward for seats in Parliament may be, the *majority* would be governed by the law of political self-preservation.

But there is the special consideration that those who are most dependent upon that salary for a livelihood must, ipso facto, be the least fit to receive it, if independence of judgment and the welfare of the community are the supreme means and purpose of Parliamentary legislation.

Any Executive Government could bring to heel a majority of the Members of a House who would lose their incomes and seats and be put to the expense of £700-1000 on the chance of regaining them were they to refuse to do the behests of that Government.

A Legislature so circumstanced is for all practical purposes the obsequious servant of the Administration in power, and the Administration can fortify itself into a Despotism.

From the 4th August, 1911, when the then Government included in the estimates £252,000 for the payment of 630 Members—at the rate of £400 per annum—for the year ending 31st March, 1912, the House has proved itself to be the obedient servant of the Government in possession, and has prolonged its own existence from time to time at its arbitrary will.

Six days after, a resolution was proposed for the payment of Members and voted by a majority of 256 to 158. This was done in direct violation of the Standing Orders of the House, which exist for the very purpose of preventing hasty grants of public money.

"Grant" is a sarcastic term in this case, as it was a sheer appropriation for the private benefit of Members. It was obviously instituted for the advantage of its reflex action in strengthening the position of its proposers—the then existing Government. The Government could truly have said, "ye are bought with a price."

This Council has on two occasions decided—passed a resolution—that the Unionist Party would not revive the payment of Members.

If the House can establish a legal claim by merely such resolutions, there is of course no limit to its appropriations, or restriction as to the purposes of such appropriations. It is precisely putting its hands in the public till and helping itself to whatever it pleases. The "grant" conveys no obligation for the recipients of the money. They are not bound to do anything more for it than they were before they received it.

The form in which it has been done is absolutely indefensible, for it is a lump sum, and no legal process could compel Ministers to distribute it evenly, or enable any Member not receiving it to sue for it. It is just an amount of cash with which Ministers could deal as they choose.

When the resolution was first proposed most Members were more or less startled. For some little time a large section of the Unionists refused to take it, but gradually the ice thawed.

Many who took it still give it over to their Organisations, or perhaps for public benefits in their constituencies. But that is morally equivalent to self-appropriation, as they assuredly receive personal glorification for it.

It will be noticed that the £252,000 for the year ending 31st March, 1912, *included a retrospective payment* as from *April 1st, 1911, five months before the idea had even been mooted.* This was making the public April fools ex post facto.

The money being granted to His Majesty, and coming from him, almost certainly constitutes every recipient a holder of an office of profit under the Crown, and therefore probably every Act passed since August, 1911, is technically illegal and invalid.

Throughout our history, when, on the whole, public opinion was far less squeamish than it is now, intense and honourable jealousy has been shown by Parliaments as to the effects of pensions, payments to functionaries and profits on dealings by holders of offices which conveyed the powers of patronage, or provided exclusive information which could be used for financial gain. At one jump we have got over all this, and gone in for a fine democratic scoop of public money. It is now possible to make membership of Parliament a means of subsistence.

Is it necessary to enlarge upon the monstrous evils which such an arrangement facilitates—practically necessitates?

Mr. Cave (now Lord Cave) said in the short debate (14th August, 1911), "if the change is to be made, it should be by Statute, unless you are willing to make yourselves Government Servants, or Crown Servants."

The payment of a salary to Members of Parliament is a denial in its very spirit, purpose and intent of the body of law meant to secure the independence of Members by forbidding them to become in any degree the obliged dependents of the Ministry of the day.

Previous to this device, M.P.'s who received anything for their services received it from those who sent them to London in an age when membership was regarded as an onerous burden and the difficulties and cost of travel were such that the representative was held by his friends and neighbours to place them under an obligation. Therefore they paid his expenses and made some allowance for maintenance during his absence. In 1427 the Member for Cambridge agreed to accept as little as a shilling a day, and soon after, men of higher social position came forward who refused to accept anything. But the payments were never made by the King, or the Government, but simply by the electors of the respective constituencies. How different is the present state of things, when most candidates aim at Parliament as a means of social advancement, by office, or by the aid of secret Party funds obtaining titles, hereditary or otherwise, and so-called "Honours."

The question of Party funds and the secrecy of their origin and employment interweaves itself in this matter.

The whole system is an organisation for the possible promotion of corruption. At all events, no one can deny that it "tends" to that effect.

The only argument I have ever heard in its favour is that poor men of great ability are thereby enabled to take part in the Government; that many potential Miltons would, without it, remain "mute and inglorious." Well, we must bear this, inasmuch as one *negative* evil is inconsiderable in comparison with many *positive* evils. If the men of great ability be so recognised and have established themselves in the regard of their neighbours, let that constituency send them to Westminster as representatives in the genuine sense. But nearly all the men of ability who have made their mark on the ages have risen without Government patronage. Merit proves itself. We do not desire to create innumerable Jacks of all Trades and doubtful Masters of many, by artificial State incubation.

We have established a Constitution which, until it was destroyed the other day by the connivance of the Unionist Party leaders, has made us the envy of the world, and until then ours was almost the only unpaid Parliament. Shall we improve upon it by converting our representatives into Government hirelings?

Your obedient servant,

H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

10 Wetherby Terrace, S.W.

WHAT THEREFORE GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER.

—Mat. xix., 6.

To the Editor of PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Amid all the ruin and wreckage strewn to-day over the face of Europe, one thing still remains erect with its flag floating proudly in the breeze, one fortress remains unshaken—though it is attacked from every quarter—it is not yet reduced—assailed, but not captured, bombarded but not destroyed, and that one thing is the Christian home.

That flag must never be lowered, that fortress must never be taken, for the vitality, strength and future of the nation is built upon the security, the impregnability and inviolable sanctity of the homes of our people.

Strange as it may seem, an attempt is being made to blast and shatter the bedrock of the country, an attempt is being made to undermine the foundation of the Empire; and that attempt is being made by the very ones who are supposed to be concerned, and who in some cases are paid to safeguard, uphold and secure the welfare of the people and country.

These Empire Loiterers, these Empire Shirkers, these Empire Traitors, these Empire Destroyers, are none other than the "noble Lords who rule the state," the Lord High Chancellor and that motley crowd of ermined puppets, the paid politicians and the scheming rich, who are out to foist upon the people of the country their so-called reforms for easy and cheap divorce. Yes, what God hath joined together, Lord Buckmaster (Gorrell) will put asunder.

It would seem that the fabric of the nation was beginning to shake and totter, and that ere long it will fall, for the powers that be—instead of standing at attention, they are lolling about at their ease; instead of getting hold, they are letting go; instead of recruiting, they are demobilising, and instead of building up, they are pulling down; in truth, they are messing, pottering and tinkering, and trying to smash to pieces the cradle of the Empire.

This attack which easy divorce is making against Christian marriage is a powerful, subtle, unscrupulous and insistent attack against the home life of our people, and it is also an insult to the working man, for as you are doubtless aware, he is to have a chance of this boon, which up to the present has been a monopoly of the moneyed classes. However, it is obvious from the names and descriptions of those who appear in the daily accounts of the divorce proceedings, that the working man does not need or approve of any unblushing measure or campaign for legalised lust. What is equally as bad, is that divorce is a crafty cloak to conceal and cover the hideous salacious and double lives of the vulgar rich, who rather than enjoy and be satisfied with the happiness and charm of home life, prefer to wallow in the modern seething cesspool of vice and filth.

If I could have my way, I would put all these divorce maniacs and nation-destroying pests where we put all dangerous characters, either in the padded cell of a county asylum, or behind the bars of a cell in a county gaol, for then, at all events, they could do no more harm.

These divorce devotees would have us imagine that the number of marriage misfits is appalling. However, I have no hesitation in assuring our noble Lords, the paid politicians, and the idle rich, that is a gross and unpardonable libel against the vast majority of married people in this country. Moreover, I would remind these soul-destroying friends of society, who squander away their substance on frivolity, lust and sensation, that domestic happiness is a quiet, hidden, and genuine reality. Of course, it does not and never will advertise itself on every poster and placard, it does not cry aloud in Mayfair, on the race-course, and at house parties, it does not live in headlines in the *Tatler* and *Sketch*, it does not haunt the Riviera or toboggan down the snowcapped heights of Switzerland, and it does not strut about our divorce courts; none the less it is a reality, and, thank God, still forms the result of Christian marriage.

To my reckoning, it would seem that all our ghastly specimens of broken vows imagined that marriage was a momentary bargain, a transitory affair or temporary arrangement, which was at the mercy of uncontrolled temper, undisciplined will, and unbridled lust, and so it is up to (you and me, and the rest) the god-fearing Christians of this country, to make our divorce-ridden degenerates realise that marriage is a permanent union which must last for better or for worse until death do them part. "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." These solemn words of our divine Lord stand out like a lighthouse, warning us away from the rocks of moral, social and national disaster, towards which the Government of this country seems to be drawing nigh.

One would think that the history of Rome and Greece, and the other world-wide nations of antiquity, would make us alive to the terrible fate that awaits us if we fail to cripple and destroy this unblushing measure for easy and cheap divorce, which is nothing else but a concerted effort to undermine the pillars of the state, to degrade womanhood, to banish purity from the homes of our people, and to put an end to all social virtues and the common decencies of society.

This wretched divorce machine will grind the nation to dust, and at the same time it will spell ruin to the very homes which are and should be the sources of the nation's strength. Such so-called reforms will induce ill-mated couples to cast aside and ignore any matrimonial yoke which according to their way of thinking has become distasteful, unnecessary and insufferable—it will stimulate, foster, and increase love intrigue, and it will apparently sanction the sinful state of public concubinage.

But before Parliament can deem itself competent to act in this momentous question, it must first of all prove its justification and produce credentials for doing so. Yet this it cannot do, because a higher Power than the state defined the indissolubility of marriage, and that power alone can modify, change, or unmake such legislation.

The very fact that the family in its origin and function is prior to the state is an obvious and irrefutable argument that the essential constitution of the family is independent of and lies beyond the jurisdiction of the State. Apart from divorce involving the destruction of the home and the downfall of the Empire, it will involve the degradation of woman, reducing her to the state of a slave, chattel, convenience and toy of man, and making her comparable to an inmate of a harem.

Nor is this the whole tale of woe—indeed the saddest feature of the divorce evil is the misery, shame and ruin which it will inflict upon the unfortunate, unfriended, and unoffending offspring of divorced parents. Many of them will be put away into orphanages, many more will find their way into reformatory schools, whilst many others will simply get adrift and help to swell the ranks of waifs, strays, tramps and criminals, and thus place an additional financial burden on the people of this country.

This possibility and facility for divorce will induce not a few to outrage the primary end of matrimony; then what a slaughter of innocents we shall have, so much so that the massacre of innocents under Herod will dwindle into insignificance. Hence, whatever would prove a hindrance or obstacle to easy divorce would naturally be avoided by the divorce fiends, and so race suicide would become the order of the day. Here it will be well to inquire into the grounds which would guarantee divorce, and then we shall be better able to calculate the havoc it will work.

The Bill in its present form is out to increase the facilities and widen the grounds for divorce, and thus it would allow it —after three years desertion—for cruelty, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness, and for a death sentence that has been remitted. But, as an eminent K.C. remarked, divorce by desertion was practically divorce by consent, as an intriguing and unscrupulous individual might in a lifetime get divorced an indefinite number of times. If incurable insanity was to be an excuse, why not incurable tuberculosis; if habitual drunkenness why not habitual doping; if commuted death sentence, why not penal servitude. Once the doors of the divorce court are flung open for easy, cheap and legal concubinage, why get married at all; because at this rate it will be more difficult to get married than to get divorced.

Not long ago, in Kingston Police Court, a woman who was up on the charge of bigamy said that her husband had given her permission to get married again, and in proof of this statement she produced documentary evidence signed by her husband. Only this week I had occasion to examine, not the newspaper accounts of tit-bits, but the court records of divorce proceedings in America.

Let me cite a few instances: thus one woman secured a divorce because her husband had pinched her nose till it became red; another woman was granted a divorce because her husband got drunk the day after the marriage; while another good lady in Chicago was divorced on the grounds that her husband stole some sweets from her baby daughter. On the other hand, men have been just as trivial and ludicrous in their excuses for applying for divorce, and have been successful in their applications. I read of a divorce being granted to a man because his wife upbraided him, saying "Why, you are not a man at all." Another couple came to blows, and during the encounter the wife picked up a cushion and whizzed it at the head of her husband, whereupon he went off and got a divorce.

These are puerile, frivolous, ridiculous, and almost incredible reasons for securing a divorce; yet so-called competent and serious-minded judges in America considered them as sufficient for tampering with and severing the most sacred and most indissoluble of bonds. Such specimens as these should convince any sane, level-headed individual that easy and cheap divorce will bring in its train a wholesale system of flimsy pretexts for disannulling the marriage bond, while eventually it will lead to a total disregard and ignorance of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage.

It is sometimes said that Catholics are not interested or concerned in this question, as they do not recognise or believe in divorce. I have known of Catholic priests airing the same views. However, in spite of both, I have no hesitation—in fact, it is my duty—to assert that such an attitude is very unfortunate, essentially compromising, and narrow-minded to a degree.

Hence I must candidly point out to all those who adopt such a policy or hold such a frame of mind, that they are impeding, imperilling, and ruining the conversion of England; for divorce and subsequent marriage is a fatal, overpowering, and almost insurmountable obstacle to conversion. Further, our separated brethren are still to a large extent our fellow Christians and belong to the soul of the Church, and on that ground we have a duty of interesting ourselves in them. In any case they are our fellow citizens, and it is our duty as well as theirs to save the country from the slough of impurity—from the destruction of family life, and from the rocks of national disaster.

While finally no one can be entirely unaffected, for if —and as a matter of fact they are affected by the materialistic, selfish and ungodly surroundings in which they live—they cannot breathe a divorce-ridden atmosphere and not become vitiated. Then, again, will you let the country go to the devil? If you do you will go with it; and if we live in a society which is rotten to the core we shall also become putrid. Hence we must be up and doing.

Now is the time to oppose this insidious measure, for, as Lord Buckmaster assured the divorce reformers, they will have to be contented for a generation with whatever legislation is now passed, as Parliament will not tackle the divorce problem year in and year out.

Let us, then, defeat this Bill—cast it into the waste-paper basket, tear it to shreads, so that the four winds of heaven may carry it to its doom and destruction—for then our homes will be safe and secure for another generation.

Catholics hold your ground, and let our united slogan be "hands off our homes," they are not the departments of State, but the sanctuaries of God. "Surrender them, never; defend them ever."

Your obedient servant,
(Rev.)
(Father)} R. Cookson.

THE "SUNDAY TIMES" AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—In your issue of the 11th June, the *Sunday Times* is referred to as "Our Jew-owned Contemporary." For the sake of accuracy I should like to inform you that this is an entirely inaccurate statement.

Yours faithfully,
The Editor,
Sunday Times.

186 Strand,
London, W.C. 2.
June 23rd, 1921.

[We were informed on what we regarded as good authority that a controlling interest in the *Sunday Times* had been acquired by a well-known Jewish sporting gentleman who, however, bears an English name. Whether or not this is the case, it is a fact that the policy of the *Sunday Times* has lately undergone a violent change for the bad. The Duke of Northumberland's articles were mutilated and cut out of the paper, and the poisonous maunderings of H. G. Wells were subtituted for them. On the top of this, the *Sunday Times* came out the other day with an article in the most prominent part of the paper by Krassin, the Bolshevist. The Editor now assures us that our statement that the *Sunday Times* is "Jew-owned" is "inaccurate." What precisely does he mean? Will he furnish us with a list of the shareholders in the *Sunday Times*, and the respective amounts of their holdings?—Ed.]

"OSTARA" EXPLAINS.

To the Editor of Plain English.

Sir,—"Ostara's" *explanation* in your issue of April 16th is as clear as mud—as, perhaps, it is intended to be. But out of the conglomeration of more or less meaningless words and phrases, which is his "explanation," there *does* stick out one unmistakeable fact which we can get a hold on; and that is summed up in his statement, "All is race."

Thus "Ostara" starts from the same premiss as, and gets no further from it than, do the Jews with whom he would apparently have us believe he is in opposition; and that is Nature. He will have nothing beyond or above Nature. "All is race," or in other words, "All is Nature"; for if "race" is not a matter of birth or *natus*, well search me. And his hauling in the word "spirit" now and then, as if by the scruff of the neck, is "all my eye and Betty Martin."

Of course he may mean well, or rather intend well; for just as there are perfectly sincere Christian Scientists and

Theosophists who don't understand a word of the unutterable blether they write and speak, and yet don't intend evil, even so Mr. Orlo Lynus may not be a *conscious* agent of anti-Christ. But that the effect is the same, whether he intends it or not, may be seen from a correspondent in your issue of the 23rd April, Mr. Kurt Kerlen, who is apparently a supporter of "Ostara," and who writes, "Quite right—a Christian is born; he has become a Christian by the birth of his parents already!"

You will see here, sir, that Mr. Kurt Kerlen, following "Ostara," is definitely anti-Christ, for he definitely contradicts Christ's own words, "Ye must be born *again*," and states quite definitely that Christianity is of Nature and not of the Spirit; and that a man may be a Christian by mere birth, or that it is *natural* birth which determines the Christian.

The language of Mr. Orlo Lynus recalls that of all these legion insane cults of the present day. If he is writing to impress fools, then I can understand the use of such words as "colorit" and "Tschandalism"; but they cut no ice with people of ordinary commonsense like myself. Then look at that contradictory phrase "must-ethic," and the priceless piece of nonsense, "Plastic is always decisive criterion for race classification, while colour is its most striking exponent," and "Plastic reflects spirit, colour reflects material, sound reflects soul." It would be great sport to have Mr. Orlo Lynus "Explain" precisely what this last sentence means. But I expect he is too wily a bird to be caught in that trap.

Yours truly,
H. M. Fraser,
Lt.-Commander, R.N.

House Boat "Minnehaha,"
c/o Cockburn's Agency,
Srinagar, Cashmir.
May 26th, 1921.

PLAIN ENGLISH PAMPHLETS.

¶ ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the issue, in wholesale quantities, of a series of "Plain English Pamphlets" within the next few weeks.

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